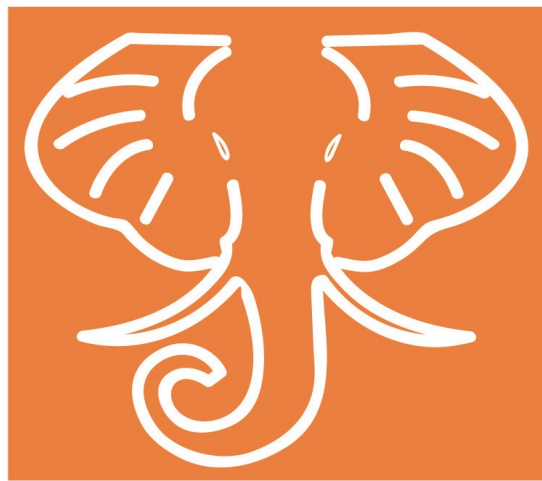


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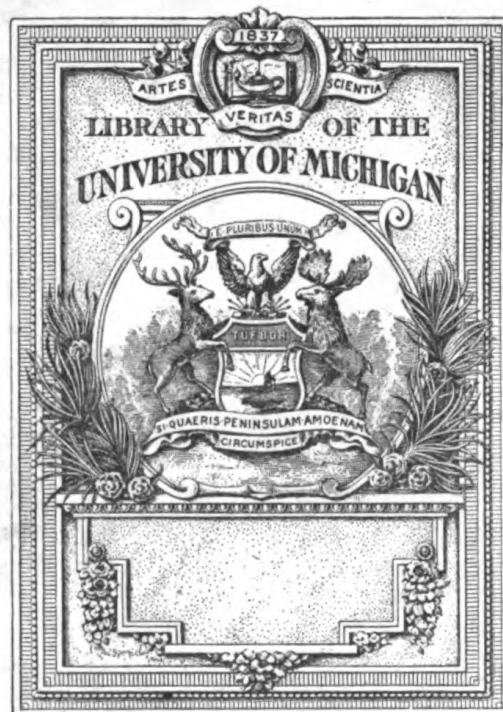
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HARPER'S



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXV.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1862.

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1862.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLV.—JUNE, 1862.—VOL. XXV.

BROADWAY.



"ALIVE WITH THE TREAD OF FEET."

THE sunlight falls from the fair blue sky
On buildings stately and grand and high,
Whose distant roofs seem to touch the clouds
That gaze below on the passing crowds.
Hung with laces and lawns so fine,
With silks and satins that shimmer and shine,
Shawls of Cashmere, and robes of wool
Wondrously woven, crowded full

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXV.—No. 145.—A

Are the polished windows with all things rare,
 From the costly cloth made of camel's-hair
 To the plumes of the ostrich white as snow,
 And the silky down of the marabou:
 Purple clusters from Spanish vines;
 Tropical fruits and luscious wines;
 Jewels that sparkle, of every kind:—
 Luminous pearls that the divers find
 Down in the depths of the sea so blue,
 Scintillant diamonds like drops of dew,
 Wine-dark rubies and emeralds fine,
 Milky opals that gleam and shine
 Like sullen fires through a pallid mist,
 With the carven onyx and amethyst.

'Tis four o'clock, and the crowded street
 Is all alive with the tread of feet;
 Hither they come and thither they go,
 Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,
 With a rushing sound as of falling rain,
 Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.
 The old and the young, the sad and the gay
 Jostle each other on bright Broadway.
 Hard-featured men with sinister faces,
 Women adorned with jewels and laces,
 There are men with beards and men who have none
 Every condition under the sun:—
 The man of fashion and indolent ease,
 The sun-browned sailor from over the seas,
 The cold, proud lady of stately mien,
 The child who is sweeping the cross-way clean,
 The whiskered fop with the vacuous stare,
 The gambler standing outside his lair,
 Innocent girlhood in contact with Shame
 That purity shudders to think of or name:—
 Hither they come and thither they go,
 Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,
 With a rushing sound as of falling rain,
 Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.

Hark! down the street there is something coming.
 A mingling of fifes and noisy drumming;
 With gleam of sabre and bayonet bright
 That, glancing, flash in the warm sun's light;
 Nearer they come with soldierly tread,
 And the calm blue heavens high overhead
 Ring with the shout of the clamorous throng,
 As each solid column is marched along.

In her elegant carriage, dressed with care,
 Sits the haughty Madame Millionaire.
 A queen she looks as she rides in state,
 And the strong-limbed horses seem elate
 With the thought of the lady, fine and gay,
 Who rides behind them on bright Broadway.
 With their iron-clad hoofs the stones they spurn;
 The folks on the sidewalk gaze, and turn
 To gaze again as she passes by—
 When lo! on the air breaks a piercing cry,



"DOWN THE STREET THERE IS SOMETHING COMING."



"SITS A WOMAN, POORLY CLAD AND THIN."

And some one lifts from the cold, hard stones
 A shapeless bundle of broken bones,
 And they bear it off in a jolting cart,
 'Mid the noise and din of the busy mart.—
 On the pavement yonder, cold and bare,
 At the further corner, over there
 By the marble building lofty and grand,
 Around whose windows the people stand
 And stare at the costly show within,
 Sits a woman, poorly clad and thin,
 With hand outstretched and a pleading face
 So wan and wasted that you may trace
 Each separate bone through the shriveled skin,
 And count them all from the brow to the chin.

Two hours have passed—from factories grim,
 With windows smoky, dusty, and dim,
 Through whose crusted panes the sunshine falls
 On the grimy floors and the blackened walls,
 Comes a sudden current of human life—
 Mother and daughter, sister and wife—
 Glad to escape from the heated rooms,
 The whirring spindles and noisy looms,
 From the squalid, narrow, and gloomy streets
 Which the light of heaven but seldom greets,



"COMES A SUDDEN CURRENT OF HUMAN LIFE."



"THE LIGHTS ARE LIT IN DWELLING AND STORE."

From the fetid air they have breathed all day,
To the life and vigor of bright Broadway;
And on they pass with the hurrying crowd,
While swells the murmur prolonged and loud.

The lights are lit in dwelling and store;
In countless numbers, score upon score
Of those that crowded the brilliant mart
Are gone to their homes in the city's heart;
Yet the throng in the street seems hardly less
In the crush and tumult, hurry and press.

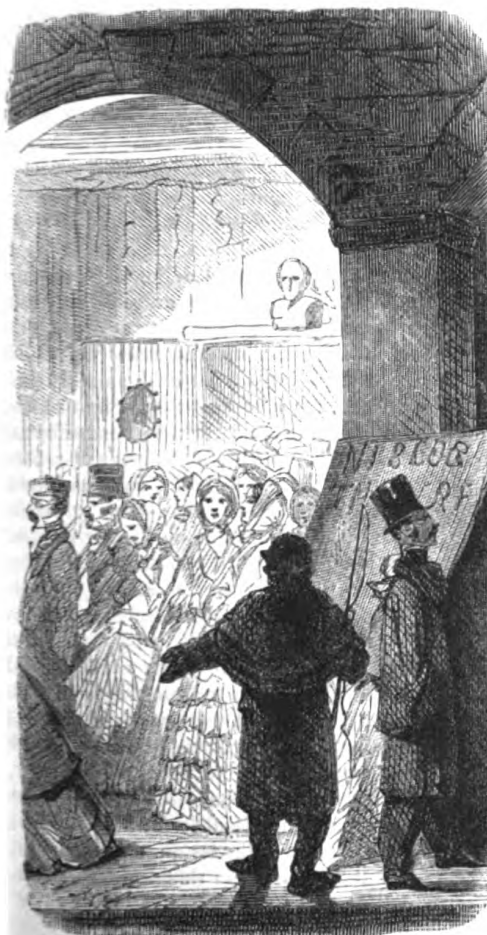
One! two! three! four!
Over the roofs of the city pour
The hollow notes of the deep-mouthed bells,
Louder and louder the chorus swells;
The engines rattle adown the street;
The pavement rings to the tread of feet;
The air is wild with the hoarse, loud cry
Of the panting firemen hurrying by.

Ten has sounded—that stroke is the last;
Painted shadows go flitting past,
The stages pause on their upward way,
To wait for those who are in at the play.

They are coming now, like a gath'ring tide,
 From the glare and heat to the world outside.
 And the women seem, in their evening dresses,
 Made expressly for love's caresses.
 Like a lovely vision they pass, and soon
 Their voices sound in the gay saloon.

'Tis the dead of night, and silent and dark
 Are the shadowy trees in the gloomy park.
 And silent, too, is the beautiful street,
 Save the watchman pacing his lonely beat.
 The bundle of bones on the hospital bed
 Moans, and tosses its restless head;
 While the haughty Madame Millionaire
 In her chamber, where the indolent air
 Is heavy with perfume from fragrant urns,
 And the waxen taper drowsily burns,
 With the sumptuous curtains closely drawn,
 Sleeps on her pillow of snowy lawn.

The hours go by, and the pale, wan light
 Comes like a ghost to startle the night;
 Far up on the buildings so grand and high,
 That rear their forms to the morning sky,
 On shaft and column and cornice bold
 God writes his love in letters of gold.



"FROM THE GLARE AND HEAT TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE."



"THE WATCHMAN PACING HIS LONELY BEAT."



A LONELY RIDE.

A DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

AS I struck into the trail and out into the broad valley of the Salinas a sense of freedom relieved me in some degree of the gloom inspired by the last words of this strangely unfortunate man. The stars were shining brightly overhead, but the moon had gone down some time previously. It was just light enough to see the way. A small white object lying in the trail caused the mule to start. In the excitement of my escape I had forgotten about the papers. Here they were, all safe. I had no doubt they had been thus disposed of by the ruffian Jack, during the previous evening when he took occasion to absent himself from the camp. I quickly dismounted and placed the package securely in the leg of one of my boots, then pushed on with all speed to reach a turning-point of the mountains some distance ahead, in order to be out of sight by the dawn of day, which could not be far off. In about an hour I had gained this point, and at the same time the first faint streaks of the coming day began to appear in the eastern sky. The air was peculiarly balmy—cool

enough to be pleasant, and deliciously odorous with the herbage of the mountains. Already the deer began to leave their coverts among the shrubbery on the hill-sides, and numerous bands of them stood gazing at me as I passed, their antlers erect, their beautiful forms motionless, as if hewn from the solid rock, but manifesting more curiosity than fear. Thousands of rabbits frisked about in the open glades, and innumerable flocks of quail flitted from bush to bush. The field-larks and doves made the air musical with their joyous hymns of praise to the rising sun; the busy hum of bees rose among the wild flowers by the way-side; all nature seemed to awake from its repose smiling with a celestial joy. In no other country upon earth have I seen such mornings as in the interior of California—so clear, bright, and sparkling—so rich and glowing in atmospheric tints—so teeming with unbounded opulence in all that gives vigor, health, and beauty to animated nature, and inspiration to the higher faculties of man. There is a redundancy of richness in the earth, air, and light unknown even in that land of fascination which is said to possess "the fatal gift of beauty."

Contrasted with the dark spirit of crime that hung over my late encampment, such a morning was inexpressibly lovely. Every breath of air—every sound that broke upon the listening ear—every thought of the vast wild plains and towering mountains that swept around me in the immeasurable distance—inspired vague and unutterable sensations of pleasure and pain—pleasure that I was free and capable of enjoying such exquisite physical and mental luxuries; pain that here, on God's own footstool,

"All but the spirit of man was divine."

As the sun rose, and spread over mountain and valley a drapery of glowing light, giving promise of continued life to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, I could not but think with sadness how man—made after God's own image, the most perfect of his works, gifted with reason and intelligence—should so strangely turn aside from the teachings of his Maker, and cast away the pure enjoyments so bountifully spread before him. Was it possible that a single created being, however steeped in crime, could be insensible to the soothing and humanizing influences of such a scene?

The unhappy fate of the poor fellow to whom I was so deeply indebted haunted me. He, at least, must have felt the better promptings of his inner nature amidst these beautiful works of a beneficent Creator. Surely such a man could never be utterly lost. There were noble traits in his character that must, some time or other, assert their supremacy. Honorable even in his degradation, he scorned to turn traitor to men whom he despised. His was not a nature formed for cruel and crafty deeds. Frank, manly, and ingenuous in his whole bearing, there was evidence of innate nobility in his misguided sense of honor, and a manifest scorn of deception in his wild outbursts of passion. What could have driven him to this career of crime? What Satanic power was that by which he was enthralled? I could not believe that he was voluntarily bad. That single outburst of emotion as he spoke of his mother would have redeemed him had he been the worst of criminals. A career of dissipation must have brought him to this. He was evidently compromised, but to what extent? Some painful mystery hung over his connection with these bad men—I could not fathom it. The more I reflected upon all I had seen and heard, the more profound became my sympathy; nor is it an affectation of generosity to say that I would have sacrificed much to have saved him. Yet this man's case was not an uncommon one in California. There were many there, even at that early period, and there are still many, who, with the noblest attributes that adorn human nature, have become castaways.

As the day advanced a marked change became perceptible in the character of the country. Passing out from the valley of the Salinas to the right, the trail entered a series of smaller valleys, winding from one to another through a succession of narrow cañons between low, gravelly hills, destitute of shrubbery, and of a peculiarly

whitish and barren aspect. The scene was no longer enlivened by bands of deer and smaller game, such as I had seen in the morning; the birds had also disappeared; not a living thing was in sight save a few buzzards hovering in the air over the bleached and sterile hills, and occasionally a coyote or wild-cat skulking stealthily across the trail. Toward noon the earth became like a fiery furnace. The air was scorching. In the narrow passages, where the hills converged into a focus, cutting off every current of air, the refraction of the sun's rays was absolutely terrific. It seemed as if my very clothing must crisp into tinder and drop from my body. The skin peeled from my face and hands; a thick woolen hat was insufficient to keep the fierce and seething heat from my head, and I sometimes feared I would be smitten to the earth. Not knowing the water-holes, or rather having no time to look for them, I was parched with an intolerable thirst. On every eminence I turned to look back, but nothing was in sight save the dreary waste of barren hills that lay behind.

Toward evening, having stopped only a few minutes at a pool of water, my mule began to lag again. I had no spurs, and it was utterly in vain that I urged him on by kicks and blows. His greatest speed was a slow trot, and to keep that up for a few hundred yards at a time required my utmost efforts. By sundown I estimated that the distance to San Miguel must be twelve or fifteen miles. It was a very unpleasant position to be in—pursued, as I had every reason to suppose, by men who would not hesitate to take my life, yet unable to accelerate the speed of my animal. All I could do was to continue beating him.

The country became still more lonesome and desolate as I advanced. The chances of being overtaken momentarily increased. My anxiety to reach San Miguel caused me to forget all the sufferings of fatigue and thirst, and strain every nerve to get my mule over the ground. But the greater the effort the slower he traveled. It was true, I had a pistol and could make some defense. Yet the chances were greatly against me. Unskilled in this sort of warfare, an indifferent rider, unacquainted with the trails by which I might be cut off and surprised, it seemed indeed a very hopeless case, should such an emergency arise. Besides, it would be very little satisfaction to shoot one, or even two men, against whom I felt no enmity, and whose lives were worth nothing to me; and still less to get killed myself. The truth is, I had a particular relish for life; others were interested in it as well as myself, and I did not feel disposed to risk it unnecessarily.

The sun went down at last, and the soft shadows of night began to soften the asperities of the scene. I rode on, never once relaxing my efforts to get a little more speed out of my mule. The moon rose, and innumerable stars twinkled in the sky. The air became delightfully balmy. Long shadows of rocks and trees swept across the trail. Mystic forms seemed to flit through

the dim distance, or stand like ghostly sentinels along the way-side. Often I fancied I could see men on horseback stationed under the overhanging rocks, and detect the glitter of their arms in the moonlight. Stumps of trees riven by the storms of winter loomed up among the rocks like grim spectres; the very bushes assumed fantastic forms, and waved their long arms in gestures of warning. The howling of innumerable coyotes and the hooting of the night-owls had a singularly weird effect in the stillness of the night.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock when my mule suddenly stopped, turned around, and set up that peculiar nickering bray by which these animals hail the approach of strangers. As soon as he ceased his unwelcome noise I listened, and distinctly heard the clatter of hoofs in the road, about half a mile in the rear. That my pursuers were rapidly approaching there was now very little doubt. It was useless to attempt to reach San Miguel, which must be still four or five miles distant. I had no time, and resolved at once to make for a little grove some three or four hundred yards to the right. As I approached the nearest trees I was rejoiced to see something like a fence. A little farther on was a gray object with a distinct outline. It must be a house. There was no light; but I soon discovered that I was within fifty yards of a small adobe building. My mule now pricked up his ears, snuffed the air wildly, and absolutely refused to move a step nearer. I dismounted and tried to drag him toward the door. His terror seemed unconquerable. With starting eyes and a wild blowing sound from his nostrils, he broke away and dashed out into the plain. I speedily lost sight of him.

This time I had taken the precaution to secure my papers and pistol on my person. The mule had taken the direction of San Miguel, but even should I be unable to recover him the loss would not be so great as before. However, it was no time to calculate losses. The clatter of hoofs grew nearer and nearer, and soon the advancing forms of two mounted men became distinctly visible in the moonlight. There was no alternative but to seek security in the old adobe. I ran for the door and pushed it open. The house was evidently untenanted. No answer was made to my summons save a mocking ocho from the bare walls. My pursuers must have caught sight of me as they approached. I could hear their imprecations as they tried to force their animals up to the door. One of the party—the Colonel, whose voice I had no difficulty in recognizing, said:

"Blast the fellow! what did he come here for?"

The other answered with an oath and a brutal laugh,

"We've got him holed, any how! It won't take long to root him out."

They then dismounted and proceeded to tie their horses to the nearest tree. I could hear them talk as they receded, but could not make out what they said.

While this was going on I had closed the door and was looking for some bolt or fastening when I heard the low fierce growl of some animal. There was no time to conjecture what it was—the next moment a furry skin brushed past, and the animal sprang through an opening in the wall.

A wooden bar was all I could find; but the iron fastening had been broken, and the only way of securing the door was to brace the bar against it in a diagonal position. The floor was of rough hard clay, and served in some sort to prevent the brace from slipping. A few moments of painful anxiety passed. I had drawn my revolver, and stood close against the inner wall, prepared to fire upon the first man that entered. Presently the two men returned, approaching stealthily along the wall, so as to avoid coming in range of the door. The sharp, hard voice of the Colonel first broke the silence.

"Come," said he, "open the door! You can't help yourself now! It is all up with you, my fine fellow!"

I knew the villains wanted to find my position, and made no answer.

"You may as well come out at once," said the Colonel; "you have no chance! There is nobody here to stand by you as there was last night. Your friend is keeping camp with a bullet through his head and a gash in his throat!"

Pressed as I was this news shocked me beyond measure. The unfortunate man who had befriended me had paid the penalty of his life for his kindness!

"Out with you!" roared the Colonel, fiercely—"or we'll burst the door down! Come, be quick!"

Another pause. I heard a low whispering, and stood with breathless anxiety with my finger upon the trigger of my pistol. In that brief period it was wonderful how many thoughts flashed through my mind. I knew nothing of the construction of the house, had no time even to look around and see if there was any back entrance. A faint light through one small window-hole in front, within three feet of the door, was all I could discern. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension. My sense of hearing was painfully acute. The low whispering of the two ruffians, the faint jingling of their spurs, the very creaking of their boots, as they stealthily moved, was fearfully audible. With an almost absolute certainty of death, without the remotest hope of relief, it was strange how my thoughts wandered back upon the past; how the peaceful fireside of home was pictured to my mind; how vividly I saw the beloved faces of kindred and friends; how all that were dear to me seemed to sympathize in my unhappy fate. Yet it was impossible to realize that my time had come. The whole thing—the camp, the dark, murderous faces, the chase, the blockade—resembled rather some horrible fantasy than the dread truth. Strange, too, that I should have noticed something even grotesque in my situation; run into a hole, as the ruffian Jack



THE ATTACK.

had said, like a coyote or a badger. Five minutes—it seemed a long time—must have passed in this way, when I became conscious of a gradual darkening in the room. A low, heavy breathing attracted my attention. I looked in the direction of the window and thought I could detect something moving; but the darkness was so impenetrable that it might be the result of imagination. Should I fire and miss my mark, the flash would reveal my position and be certain destruction. The dark mass again moved. I could distinctly hear the respiration. It must be one of the men trying to get in through the small window-hole. I raised my pistol, took dead aim as near as possible upon the centre of the object, and fired. The fall of a heavy body outside, a groan, an imprecation, was all I could hear, when a tremendous effort was made to force the door, and two shots were fired through it in quick succession. The wood was massive but much decayed; and I saw that it was rapidly giving way before the furious assaults that were made upon it from the outside, evidently with a heavy piece of timber. Another lunge or two of this powerful battering-ram must have

borne it from its hinges or shattered it to fragments.

“Hold on, Jack!” said the wounded man in a low voice; “come here, quick! The infernal fool has shot me through the shoulder! I’m bleeding badly.”

The ruffian dropped his bar, as I judged by the sound, and turned to drag his leader out of range of the door. Now was the time for a bold move. Hitherto I had acted on the defensive; but every thing depended on following up the advantage. Removing the brace from the door, I made an opening sufficient to get a glimpse of the two men. The stout fellow, Jack, was stooping down dragging the other toward the corner of the house. I fired again. The ball was too low; it missed his body but must have shattered his wrist; for with a horrible oath he dropped his burden, and staggered back a few paces writhing with pain, his hand covered with blood. Before I could get another shot he darted behind the house. At the same time the Colonel rose on his knee, turned quickly, and fired. The ball whizzed by my head and struck the door. While I was trying

to get a shot at him in return, he jumped to his feet and staggered out of range. I thought it best now to rest satisfied with my success so far, and again retired to my position behind the door.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes I could hear, from time to time, the smothered imprecations of the wounded ruffians, but after this there was a dead silence. I heard nothing more. They had either gone or were lying in wait near by, supposing I would come out. This uncertainty caused me considerable anxiety, for I dared not abandon my gloomy retreat. Two or three hours must have passed in this way, during which I was constantly on the guard; but not the slightest indication of the presence of the enemy was perceptible.

Two nights had nearly passed, during which I had not closed my eyes in sleep. The perpetual strain of mind and the fatigue of travel were beginning to tell. I felt faint and drowsy. During the whole terrible ordeal of this night I had not dared to sit down. But now my legs refused to support me any longer. I groped my way toward a corner of the room to lie down. Some soft mass on the ground caused me to stumble. I threw out my hands and fell. What was it that sent such a thrill of horror through every fibre? A dead body lay in my embrace—cold, mutilated, and clotted with blood!

It has been my fortune, during a long career of travel in foreign lands, to see death in many forms. I do not profess to be exempt from the weakness common to most men—a natural dread of that undiscovered region toward which we are all traveling. But I never had any peculiar repugnance to the presence of dead men. What are they, after all, but inanimate clay? The living are to be feared—not the dead, who sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Not this—not the sudden contact with a corpse; not simply the cold and blood-clotted face over which I passed my hand was it that caused me to recoil with such a thrill of horror. It was the solution of a dread mystery. There, in a pool of clotted gore, lay the corpse of a murdered man. No need was there to conjecture who were his murderers.

I rose up, thoroughly aroused from my drowsiness. It was probable others had shared the fate of this man. If so, their bodies must be near at hand. I was afraid to open the door to let in the light, for, bad as it was to be shut up in a dark room with the victim or victims of a cruel murder, it was worse to incur the risk of a similar fate by exposing myself. After somewhat recovering my composure I groped about, and soon discovered that three other bodies were lying in the room: one on a bed—a woman with her throat cut from ear to ear—and two smaller bodies on the floor near by—children perhaps eight or ten years old, but so mutilated that it was difficult to tell what they were. Their limbs were almost denuded of flesh, and their faces and bodies were torn into shapeless masses.

This must have been the finishing work of the animal—a coyote no doubt—that had startled me with a growl, and broken through the window after I had first closed the door. I could also now account for the strange manner in which the mule had snuffed the air, and his unconquerable terror in approaching the house.

Only a few articles of furniture were in the room—a bed, two or three broken stools, a frying-pan, coffee-pot, and a few other cooking utensils, thrown in a heap near the fire-place. There was no other room; nor was there any back entrance, as I had at first apprehended.

It was a gloomy place enough to spend a night in; but there was no help for it. I certainly had less fear of the dead than of the living. It could not be over two or three hours till morning; and it was not likely the two men, who were seeking my life, would lurk about the premises much longer, if they had not long since taken their departure, which seemed the most probable.

I knelt down and commended my soul to God; then stretched myself across the brace against the door, and, despite the presence of death, fell fast asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke. The sun's earliest rays were pouring into the room through the little window and the cracks of the door. A ghastly spectacle was revealed—a ghastly array of room-mates lying stiff and stark before me.

From the general appearance of the dead bodies I judged them to be an emigrant family from some of the Western States. They had probably taken up a temporary residence in the old adobe hut after crossing the plains by the Southern route, and must have had money or property of some kind to have inspired the cupidity of their murderers. The man was apparently fifty years of age; his skull was split completely open, and his brains scattered out upon the earthen floor. The woman was doubtless his wife. Her clothes were torn partly from her body, and her head was cut nearly off from her shoulders; besides which her skull was fractured with some dull instrument, and several ghastly wounds disfigured her person. The bed-clothes were saturated with blood, now clotted by the parching heat. The two children had evidently been cut down by the blows of an axe. Their heads were literally shattered to fragments. What the murderers had failed to accomplish in mutilating the bodies had been completed by some ravenous beast of prey—the same, no doubt, already mentioned.

I saw no occasion to prolong my stay. It was hardly probable the Colonel and Jack, wounded as they were, would renew their attack. They must have made their way back to camp, or at least retired to some part of the country where they would incur less risk of capture.

It was a bright and beautiful morning as I left the house and turned toward San Miguel. The contrast between the peaceful scene before me and the horrible sight I had just witnessed was exceedingly impressive. The mellow light of



SAN MIGUEL.

the early sun on the mountains; the winding streams fringed with shrubbery; the rich, golden hue of the valley; the cattle grazing quietly in the low meadows bordering on the Salinas River; the singing of the birds in the oak groves, were indescribably refreshing to a fevered mind, and filled my heart with thankfulness that I was spared to enjoy them once more. Yet I could not but think of what I had witnessed in the adobe hut—a whole family cut down by the ruthless hands of murderers who might still be lurking behind the bushes on the wayside. Their dreadful crime haunted the scene, and its exquisite repose seemed almost a cruel mockery. De Quincey somewhere remarks that he never experienced such profound sensations of sadness as on a bright summer day, when the very luxuriance and maturity of outer life, and the fullness of sunshine that filled the visible world, made the desolation and the darkness within the more oppressive. I could now well understand the feeling; and though grief had but little part in it, beyond a natural regret for the unhappy fate of the murdered family, still it was sad to feel the contrast between the purity and beauty of God's creation and the willful wickedness of man.

I had not lost the strong instinct of self-preservation, which, so far at least, through the kind aid of Providence, had enabled me to preserve my life; and in my lonely walk toward San Miguel I was careful to keep in the open valley, and avoid, as much as possible, coming within range of the rocks and bushes. In about an hour I saw the red tile roofs and motley collec-

tion of ruinous old buildings that comprised the former missionary station of San Miguel. A gang of lean, wolfish dogs ran out to meet me as I approached, and it was not without difficulty that I could keep them off without resorting to my revolver, which was an alternative that might produce a bad impression where I most hoped to meet with a friendly reception. As I approached the main buildings I was struck with the singularly wild and desolate aspect of the place. Not a living being was in sight. The carcass of a dead ox lay in front of the door, upon which a voracious brood of buzzards were feeding; and a coyote sat howling on an eminence a little beyond. I walked into a dark, dirty room, and called out, in what little Spanish I knew, for the man of the house. "*Quien es?*" demanded a gruff voice. I looked in a corner, and saw a filthy-looking object, wrapped in a poncho, sitting lazily on a bed. By his uncouth manner and forbidding appearance I judged him to be the vaquero in charge of the place, in which I was not mistaken. With considerable difficulty I made him comprehend that I had lost my mule, and supposed it had strayed to San Miguel.

"*Quien sabe?*" said the fellow, indifferently.

Could he not find it? I would be willing to reward him. I would give him the blankets. I was an *Oficial*, and was on my way to San Luis Obispo. To each of these propositions the man returned a stupid and yawning answer, "*Quien sabe—who knows?*"

Finding nothing to be gained on that point I asked him for something to eat, for I was well-

nigh famished with hunger. He pointed lazily to a string of jerked beef strung across the rafters. It required but little time to select a few dry pieces, and while I was eating them the fellow asked me if I had any tobacco. I handed him a plug, which speedily produced a good effect, for he got up and passed me a plate of cold tortillas. When I had somewhat satisfied the cravings of hunger, I asked him, in my broken Spanish, if he had heard of the murder—five persons killed in an old adobe house near by. "*Quien sabe?*" said he, in the same indifferent tone. "*Muchos malos hombres aqui.*" This was all he knew, or professed to know, of the murder.

"Amigo," said I, "if you'll get my mule and bring him here, I'll give you this watch."

He took the watch and examined it carefully, handed it back, and remarked as before, "*Quien sabe?*" The glitter of the gold, however, seemed to quicken his perceptive faculties to this extent that he got up from the bed, put on his spurs, took a riata from a peg on the wall, and walked out, leaving me to entertain myself as I thought proper during his absence.

Having finished a substantial repast of jerked beef and tortillas, I went out and rambled about among the ruins for nearly an hour. A few lazy

and thriftless Indians, lying in the sun here and there, were all the inhabitants of the place I could see. This ranch must have been a very desirable residence in former times. The climate is charming, except that it was a little warm in summer, and the cattle ranges are richly clothed with grass and very extensive.

In about an hour my friend the vaquero came back, mounted on a Broncho or wild horse, leading after him my mule, with the pack unchanged. From what I could understand he had found the mule entangled by the bridle in the bushes, some three miles on the trail toward San Luis. According to promise, I handed him my watch. He took it and examined it again, then handed it back without saying a word.

"Amigo," said I, "the watch is yours. I promised it to you if you found my mule."

To this he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Won't you take it? I have no money."

"No, Señor," said he, at length, with a somewhat haughty air, "I am a Spanish gentleman."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Will you do me the favor, then, to accept a plug of tobacco?"

I opened my pack and handed him a large plug of the finest pressed Cavendish.

"*Milgracias!*" said the Spanish gentleman, smiling affably, and making a condescending inclination of the head. "That suits me better. A watch is bad property here. I don't want to be killed yet a while."

Here was a hint of his reason for declining the proffered reward. But he did it very grandly; and I was quite willing to accord to him the title of Señor Caballero to which he aspired, though he certainly looked as unlike the Caballeros described by the learned Fray Antonio Agapida, who went out to make war upon the Moors of Granada, as one distinguished individual can look unlike another.

There was ample reason why I should regard my mule with dissatisfaction. All my misfortunes, so far, had arisen from his defective physical and mental organization (if I may use the term in reference to such an animal); but



SPANISH CABALLERO.



VALLEY OF SANTA MARGUERITA

the fact is, it has been my fate, as far back as I can recollect, to have the worst stock in the country foisted upon me. Never yet, up to this hour, have I succeeded in purchasing a sound, safe, and reliable animal—except, indeed, an old horse that I once owned in Oakland, generally known in the neighborhood as Selim the Steady—a name derived from his unconquerable propensity for remaining in the stable, or getting back to it as soon as ever he left the premises.

The vaquero, or, as he aspired to be called, the Caballero, offered to barter his Broncho for my mule, and as an inducement set him to bucking all over the ground within a circle of fifty yards, merely to show the spirit of the animal, of which I was so well satisfied that I declined the barter.

Bidding my worthy friend a kindly "Adios," I mounted the mule and pursued my journey toward San Luis. The country, for many miles after leaving San Miguel, was very wild and picturesque. Blue mountains loomed up in the distance; and the trail passed through a series of beautifully undulating valleys, sometimes extensive and open, but often narrowed down to a mere gorge between the irregular spurs of the mountains. Game was very abundant, especially quail and rabbits. I saw also several fine herds of deer, and occasionally bands of large

red wolves. It was a very lonesome road all the way to the valley of Santa Marguerita, not a house or human being to be seen for twenty miles at a stretch. Toward evening, on the first day after leaving San Miguel, I descended the bed of a creek to water my mule. While looking for the water-hole, I heard some voices, and suddenly found myself close by a camp of Sonorians. It was too late to retreat, for I was already betrayed by the braying of my mule. Upon riding into the camp I was struck with the savage and picturesque group before me, consisting of some ten or a dozen Sonorians. It is doing them no more than justice to say that they were the most villainous, cut-throat, ill-favored looking gang of vagabonds I had ever laid eyes upon. Some were smoking cigarritos by the fire, others lying all about under the trees playing cards, on their ragged saddle-blankets, with little piles of silver before them; and those that were not thus occupied were capering around on wild horses, breaking them apparently, for the blood streamed from the nostrils and flanks of the unfortunate animals, and they were covered with a reeking sweat.

Probably it may be thought that I exceeded the truth when I asked this promising party if they had seen six "Americanos" pass that way with a pack-train from San Luis, friends of mine

that I was on the look-out for. They had seen no such pack-train; it had not passed since they camped there, which was several days ago.

"Then," said I, "it must be close at hand, and I must hurry on to meet it. The mules are laden with *mucha plata*."

Having watered my mule, I rode on about five miles further, where I reached a small ranch-house occupied by a native Californian family. They gave me a good supper of frijoles and jerked beef, and I slept comfortably on the porch.

Next day I struck into the Valley of Santa Marguerita. I shall never forget my first impression of this valley. Encircled by ranges of blue mountains were broad, rich pastures covered with innumerable herds of cattle; beautifully diversified with groves, streams, and shrubbery; castellated cliffs in the fore-ground as the trail wound downward; a group of cattle grazing by the margin of a little lake, their forms mirrored in the water; a mirage in the distance; mountain upon mountain beyond, as far as the eye could reach, till their dim outlines were lost in the golden glow of the atmosphere. Surely a more lovely spot never existed upon earth. I have wandered over many a bright and beautiful land, but never, even in the glorious East, in Italy, Spain, Switzerland, or South America, have I seen a country so richly favored by nature as California, and never a more lovely valley than Santa Marguerita upon the whole wide world. There is nothing comparable to the mingled wildness and repose of such a scene; the rich and glowing sky, the illimitable distances, the teeming luxuriance of vegetation, its utter isolation from the busy world, and the dreamy fascination that lurks in every feature.

I had passed nearly across the valley, and was about to enter upon an undulating and beautifully timbered range of country extending into it from the foot-hills, when a dust arose on a rise of ground a little to the left and about half a mile distant. My mule, ever on the alert for some new danger, pricked up his ears and manifested symptoms of uncontrollable fear. The object rapidly approached, and without further warning the mule whirled around and fled at the top of his speed. Neither bridle nor switch had the slightest effect. In vain I struggled to arrest his progress—believing this, like many other frights he had experienced on the road, was rather the result of innate cowardice than of any substantial cause of apprehension. One material difference was perceptible. He never before ran so fast. Through brush and mire, over rocks, into deep arroyas and out again, he dashed in his frantic career, never once stopping till by some mischance one of his fore-feet sank in a squirrel-hole, when he rolled headlong on the ground, throwing me with considerable violence several yards in advance. I jumped to my feet at once, hoping to catch him before he could get up, but he was on his feet and away before I had time to make the attempt. It now became a matter of personal interest to know what

he was running from. Upon looking back I was astonished to see not only one object, but four others in the rear, bearing rapidly down toward me. The first was a large animal of some kind—I could not determine what—the others mounted horsemen in full chase. Whatever the object of the chase was, it was not safe to be a spectator in the direct line of their route. I cast a hurried look around and discovered a break in the earth a few hundred yards distant, toward which I ran with all speed. It was a sort of mound rooted up by the squirrels or coyotes, and afforded some trifling shelter, where I crouched down close to the ground. Scarcely had I partially concealed myself when I heard a loud shouting from the men on horseback, and, peeping over the bank, saw within fifty or sixty paces a huge grizzly bear, but no longer retreating. He had faced round toward his pursuers, and now seemed determined to fight. The horsemen were evidently native Californians, and managed their animals with wonderful skill and grace. The nearest swept down like an avalanche toward the bear, while the others coursed off a short distance in a circling direction to prevent his escape. Suddenly swerving a little to one side, the leader whirled his lasso once or twice around his head and let fly at his game with unerring aim. The loop caught one of the fore-paws, and the bear was instantly jerked down upon his haunches, struggling and roaring with all his might. It was a striking instance of the power of the rider over the horse, that, wild with terror as the latter was, he dared not disobey the slightest pressure of the rein, but went through all the evolutions, blowing trumpet-blasts from his nostrils and with eyes starting from their sockets. Despite the strain kept upon the lasso, the bear soon regained his feet and commenced hauling in the spare line with his fore-paws so as to get within reach of the horse. He had advanced within ten feet before the nearest of the other horsemen could bring his lasso to bear upon him. The first throw was at his hind-legs—the main object being to stretch him out—but it missed. Another more fortunate cast took him round the neck. Both riders pulled in opposite directions, and the bear soon rolled on the ground again, biting furiously at the lassos, and uttering the most terrific roars. The strain upon his neck soon choked off his breath, and he was forced to let loose his grasp upon the other lasso. While struggling to free his neck, the two other horsemen dashed up, swinging their lassos, and shouting with all their might so as to attract his attention. The nearest, watching narrowly every motion of the frantic animal, soon let fly his lasso and made a lucky hitch around one of his hind-legs. The other following quickly with a large loop swung it entirely over the bear's body—and all four riders now set up a yell of triumph and began pulling in opposite directions. The writhing, pitching, and straining of the powerful monster were now absolutely fearful. A dust arose over him, and the earth flew up in every direction.



LASSOING A GRIZZLY.

Sometimes by a desperate effort he regained his feet, and actually dragged one or more of the horses toward him by main strength; but whenever he attempted this the others stretched their lassos, and either choked him or jerked him down upon his haunches. It was apparent that his wind was giving out, partly by reason of the long chase, and partly owing to the noose around his throat. A general pull threw him once more upon his back. Before he could regain his feet, the horsemen, by a series of dextrous manoeuvres, wound him completely up; so that he lay perfectly quiet upon the ground, breathing heavily, and utterly unable to extricate his paws from the labyrinth of lassos in which he was entangled. One of the riders now gave the reins of his horse to another and dismounted. Cautiously approaching, with a spare riata, he cast a noose over the bear's fore-paws, and wound the remaining part tightly round the neck, so that what strength might still have been left was speedily exhausted by suffocation. This done, another rider dismounted, and the two soon succeeded in binding their victim so firmly by the paws that it was impossible for him to break loose. They next bound his jaws together by means of another riata, winding it all the way up around his head, upon which they loosened the fastening around his neck so as to give him air. When all was secure, they freed the lassos and again mounted their horses. I thought it about time now to make known my presence and stood up. Some of the party had evidently seen me during the progress of the chase, for they manifested no surprise; and the leader, after exchanging a few

words with one of the men, and pointing in the direction taken by the mule, rode up and said very politely,

"*Buenas dias, Señor!*" He then informed me, as well as I could understand, that he had sent a man to catch my mule, and it would be back presently. While we were endeavoring to carry on some conversation in reference to the capture of the bear, during which I made out to gather that they were going to drag him to the ranch on a bullock's hide and have a grand bullfight with him in the course of a few days, the vaquero returned with my mule.

I had a pleasant journey of thirty-five miles that day. Nothing further occurred worthy of record. When night overtook me I was within fifteen miles of San Luis. I camped under a tree, and, notwithstanding some apprehension of the Sonorians, made out to get a good sleep.

Next morning I was up and on my way by daylight. The country, as I advanced, increased in picturesque beauty, and the hope of soon reaching my destination gave me additional pleasure. A few hours more, and I was safely lodged with some American friends. Thus ended what I think the reader must admit was "a dangerous journey."

A few days after my arrival in St. Luis I went, in company with a young American by the name of Jackson, to a fandango given by the native Californians. The invitation, as usual in such cases, was general, and the company not very select. Every person within a circle of

twenty miles, and with money enough in his pockets to pay for the refreshments, was expected to be present. The entertainment was held in a large adobe building, formerly used for missionary purposes, the lower part of which was occupied as a store-house. A large loft overhead, with a step-ladder reaching to it from the outside, formed what the proprietor was pleased to call the dancing-saloon. In the yard, which was encircled by a mud wall, were several chapadens, or brush tents, in which whisky, gin, aguardiente, and other refreshments of a like nature, for "ladies and gentlemen," were for sale, at "two bits a drink." A low rabble of Mexican greasers, chiefly Sonorians, hung around the premises in every direction, among whom I recognized several belonging to the gang into whose encampment I had fallen on my way down from Santa Marguerita. Their dirty serapas, machillas, and spurs lay scattered about, just as they had dismounted from their mustangs. The animals were picketed around in the open spaces, and kept up a continual confusion by bucking and kicking at every straggler who came within their reach. Such of the rabble as were able to pay the entrance-fee of "*dos reales*" were sitting in groups in the yard, smoking cigarritos and playing at monté. A few of the better class of rancheros had brought señoritas with them, mounted in front on their saddles, and were wending their way up the step-ladder as we entered the premises.

I followed the crowd, in company with my friend Jackson, and was admitted into the saloon upon the payment of half a dollar. This fund was to defray the expense of lights and music.

On passing through the door-way I was forcibly impressed with the scene. Some fifty or sixty couples were dancing to the most horrible scraping of fiddles I had ever heard—marking the time by snapping their fingers, whistling, and clapping their hands. The fiddles were accompanied by a dreadful twanging of guitars; and an Indian in one corner of the saloon added to the din by beating with all his might upon a rude drum. There was an odor of steaming flesh, cigarritos, garlic, and Cologne in the hot, reeking atmosphere that was almost suffocating; and the floor swayed under the heavy tramp of the dancers, as if every turn of the waltz might be the last. The assemblage was of a very mixed character, as may well be supposed, consisting of native Californians, Sonorians, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, and half-breed Indians.

Most of the Mexicans were rancheros and vaqueros from the neighboring ranches, dressed in the genuine style of Caballeros del Campaña, with black or green velvet jackets, richly embroidered; wide pantaloons, open at the sides, ornamented with rows of silver buttons; a red sash around the waist; and a great profusion of gold fillagree on their vests. These were the fast young fellows who had been successful in jockeying away their horses, or gam-

bling at monté. Others of a darker and lower grade, such as the Sonorians, wore their hats and machillas just as they had come in from camp; for it was one of the privileges of the fandango that every man could dress or undress as he pleased. A very desperate and ill-favored set these were—perfect specimens of Mexican outlaws.

The Americans were chiefly a party of Texans, who had recently crossed over through Chihuahua, and compared not unfavorably with the Sonorians in point of savage costume and appearance. Some wore broadcloth frock-coats, ragged and defaced from the wear and tear of travel; some red flannel shirts, without any coats—their pantaloons thrust in their boots in a loose, swaggering style; and all with revolvers and bowie-knives swinging from their belts. A more reckless, devil-may-care looking set it would be impossible to find in a year's journey. Take them altogether—with their uncouth costumes, bearded faces, lean and brawny forms, fierce savage eyes, and swaggering manners—they were a fit assemblage for a frolic or a fight. Every word they spoke was accompanied by an oath. The presence of the females imposed no restraint upon the subject or style of the conversation, which was disgusting to the last degree. I felt ashamed to think that habit should so brutalize a people of my own race and blood.

Many of the señoritas were pretty, and those who had no great pretensions to beauty in other respects were at least gifted with fine eyes and teeth, rich brunette complexions, and forms of wonderful pliancy and grace. All, or nearly all, were luminous with jewelry, and wore dresses of the most flashy colors, in which flowers, lace, and glittering tinsel combined to set off their dusky charms. I saw some among them who would not have compared unfavorably with the ladies of Cadiz—perhaps in more respects than one. They danced easily and naturally; and, considering the limited opportunity of culture they had enjoyed in this remote region, it was wonderful how free, simple, and graceful they were in their manners.

The belle of the occasion was a dark-eyed, fierce-looking woman, of about six-and-twenty, a half-breed from Santa Barbara. Her features were far from comely, being sharp and uneven; her skin was scarred with fire or small-pox; and her form, though not destitute of a certain grace of style, was too lithe, wiry, and acrobatic to convey any idea of voluptuous attraction. Every motion, every nerve seemed the incarnation of a suppressed vigor; every glance of her fierce, flashing eyes was instinct with untamable passion. She was a mustang in human shape—one that I thought would kick or bite upon very slight provocation. In the matter of dress she was almost Oriental. The richest and most striking colors decorated her, and made a rare accord with her wild and singular physique; a gorgeous silk dress of bright orange, flounced up to the waist; a white bodice, with blood-red ribbons upon each shoulder; a green sash around

the waist; an immense gold-cased breast-pin, with diamonds glittering in the centre, the greatest profusion of rings on her fingers, and her ears loaded down with sparkling ear-rings; while her heavy black hair was gathered up in a knot behind, and pinned with a gold dagger—all being in strict keeping with her wild, dashing character, and bearing some remote affinity to a dangerous but royal game-bird. I thought of the Mexican chichilaca as I gazed at her. There was an intensity in the quick flash of her eye which produced a burning sensation wherever it fell. She cast a spell around her not unlike the fascination of a snake. The women shunned and feared her; the men absolutely worshiped at her shrine. Their infatuation was almost incredible. She seemed to have some supernatural capacity for arousing the fiercest passions of love, jealousy, and hatred. Of course there was great rivalry to engage the hand of such a belle for the dance. Crowds of admirers were constantly urging their claims. It was impossible to look upon their excited faces and savage rivalry, knowing the desperate character of the men, without a foreboding of evil.

"Perhaps you will not be surprised," said Jackson, "to hear something strange and startling about that woman. She is a murderess! Not long since she stabbed to death a rival of hers, another half-breed, who had attempted to win the affections of her paramour. But, worse than that—she is strongly suspected of having killed her own child a few months ago, in a fit of jealousy caused by the supposed infidelity of its father—whose identity, however, can not be fixed with any certainty. She is a strange, bad woman—a devil incarnate; yet you see what a spell she casts around her! Some of these men are mad in love with her! They will fight before the evening is over. Yet she is neither pretty nor amiable. I can not account for it. Let me introduce you."

As soon as a pause in the dance occurred I was introduced. The revolting history I had

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BELLE OF FANDANGO.

heard of this woman inspired me with a curiosity to know how such a fiend in human shape could exercise such a powerful sway over every man in the room.

Although she spoke but little English, there was a peculiar sweetness in every word she uttered. I thought I could detect something of the secret of her magical powers in her voice, which was the softest and most musical I had ever heard. There was a wild, sweet, almost unearthly cadence in it that vibrated upon the ear like the strains of an *Æolian*. Added to this, there was a power of alternate ferocity and tenderness in her deep, passionate eyes that struck to the inner core wherever she fixed her gaze. I could not determine for my life which she resembled most—the untamed mustang, the royal game-bird, or the rattlesnake. There were fitting hints of each in her, and yet the comparison is feeble and inadequate. Sometimes she reminded me of Rachel—then the living, now the dead, Queen of Tragedy. Had it not been for a horror of her repulsive crimes, it is hard to say how far her fascinating powers might have affected me. As it was, I could only wonder whether she was most genius or devil. Not

knowing how to dance, I could not offer my services in that way; and after a few commonplace remarks withdrew to a seat near the wall. The dance went on with great spirit. Absurd as it may seem, I could not keep my eyes off this woman. Whichever way she looked there was a commotion—a shrinking back among the women, or the symptoms of a jealous rage among the men. For her own sex she manifested an absolute scorn; for the other she had an inexhaustible fund of sweet glances, which each admirer might take to himself.

At a subsequent period of the evening I observed, for the first time, among the company a man of very conspicuous appearance, dressed in the picturesque style of a Texan Ranger. His face was turned from me when I first saw him; but there was something manly and imposing about his figure and address that attracted my attention. While I was looking toward him he turned to speak to some person near him. My astonishment may well be conceived when I recognized in his strongly-marked features and dejected expression the face of the man "Griff," to whom I was indebted for my escape from the assassins near Soledad! There could be no doubt that this was the outlaw who had rendered me such an inestimable service, differently dressed, indeed, and somewhat disfigured by a ghastly wound across the temple; but still the same; still bearing himself with an air of determination mingled with profound sadness. It was evident the Colonel had misinformed me as to his death. Perhaps, judging from the wound on his temple, which was still unhealed, he might have been left for dead, and subsequently have effected his escape. At all events, there was no doubt that he now stood before me.

I was about to spring forward and grasp him by the hand, when the dreadful scene I had witnessed in the little adobe hut near San Miguel flashed vividly upon my mind, and, for the moment, I felt like one who was paralyzed. That hand might be stained with the blood of the unfortunate emigrants! Who could tell? He had disavowed any participation in the act, but his complicity, either remote or direct, could scarcely be doubted from his own confession. How far his guilt might render him amenable to the laws I could not of course conjecture. It was enough for me, however, that he had saved my life, but I could not take his hand.

While reflecting upon the course that it might become my duty to pursue under the circumstances, I observed that he was not exempt from the fascinating sway of the dark señorita, whose face he regarded with an interest even more intense than that manifested by her other admirers. He was certainly a person calculated to make an impression upon such a woman; yet, strange to say, he was the only man in the crowd toward whom she evinced a spirit of hostility. Several times he went up to her and asked her to dance. Whether from caprice or some more potent cause I could not conjecture, but she invariably repulsed him—once with a degree of

asperity that indicated something more than a casual acquaintance. It was in vain he attempted to cajole her. She was evidently bitter and unrelenting in her animosity. At length, incensed at his pertinacity, she turned sharply upon him, and leaning her head close to his ear, whispered something, the effect of which was magical. He staggered back as if stunned, and gazing a moment at her with an expression of horror, turned away and walked out of the room. The woman's face was a shade paler, but she quickly resumed her usual smile, and otherwise manifested no emotion.

This little incident was probably unnoticed by any except myself. I sat in a recess near the window, and could see all that was going on without attracting attention. I had resolved, after overcoming my first friendly impulses, not to discover myself to the outlaw until the fandango was over, and then determine upon my future course regarding him by the result of a confidential interview. I fully believed that he would tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth, in reference to the murder of the emigrants.

The dance went on. It was a Spanish waltz; the click-clack-clack of the feet, in slow-measured time, was very monotonous, producing a peculiarly dreamy effect. I sometimes closed my eyes and fancied it was all a wild, strange dream. Visions of the beautiful country through which I had passed flitted before me—a country desecrated by the worst passions of human nature. Amidst the rarest charms of scenery and climate, what a combination of dark and deadly sins oppressed the mind! What a cess-pool of wickedness was here within these very walls!

Half an hour may have elapsed in this sort of dreaming, when Griff, who had been so strangely repulsed by the dark señorita, came back and pushed his way through the crowd. This time I noticed that his face was flushed, and a gleam of desperation was in his eye. The wound in his temple had a purple hue, and looked as if it might burst out bleeding afresh. His motions were unsteady—he had evidently been drinking. Edging over toward the woman, he stood watching her till there was a pause in the dance. Her partner was a handsome young Mexican, very gayly dressed, whom I had before noticed, and to whom she now made herself peculiarly fascinating. She smiled when he spoke; laughed very musically at every thing he said; leaned up toward him, and assumed a wonderfully sweet and confidential manner. The Mexican was perfectly infatuated. He made the most passionate avowals, scarcely conscious what he was saying. I watched the tall Texan. The veins in his forehead were swollen; he strode to and fro restlessly, fixing fierce and deadly glances upon the loving couple. A terrible change had taken place in the expression of his features, which ordinarily had something sweet and sad in it. It was now dark, brutish, and malignant. Suddenly, as if by an ungovernable impulse, he rushed up close to where they stood, and draw-

ing a large bowie-knife, said to the woman, in a quick, savage tone,

"Dance with me now, or, damn you, I'll cut your heart out!"

She turned toward him haughtily—"Señor!"

"Dance with me, OR DIE!"

"Señor," said the woman, quietly, and with an unflinching eye, "you are drunk! Don't come so near to me!"

The infuriated man made a motion as if to strike at her with his knife; but quick as lightning the young Mexican grasped his uprisen arm and the two clenched. I could not see what was done in the struggle. Those of the crowd who were nearest rushed in, and the affray soon became general. Pistols and knives were drawn in every direction; but so sudden was the fight that nobody seemed to know where to aim or strike. In the midst of the confusion a man jumped up on one of the benches and shouted,

"Back! Back with you! The man's stabbed! Let him out!"

The swaying mass parted, and the tall Texan staggered through, then fell upon the floor. His shirt was covered with blood, and he breathed heavily. A moment after the woman uttered a low, wild cry, and, dashing through the crowd—her long black hair streaming behind her—she cast herself down by the prostrate man and sobbed,

"O cara mio! O Deos! is he dead! is he dead!"

"Who did this? Who stabbed this man?" demanded several voices fiercely.

"No matter!" answered the wounded man, faintly. "It was my own fault; I deserved it!" and, turning his face toward the weeping woman, he said, smiling, "Don't cry; don't go on so!"

There was an ineffable tenderness in his voice, and something indescribably sweet in the expression of his face.

"O Deos!" cried the woman, kissing him passionately. "O cara mio! Say you will not die! Tell me you will not die!" And tearing her dress with frantic strength she tried to stanch the blood, which was rapidly forming a crimson pool around him.

The crowd meantime pressed so close that the man suffered for want of air, and begged to be removed. Several persons seized hold of him, and, lifting him from the floor, carried him out. The dark señorita followed close up, still pressing the fragments of her blood-stained dress to his wound.

Order was restored, and the music and dancing went on as if nothing had happened.

I had no desire to see any more of the evening amusements.

Next day I learned that the unfortunate man was dead. He was a stranger at San Luis, and refused to reveal his name, or make any disclosures concerning the affray. His last words were addressed to the woman, who clung to him with a devotion bordering on insanity. When

she saw that he was doomed to die, the tears ceased to flow from her eyes, and she sat by his bedside with a wild, affrighted look, clutching his hands in hers, and ever and anon bathing her lips in the life-blood that oozed from his mouth.

"I loved you—still love you better than my life!"

These were his last words. A gurgle, a quivering motion of the stalwart frame, and he was dead!

At an examination before the Alcalde, it was proved that the stabbing must have occurred before the affray became general. It was also shown that the young Mexican was unarmed, and had no acquaintance with the murdered man.

Who could have done it?

Was it the devil-woman? Was this a case of jealousy, and was the tall Texan the father of the murdered child?

Upon these points I could get no information. The whole affair, with all its antecedent circumstances, was wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. When the body was carried to the grave, by a few strangers including myself, the chief mourner was the half-breed woman—now a ghastly wreck. The last I saw of her, as we turned sadly away, she was sitting upon the sod at the head of the grave, motionless as a statue.

Next morning a vaquero, passing in that direction, noticed a shapeless mass lying upon the newly-spaded earth. It proved to be the body of the unfortunate woman, horribly mutilated by the wolves. The clothes were torn from it, and the limbs presented a ghastly spectacle of fleshless bones. Whether she died by her own hand, or was killed by the wolves during the night, none could tell. She was buried by the side of her lover.

Soon after these events, having completed my business in San Luis, I took passage in a small schooner for San Francisco, where I had the satisfaction in a few days of turning over ten thousand dollars to the Collector of Customs.

I never afterward could obtain any information respecting the two men mentioned in the early part of my narrative—the Colonel and Jack. No steps were taken by the authorities to arrest them. It is the usual fate of such men in California sooner or later to fall into the hands of an avenging mob. Doubtless they met with a merited retribution.

Eleven years have passed since these events took place. Many changes have occurred in California. The gangs of desperadoes that infested the State have been broken up; some of the members have met their fate at the hands of justice—more have fallen victims to their own excesses. I have meanwhile traveled in many lands, and have had my full share of adventures. But still every incident in the "Dangerous Journey" which I have attempted to describe is as fresh in my mind as though it happened but yesterday.



VIEW FROM THE BLUFFS AT CATAWISSA.

THE CATAWISSA RAILROAD.

PENNSYLVANIA has long been celebrated for the magnificence of the scenery afforded by the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge, and by the valleys of the Susquehanna, Alleghany, Monongahela, Delaware, and Schuylkill rivers. Since the completion of the various lines of railway throughout the State, the facilities for visiting these mountains, valleys, and rivers have become entirely within the reach of all, especially the residents of the populous cities of our sea-board.

The Catawissa Railroad, with the roads directly connected with it, for one hundred and nineteen miles passes through the valleys and over the mountains of the Blue Ridge; commencing at Port Clinton, on the line of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and terminating at Williamsport, the county seat of Lycoming County. The lower portion of the road is that of the Little Schuylkill Railroad Coal

and Navigation Company, which is principally engaged in the transportation of coal from the Tamaqua District, being an important feeder to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The northern portion has largely aided in the development of the immense lumber traffic of the west branch of the Susquehanna River; Williamsport being surrounded by extensive steam saw-mills, cutting many millions of feet annually of most excellent timber, flooring, scantling, laths, and pickets from the rafts of logs floated down from the forests in the northwest section of the State.

The central portion of the Catawissa Road is that which affords the most characteristic scenery. The view of the Schuylkill River at Port Clinton will give the traveler, as he alights from the cars of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, a foretaste of the rich treat in store for him. The river, gracefully winding southwardly from the town, is lost to sight behind the mountain through which the railroad tunnel has been



VIEW AT PORT CLINTON.

cut. Its waters, of a bright-green color, completely landlocked, and calm as a lake, are only rippled by the slowly-lagging canal-boat laden with coal, which at intervals is dispatched from the coal "shutes" just on the other side, or coming from farther up stream, is bearing its freight of black diamonds to Philadelphia or New York and a market. Looking up stream, a very substantial bridge spans the river over which the Little Schuylkill Railroad crosses; and the route now for twenty miles follows the river of that name in its tortuous windings.

The banks of this river are fringed with the rank undergrowth peculiar to mountain streams. The tall pine-trees rear their stately forms upon either side, and here and there a bit of cleared land indicates the presence of thrift and industry, the out-buildings and tenement-houses giving evidence of the pursuit of a home under difficulties. At the town of Ringgold, just ten miles on the journey, the tank of the engine is replenished with wood and water. There is nothing special to note other than the reminiscence of the Mexican war and the brave commander of the battery which bore his name, afforded by the mention of this station.

Approaching the thriving borough of Tamaqua the traveler obtains, in many instances, his first correct impressions with reference to the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. Vast piles of the refuse coal and dirt from the mines, covering miles in extent, are seen upon either hand. They are a source of immense loss to the operator or miner. The valley at and in the immediate vicinity of Tamaqua being so narrow, and the surface of the level land being consequently so circumscribed, it has been necessary to follow down the stream for miles to find

a place to dump the large quantities of dirt from the mines. These piles of refuse would appear, to the casual observer, to be of great value, the presence of coal in greater or less quantities being unmistakable. And so they would be fortunes for hundreds of people if in New York or Philadelphia; but the cost of transportation thitherward would far more than absorb the value of the portion of coal which they contain.

In passing these huge dirt heaps, the question of profit and loss, to the mind accustomed to such problems, most naturally comes up; and the hardships, the toils, and the losses of the miner are most vividly portrayed, when it is considered that it has cost him full as much to produce each ton of this refuse which is thrown aside as utterly valueless, as it has done to produce the ton of coal ready for market, and for which he is so sparingly paid.

About a mile below the town the opening or mouth of a mine, with its out-buildings, machinery, side-tracks, horses, mules, and drivers, furnishes a fair specimen of over one hundred and fifty just such extensive operations as are daily going on within a circuit of fifty miles from Tamaqua.

Fifteen miles to the eastward the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company have their extended and varied coal-fields, the thriving borough of Mauch Chunk being its mercantile and shipping point. About the same distance northwardly the Hazelton Coal Company, with other operations of newer organization, produce large quantities of coal; while to the eastward, within a range of twenty-five miles, the Pottsville, Minersville, and Ashland districts are dotted with openings, giving forth annually several hundreds of thousands of tons of anthracite.



COAL SHUTES, BELOW TAMAQUA.

The immediate surroundings of the opening of a coal-mine in full operation present a busy scene. The constant puffing of the pit engine, as it toils and labors in hoisting the coal-buckets from the bottom of the mine, or as it draws up upon the inclined plane the small mine cars loaded with the miner's products, reminds the traveler who has been on the Western waters of the lullaby those high-pressure steamboats afford in their hoarse cough, which never forsakes him while on board.

The large frame building, which inclines from a considerable elevation toward the tracks, covers the system of screens and "shutes" which clean and separate the different sizes of coals for steam, heating, and household purposes, after the larger lumps have been passed through the rollers or "breakers," as they are called, contained in the tower-like structure which surmounts all.

The breakers are rapidly driven by a separate engine from the pit machinery, and the crushing of the coals with the revolving of the large iron screw below, the running of the coals from shutes to the cars, the yelling of drivers as they urge their mules at their work, all combine to make a hideous noise entirely peculiar and never to be forgotten.

The town of Tamaqua is a very thrifty, interesting place, contains a number of churches, school-houses, banks, etc., and its interests, its hopes and fears alike, are dependent upon the coal-trade. The machine shops of the Little Schuylkill Railroad Company are here located; and in these identical shops there stands to-day, exempt from duty, the original engine imported by the Company nearly thirty years ago—one of the first, if not the very first, locomotive engines brought out from England to this country; and there still lives, in the borough of Tamaqua, the identical machinist who came out along with the wonderful machine to put it together and run it. The Little Schuylkill Railroad was the

pioneer railroad in Pennsylvania, and the boiler of this locomotive was hauled upon a wagon drawn by horses the entire distance, eighty miles, from Philadelphia to Port Clinton, by turnpike; and all this within the memory of man. When we reflect that, to-day, more than four thousand locomotives of American manufacture are in daily use in the United States alone, and over twenty-eight thousand miles of railway are constantly traversed by them, it is surely a matter in itself of great interest to behold the imported engine of thirty years ago, and the man who came along with this great reformer to put it together for use.

The various coal-mines in the vicinity of Tamaqua will well repay the traveler to sojourn among and carefully visit them. The superintendents of these subterranean scenes of life are generally courteous, and happy to afford every opportunity to those in search of knowledge or pleasure to gratify their desires. True, it requires some nerve, more faith, and a total disregard to a temporary soiling of the hands, face, and clothes. Besides these prerequisites, the seeker for knowledge should have a guide in the person of the superintendent, or some one who is perfectly familiar with the special premises about to be visited.

Powder in large quantities, of coarse grain, is used in mining coal; and were it not for the perfect system of ventilation connected with every well-regulated mine, the air inside would be entirely insufferable from the impregnation of sulphur fumes arising from the frequent blasts. This ventilation also serves to carry off "the fire-damp" which collects in the mines. It also serves to free the galleries and tunnels of the carbonic acid and other deadly gases. The visitor to the inside of a coal-mine will be struck with the free circulation of pure air away below the surface of the earth.

In the vicinity of Tamaqua there is a burning



VIEW NEAR QUAQUAKE JUNCTION.

mine, which many years ago caught fire in one of the galleries from a fire ignited by some of the workmen to warm themselves by. Through some means or other the fire was left to burn in contact with the coal, which was of a highly combustible character, and communicating with large quantities of coal contiguous to it, the fire became of such magnitude as to be beyond the power or control of man, and no human agency has since been devised to quench it. The exact extent of its bounds is unknown; but like a volcano, it is a dreaded locality, and conjecture alone can approach the amount of the immense loss occasioned by this singular and uncommon accident. The direction from Tamaqua of the "Burning Mine" is known to every urchin of the place; and the traveler will have the opportunity to visit—at a safe distance—the mouth of the pit.

Leaving Tamaqua, the Little Schuylkill Railroad soon terminates and the Catawissa Railway commences. The transition from one road to the other is, however, unknown to the occupant of the cars, the gauge of track being precisely the same, and the roads for all traveling and freight intents and purposes one and the same. The grade of the road now becomes steeper than at any portion of it heretofore traversed; and the traveler is reminded, by the rapid falls of water of the mountain stream, now narrowing on the right as he proceeds, that the mountain is being climbed by the engine and train.

Nearly ten miles of heavy grade, full sixty feet to the mile, of such journeying and the Quaquake Valley is spread out far down the mountain side. Extending for many miles far away to the eastward, the valley is inclosed by range upon range of mountains, until all is lost in the haze of extreme distance.

As the railway winds around the mountain side the junction of the Quaquake Valley Road is soon reached, where the connection of a line

of railway to New York city, hereafter referred to, is made. After passing the short tunnel a few miles further on, the road enters one of those gloomy pine forests so peculiarly American. Huge masses of conglomerate rock crown the summit of the mountain, ponderous boulders lie scattered at the base, bespattered with the black and gray lichen; while the pines, dark, tall, and sinewy, seem to keep a grim watch over all. A feeling of awe steals over the mind while passing through this forest, giving all the more zest for the brightness and beauty which so soon follows.

The summit of the mountain is reached, and here the Little Schuylkill River has its birth. A bit of rude masonry on the west side of the road marks the spot where the young waters come gurgling forth from their dark confinement, and joyously go babbling on their way over snow-white pebbles, and under banks of moss and fern, to swell the great tide of the Delaware. This spot is one of peculiar interest to the tourist: the whole scene is particularly romantic. The spring, surrounded by dark hazel bushes, with here and there a stately pine-tree to relieve the back-ground, makes up a choice picture; while off to the eastward a rocky spur of the mountain, with the entrance to the tunnel in its blackness clearly defined, adds to the wildness of the locality.

Passing through this tunnel at the summit, the first view of the beautiful Valley of the Catawissa Creek is obtained—Catawissa, an Indian word, signifying "pure water." The creek has its rise in the tunnel in the form of a freely flowing spring, and is followed by the railroad, through its whole length, to its confluence with the Susquehanna. This occurs at the town of Catawissa, some thirty miles distant. From this point the views from the road present a series of grand panoramic pictures of the highest type of mountain scenery. Looking backward from the



HEAD WATERS OF THE LITTLE SCHUYLKILL.

curve at Sweet Spring Hollow (a few miles further on) a double valley is seen, formed by a secondary range of hills intersecting the valley from Summit Tunnel to this point. The mountains here attain their greatest altitude; and their ever-varying forms, with occasional glimpses of the sparkling Catawissa, caught through the light and graceful foliage of the mountain birch, form a series of charming pictures.

After passing Beaver Station, some three or four miles distant, there is presented a most striking and characteristic view from Stranger's Hollow. This is of a deep mountain gorge through which the Catawissa is seen hurriedly making its way over its rocky bed. The whole scene is particularly wild, and the surroundings give less evidence of the footprints of man than perhaps any other portion of the road.

Further on, at Maineville, there is a gap in the mountain chain, which, although not so grand as the Delaware or Lehigh Gaps, presents a very beautiful view. Approaching the mountain upon the west side of the Gap, the railroad track crosses a narrow ravine upon a substantial

bridge supported by stone piers, immediately beneath which, to the eastward, is located the town of Maineville. Looking through the Gap, a most beautiful highly cultivated valley brightens up the picture, which, at a distance of a mile or more, as the train approaches the bridge, seems to be framed by the mountains on either side. The view from the bridge, looking toward the Nescopeck and M'Cauley Mountains in the distance, is also very lovely.

The village of Maineville is a quaint, quiet, finished town that seems to have always been as it now is, and as if determined to remain so, looking up at each passing train with a wonder that never seems to grow less. Equally astonished seems the hitherto boisterous Catawissa, here for the first time checked in its freedom by the milldam. It seems illy to bear the impost it is now for the first time compelled to pay to the buckets of an uncovered, undershot mill-wheel belonging to the miller of Maineville.

Seven miles further on the ancient town of Catawissa is located—upon the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, at its confluence with



VIEW NEAR STRANGER'S HOLLOW.

the Catawissa Creek. Several churches, an excellent hotel, and a most hospitable resident population are the attractions of Catawissa proper; while it is the centre of some of the most sublime views along the whole line of this road. The mountain views and scenery, heretofore relieved by the waters of the Catawissa Creek, are now accompanied by the gracefully winding waters of the Susquehanna.

The view looking up the river from the bluffs a short distance below the town, has been pronounced inferior to none, in point of beauty, in this country. At an elevation of two hundred

feet perpendicular, which is readily attained by an easy ascending path just back of the town, a most beautiful panoramic view of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, with the island, bridges, canal, railroad, etc., is obtained. The island seen from the bluff is named the Catawissa Island, a most delightfully-shaded retreat from the summer sun, while the cool breezes constantly wafted from the river contribute to make it most desirable to visit. The canal seen to the westward, winding its way around the base of the mountain, is the "North Branch Canal," formerly the property of the State of



MAINEVILLE WATER GAP.



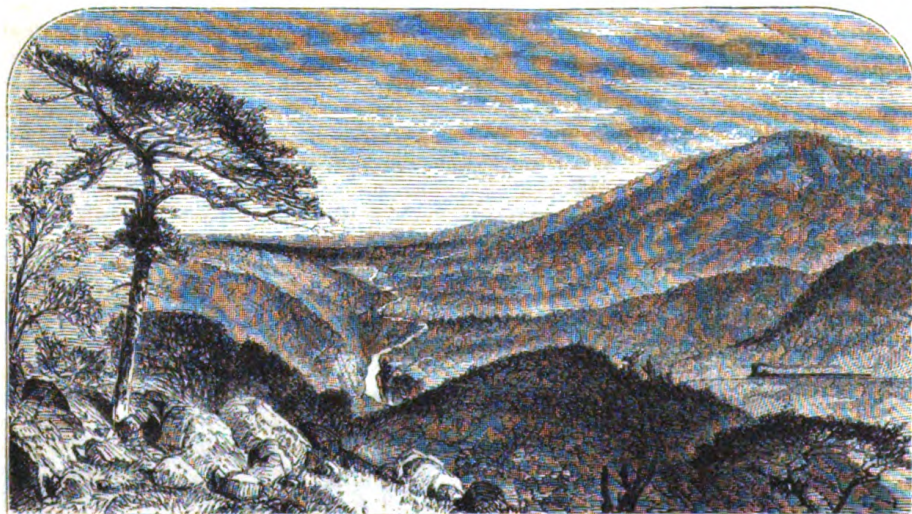
VIEW FROM MAINEVILLE, UP THE CATAWISSA.

Pennsylvania, but recently disposed of to private individuals, in accordance with an act of Legislature providing for the sale of all public improvements, canals, and railroads. Looking up to the bend of the river, the Catawissa Railroad Bridge is in view; and nearer, below the island, the County Bridge, one of the old-timed, covered wooden structures, with stone piers, crosses the river in front of the town.

Many years gone by the red men of the forest used to come to this point of the river, below and about the island, as a favorite fishing-ground. Salmon, large and plenty, abounded here; and even forty years ago it was no uncommon occurrence to catch salmon in their seine while fish-

ing for shad at this very point. The Susquehanna has long since, however, been without the excellent fish which once abounded in her waters. The building of dams, canals, etc., frightened off the fish, so that they ceased frequenting the former streams and localities, and are now, particularly the salmon, entirely foreign to the waters of the State of Pennsylvania.

Back of the town of Catawissa, from the top of the mountain looking due east, we have a most magnificent view of the Catawissa Valley, with the meandering course of the creek before us for fifteen miles, winding in the dim distance like a silver thread. This is another characteristic scene, and one that has attracted the atten-



VIEW FROM CATAWISSA.



TOWN OF CATAWISSA.

tion of artists; a work of great merit, taken from this identical landscape, having been produced by the artist Moran, of Philadelphia, which attracted considerable attention and elicited the highest encomiums from connoisseurs at the recent artists' reception of Philadelphians. The time chosen in his picture is the fall of the year—the forests tinged with gold and crimson—the first coloring of leaves by early frost, most beautifully delineated, greatly heightening the effect of the picture. The railroad, in sight all the way up the valley, furnishes, at times, the only lifelike object, when the train of cars with its engine, and white, puffing steam ascending, gives something moving to relieve the dull quiet, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, inseparably connected with so extended a view.

Ascending the mountain-slope to the north of Catawissa, a very striking view of the town and surroundings is obtained, not to be secured from the other eminences. The town is located on a flat piece of land between the mountains, extending down to the banks of the Susquehanna. Looking downward, the County Bridge, below the island, stretches across the stream; the railroad, winding southwardly from the bridge just beyond, enters the town at the foot of the mountain. Looking upward, or northwardly, the bridge of the railroad is very near to us, while beyond, the very pleasant town of Bloomsburg is in sight. Farther on are gracefully-sloping hills, dotted with farms, while the great North Mountain, dim from distance, closes the scene.

Leaving Catawissa, distant three miles the town of Rupert is located, at the junction of the Catawissa and the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg

railroads. This latter railroad takes the tourist to the historical and romantic valley of Wyoming.

Seven miles beyond Rupert the town of Danville is reached. Danville is the site of the extensive iron-works of the Montour Iron Company, which has for many years past been heavily engaged in the manufacture of *railway iron*. A large number of men are constantly employed by this Company; and the close proximity to furnaces of heavy capacity enables the mills to produce very large quantities of rails. Of late years the practice has obtained more than ever among the managers of the railway companies throughout the United States of re-rolling the rails heretofore disposed of as *old rails*, and credited at a sometimes nominal rate; whereas, under the existing state of things, the rails are reproduced and made to last many years. The Montour Company are, next to the Cambria Iron-Works, the largest in the State of Pennsylvania.

Further on the road reaches Milton, Pennsylvania. This is a very thriving town of small extent at the junction of the Sunbury and Erie Railway Company. The cars of the Northern Central Road, from Baltimore and Harrisburg, also are joined to the train, and proceed on to Williamsport, the terminus of the line of the Catawissa Railroad.

Williamsport possesses a new and substantially-built court-house, several hotels, a number of churches of various denominations, and a seminary of learning which has a wide reputation. Its location is very healthy—upon the right bank of the Susquehanna River. It has regularly laid-out streets, which are lighted with gas, and the houses supplied with the purest

water, conveyed from a stream upon the mountain back of the borough. The railroad running to Elmira here terminates, and from the several railroads the influx of strangers at times is quite large. In the summer season there could be no more delightful or healthful resort selected than this very town of Williamsport. The facilities of obtaining the dailies of the cities, with ease of egress or access, make it peculiarly desirable; while the mountain streams, on the line of the Catawissa Railroad, and also upon the Elmira Road, near to the town, afford the most satisfactory gratification to the followers of Isaak Walton.

The vast lumbering interests centering at this point afford employment to large numbers of men in the various capacities of sawyers, engineers, canal boatmen, raftsmen, etc. The mills themselves are extensive affairs in their line, and will well repay a visit. The large number of logs—saw-logs—necessary to carry on the business, on the scale upon which it is conducted in this immediate vicinity, renders a systematic protection of the various interests a matter of necessity.

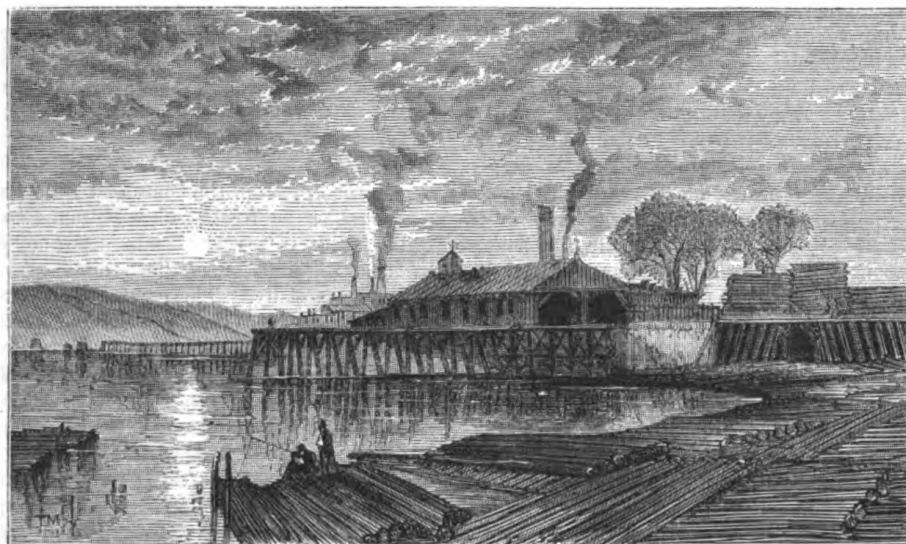
The manner of identifying the logs of the several parties engaged in sawing lumber is simple. The name, or private mark, of the parties owning the logs is branded by a heavy blow from an iron marker upon the logs at the point where they are first thrown into the river—away up in the wild woods of the interior. There are organizations, entitled "Boom Companies," who have the means provided at the several sawing points along the river in the way of long booms, or logs, chained together at their ends, and thus strung across the river at intervals to interrupt the passage of the logs. The logs owned at any given point being secured and fastened, either in the milldam or in a raft to the shore, the balance are let loose to float down to the next boom com-

pany, and so each and every of the owners gets his own.

The sawing of lumber into various shapes or sizes is a very interesting process to the novice, and many hours may be well employed in studying the various operations of the improved machinery at Williamsport introduced into this branch of mechanics.

The lumber, when sawed, is forwarded by railroad to New York, Philadelphia, and the various stations along the line of the several roads leading to the cities. Also, by means of canal transportation, large quantities go forward during the season of navigation. The capital invested in the lumber milling business is very heavy, and heretofore the results have been in a great degree satisfactory to the parties concerned.

Thus the coal-mining at the lower portion of the Catawissa Road, and the lumber milling at the upper portion of it, afford a world of pleasure and information when coupled with the very grand views in nature with which the route abounds. The various approaches to the Catawissa Railroad are in themselves very interesting and pleasant rides; and leaving New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, the mountain scenery is reached in less than seven hours from either point—rendering it quite possible to view the whole in one day, and return the next. The routes from New York are by the New Jersey Central Railroad to Easton, Pennsylvania, thence by the Lehigh Valley and Quakake Valley railroads to Quakake Junction; or by the same to Easton, by the East Pennsylvania Railroad to Reading, Pennsylvania, thence to Port Clinton. Or by the New York and Erie Railroad to Elmira, Chemung County, New York, thence *via* Williamsport Railroad to Williamsport. The routes from Philadelphia are by way of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad to Port Clinton direct.



SAW-MILL AT WILLIAMSPORT.



ELECTIONEERING IN MISSISSIPPI.

ROUGH RIDING DOWN SOUTH.

A LONG the Gulf of Mexico, or what the United States Coast Survey styles the Mississippi Sound, extending across the State of Mississippi, with a depth in the interior of about one hundred miles, there lies a region of country usually denominated the Pine Woods. The soil is sandy and thin, producing small crops of rice, potatoes, and corn, a little cotton, indigo, and sugar-cane, for home consumption. But it sustains a magnificent pine forest, capable of supplying for centuries to come the navies of the world. The people are of primitive habits, and are chiefly lumbermen or herdsmen. Exempt from swamps and inundation, from the vegetable decomposition incidental to large agricultural districts, fanned by the sea-breeze and perfumed by the balsamic exhalations of the pine, it is one of the healthiest regions in the world. If the miraculous fountain, in search of

which the brave old Ponce de Leon met his death in the lagoons of Florida in 1512, may be found any where, it will be in the district I am now wandering over. I have never seen so happy a people. Not afflicted with sickness or harassed by litigation; not demoralized by vice or tormented with the California fever; living in a state of equality, where none are rich and none in want; where the soil is too thin to accumulate wealth, and yet sufficiently productive to reward industry; manufacturing all that they wear; producing all they consume; and preserving, with primitive simplicity of manners, the domestic virtues of their sires. Early marriages are universal. Fathers yet infants in law, and happy grandams yet in the vigor of womanhood, may be found in every settlement; and numerous are the firesides around which cluster ten or a dozen children, with mothers still lovely and buoyant as in the days of their maiden bloom.

Leaving the Gulf shore at Pascagoula for the interior, in a couple of hours the traveler finds himself on the banks of a broad, deep, beautiful river, the Escatawba, curving gently down to mingle with the

ocean. It flows through a forest of colossal growth. Many of these hoary Titans were overthrown by the great hurricane of '52, which began at 10 A.M., August 24, and blew with increasing fury until 12 M. next day, raging with undiminished violence until 12 at night, when it began to abate. It tore away whole masses of bluff on the sea-shore, dug up the earth from the roots of trees, blew down the potato hills as it swooped along the surface, and prostrated forests in its mad career.

Here, at what is now called Elder's Ferry, once stood the lodge of the last chieftain of the Pascagoulas. His warriors had all perished in the fatal wars with the Muscogees of Alabama. Sole survivor of the last conflict, the enemy still upon his trail, he led the women and children from the Escatawba to the sea, preferring death in its much loved waters to captivity and slavery. You have heard of the mysterious music which at midnight chimes along these shores; a low,



THE LONELY GRAVE.

lute-like strain, sometimes a vesper hymn, sometimes like a harp-string breaking. When the winds and surges sleep, in the still hours of night, I have often heard this plaintive anthem; and tradition says it is the death-chant of the Pascagoulas that wails along the sea.

The Indian village stood on a picturesque bluff, the gentle river, flowing through prairies of verdure, margined by aged oaks that lift their heads among the clouds and bathe their mossy beards in the silver spray beneath. The country spreads out into a continuous meadow of boundless extent, on every side dotted with little islets of palm-like trees. At intervals a serpentine line of ravine comes sweeping along, fringed with dwarf laurel, myrtle, jasmine, and other parasites, and the whole plain around is embroidered with flowers of every hue. Ah! it is pleasant to bivouac in these solitary plains, the quiet stars smiling upon you, and the fragrant winds singing in the trees around. There is a charm in these grand old woods—in these laughing wa-

ters—in these remote retreats, where only an echo of the storms of life is heard. No wonder the imaginative ancients peopled them with divinities: for here, at every step, one can but feel the presence of a God; and the feeling chastens and refines the heart. It is not in your gorgeous temples, with coquettish eyes and Shylock countenances around, and vanity peeping out even from the pulpit, that one truly feels the sentiment of religion in its humanizing and exalting influences.

By the road-side, near the ruins of a rude country meeting-house, long since deserted, may be seen a solitary grave. Years ago a wanderer, once favored by fortune, high in the profession of the law, died near this spot, the wretched victim of a debasing vice. His body, his bottle, and the last lines he ever penned were found near where he now sleeps:

Pilgrim, wheresoe'er thou stray,
Pause here upon thy weary way.
Take this relic if thou may,
And for its thirsty owner pray.
Fatal gift, when overflowing!
Oh, that man should ever know-
ing,
Servant be to liquor's spell,
Sorcery from the caves of hell!

Touch not—'tis poisonous to thee;
Taste not—alas, it ruined me!
The unclean thing forever shun,
Or thou, O pilgrim, art undone!

In this silent house of grace
Seek thy Maker, face to face;
Ask thy conscience, if thou wilt,
Dost thou good, or dost thou ill?

Lonely now my way I go,
Lingering through my life of woe;
Stranger, for the lost one pray,
And God will bless thee every day.
On thy hearth-stone he will fling
Countless blessings following,
In thy spring time, in thy age,
Every day of life's brief page;
In thy health, and in thy store,
Grace and goodness evermore!

Crossing the Chickasawha River I took refuge from the noonday sun in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. R—. It is perched on an elevated bluff. Far down in a field below, on the river-side, his servants had been at work, and might now be seen winding up a zigzag path toward the house, to get the mid-day meal. A group of tiny darkeys were sitting under the trees in the yard awaiting their mothers. Suddenly a

little cloud gathered on the horizon—there was a single burst of thunder—a single flash that blinded me for a moment—and then, oh what a shriek of agony from the wretched mothers! Three of the children had been killed by the fatal bolt. Never, ah never shall I forget that sight of sorrow, and the wailings of those broken hearts! I have seen the strong man crushed; the fond mother swooning over the loss of her first-born; the young and beautiful, just stepping into life on a pathway of flowers, stung by the serpent, and snatched away, leaving for the survivors, in the dim future, only a long despair; but never had I witnessed the intense grief of these simple slaves. All that they had to live for was wrapped up in the stricken infants that now, all lifeless, they pressed to their distracted bosoms.

Leaving the scene of sorrow, I entered the great pine forest that leads to the town of Augusta. The woods were on fire. The road lies on a high ridge or backbone, and at short intervals on each side there are lateral ridges running down into deep reed-brakes below. Along one of these vertebræ, on my left, a mighty volume of smoke and flame and eddying leaves came rolling rapidly toward me. The road itself, but rarely traveled at this season of the year, was covered several inches deep with pine straw, which was soon in a blaze. There was literally "a fire in my rear." Dashing forward, I meant to drive down a ridge on my right until the road should be cleared, but the flames, swept by the whirling winds, had by this time burst out there, and came surging into the sea of fire just behind me. I had no choice but to run for it. Though noonday, it was as black as midnight. The smoke of one hundred thousand acres of combustibles was around me. The roar of the devouring element, like the boom of a tremendous surf, was above me. The flames were protruding, like the tongues of boa constrictors, on each side of me, melting the varnish of my buggy and crisping my whiskers; and, ever and anon, the crash of a falling pine, uprooted by the fire, seemed to be discharging minute-guns in token of

my distress. On rushed the fiery torrent—flank and rear—up hill and down—and on I drove, at a killing gait, only ten paces in advance; my carpet-bag smoking, my hat and coat singed, my face and hands charred, when suddenly the wind shifted, and the flaming dragon plunged away to the left, hissing through the crackling reed-brakes, and shaking his terrible crest among the lofty trees.

Exhausted by this frightful contention, I was glad to find shelter at the wayside inn of my worthy friend, Mr. Hiram Breeland, of Greene County. He is famous for peach and honey; for river trout, venison steaks, and fried chicken, and indeed for every thing that a weary traveler covets. His wife is a model in her way. They have had eighteen children, and are yet a young and handsome couple. Far and near this is known as "the musical family." Six daughters in the bloom of life, richly dowered with those perfections that men sigh for and never forget, possess rare musical gifts; and



THE BEREAVED NEGROES.



THE WOODS ON FIRE.

their concerts with voice and violins are really enchanting. Excited and nervous after the fiery ordeal I had passed, they soothed my soul with melody, and my slumbers with charming dreams. Long after the witching hour of night, in the delicious delirium between sleeping and waking, the tinkle of the guitar and a sweet voice, softer than a sigh, mingled with the lullaby of the winds in the tops of the aged pines.

Their names are in harmony with their music. What can be more melodious than Elizabeth Amanda, Priscilla Brunetta, Louvena Annetta, Martha Miranda, Zelphi Emmeline, and Sophronie Angelina?

This house has been a favorite stopping-place for candidates for many years, and Breeland is pretty well posted up with anecdotes.

When Harry Cage and Franklin E. Plummer were canvassing for Congress they came here together, and Cage began to joke and sport with the children, much to the mother's delight. But

Plummer soon won her heart. He picked up the little wee one, just then toddling about, placed it across his lap, turned up its little petticoats, and began to search for *red bugs*!

Next morning Cage stole out before day, went to the wood-pile, cut a turn of wood, determined to win the "old lady's" favor by making her fire, while Plummer, as he fancied, lay snoring in bed. While toiling up the hill with his load, what was his astonishment to see the old 'un milking her cow, and Plummer *holding off the calf by the tail*!

A day or two after this, said Squire B., Cage made a tip-top speech at Greene Court House. It was hard to beat, and Plummer knew it. So when he got up he said: "Fellow-citizens, I would answer the gentleman's argument if there was any argument to answer. It reminds me of an honest couple down in my county who are troubled with a very small specimen of a child that cries all night. The husband, much tormented, complained that he could not get a moment's sleep. "Spank it, then," says the wife. He fumbled about, but the child continued to cry. "Well, why don't you spank it?" says she. "Because," said he, "*I*

can't find any thing to spank!"

It is hardly necessary to say that Cage "incontinently caved in," and refused to travel any farther with the Yankee wagon-boy.

"Plummer was hard pressed sometime after this, being charged with sundry matters affecting his integrity. He deliberately sat down and wrote an account of his visit to my house, charging that he had attempted to swindle me, had behaved with gross indecorum to my family, and had been kicked out of doors. This he contrived to have published, and it went the round of the papers, creating great excitement. He called on me for my certificate, which, of course, was promptly given, for I was surprised and indignant at such a slander. The reaction was tremendous; and after this nobody in this section would believe any thing against Plummer."

When the Hon. Powhatan Ellis, a very finished gentleman, was traveling through this district electioneering for some office, he lost his

portmanteau in attempting to ford a creek. Plummer immediately advertised its contents: "6 ruffled shirts, 6 cambric handkerchiefs, 1 hair-brush, 1 tooth-brush, 1 nail-brush, 1 pair curling tongs, 2 sticks pomatum, 1 box pearl-powder, 1 bottle Cologne, 1 do. rose-water, 4 pairs silk stockings, and 2 pairs kid gloves." This defeated the Judge. He was set down as a born aristocrat and "swelled head."

Plummer was a poor young lawyer, boarding, or loafing, at a tavern in Westville, when he announced himself for Congress. He hadn't a single "red" in his pocket. He opened the canvass in Benton, put up at the best hotel, dined a dozen friends every day, and opened a very liberal account at the bar. On the third day, when about to depart, he cried out to the crowd, "Gentlemen, I wish to make my public acknowledgments to our generous landlord. He has treated me like a prince; he has feasted my friends; his tipple has run freely. Sir," said he, turning to the landlord, "if you ever come to my town don't go to a hotel: put up with me; I shall be proud to reciprocate your hospitality!" With these words he vaulted on his horse, and was out of sight before the astonished Boniface could "say turkey" about his bill.

While sojourning at this pleasant retreat it was agreed, one day, that we should go out on a deer-drive. I was wrapping up a lunch to put in my pocket, and said to my boy Tom, "Well, Tom, how about this butter? I can't put it in my pocket." "No, massa," said Tom, "him run away. But you kin eat him 'fore you go!"

On a deer-drive in the South one man follows the hounds in the thickets or reed brakes where the herds usually feed, while three or four others take their stands at various points which they are expected to cross in their flight. The dogs soon broke cover; a noble doe came bounding by me. I fired and missed; but passing on, the Squire, who is a noted shot, brought her down. The outcries of the huntsman soon called us down to the brake, and there we saw a most extraordinary spectacle. Two bucks of the largest size in deadly combat, their branching antlers so interlocked that neither could use them against the other. The ground was torn up all around; their sides were dripping blood; and they had evidently fought long before this singular union of their weapons terminated the combat. Their furious struggles at our approach only united them more closely; and thus they would have perished. The hunters shot them, and informed me that they had often found the skeletons of bucks that had thus died, their horns so locked that no ingenuity could undo them.

The buck is a timid animal until wounded. He then stands at bay, and is dangerous to approach. He is the sworn enemy of the rattlesnake. When he perceives one, he walks around it until it throws itself into a coil, and then the buck vaults into the air and comes down upon it with his pointed hoofs. Not content with killing it, he stamps it into shreds. Those noxious reptiles always multiply as the deer diminish.

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Speaking of rattlesnakes, my friend Colonel Wilkins, of Green Court House, tells me that he was once rolling logs in a piece of new ground on the Bigbee River, near Bladen Springs, when one of his men cried out, "Here's a rattlesnake!" Presently another sung out; and all round the "clearing" they kept up the cry, until the Colonel, quite angry, cried out, "*Let the logs alone, and all of you go to snaking!*" They piled up fifty-three in the course of the evening.

I once went to purchase a country seat on the bayou of St. John, in the vicinity of New Orleans, belonging to Mr. Michel, who had gone to France. It was occupied by Mr. Creecy, an old Vicksburg editor. Strolling into the garden, I was about to step toward an orange hedge to gather a few leaves, when he said "Look out for snakes!" "What," said I, "have you snakes here?"

"Walk this way," said Creecy. He led me to a point where three or four ditches, communicating with the bayou and with the swamp, intersected, and I counted a dozen dead moccasins lying about, and some twenty navigating the different ditches. "This is our only game," said he. "I shoot moccasins every afternoon!"

Mr. Michel lost an excellent purchaser for his place, and my brother editor held on until the snakes fairly run him out of the house.

There was once a man by the name of Gallendee living in Hancock county, who was, perhaps, rather unjustly suspected of hog stealing. He came running in from the woods one day shouting murder, the shirt fairly whipped off his back. He assured me it had been done by a coach-whip snake that had wrapped itself round his leg and thrashed him over the shoulders; but uncharitable people suspected it had been done by Judge Lynch!

The same man went to the late Judge Daniel to complain of these accusations, and to ask his advice. "Well," said the Judge, "I will tell you what to do. If you feel innocent, face these charges like a man. But if you are guilty, get into Louisiana as soon as you can." That evening his client crossed Pearl River, and became a citizen of our sister State.

Having recruited at this pleasant anchorage, I bid adieu to my friend Breeland, and set out for the village of Augusta, bowling merrily along in my blood-red buggy. The road is beautiful, roofed over with trees and tendrils, and the air fragrant with the breath of flowers. There was, however, one drawback to my comfort—myriads of flies of every species, that swarmed around and ravenously cupped the blood from my horse. It was what is appropriately termed here "fly time"—that is to say, the period when this numerous family of scourges have it all their own way, and neither man nor beast can sojourn in the woods without much suffering. Now the deer plunge into deep pools and lakes, leaving only their heads exposed, and browse only during a portion of the night while these insects sleep. The cattle from a thousand hills seek the abodes of man, and huddle around some

smoking pine or in some open field to escape their tormentors.

On a sudden curve of the road I found myself near one of these "stamping grounds," and a simultaneous roar from five hundred infuriated animals gave notice of my danger. It is well known that the Spanish matadores provoke the wounded bulls in the arena by flaunting the *moleta* or blood-red flag in their faces. It was the vermilion of my buggy that excited this bellowing herd. They snuffed the air, planted their heads near the ground, tore it up with their hoofs and horns, and glared at me with savage eyes. The fierce phalanx blocked the road, and it was the "better part of valor" to retreat. The instant I wheeled the pursuit commenced. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and the trampling of their feet was like the roll of thunder. My horse dashed forward frantic with terror, and on they plunged on every side, crushing down the brush-wood in their course, goring and tumbling over each other, filling the forest with their dreadful cries, and gathering nearer and nearer in the fearful chase. The struggle now became desperate. In five minutes we should have been overturned and trampled to death; but at this juncture Tom threw out my overcoat, and with an awful clamor they paused to fight over it, and to tear it into shreds. Driving at full speed, I directed Tom to toss out the cushion. The infuriated devils trampled it into atoms, and came charging on, their horns clashing against the buggy, and ripping up the ribs of my horse. At this fearful moment we were providentially saved. A huge oak, with a forked top, had fallen by the wayside, and into this I plunged my horse breast-high, and he was safe, the back of the buggy being then the only assailable point. At this the whole column made a dash, but I met the foremost with six discharges from my revolver; two bottles of Cognac were shivered on their foreheads; next a cold turkey; and, finally, a bottle of Scotch snuff—the last shot in the locker! This did the business. Such a sneezing and bellowing was never heard before; and the one that got the most of it put out with the whole troop at his heels, circling round, scenting the blood of the wounded, and shaking the earth with their thundering tramp.

I was now fairly in for it, and made up my mind to remain until night, when I knew they would disperse. I was relieved, however, by the approach of some cattle-drivers, who, galloping up on shaggy but muscular horses, with whips twenty feet long, which they manage with surprising dexterity, soon drove the belligerent herd to their cow-pens, for the purpose of marking and branding. This is done every year in "fly time." The cattle ranging over an area of thirty square miles are now easily collected, driven to a common pen or pound, when the respective owners put their mark and brand on the increase of the season. Thus this Egyptian plague is turned to a useful purpose.

I was now approaching the ancient village of Augusta, once the stamping-ground of the fa-

mous Coon Morris. Being advised to take a near cut when within three miles, I turned to the right and drove ahead through leafy by-paths and across deserted fields grown over with stunted pines. For three hours I drove about, describing three segments of a circle, and finally got back to the point I started from. [*Nota bene:* Let all travelers stick to the beaten road, for in this country one may travel twenty miles without meeting a traveler or a finger-board.] The country through which I passed was poor, the population sparse, and no indications of the proximity of a town that I had heard of for twenty-five years. I drove on, however, expectation on tip-toe, the sun pouring down vertically, and my flagging steed sinking above his fetlocks in the sand, when, lo! the ancient village stood before me—an extensive parallelogram, garnished round with twelve or fifteen crumbling tenements, the wrecks of by-gone years! Not a tree stood in the gaping square for the eye to rest upon; the grass was all withered up; the burning sun fell on the white and barren sand as on a huge mirror, and was reflected back until your cheeks scorched and your eyes filled with tears. Even of these dilapidated houses several were unoccupied, and we drove round two-thirds of the square before we could find a human being to direct us to the tavern. It was a log-cabin, with one room, a deal table, some benches and cots, and a back shed for kitchen. Stable there was none, nor bar, nor servant, nor landlord visible. I turned my horse on the public square and took peaceable possession of the establishment. Nobody was to be seen. I was hungry and fatigued. The idea of a town once famous, and its hundred-and-one little comforts for the traveler, had buoyed me up during the morning drive, and fancy had diagramed something very different from what I was then realizing. In a few hours, however, the bachelor landlord came in. Not expecting company he had gone out on a foraging expedition. He feasted us on delicious venison, and, being a Virginian, soon concocted an ample julep. The mint grew near the grave of a jolly lawyer, a son of the "Old Dominion," who died there a few years before. No man can live in such a place without losing his energies. The mind stagnates, and in six months one would go completely asleep. I never saw such a picture of desolation. All was silence and solitude. In reply to my inquiry, my old friend, Colonel Mixon, said that times were dull; there was a little activity in one line only; and hobbling off he soon returned with a pair of babies in his arms—twin gems, plump, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, hanging around his neck like flowers on the stump of a storm-battered oak. Counselor Barrett, who seemed thoroughly posted in this branch of statistics, informed me that, during the last twelve months, thirteen matrons of that vicinity had produced doublets! The Colonel said that any disconsolate pair who would board with him six months, and drink from a peculiar spring on the premises, without having their expectations realized, should have

a free ticket at his table for sixty days to try it again.

These infant phenomena, however, are by no means confined to Perry County. East Mississippi every where is equally prolific. In the *Paulding Clarion* I read the following, from the Rev. Marmaduke Gardiner, of Clarke County:

"FALLING SPRING, Feb. 2.

"More than one hundred persons have visited my house since Saturday last, for the purpose of seeing three beautiful boy babies which my wife gave birth to on the 28th ult. One weighs 7½, the others 6½ each, and are perfectly formed. We have named them Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I married my wife twenty years ago, and she has given me nine sons and nine daughters, but no triplicates until the last."

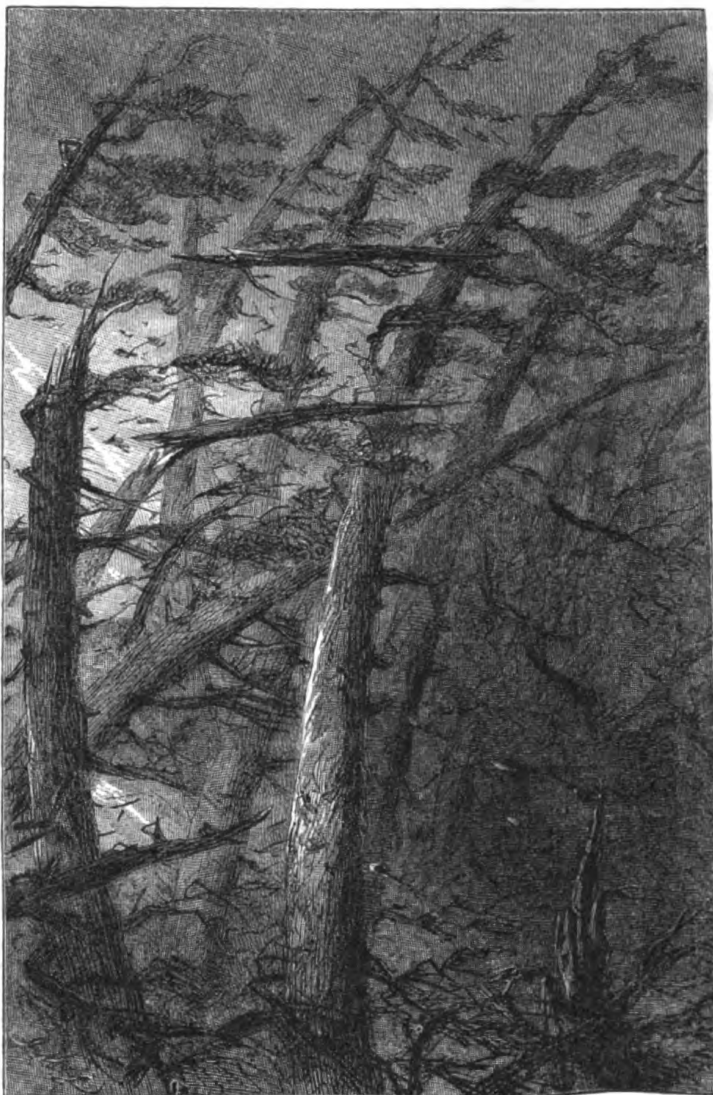
Married couples in search of heirs often cross the Atlantic, or drug themselves with nostrums and stinking mineral waters, when a single summer in these pine-woods would accomplish what they desire without extraordinary efforts, and at one-twentieth of the expense.

The old town next day presented a more lively scene. That certain premonitory of a piny-woods' gathering, the beer and ginger-bread cart, came rumbling into the square.—Rickety vehicles, of odd shapes, laden with melons, trundled along behind. A corner shanty displayed several suspicious-looking jugs and kegs. Buck negroes, dressed in their holiday suits, strode in, looking about for the candidates as one would for the giraffe. No candidate except the Hon. Robert J. Walker had visited the defunct town for years. It was quite an event. Finally, the stout sovereigns from the country came in, and the comedy commenced. The largest portion of the crowd was in the court-house to hear the orators, but a pretty considerable group was posted about the doggery. A number were playing "old sledge" on the heads of empty whisky barrels, and others were discussing the preliminaries of a quarter race.

Three of the candidates had spoken, when the late Judge Mitchell (formerly a well-known Member of Congress from Tennessee) rose. After an elaborate reply to the arguments of two of them, he turned to the third, and laying his hand on his head, said, "I

have only one word to say in answer to my young friend. He has a leetle soft spot right here, and it is mushy all round it."

When R. J. Walker was canvassing against George Poindexter for the Senate, he was accompanied, said Colonel Nixon, by a queer fish, one Isaac M'Farren, a fellow of infinite jest, and whose countenance was a comedy of itself. On a certain occasion they put up with a new settler, and had to sleep on the floor, while the man and his wife occupied a bunk in the same room. A very buxom damsel slept in a small kitchen near by. Mac had cast sheep's-eyes at her, and being uncomfortable on the floor, concluded to go and whisper a few soft nothings in her ear. He slipped out very quietly; but it being a crispy and frosty night, the door of the kitchen creaked upon its hinges, and the woman exclaimed, "Husband! husband! one of them men's arter Sally!" He sprang up, seized his rifle, and was rushing out, when Mr. Walker seized his arm. M'Farren hearing the



THE HURRICANE.



BARRETT AND THE BOAR.

noise, appeared at the other door rather *en désabillé*. "Je-men-y!" cried the man, and cocked his rifle. Mr. Walker threw it up, and Mac, running forward, seized him by the hand, exclaiming, "Sir, it is only a frolic and an indiscretion; I am a man of honor, incapable of injuring sleeping innocence. Sir, I throw myself on your generosity. I see that you belong to the honorable fraternity of free and accepted masons. Brother, I give you *the right hand of fellowship*!" The man was overwhelmed with this volubility, and flattered at the notion of being mistaken for a mason. He accompanied the party over the county, but finally voted the Poindexter ticket, because Walker would persist in running when M'Farren was the proper man for the place!

"I was in —," said Counselor Barrett, "when Governor —, who was a candidate for re-election, came there. The county had been recently organized, and few of the people had been there long enough to vote under the Constitu-

tional provision which requires six months' residence in the county and twelve in the State. They were anxious to vote, and got up a petition to the Board of Police (which has the supervision of elections) to dispense with the requisitions of the Constitution."

"Did the Board comply with the petition?"

"I can't exactly say," said the Counselor; "but as they all voted, I presume the order was duly made. The best of the joke was, the Governor signed the petition!"

Next day the Counselor accompanied me a few miles on my way. Showing me a road running down toward the swamp, he inquired if I knew how that road came to be made. On replying that I did not, he said: "Some years ago I was down in that swamp with some fellows after wild hogs. I was standing on the edge of it hallooing on the hounds, my gun resting against a tree, when out rushed an enormous boar and charged right at me. I could only straddle my legs to escape his furious onset; but as he passed under, being rather low in the crotch, I found myself astride of him. Almost unconscious from terror, I involuntarily seized his tail,

and stuck my heels under his shoulders. At every stride he took my spurs goaded him on. Thus he ran some three miles through the brushwood, making a clean sweep as he went, but finally fell exhausted, when I dispatched the monster with my bowie-knife. The road is now used for hauling timber from Leaf River swamp, and is called Barrett's trail."

The country through which I am journeying is sparsely settled, and is only adapted to grazing. Its surface undulates like the roll of the ocean, and hill and valley are covered with luxuriant grass and with flowers of every hue. Herds of cattle stand in the plashy brooks. Red deer troop along the glades; wild turkeys run before you along your road, and the partridge rises from every thicket. But for these the solitude would be painful. Settlements are often twenty miles apart; the cheering mile-post and gossiping wayfarer are rarely met with. The gaunt pines have a spectral aspect, and their long shadows fall sadly upon the path. At

nightfall, when the flowers have faded away, no fire-flies gem the road; one hears no tinkling bell; the robber owl skims lazily by; fantastic shades chase each other into deeper gloom; and instead of "the watch-dog's cheerful cry," the "wolf's long howl" comes from the reed-brakes, and is echoed by its prowling mate on the neighboring hills.

The day was dark and lowering. For weeks nor rain nor gentle dews had refreshed the calcined earth. A heavy cloud hung overhead, and its pent-up fury burst upon the forest. The few birds that tenant these silent woods flew screaming to their eyries; some cattle dashed across the hills for shelter. The whole wilderness was in motion. The pines swayed their lofty heads, and the winds shrieked and moaned among the gnarled and aged limbs. A few old ones fell thundering down, casting their broken fragments around; and then the hurricane rushed madly on, tearing up the largest trees, and hurling them like javelins through the air. The sky was covered as with a pall; and lurid flashes, like sepulchral lights, streamed and blazed athwart it. The earthquake voice of nature trembled along the ground, and, ere its running echoes died away, came again, crash after crash thundering forth. But at length, as though weary of the agony, it paused, and the phantom clouds scudded away. The scene around was appalling! Hundreds of trees lay prostrate, while, here and there, others stood shivered by the bolt of heaven and smoking with its fires. God preserve me from another ride through these giant pines in such a tempest!

MADELEINE SCHAEFFER.

I

AT twenty years old Madeleine Schaeffer found herself three against Fate, as Descartes against the murderous sailors: God, I, and my sword—the last a weapon whose fine edge the dull armor of her opponent had already partly turned. In other parlance, she had not a friend in the world, and had forgotten how to make one. Born in the faith that the race of Schaeffer crowned humanity, and that, owing to their rare condescension, the rest of creation shared sunlight and starlight, dew and rain, it was a stern teacher that wrought a new creed. In her native village her father ruled supreme, and art and wealth had done their best to make his daughter worthy of her blood; culture and accomplishment could hardly go further. When at length he looked upon his work, and saw that it was good, there came a great gap into his life—he had met with fulfillment. It was then that a malevolent deity whispered at his ear. His daughter's fortune—was it at all equal to what such a creature had the right to demand? Were there not flocks of golden fleece rambling about the earth, whose rightful shepherds were Schaeffers? And so the simple old country-born-and-bred aristocrat plunged into the vortex of speculation. An excellent nut for Wall

Street to crack, and they found the meat sweet! One day he came home to Madeleine with Ruin as plainly lettered on his face as Dante's Omo. It was impossible for him to stay and front the vassals of his little burgh, and so they fled before the sheriff to the city; and there, after two years of hard struggle and much want, the old man died. What little remained in the purse Madeleine spent in conveying the dear form to its rest—that last in the long row of ancestral graves whose sunken stones, wreathed with wild-brier vines and wrought with lichens, slanted and crumbled before the sun and wind of two centuries. Then the coach deposited her at the station once more just as the great, panting train came in. Her foot was on the step before thought struck her, and she paused to ask herself what was to be sought in the city—what but blanker ruin faced her in those swarming lanes? Madeleine drew her shawl about her and moved away. As well die here as there; at least the autumn leaves would drift and mound above her—and the train thundered by. She turned under the late, dull sky, and once more mechanically sought her father's grave. But she did not enter the inclosure, only sat on the low gate-stone, like a sad sphinx to question the passers-by, while twilight hastened up to wrap her in its shadows.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment," she sighed through the stillness.

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation," said another voice.

Madeleine started; she did not know that she had spoken; and looking up through the gray dampness she saw the old clergyman standing above her. He took her home with him, and had her put to bed and to sleep, and allowed her the refuge of torpor and grief. A friend of his knew of some gay Southern travelers who, at the North in the summer, had desired a governess. A letter came and went with its swift white wings, and Madeleine was checked and ticketed on her way to the Carolinian coast—kindness which the good, glad-giving man could ill afford since the generous Schaeffer tithe had failed him.

A weary journey both by nights and days—clattering over leagues of pine barrens—coaching through everglades that were sloughs of despond—skirting luxury, unthrift, and squalor—at length they plunged into an almost unbroken forest, hung with long veils of bleached moss, and Madeleine found herself the solitary female on the deck of a crazy little steamer bound down river. She drew her veil over her face, and sat apart on the deck, for there remained no great distance before her. Approaching it, her future, that she had kept resolutely out of mind, now rose and refused to be dwarfed. It was an ugly sight to her; her sensitive pride, her inborn hauteur recoiled: yet it was work, and to meet it she summoned endurance. Sitting there, she watched the banks of the narrow channel down

which the steamer was shooting—banks which, in spite of the early autumn, were yet dense with lofty greenery, and often gorgeous in the floral garniture of riotous vines—still wild and virgin as when the river first burst its way between them. Here the engines stopped for food; or here the bows were half shoved in toward shore, and a long-limbed young man, rifle in hand, leaped on deck; or here there was fretting delay over piles of waiting cotton-bales; and here the little steamer went on her noisy way again. It was all very tiresome, and Madeleine turned to discover the nationality of her companions—an uproarious set of tobacco-foffs for the most part. In one spot they threw the dice; in another, bartered and discussed the merits of crops, human and cotton; in a third, loud words, picturesque gestures, and angry eyes betrayed the political quarter of that microcosm. In the centre of this group, leaning on his gun, stood the young man who had lately leaped on board, hailed with a halloo. His shooting-clothes of some very coarse and thick stuff—his heavy boots—the hat slouched over his face—these things allowed him no exalted station; but there was a certain air in his manner of wearing them that said autocrat as distinctly as ermined velvet and jeweled orders could have done. Boon companion of them every one, he yet seemed to surround himself with a personal atmosphere which none of these creatures could penetrate; his brief and curt harangue, received with acclamatory acquiescence, had been uttered like a ukase. If, as he stood there, leaning in this lordly way upon his gun, his cigar, with its faintly-curling wreath, held carelessly away between downward fingers—if, standing so, he vouchsafed a sentence, it was rather tossed at them than spoken; and this fawning public of his, like any other spaniel, seemed to relish his thrusts better than another man's caress. But since she understood nothing, this, too, soon wearied, and, in despite of her tremor, she gladly greeted the sight of her little box thrown upon a landing where overhanging boughs darkened the stream, and a plank flung out on which she was to walk ashore. The tall young man with the rifle preceded, and, with a bow, offered a hand to assist her—a hand not much in accordance with the rest of him, and gleaming with a singular ring. Directly afterward he disappeared. Within a yard or two Madeleine now discovered an old coach awaiting her, and the driver having, satisfactorily to his own understanding, decided upon her identity in the affirmative, she was conducted at a funeral pace toward her final destination. The road was a causeway built above the dykes of broad rice-fields that every where, as far as eye could see, were green with the rank malarial tinge of a new, rich, second springing, although already stacked with the abundant harvest. At length they entered under a broad avenue of ancient oaks, a magnificent growth, huge and columnar, with vast arches and cathedral spaces. The pendent sheets of misty moss—the wild and brilliant parasites, whose blossoms fluttered like

splendid wings in the dark and polished leafage—the carpet of dazzling verdure, sprinkled with shifting sun and shadow from its emerald under-sky, made a scene that filled Madeleine's soul with rest; and when, weary of gazing, she leaned back with closed eyes, the lofty murmur among the waving boughs seemed to sing the very strain of her dreams. She would have been content to jolt on under this antiphonal vault forever; but, as nothing is eternal, there came an end to leisure and pleasure in the shape of a large and irregular house, not in particular repair, and singularly weather-stained, half covered with vines, and backed with a lofty grove of sycamore and cypress, and beyond, a dim line of sea.

Mrs. Ediston met her with a brood of little Edistons clinging about her skirts, and in ten minutes Miss Schaeffer had found her level for so long as she should teach beneath that lintel. Weary at heart, she gladly availed herself of permission to retire, and to dull with sleep the first edge of service.

It was early on the next morning when she awoke. Unpacking and arranging her slight wardrobe, she then made the most elaborate toilet of her life. A glance, a word, had taught her what to expect of Mrs. Ediston: white, but a servant. The haughty Schaeffer blood ill brooked it. But there is a pride far more tremendous than any other—that of proud humility, and behind this the girl intrenched herself beyond reach of all of Mrs. Ediston's arrows. From her few dresses, once rich, now turned and pieced, she chose the plainest, and bound her throat and wrists with a narrow linen. But first, all those drooping veils of darkest hair that yesterday hung their ever-changing shadows about her face, that waving and waving below the soft, round chin, had at length broken into globy masses of curl, she combed out and brushed straight along the brow, to be coiled behind in one heavy knot. It is true there was thus left exposed an ear delicate and pink as any faintly-tinged whorl, and an outline fine and soft enough for a Madonna; yet one scarcely notices such things in a dependent. Moreover want, and care, and grief had somewhat sharpened them all; and thus attired, pale through fatigue, and with no lovely expression in the curves of those reticent lips, certainly no one would have accused Miss Schaeffer of beauty.

Some dozen years before this epoch Mr. Roanoke the elder had died, leaving his youngish widow and her son well provided with stocks, mortgages, and railroad bonds, and his estate to a son by a previous marriage. On the estate, however, the widow continued to reside for a part of every year, traveling during the spring and summer. In one of these journeys she met with an admirer who speedily made her Mrs. Ediston, and returned with her to manage her step-son's affairs. This son, in process of education at the North, afterward chose to bury himself on one of the few rice-lands on the Mississippi, a maternal inheritance, leaving Mrs.

Ediston for the present in undisputed possession. But on the death of Mr. Ediston the vast outdoor arrangements of a plantation proved too much for her skill, and Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke returned to his ancestral acres. It was to this young man, then, that Mrs. Ediston presented Miss Schaeffer as she entered the breakfast-room that morning—presented as to a potentate. Mr. Roanoke was deep in his newspaper, but glancing up, he rose, bowed, and extended his hand after a moment's deliberation, with that chivalrous deportment due to any woman. Miss Schaeffer bent coolly in return, chose not to see the hand, and passed to the seat indicated by Mrs. Ediston, between the Misses Ally and Essie Ediston, who were already clamoring for every thing on the table. Quieting them, Miss Schaeffer scarcely suffered aught to escape her, since the first few moments of acquaintance are foundation-stones. It was more by intuition than otherwise that she recognized the state of affairs between the young man and her mistress. On the one part, a financial arrangement that spared the privy purse. On the other, she had been his father's wife; therefore was to be treated with respect; in the mean time managed his household admirably. But to say that there was love lost between them would have been a waste of words.

"Another cup, my dear Geoffrey? Julius, Mr. Roanoke's cup." And between the periods of his paragraphs Mr. Roanoke sipped his coffee, black and bitter—a habit which Miss Schaeffer supposed he had contracted to guard against the rñiasms. As she looked at him he wore a strangely-familiar air; she wondered where she had seen him before; and then as the ring on his hand flashed in her face she remembered. It was true he wore broadcloth now rather than fustian; and the countenance, crowned with its white forehead above deep-set but glowing eyes, had a somewhat less sardonic guise than when the brown beard and mustache alone appeared beneath the shade of a slouching brim. Still it was the same; and then an older remembrance struck her. A hand ungloved to fasten her cloak, and a strange ring scattering light from it. Well, why should he recognize in a pale, serge-clad governess the brilliant being who floated on his arm in swooning circles amidst music, and incense, and lustre? Damask cheek, dropping tresses, raiment of gold-colored satin that seemed but the shadow thrown by her topaz gems. Miss Schaeffer glanced at the mirror that hung opposite: no, severe and old, she would not have known herself. As her eye fell it rested for a moment on Mrs. Ediston's. Mrs. Ediston smiled, and stirred her coffee, and tasted.

A servant brought round Mr. Roanoke's horse for his daily visit to the fields; the cheerful banquet was concluded, and not a word had been thrown away.

It did not take Miss Schaeffer long to fall into the round of her new duties, which were not heavy; for after class-hours there was nothing but Clara's music, and Mr. Roanoke him-

self attended to Rob's Greek. For a day or two it was hard work with the uproarious Essie and Ally; but then the pair found that they were under that strong but light hand and succumbed with riotous pleasure; and in all Miss Schaeffer's stay at Roanoke Fields she had no more feal subjects than these breezy little things. Rob regarded his governess rather as a region to be explored, did not at once surrender his affections, held her command as a personal indignity, and refused allegiance. Miss Clara Ediston was the easiest victim of the whole. She had attained her twelfth year, and was advanced in her studies so far as the third volume of the "Children of the Abbey." Upon promotion she was struck with a fit of the sulks, during which her mamma prescribed and administered a dark closet. With her release she fled incontinently to Miss Schaeffer, and bewailed her fate in a style unworthy of Amanda, and found solace thereon in "Clara's Waltz," with which Miss Schaeffer silenced her, and for which she suffered her that day to put by the exercises. Thus established the autumn went fleeing into winter; but Miss Schaeffer had lost her bearings, she had no motive for notching off the days on her memory, and since the weather was like May she forgot that it was December. She had not become a whit more reconciled with her condition; she had only hardened her armor. Mrs. Ediston could not keep her at a greater distance than she kept Mrs. Ediston. As for Mr. Roanoke, she did not know that beyond the table courtesies she had yet exchanged a word with him. She was left out of all his plans. He regarded her as a subordinate, and treated her with quiet respect. To Miss Schaeffer it seemed quiet contempt. The frequent visitors did not know of her existence, of course. She never lingered at the table, never was to be found in drawing-room or on veranda; but in the school-room, if Mrs. Ediston sought her, or Mr. Roanoke came about Rob's Greek, she received them like a queen in her own domain.

"Why don't you ever come down when there's company, Miss Schaeffer?" asked Essie, skipping into the room on one foot and resting it with the other.

"Both feet, Essie."

"Oh, I forgot. Why don't you? There's going to be dancing to-night, they're fixing—"

"What is it?"

"I mean—why, Miss Schaeffer, what *should* I say?"

"What is it they are doing?"

"Mending the balcony."

"That's what you should say then."

"They're mending the balcony for the fiddlers. Don't you know how to dance? Don't you like to dance?"

"Yes, very well."

"So do I!" And Essie pirouetted round half the chairs.

"Not quite so much fling, Essie. A little more quietly," said Miss Schaeffer; for Essie danced after the fashion of a reckless *figurante*.

"Why, I don't make a bit of noise!" was the round-eyed reply.

"No; but a gentler movement. This way." And Miss Schaeffer, binding up a fallen tress, suddenly paused with a color in her cheeks, finding herself softly humming the gayest of tunes, and waltzing down the room with Essie.

"O Miss Schaeffer, you dance better than mamma!" cried the child in an ecstasy. "Do come down and waltz with me to-night."

"To-night you will be in bed. There, Essie, now I must draw your copies."

"No, indeed, we always sit up when there's company, to learn ease, mamma says. Miss Schaeffer, won't you?"

"No. Run away."

"But why not?" pursued Essie.

"Why not?" repeated Miss Schaeffer, throwing down her pencil. "Oh, because my dancing days are over."

"Over! What makes them over?"

"I've lost my slippers," said Miss Schaeffer, with half a smile.

"Wait not to find your slippers,
But come in your naked feet,"

hummed a voice in the corridor; and as Miss Schaeffer heard a retreating step she felt an uncomfortable suspicion that a witness of the little drama had been in the door-way. But if Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had allowed himself such freedom, it must have been an inadvertence; more probably he had heedlessly caught the word in passing; and a moment after, as if to dispel the very idea, Mr. Roanoke himself, grave as Rhadamanthus, marshaled in the refractory Rob, bowed silently to Miss Schaeffer, and proceeded to scatter Rob's wits through the mazes of an irregular verb.

One morning shortly after this occurrence, when Miss Schaeffer took her seat at the breakfast-table, her eye was arrested by an envelope lying beside her napkin. A letter to her? And from whom in the world? Ah no; Mrs. Ediston allowed Mr. Roanoke the pleasure of paying her bills. Such was his method. As few words as possible with his serfs. All this without the movement of an eyelash.

"I suppose you know that the holidays are upon us, Miss Schaeffer?" said Mrs. Ediston.

"I had forgotten. You wish the children should have vacation?"

"Oh, certainly. From Christmas until Epiphany, always. It will be such a relief, Geoffrey, if Rob ever gets to college!"

"A relief not to be immediately experienced. He is very well as he is. A good enough boy as boys go," said the young man, scarcely glancing up from the price-current of the *Mercury*.

"You will not have time to return to the North, Miss Schaeffer, in twelve days?" continued Mrs. Ediston.

"I do not wish it. I suppose there is some place in the neighborhood where I can stay till they resume."

"Oh, here of course. There will be care enough for you. But I should have thought

you would wish to go home," said Mrs. Ediston, meditatively.

"I have no home to go to," replied Miss Schaeffer, after a pause, gazing into her cup, and then looking steadfastly up.

"No home to go to! But where are your relatives?"

"I have no relatives."

"And no friends?"

"No friends."

"No relatives? no friends? Great Heavens, Geoffrey!" cried Mrs. Ediston in French across the table. "What sort of thing is this in the house with no relatives and no friends?"

Miss Schaeffer colored—a deep, warm tint that clung to her cheek. She smiled too, a smile that disclosed little bits of pearl.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ediston, but I understand French."

"As my governess should!" retorted that lady, flushing angrily.

Miss Schaeffer did not notice the words, for her glance had caught Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke's; and with the dimpling smile, the gay glint of dark eyes, the color, Miss Schaeffer was for a moment again radiantly lovely—and knew it. Only a moment; then it all fell, and she was the gray-faced governess of old. Yet brief as the moment was, it was a small triumph; for Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had been altogether in the habit of making the most trifling remarks to his mamma, in the French tongue, as if to exclude the white servant from any participation. He smiled himself—he could not help it; and as his eyelids dropped, it was on that perfect picture. In a breath he glanced up again as if to assure himself that it was still there. No, it had been a glamour—nothing else; no one but the pale, stern, black-clad woman sat before him. Miss Schaeffer had certainly taken a liberty. Mr. Roanoke's demeanor became icily lordly. At least so Miss Schaeffer construed the meaning of the next few moments. Little did the governess care. Indispensable, and knowing it, giving them good work for good payment—they were welcome to indulge their little whims. Her sole solicitude was to amass such a sum as would allow her to open a day-school in the city at no distant period, and after that perhaps to pay her father's debts. This very scene was another plate for her armor. She rose from the table, took the envelope, bowed to Mrs. Ediston as usual, and withdrew—Essie and Ally skipping down to follow her. But at sight of that money I can not say that a tortured fiend did not turn in her heart anew. It wanted yet a half hour to class-time, and in the school-room Miss Schaeffer composed herself above a sheet of paper. There was too much nobility in Madeleine's nature to attempt offering the good clergyman repayment of the sum he had expended for her. Necessity had forced acceptance upon her; it was impossible to cancel an obligation. But she could at least devote a portion of her earnings toward alleviating wants that she knew too well. Poor people in the surrounding coun-

try she had not yet met, for her walks with her pupils had been restricted to Roanoke Fields, the large island entirely occupied by Mr. Roanoke's plantation; and yet she felt as if there were a debt due Providence from her. An installment of this debt then, her letter being concluded, she folded within the delicate leaf, and superscribed and sealed it. Running down stairs with that light heart which makes a light foot, she saw Mr. Roanoke crossing the hall at their base.

"Oh, Mr. Roanoke," she cried. "Are you going into town to-day may I ask?"

"I am, Miss —"

"Schaeffer, Sir. Will you have the great kindness to post this for me?" And she handed him the letter and the dime; for it was before that glorious invention of three-penny bits.

This was too much for Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke. He lightly, half-unobservantly shook the dime off into her hand, saying, in his courtliest style, "I take pleasure in doing so."

Miss Schaeffer opened her eyes. She was not aware that it was the first time she had ever voluntarily addressed him. But thanking him now, she turned away and dropped the dime into the palm of a little blackball who came tumbling down the stairs at the one opportune moment of his life.

"What is it, Geoffrey?" asked Mrs. Ediston, at his shoulder, as he drew on the riding-gloves, and before Miss Schaeffer was beyond hearing.

"You can see, mamma."

"Dear me! 'Rev. Cyrus Grey, Schaefferslin, N. Y.' Some little deacon studying for orders, I suppose; and after ordination there's to be a Mrs. Cyrus Grey and love in a cottage! What does the direction say to you?"

"Fallen fortunes, mamma."

"How?"

"The Schaefferslin. But I hadn't read it."

"Well. Don't forget to call at Spray Rocks. The children accept with pleasure. And there's my—"

"I am going the other way. Send Julius."

"Why, Geoffrey! it isn't a minute since you promised me to go at once yourself! And Julius will make a mess of it."

"Very well, then. I will call on my return."

"What! right in the noon?"

"At some time to-day. Now I have an engagement in town."

But Miss Schaeffer went springing up stairs and along the hall, with a half laugh lighting her face.

"What are you laughing at, Miss Schaeffer?" asked Essie, capering beside her.

"At laughing thoughts."

"So am I. What are your laughing thoughts?"

"What are yours, Essie?"

"Oh! cakes and tarts and Dr. Develin—he always gives us such pocketfuls. I wish Europe was in Guinea, and a thousand miles off! That's where he is now. He used to be here at Christ-

mas. And he won't be home for—oh, for months! What are you thinking of, Miss Schaeffer?"

"I am thinking of an old woman who will have two blankets this winter instead of none. Of the little girl who looks like dying, and who is to have flowers and sherry wine and bits of chicken. Of three miles down river to school that Tom Allan shall skate now with flashing heels, instead of the five he used to walk. And what are you thinking of, Clara?" as that damsel confronted them in an aureole, apparently.

"Oh, Essie! oh, Miss Schaeffer! We're going to Juliet Develin's!"

"Pooh!" said Essie. "Who cares?"

"I do. Oh, Miss Schaeffer, she's just so beautiful! And she lets me stand at the toilet while she's dressing—"

"I like the Doctor best; I don't care a snap about her, except that, if she were a doll, maybe I'd like her in my stocking. Great black eyes, without any winkers, just like a doll's. And she slaps Silver—I've seen her!"

"Well, what if she does? Mother slaps Julius."

"Geoffrey don't; and he don't allow us. And he says no lady—"

Just here the bell tinkled, and the remaining personalities were lost to the world and Miss Schaeffer.

The holidays slipped over easily enough, on part of them the children being absent visiting Miss Develin, who, under the surveillance of an ancient aunt, kept her brother's house; and on their return, and the reopening of school-books, life jogged along the foot-pathway till spring. Mrs. Ediston bustled about the house; the children made it resonant; Mr. Roanoke was absent the greater portion of the time, either busy at the rice-mill or absorbed in caucuses and other such embroglios—not in the caucuses themselves, however, for he never condescended to lift his finger politically to pull a wire or turn a card; but on the dinners and routs that figured previously to their sessions if he had a wish he expressed it, and every body else acted upon it. Indeed so long had the Roanokes lorded it over that district, that few would have known how to withstand their precedent, even had Mr. Geoffrey himself been a person to withstand; and if some new-comer or some old malcontent dared object, then Mr. Geoffrey rose in might and annihilated him. Of course this gave him but small life at home; days passed in which the governess never saw nor remembered him—what little intercourse they did have was of the curtest; and lost in his thoughts he sat with that sardonic shadow on his face, and gave few words to any. With March, however, he took Rob on a long Northern journey, and Miss Schaeffer followed the remainder of the family to certain Virginian Springs, where, having established her with the children, Mrs. Ediston spent the summer in visits to her countless acquaintance—in September gathering her brood under her wing at home in the city house, since it was yet too early to breathe the poisonous atmosphere of the plantation. The year had

been a trying one to Miss Schaeffer. Rob, enfranchised in soul, was more refractory than ever at being again obliged to own the female sway; the girls were also turbulent; and weary and worn, Miss Schaeffer would have given worlds for some friend to exchange a word of sympathy, to rest her and relieve her with love.

Three weeks of the city life, and Miss Schaeffer longed for that cool, sweet quiet of the island of Roanoke Fields. But Mrs. Ediston was in her element; the place was very gay. She went out every night—crape mitigated by lace—for a long seclusion gave her pleasures zest. At length one morning she planned a sailing party to the Fields—a party which should go and return by sunlight, owing to the nightly ascendance there of mists and miasms; and she consulted Mr. Geoffrey, who rode or sailed down and back every day, in reference to her designs.

"Damn the place!" said Mr. Geoffrey, kicking over a foot-stool. "I'd swop the whole of it for one acre of my Mississippi land if I had to choose. There it's as healthy as a New England corn-field; here, if you sneeze, you're a dead man. Freshes and salts—I'm tired of the sound! It was a fresh in the spring, and then had to come drought and upset the tide; and here's a salt to kill my plants just out of the long flow. It's the life of a dog—of the dogs of war! Good-morning!" And Mr. Geoffrey was off, to swear some unlimited oath in the privacy of his morning ride. But Mrs. Ediston, nothing baffled by this statement of a rice-planter's miseries, proceeded with her plans, and one day packed her hampers. She had, it might be confessed, a secret longing to look into the house, and see what ravages summer had made there—a longing which this course was one to satisfy and justify.

A hot, sultry morning, and the gay party went winding down the harbor in their boat, Mr. Geoffrey leading the way with Essie in a tiny yawl. The sun was blazing overhead; it seemed as if the furnace-blast of the wind should make the water smoke; but they went simmering on, reached Roanoke Fields, and disembarked.

How changed was every spray! The rankest, lushest, most entangled foliage; the foot sinking ankle-deep in flowery turf whose clouds of incense bewildered the brain with satiety. Overhead the boughs at noon made midnight with myriad leaves, that seemed each in their juicy strength capable of distilling the poison they sucked in from the ambient air; and far and wide, stretching away into the dim sea-line, clothed in deadly verdure, virulently virid, lay the long rice-fields smiling falsely under that mask of tenderest, freshest green. It was a glad day. No more graceful host than Mr. Roanoke, when he chose, ever stood in the-door; he made the moments light even for Miss Schaeffer. But at length the bell sounded to recall all wanderers, who, coming laden with the wild and pulpy things they had pulled, hastily crowded

the boat, and when the larger float pushed off Miss Schaeffer was left standing on the bank.

"I have hurried them home," said Mr. Roanoke to the overseer—who was about riding away, for he did not sleep on the place, as the slaves are the only ones who can remain there overnight, and they not with entire impunity—"because," continued Mr. Roanoke, in a voice very much as if he were soliloquizing, since although it was necessary for these people to have the information, it would be sufficient for them to hear him give it to himself, "because the day has been so hot that the mists will rise early and fall heavy." But here the man paused for a few last words—last words that took a half hour—and then Mr. Roanoke impatiently cut them short, ran up the little sail, and the two went skimming down the creek, and neither of them speaking, for Mr. Roanoke did not choose, Miss Schaeffer did not wish it. As they sailed, Miss Schaeffer leaned idly back in the boat and tried to forget herself. She watched the sky, cloudless and just beginning to give an answering glow from the horizon; the overhanging banks that threw such green glooms upon their shining way; the trailers that every here and there sent out a shoot of resplendent blossom, a lasso of tough cord to delay them; the dark water that gently parted beneath them; the flaws that sailed slowly on before them; the faint and tiny threads of vapor, laden with fragile beauty, that, rising half imperceptibly from the stream, faded away into the burning air; watched these elfin wreaths that breathing up and curling tendril-like on the skirts of the shadow of the shores, already streaked that burning air with coolness, nor knew that each cool waft could pierce the brain like blades.

"What do you see, Miss Schaeffer?" asked Mr. Roanoke, condescendingly breaking at length his haughty silence, as if her ways amused him.

"Little bubbles, Sir, little balloons of white air rising like sprites, Mr. Roanoke. Can they—"

"Accursed sprites! Twice cursed if the wind should fall!"

And the wind did fall. Mr. Roanoke got out the oars, bent above them, and shot on with sweeping strokes, and without a word. Fine and thin particles grained the air. The sun had not yet set, but the sky began to haze, and they saw him through a dun golden veil that seemed all at once to be steaming every where about them; they went breast-high through long-rolling waves of cloud combed white as wool. The veil thickened and clung to them, the thwarts were already dripping from it. The sun was neither to be seen nor felt; they were chilled to the soul and reeking with the foul leaden mists. Those sprites had grown and towered and thrown off disguise, and stalked along beside them and before them like giants walking the water, columns of white vapor. It became rapidly darker, they could only dimly discern the writhing, twisting forms of shadow that mounted on either side, the air they breathed stifled with heavy clogging

clamminess; there was ringing in their ears as if they had been fathoms deep under the sea. So cold, so wet, they seemed to be rowing into the mouth of an icy hell. Once or twice they had passed the confluence of the countless waterways among these islands—they took their course by instinct. But as it darkened currents of mist seemed to be branch streams, the channels disappeared. They should long since have reached the sea and been in safe and clear night sky. Mr. Geoffrey felt obscurely for a bank; the beads were condensing on his forehead in blisters.

"I have lost the way," he said, hoarsely. "It will be better to walk, find the house, and build fires, than to stay here all night. It is doubtful," he muttered to himself, "if we either of us ever see sunshine again!" And making foothold, he handed her to the shore.

As damp, as dank, as dark. They plunged under roofing of black, poison-dripping boughs, through thickets that crouched beneath the withering mildew, and all the while they breathed this curdling cloud of miasm and decay.

"We are under the oaks!" at length exclaimed Mr. Roanoke. "We have rowed round the island and passed every sea-opening! Fools! We were mad to come!" But in a moment he had opened the hall-door and clanged it behind them. The thick air returned only an answering thud. "We will have a fire in the school-room. The mists may not mount so high. By closing every shutter we may escape, providing we be not already done for!" In a few seconds he had thrown heaping armfuls of wood on the hearth there, and a great blaze leaped up the chimney. Then Mr. Roanoke seated Miss Schaeffer. She was tired and pale, but had not after all endured such transition as he when he dropped the heated oars. It was plain that from her Northern birth and her but partial acclimation he expected at every breath to see her drop. Yet sitting there—and since sleep was death—they each shook off the drowsy weight upon them; began to sparkle by mere force of will; to laugh, and jest, and talk blithely; to relate, to invent; and Mr. Roanoke opened hoards of unsuspected learning, and became fired as he imparted it. They talked of the books they liked, and his criticisms were inalterable as crystals; they spoke of music, and he described to her a concert, with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, in such words that the strains seemed repeated in the air; they spoke of the drama, and he gave her sudden and swift impersonations of a great actor so vividly that she would have said there was a third person in the room; he fell to telling her of the region and its soil; it seemed to her that the earth had opened and she were plucking chemical secrets from the pictured depths. Once or twice as he spoke he gave her, so to say, an almost impalpable touch with a hand as cold as her own. Was it possible that this was Mr. Roanoke; the cold, unsympathetic, silent man—the cynical master? Miss Schaeffer leaned back in her chair, in a measure fascinated, in a measure irate. This

airy grace, she knew, was like the cloud on some bald mountain's brow—the rock was underneath.

"Ah yes, Miss Schaeffer," said he, rising and lighting a cigar; "this does not offend you, I hope? That *Midsummer-Night's Dream* touches some very curious facts in our psychology, moreover. As much so as if Shakspeare were making very sport of human nature. Do you know—you must have had chances enough to learn this summer, if never before, since before you were one of the phantasmagoria, this summer one of the spectators (provided, as I say, that your own eyes were open at those Springs to learn)—that the juice of that flower called *Love-in-idleness* is tossed about on folks' eyelids to-day by some capricious Puck as resistlessly as ever in that old Grecian forest?"

"Mr. Roanoke, it never struck me as Grecian before."

"Exactly. It isn't. It is universal. World wide over; having once sat down beside Bottom on that flowery bank, and stuck musk-roses in his sleek, smooth head, the knave of hearts may lay traps for you; Apollo descend with lyre, and lute, and pipe, and flute; Cupid riddle you with arrows—and all in vain, because your blind eyes first opened on that clown with the ass's head. Is it so? God! But this is a ghastly *Midsummer-Night's Dream*! A very nightmare! Ah, what a chill! Miss Schaeffer, where are you?" His hand, that a moment since had been ice, seized hers with a grasp of fire, and he fell his length upon the floor insensible.

Miss Schaeffer sprang to her feet and had recourse to a vinaigrette, to a carafe of water, to hot friction. She drew him nearer the hearth; she piled the logs upon the blaze; she found his flask and poured the brandy between his teeth; she heaped upon him all the blankets to be found. But the malaria had done its work: he lay in statue-like immobility, and if his stupor broke at all, it was only from one swoon into another. In the mean while her very endeavors fortified herself, and she hoped, as indeed it proved, that her constitution was one of those few which are proof against all the envenomed missiles of the nightly swamps. She was worn enough to have all her senses dissolve in sleep, when, suddenly, a long, red ray slanted through a chink of the shutters; she darted forward and threw them open. It was morning—fresh, jubilant morning—blue sky, and golden light, and such hoary weight of dew loading the dripping branches and showering from them, in prismatic rain-flashes, as they frolicked with the glad, free wind; such song, such color, such radiance!

She heard the galloping hoofs that sped the overseer along, bethought herself of the alarm-bell, and summoned him to her aid; and ere long, having been borne there on a litter, Mr. Roanoke rested among the cushions heaped on the boat's floor, and, with his head held by Miss Schaeffer, was swiftly flying down the creeks and up to the city with the overseer at the helm.

Finally at home, Miss Schaeffer answered Mrs.

Ediston's queries as she could, and the whole house trembled round the point of Mr. Roanoke's life. It was the intermittent fever, too generally fatal, but with his iron frame there was hope. And so in a few weeks it appeared. The subtle foe had only taken the outposts, the citadel remained intact. And at length Mr. Roanoke came down stairs and once more sat among them; silent as ever, quiet, languid, paler but gentler, and looking up with a somewhat grateful smile at the slight and unexpected attentions which every one hastens to pay a convalescent. Mrs. Ediston had faithfully performed her duty; and now, as she again went out in evening dress, she thought him well provided with company in the children and Miss Schaeffer and stray visitors. But it was little society that he suffered Miss Schaeffer to be to him; and so coldly *dis-trait* was his behavior that one might have fancied him endeavoring to annul some influence of hers. Mr. Roanoke was not so omnipotent but that he must make an ambitious marriage. In fact, it was evident that he was struggling with himself; but to Miss Schaeffer it read only like an attempt to obliterate memory of any past condescension. Nevertheless he was yet ill, yet weak, and in these things the battle is to the strong.

The children had all been taken away, and the last caller had made adieux, as they sat there one night with the lighted windows opening on the gay city street.

"Ah, Miss Schaeffer," said Mr. Roanoke, impulsively, looking up at her as she remained disentangling the errors of Clara's work. "Calm little automaton, are you never lonely, never sad?"

"I? Why should I be?"

"True. You have a great deal of self-respect. It must be pleasant to live with a person whom you respect so much. You enjoy these evenings better than the last one I had the pleasure of spending with you?"

"I don't regret that experience, Sir," she replied, "except—"

"I understand," he said, and bowed. "I am very glad then. For certainly what life crawls through this very narrow chance is due to you."

"Not at all," responded Miss Schaeffer. "I did nothing. And should have done the same for any mortal being."

"Very equivocal," said Mr. Roanoke, with a smile, but then remained silent for a while, his head resting on his hand. As they sat Miss Schaeffer was at first recalling the conversation of that plague-stricken night, and remembering how through it all in his manner there had gleamed only an effect of will—a will to be fascinating, that he might kindle her into interest for the moment, and make her as fascinating in return, since he needed to find that charm in her in order to be roused and alert himself against the insidious enemy of the air, in order himself to battle off drowsiness and death. He was sweet then, and genial, and full of courteous grace; he treated her as his

equal, his friend, simply through an instinct of self-preservation. Nevertheless (she had not felt it at the time, but now as she remembered it), all that glitter had only been like the cold sparkle round the peaks of icebergs. He had made a foil of her, and his brilliance of air and speech was no more than the gaudy beauty with which one trims one's salmon-flies. He would have conducted himself the same had she been a ghoul or a gorgon. And then Miss Schaeffer dismissed the subject, and went wandering back and away to remember happier scenes. At length, however, Mr. Roanoke, who had sat pale and rapt, raised his glance again, dark and piercing, and rested it on her. She sat absorbed in the work, the red on her cheek, the light in her eye, one long tress of hair fallen in slight disorder, and an abandon about her, a forgetfulness of his presence that made her seem more like a picture than a woman.

"Madeleine," said Mr. Roanoke, half in a dream, "do you suppose I do not remember that night when we danced together, the light dazzling back again from a dazzling raiment; the lonely salt-scented sea-breeze blowing in to lift that same tress, to trouble the topazes, to fan the carmine in the cheek—those imperious feet beating out the measure of the music?"

"You are asleep, Mr. Roanoke."

Mr. Roanoke laughed. "If I am may I never wake," said he. "Why do you not answer me? Do you forget it yourself? Have you danced with too many? Are you sorry to afford me a pleasant memory, as you were just now to afford me a pleasant debt? Sit down."

Should she lie? He was choosing to remember it now, only to ignore it to-morrow, and accustom her to his old superciliousness. Why not?

Madeleine's hand was raised upon the door, her face turned in his direction. I can not say what made such a rage surge in her heart.

"You must have taken your coffee too strong, Sir, this morning," said she. "If I had ever danced with a Southern satrap I should certainly recall the fact!" and was gone.

If Madeleine had not lost every other thought in her indignant feeling she would scarcely have begun to call Mr. Roanoke names. As it was, from that day he proved his right to the satrapy. His sentences to Miss Schaeffer—frequent as a racked ingenuity could devise—were brief as requests could be modeled, and had that freedom from the rising inflection which rendered them commands. Miss Schaeffer was summoned without ceremony to open the morning papers. Miss Schaeffer aired the evening papers. Miss Schaeffer was called to drop the wax upon his folded letters. Miss Schaeffer broke the seals and read aloud his business dispatches. Miss Schaeffer was sent to sketch any desired view. Miss Schaeffer was told to find the book and read till forbidden, and when the auditor's eyes closed, instead of dropping the page where she found it, Miss Schaeffer had the sublime revenge of reading on with the completest indiffer-

ence as to whether he slept or whether he waked, until his voice dismissed her. If he enjoyed his tyranny is uncertain; but certainly Madeleine liked it better than any one's condescension. It left her on firm ground, and she hasped her purse with a less vindictive snap. But when it grew beyond further endurance, having been summoned one morning from lessons a dozen trifling times, she appeared in the door-way, and said:

"Am I hired as the children's governess, Mr. Roanoke, or as a companion for you?"

"You may go, Miss Schaeffer," said her tyrant, and was from that moment as innocent of her existence as the master of a house could well be.

The season was so late, the city so gay, and Mr. Roanoke's health so precarious, that they did not return to the plantation till orange-picking. And once re-established there, Madeleine forgot that she had ever been away; the place seemed like home; and if Mr. Roanoke remembered that other time of their mutual experience he said nothing, and she banished it. So they used life. Great preparations were toward. Dr. Develin had returned, and the holidays were to be kept this time at the island of Roanoke Fields. Mr. Geoffrey was little in the house, was carelessly cold to Miss Schaeffer when he was, and as carelessly cordial to the others. The last week went slipping by; every one waited gayly for the expected chimes, and the two days before Christmas began to bring guests in clusters.

II.

It was the first Christmas for some years that Mrs. Ediston had entertained. There were fine folks from Charleston, and gay folks from Savannah, and the Sea Islands sent tribute. There were the Hunts from the Cross Roads, the Pinckneys from Red Hill, the Prestons from the Ledge. They and their servants filled the house with cheery clamor. Last of all came the Develins. Miss Schaeffer had been out with the children gathering clumps of glossy foliage that should give finishing touches to the decorations, since Mrs. Ediston had pressed her into the service. She sat now, resting for an instant, at the foot of an oak in that great wood of the open spaces through which the avenue was cut, and the children were busying themselves about her like bees round a flower. They had woven a crown of the dark and prickly holly leaves, and hovering on tip-toe, were trying to adjust clusters of the scarlet berries therein, while their bright sprays were scattered countlessly about her, clinging to her shawl and nestling in her skirts. Slightly inclining her head to their touch, and yet oblivious of it, Miss Schaeffer sat, when a clatter of hoofs beat the ground, and a brilliant train swept by. One face and form only met Miss Schaeffer's gaze—and both, it seemed to her, were perfection. The full round shape hid half its voluptuous curves in the shade of the dark-green riding-suit, the face was softened by its floating veil into a vision of the night wind

that came rising behind them. They passed like the creation of that careering wind; and as Miss Schaeffer looked she saw another figure following—a gentleman slowly walking beside his horse, his arm thrown across the creature's bending neck. As he caught sight of the gay group glinting in there among the trees he half paused, with an intent and startled eye, and then stepped in their direction. But the light there was uncertain, the wizard mingling of sunset and moonrise, and he resumed his way.

"It is Dr. Develin!" cried Essie; and the three fled in full chorus after him.

Miss Schaeffer, left to herself, gathered up her armful, and, still under the shelter of the oaks, turned her feet houseward. It was growing cool and damp; she would be glad when the home lamps blazed up across her path; the shadows already fell thick athwart her, and all the orange had died out of the air. Thus stepping swiftly, she heard a voice calling "Rob!" and paused a moment to listen. "Rob!" was repeated. "Julius!" and then the same voice executed a rapid roll of all the house-servants, accompanied by execrations obligato. It was plainly Mr. Roanoke, and in want of some assistance. Miss Schaeffer had half the mind to let him continue to wait; then, by a natural impulse, retraced her steps, and following the frequent sound, her shawl falling about her, her arms heaped with the wild growth, the points of the leaves and the berries shining like gems in her hair, she came out into the rising ray of the full moon, and upon the bank of the creek, down which the wild wind was blowing the faint mist in ribbons.

"You need help, Mr. Roanoke?" she asked, sweetly. "The servants must be engaged. Can I answer?"

Mr. Roanoke did not reply, but stood gazing at her a moment.

"Oh!—Miss Schaeffer!" said he then, coolly. "Have the goodness to catch this rope. I do not care to lose a boat-load of game. Orders were left that Fez and Rocco should await me, for Master Robert went ashore at Spray Rocks. That will do. I thank you." And Mr. Roanoke leaped upon the bank.

"Look down there a moment, Miss Schaeffer," he said; but the governess was flitting on, a twinkling form in the shade. Miss Schaeffer was not the person with whom he could caprice—to-day attend, to-morrow rebuff; she understood, moreover, or thought she did, that his seldom condescensions were made not to her, but to the accidental instant in which something had heightened her appearance into an object of pleasure. Such condescension she would not receive. But with a bound and a long stride Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke was beside her.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" he said, half imperiously.

"There was nothing more that I could do, Sir," she replied, stately.

"A voice from the North Pole, that has sighed through the fissures of an iceberg. Yes, ma'am, there was, if you will allow it."

"And what, Mr. Roanoke?" she said, pausing, and slightly turning, as if she wished to leave no duty unfulfilled.

"I wished you to look down into the boat and have a pretty sight: the great antlered thing lying there on heaps and meshes of bright-scaled fish, and surrounded with those soft-feathered birds that I shot between wind and water as they rose to skim away—the whole part smitten with moonbeams, part wrapped in the ragged mist."

"I did, Mr. Roanoke. It was very picturesque."

"And what part did I play?"

"You looked, Mr. Roanoke—"

"Like the purveyor to Michael Scott?"

"Or like one of those genii who brought the basket to the Sultan's cook."

"Or, better yet, like the fisherman Kureem, who washed his nets at the foot of the Caliph's Garden of Delight. Eh?"

"Very like."

"Permit me," said Mr. Roanoke, bending to relieve her of her armful.

What had taken possession of him? He, who had for so long scarcely shown her a civility! She could not refuse herself the malicious pleasure of turning and saying,

"I think, Mr. Roanoke, you forget that I am Miss Schaeffer."

"Indeed, I am unlikely to!" he replied, biting his lip; and Miss Schaeffer fled on.

Entering the house by a side-door, she hastened to finish the task in the dining-room for which her shining leaves and berries were designed; then went to seek Mrs. Ediston. As she left the dining-room and was crossing the hall a gentleman slowly and listlessly descended, lightly leaning on the baluster and looking about him—the same person who led his horse up the avenue an hour previously. A slender man, who appeared taller than he was, but with a shape and manner of careful elegance; his face very white, with delicate but pronounced features, made yet whiter by a blazing contrast of black and brilliant eyes, whose lids had a habit of drooping, and by fine soft hair, that, parting on the forehead, swept away at either side in bending lines of raven tint; a countenance like a mobile mask over a bronze purpose, that made you remember the hand of iron in the glove of velvet; always somewhat melancholy in repose, and that now, as his glance fell side-long on Miss Schaeffer, suddenly lighted up like a torch. He faced about, bent over the balusters, then went leaping down, swift and wordless. But Miss Schaeffer had disappeared.

"An *ignis fatuus*," said the gentleman, and returned to the contemplation of certain Roanokes impaneled along the hall to give verdict on posterity.

The next morning the governess, running down, contrived to procure a tray, which she brought into the school-room, and there made her breakfast, the novelty of the occasion tempting even Essie and Ally to join her, at which she allowed them to dress the table with leaves

and flowers, and procure, through the hands of Venus, several dainty additions to the feast. In at the gay little scene which followed Master Rob chose to peer. It did not look unpleasantly—the bright sunshine, the fragrant blossoms, the fire sparkling on the hearth, the bird-song pouring in at the open window. After his head, Master Rob inserted the rest of him. There was, moreover, a certain savory suggestion of delectation; Miss Schaeffer had cooked a strange little dish at the fire there—a fire which he had heard his brother Geoffrey say Miss Schaeffer kept only in deference to the old Yule log. Why need he go down and face all those strangers? He knew he deserved nothing, yet Rob drew near the table, and was received with acclaim, while Ally covered his confusion by plunging retrospectively into the depths of her stocking and bringing up its contents anew for his edification. Before Rob had finished his repast Miss Schaeffer had seized the handle of this golden opportunity, and leading the three on and on, was soon deep in the King Arthur legends, to which Rob listened with open mouth, while she concluded by repeating to them, with a dramatic vivacity, the "Lady of Shalott." Rising at this point, Miss Schaeffer brought upon the table a small, square, shagreen port-folio, and, completing her rarefaction, placed it before Rob. Bit and bridle were in his mouth. He opened it with speedy fingers, and there lay a score of exquisite water-colors, each one the pictured phantasm of some verse, brilliant and beautiful. The three heads were bent over it in pretty grouping, when there came a tap, and Mrs. Ediston entered, for that lady had instinct enough to know the tap to be necessary. "Oh, mamma!" cried the three in chorus; and she bent with them. Mrs. Ediston would have been a much harsher person than she was had she refused to be pleased; and only looking in through curiosity in the first place, she now threw herself into a chair by the fireside, and took a moment's rest.

"Breakfast is over down stairs," said she.

"Why didn't you come down, Miss Schaeffer?"

"Did you wish for me?" asked Madeleine, in sweeter tones than ordinary.

"Oh no; I didn't remember you till I saw the children's places. However, it's a very good plan. I had quite as lief they would breakfast and lunch up here. You can bring them down to dinner though, and that will answer for them. I do really wish that Dr. Develin should have some peace at this visit, and Essie devours him!"

"No, mamma—only his sugar-plums," interpolated the third person.

"You mustn't take me up so, child. Ally don't. Robert, did you thank Miss Schaeffer? I don't see what they're all about. Did you do them yourself, Miss Schaeffer? Very prettily done. They put me in mind of my own at school. There's Clara following Miss Develin down the avenue like a poodle, I'm morally sure! She's perfectly fascinated by her, and no wonder!" Here Mrs. Ediston's monologue was interrupted by Julius, who brought a note. The

lady took it with sparkling eyes, broke the seal, and the sparkle fell. "Whatever shall I do?" cried Mrs. Ediston. The note dropped into her lap, and she buried her face in her hands.

Madeleine sprang to her side.

"She can't come! She ruptured a blood-vessel at the concert in the city last night! I had depended on her!"

Miss Schaeffer smiled, and drew back.

"Who, mamma?" asked the children.

"Don't bother me! The *prima donna*—Madame Cichi. Dear me! dear! dear! I had engaged her for to-night under immense difficulties. It is irremediable. What is to be done, Miss Schaeffer?"

"About Cichi? Oh, I don't think you have lost much," said Madeleine, thoughtlessly, "except in *éclat*. She is a miserable singer. I could do as well myself."

"You, Miss Schaeffer?"

An idea suddenly filled Mrs. Ediston's blank countenance. "There, children, take your pictures and run away. Quick! do you hear me? I're to talk with Miss Schaeffer." And Mrs. Ediston bustled up, threw open the door, seized Ally's shoulders, and set her on her feet outside, brushed the other two along and shoved them through, shut and locked the door with a triumphant snap, and came back to the fire.

"Do you really mean to say, Miss Schaeffer," said she then, breathlessly, "that you can sing as well as Madame Cichi?"

"I should think but poorly of myself if I could not."

"Well, we all know that you don't think poorly of yourself," said Mrs. Ediston. "And yet, I don't think you're vain—I'll allow that. Clara has certainly improved under your hands. Juliet Develin was astonished at hearing her play last night. I do hope she will turn out as handsome a girl as Juliet Develin; I shall be perfectly satisfied. Nobody dresses more stylishly in all the country. But bless me! that's not Cichi. Miss Schaeffer, they're all out under the oaks now. Close the window and sing to me any little thing you remember. Make haste. I haven't much time."

Miss Schaeffer wonderingly obeyed.

"That will answer," said Mrs. Ediston, before she was well through a single measure. "You must enact Cichi for to-night, Miss Schaeffer. There hasn't a soul of them ever seen her. I will take care that you are properly dressed. You needn't sing but three songs; and the higher and mightier you are the better they'll be imposed upon!"

"But, Mrs. Ediston—"

"No buts about it, Miss Schaeffer. It must be done."

"It is impossible!" said Madeleine, drawing in her breath.

Mrs. Ediston began to walk hurriedly about the room. Pausing at length, she said: "You can do as you please, of course, Miss Schaeffer. And so can I. Only if you can not obey my orders, I can not have you in my service!"

There rose before Madeleine the vision that had hung before her that night on the churchyard step, a gaunt vision of starvation and of death. This little taste of luxury had sweetened life too much despite the blows of pride. To go out alone into the world again? The thought was madness.

She stood there, pale and like marble.

"Well, Miss Schaeffer?" was the impatient question.

"I would sing for you with pleasure if I might do so without deceit and such charlatanry."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ediston, with a long breath, and scarcely noticing the hard words, "I'll see to all that. Thank you very much. Now Venus or France shall sew for you all day long—I'll make Christmas up some other time. You couldn't wear any of my dresses—you're too tall. But there are some of Mr. Geoffrey's mother's up garret packed in flannels, and if there's a decent one left—we can't keep silks from spotting on these rice-plantations—you shall have it. I'll see directly. Venus can fit it, and you must wear my jewels and make as splendid a toilet as possible!"

There was no help for it. Madeleine had to endure Venus's refitting, and she took a needle herself, that the girl need not sew more than all the morning, and thus the preparations were complete at noon. But to wear the dress of his mother! The humiliation was hateful to her; and the angry pride that had for once yielded to terror tormented her very soul. Before Mrs. Ediston descended to the late dinner she knocked again at Madeleine's door and left on her table a jewel casket, a great blaze of diamonds, cold emeralds, and glowing garnets, softened by masses of threaded pearls. She was excused from dinner, and sat looking through her window into the already bare and misting oak-wood. This was not the Christmas of Madeleine's remembrances; this gayety and pomp were not the broad and genial cheer with which her father's hall had beamed. Ah, at this moment how she missed that smile upon a tender lip—that warm, close clasp about her wrist! So utterly lonely—her heart ached for a little of the affection of those old days.

The harsh stroke of a bell struck across her reverie; Madeleine dragged herself up, for it was time that she should dress. There lay the array, and briefly she stood before her glass wrapped in its heavy drapery. All of Miss Schaeffer's soft bloom was on her cheek to-night; much of the pristine roundness had already returned to her form; gradually enough to be unconscious both to herself and others, she had been becoming lovelier every day. Now standing at the little table, white shoulders rising out of the deep tints of the ruby-colored silk that fell about her in perfumed folds, white arms half veiled in falls of old and creamy point, her hair dropping once more in its abandon and wreathed with long sprays of snowy jasmine flowers that trailed along her brow and cheek massed themselves among the coils behind, and

lay in fresh and fragrant cluster on her bosom—never had that glass reflected so gorgeous a picture. She moved with half a sigh, and took up the little gloves awaiting her, and her eyes fell on Mrs. Ediston's casket. Impossible to tell what passed in her mind; but plainly at one conclusion had she arrived. This was not the dress for a governess. Off it slipped, as a tree might rustle down its crimson leaves. There hung in the closet an old gown of her own—the one thing retained by her—a silk unglossed and black; and no one need know it had been turned, nor in the lamplight would suspect its court-plasters. This induced, she shaded throat and wrists with ruffles of soft lace that had been scarcely worth offering at a pawnbroker's in those dire days of need. Her hair yet fell about her face, but dark and unadorned with other than its own lustre; and stripping the breast-knot of half its blossoms and all its green, she placed it where a brooch would have lain had she owned one. Thus enshadowed, it seemed as if Miss Schaeffer's beauty were only encaptured and disguised and ready at any moment to break bonds.

Miss Schaeffer listened. They had long since come in from the dining-room, been joined by the gentlemen; the evening guests had all arrived; there was no cessation in the continuous murmur and rippling laughter; there was only, above it all, the quick, sharp tinkle of a bell, by which she knew that a servant was to be sent for her. Miss Schaeffer left her niche, slipped noiselessly down another stairway, entered at a side-door, crossed the crowded room to the piano with swift grace, drew off her gloves, sat down, and broadly struck a full, deep chord that, running up the keys in climbing arpeggios, lightly blossomed atop in another. Silence fell upon the circles, the clusters, the lovers, all but a few remote dowagers who yet hummed, a few butterflies who needs must flutter. And then, every one turning with suspended breath, the first notes of a Christmas Hymn stole softly out on the slow pastorale of accompaniment:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

Mrs. Ediston could have boxed her ears. But to those who listened, that deep, clear voice was like the crystal of some slow stream that mirrored the high Hebrew heaven fall of glad, solemn stars; the wide darkness over a hilly land; the wandering flocks; the obscure group of a thoughtless vigil; and all about the singer there seemed to float the breath of the night wind, of the dew, of the heavy-hanging full-blown blossoms, till her voice soared higher and fuller and rested, with outspread wings, on the triumphal glory of the shining throng. A momentary pause, as if to break the chain of all connection, and easily from that the voice slid into recitative and the Infelice of the Zauberflöte, with the pathos of its adagio. Here was bravura enough. Ladies laid their white-gloved hands together, gentle-

men turned an awaiting ear—roulade, trill, cadenza, what not, all iridescent floriture, and a shake, sweet and clear as distant bell-notes sprinkled on the wind, was half-drowned in a rapture, of applause. There followed a little serenade, without ornament, without accompaniment, a melody borne along by its own impassioned strength; as if the rose should sing, or some great heavy-petaled flower had sent all its fragrance curling out upon the strain—the strain of dewy alleys, of whispering shrubs, of sliding starbeams, and freighted love. Then the hands flashed upon the keys once more, and through the singer's lips bubbled up the Brindisi, with all the sparkle and foam of rosiest Champagne. There was an intoxication of enthusiastic greeting; the crowd surged up around the piano-forte where Geoffrey Roanoke, one knee in an antique chair, his arms across its top, had all the time stood facing her. Dr. Develin darted forward, saying, in semitone, "Madeleine! Miss Schaeffer! Do I see you here!" But the long casement on the other side of the piano was open, and Miss Schaeffer had vanished.

"So Develin," said Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke, unbending himself from his position, and his voice well shrouded in the universal hum of delight, "I believe if I brought here an angel out of heaven you would have a previous acquaintance! Ah, I see. A proposition just demonstrated, is it?"

"I have met Miss Schaeffer at Newport, and—"

"It is true then?" asked Mrs. Ediston, joining them.

"What is true, Madame?"

"The fallen fortunes. Geoffrey was saying—"

"I presume so. Mr. Schaeffer was a magnate. They lived in great splendor. Their hospitality exceeded every thing—but Mrs. Ediston's," he concluded, bowing to that lady, for he had been speaking with difficulty.

"Really! But she hasn't the first idea of style!" exclaimed Mrs. Ediston. "I was never more provoked than when I saw her come in to-night!"

"Except when you saw her go out, mamma!" But the mamma had already turned to another corner.

"You wish to speak with Miss Schaeffer, Doctor? I will find her for you!" with the air of an obliging man.

"On no account! Don't trouble yourself, Roanoke."

"No trouble," and Roanoke in turn disappeared through the casement.

But Miss Schaeffer was not outside. Neither was she in her own apartment. She had taken refuge by the school-room fire, and there, after a half hour's search, Mr. Roanoke discovered her, sitting on the rug just without the fender, her arms folded whitely across the crimson-cushioned seat of an easy-chair, and her head pillowed thereon, the firelight playing over all, tinging the dark lustre of her hair, lingering on the soft

peach-bloom of the cheek, touching up the curve of the lip, sparkling and glancing and flickering again in the tears that hung on the points of those fallen eyelashes, for Miss Schaeffer was asleep. How long Mr. Roanoke staid to contemplate this picture is none of our affair; but at length he lifted the little silver school-bell and struck three or four fairy peals close at her ear. The dark eyes opened in a moment's fright, then Miss Schaeffer rose as if nothing had happened, and confronted Mr. Roanoke, disappointingly void of surprise.

"Did you wish for me, Sir?" she asked.

"I? No, Miss Schaeffer. I am sent. A friend of yours, not to speak of—"

"Is that all?" she replied, with a weary tone.

"I thought Mrs. Ediston—"

"Mrs. Ediston lays her commands," said Mr. Roanoke, unblushingly, "as well as this adoring host below. Ah, Miss Schaeffer, you will have all Charleston at your feet to-morrow; they will carry you off, and we shall lose our—"

"Governess."

"I was not about to use that word."

"Well, it makes no difference. I will come down. But you needn't wait, Mr. Roanoke."

Mr. Roanoke's brows contracted and darkened.

"Miss Schaeffer, how long is this devil of pride that rules your heart going to rule this house?" he said, and strode toward the door.

In an instant, however, he returned, and this time beaming—as well he might be, after having relieved himself of an ugly sentiment; but if Miss Schaeffer had shrunk in any sudden pain thereat, he was none the wiser. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I beg your pardon. But certainly I have chimed with that pride long enough, and given insult for insult till I can no longer. Seal friendship with your hand."

"I am not your friend, Mr. Roanoke," she said, with a firm, grave face, but her gaze upon the floor.

"What then? Ah, I recollect—my servant. I wish you *were* my servant!" he exclaimed, with a savage accent as he leaned against the wainscot. "I would soon bring that haughty spirit to terms!"

"Unfortunately, my skin is white!" And Miss Schaeffer would have passed him. But, springing forward, he drew her arm within his own, and led her down unfrequented passages and out once more under the leafless oaks.

"If ever there were hate in your heart it flashed in your eyes on that moment," he murmured. "Truly, I can not blame you. I, too, should hate if—" Suddenly he lifted her hand to his lips, and drew her into the lamplight and through the open casement.

The guests were just going out to supper. Mr. Roanoke's gesture arrested two of them, and he presented Miss Develin and her brother to Miss Schaeffer. A frank smile parted her lips and deepened her dimples as Miss Schaeffer took Juliet Develin's hand. She had heard of her before. Short bright hair, curling closely to her head in rings of gold; eyes purpler than

the pansy, and to-night as velvet-soft as if they had never known the fire; other features rather piquant than classic: a child's face, capable of little but a child's expression and a child's wild freaks of passion. But her brother Miss Schaeffer met differently—downcast eyes, and heightened color, and an inflexible something in her mien. Plainly there was a bit of recollection between the two. Mr. Roanoke surveyed them, swift at conclusions. He had heard Dr. Develin's smothered "Madeleine, this is Fate!" But whether Dr. Develin were indeed a rejected lover of Miss Schaeffer's there is no record other than that engraved on Mr. Roanoke's consciousness. Thereat, transposed, the four followed the defiling pageant.

It was pretty to see the change which these others wrought in Miss Schaeffer's manner. She met them on terms of equality. For the nonce she ignored Mr. Roanoke—that is, as much as he allowed any one to do—but toward the Develins wore all her ancient courtesy, and that which had ever distinguished her, a gracious condescension, not from the heights of rank, but from the heights of womanhood. She forgot herself and became happy, and bloomed and sparkled as only happy people can. Then, too, she was at home in the house, or much more so than they were, and therefore attended to their case in trifling ways, till all that was taken out of her hands by Mr. Roanoke, who, with a certain half-sarcastic grace, seated her, and thenceforth let her find herself surrounded and met at all points by the most careless care that ever frustrated any woman's attempts at independence. The supper-room was cool; Mr. Roanoke brought from an ante-room a black lace shawl and laid it on Miss Schaeffer's hair; it caught in the comb, and, rather than attend to this matter of toilet, she suffered it to remain mantilla-wise, and was soon glad to draw the light drapery about her throat.

"It is Spain!" he said, as he stood bending over his plate toward her. "Sweet Spain, and stately. Do not make it Spain inquisitorial, Spain of the torture."

"What has Miss Schaeffer to do with that region of the round earth?" asked Dr. Develin.

"Miss Schaeffer's veil has a great deal to do with it—also Miss Schaeffer's eyes," he added, aside:

"O settentrional vedovo sito,
Poi che privato sei di mirar quelle!"

"Miss Schaeffer," said the Doctor, "you have learned ere this that one of Mr. Roanoke's choicest rôles is to evoke spirits?"

"Spiriting of 'blue spirits and gray?'"

"An *équivoque*," remarked Juliet.

"Nothing of the kind, Miss Schaeffer," said Mr. Geoffrey. "Being interpreted, he says I raise Satan in every body's soul, and do *not* cast out devils."

Madeleine's indrawn breath gave mute acquiescence; and Mr. Roanoke, turning on his heel, went down the table to exchange a flirting sentence with all whose eyes he caught.

"What possesses Mr. Roanoke?" asked Miss Juliet then. "He has been just this way every time we've seen him for— Miss Schaeffer, how long have you been here?" she asked, archly.

"Oh my being here has nothing to do with Mr. Roanoke. I rarely see him."

"Yes, he is changed," said the Doctor. "If you had known him in those days when he lived in Louisiana, and, buried in books, seemed to have no more life than any waif of the great river there, you would find it so. We all have our phases. Roanoke woke up at last to his importance as a unit at the head of a great many ciphers. One day he will blaze, a great and shining light, to show the country its ways."

"Spontaneous combustion?" said Juliet, over her shoulder.

"Parties and politics have long been laying a train," continued the Doctor, obliviously; "but who is applying the spark?"

"Are you talking of the divine spark, Doctor?" asked the person spoken of, rejoining them, and hanging some spray of glowing fruit over a salver's edge, and before Miss Schaeffer's eyes.

"*Cela se peut.*"

Mr. Roanoke seated himself on a foot-stool as conveniently as he was able.

"Trying to fan a breeze! Treason in a man's own household! The penalty of treason, you know, is a rope's-end."

"With a noose in it!" laughed Miss Juliet, turning a moment from her hovering devotees (a throng of whose ilk Mr. Roanoke's last movement had barred away from Miss Schaeffer), for which words, while her brother bent to reprove her, Mr. Roanoke unbent his lips again.

"That is what my mamma calls style, I suppose. A saucy minx, is she not, Miss Schaeffer? Yet one forgives every thing to such a face."

But Miss Schaeffer not choosing to humor his fancy and prolong the subject by a reply, looked up with a smile at Dr. Develin, who offered her a glass of wine that seemed like a bubble full of rosy sunlight.

"Yes, Miss Schaeffer," continued Mr. Roanoke, in his frequent demi-voice, "it is very true that I can not cast out devils, since I have lived so long in the house with you and—"

"You take pains to be rude," she responded, holding the glass away from her lips and preventing him from qualifying his sentence.

"Not at all. It is perfectly natural. Miss Juliet, allow me?" And he had flashed off with the brilliant little thing upon his arm—his head bent toward hers, his face wreathed with smiles—to open the dancing in the hall, as the first strains of the strings became audible.

Miss Schaeffer moved away with Dr. Develin; declined dancing; and a moment after was sorry for it.

"Madeleine," murmured her companion, "three years ago do you remember such a night in Venice?"

She ventured no reply.

"Madeleine," he murmured yet lower, "then

you did not seem to hate me; now I have a right to know why so suddenly I lost you there."

"Nor did I seem to love," said she.

"And now, Madeleine? You regret?"

"I regret nothing, Dr. Develin."

He was silent a moment, looking down as one looks after a stone thrown into some deep well, and waits for the ripple to ascend; then lifting his glance he watched the dancers, who whirled by them like a storm of colored snow-flakes.

"Roanoke dances well, Miss Schaeffer," said he, quite as if nothing else had been said. "So he does every thing. Some day, perhaps, he will confide to you the secret of his success."

"Mr. Roanoke and I have nothing in common."

"Except the 'mounting devil in the heart,'" said a voice at her shoulder, and he glided along.

"Am I ambitious?" she asked, facing the Doctor, and half laughing.

"No, child; you look as if you wanted nothing but peace."

A change came over Madeleine's face—floated there on a flood of remembrances. She suddenly grew pale and still. Almost before she knew it she was seated and half-curtained in the window, and the Doctor stood beside her, and she heard his voice rippling on till she was able to catch the words. The minutes flew by; and at length an audacious hand lifted the curtain.

"Deep in the charms of some Oriental city, where roses and nightingales and fountains make divine melancholy all night long! Very cozy indeed!" said Mr. Roanoke. "But if Miss Schaeffer is going to sing me that little song she promised—"

"I beg pardon. What little song?"

"It seems that I am not to be allowed to finish a sentence to-night. You promised me the *Du meine Seele*."

"You forget, Sir. It must have been some other young lady."

"The music is put out, and half the candles—"

"And you are very near being so!" exclaimed Miss Juliet, coming to bid her brother good-night. "Every one has gone home, or gone to bed, or I wish they had, and here you sit mooning with Develin. Has he not reached the end of his rope yet? What occult arts has he been teaching you? How to make a witch of yourself? Ah, Miss Schaeffer, it is very plain that he needn't teach you how to bewitch Mr. Roanoke!"

Mr. Roanoke turned upon Miss Juliet a look that made her eyes drop, then gave his arm to Madeleine and led her away. At the foot of the staircase he paused, and said, "But you will yet sing it to me—*Du meine Seele*—that I swear! Good-night, *Ruisettora!*"

At dinner next day, Mrs. Ediston having put the length of the table between the governess and Dr. Develin, Mr. Roanoke found himself in one of his lordly moods again, and treated his quiet neighbor to items of ancient superciliousness. Perhaps he remembered too sharply that

last night had turned the tables upon him; perhaps it was not best all at once and so suddenly to change his tactics; perhaps he had been too *dévote*; perhaps he was incensed at her indifference; perhaps he would suggest to her the distance between his love and his hate. In short, there were a thousand perhappes, not one of which occurred to the quiet neighbor's mind; for as it was—an instant surprised at such renewal of arrogance—Miss Schaeffer then listened to the table-talk, and took no further notice than that evinced by a little spot of scarlet in the cheek, that spread into a joyous flush when the truant Rob, in an extremely soiled and briery condition, came in and laid a spray of wild Christmas roses beside her hand. Mr. Roanoke sat with his arms folded on the mahogany, sending shafts here and there, and upsetting every body's arguments with one solid thrust of some briefer sentence. Miss Schaeffer took up her roses and turned to thank Rob, who had been beckoned to his mamma, and through a series of vindictive whispers sent away for repairs.

"Ah, Rob!" cried Mr. Roanoke, after the retiring hero. "Abjure the salic law? Conquered at last!" and thereupon fell suddenly into his last night's caprice and sparkle.

Juliet Develin left her nuts, slipped round to Madeleine, and telling her she had forgotten her pin, fastened the blossoms in her bosom.

It was the following morning that Miss Schaeffer found, upon her toilet-table, a kid case inclosing a tiny diamond spray—stem and leaf and half-blown blossom—the diamonds looking up at her, in their immortal freshness, and seeming to hang on their thread of filigrane like the very dew of the morning: she almost expected that they would shake before her breath, blow away, and vanish into the great reservoir of vapor, and light, and color. Yet Miss Schaeffer did not give these embodied atoms of lustre a second glance, but passing Mrs. Ediston's apartment, and finding the door ajar, she slipped in and laid them beside the restored jewel-casket, as if they had been overlooked. At the table, then, Miss Schaeffer's throat seemed snow above its knot of roses; but Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had the pleasure, so soon as he was at liberty to look about him, of seeing Mrs. Ediston's purple blazing with the diamond spray, like a constellation on the violet velvet of heaven—while she displayed it to the lady below Dr. Develin as one of dear Geoffrey's graceful gifts. Mr. Geoffrey bit his lip and bent his gaze full upon their rightful owner, but Miss Schaeffer was carving her rice-bird and answering Mr. St. Pierre's remarks with the unconcern of innocence. Thereupon a quick frown darkened Mr. Roanoke's brows; silent and waiting before—now a cold wit began to scatter its prisms about; satire pointed his spears; keen, and polished, and glittering as an icicle, he once or twice dazzled, but never warmed the unconscious object about whom all his lightnings played. For Miss Schaeffer had not troubled herself to consider how her action would affect Mr. Roanoke; she

had done what she thought best and half forgotten it.

Coffee having been served in the drawing-room, Miss Schaeffer sat in a window sipping her own, and her eye fell on Mr. Roanoke leaning carelessly against a bracket and looking down abstractedly, while he held his saucer in one hand and his cup with the uplifted fingers of the other. It was a great glow on one of those uplifted fingers which had caught Miss Schaeffer's eye anew—as often before—a coal of fire it seemed, burning with inward and intense light. All the cynical darkness had left Mr. Geoffrey's face; there was shadow there yet, but it was of a softer and sadder thing. As he raised his cup now he suffered his glance to sweep round, under the half fallen lids, in her direction. Immediately afterward he stood before her and held the resplendent carbuncle beneath her eyes.

"It is the Roanoke ring, Miss Schaeffer," he said. "You refused my pin; will you wear my ring? Will you wear the Roanoke ring, Miss Schaeffer?"

Madeleine looked at it, calmly enough; its flame did not touch her; she only saw engraven on it singular and ghastly emblematic lines—the death's head and cross-bones.

"It is fearful!" she said, without looking up, and drawing in her breath as she was wont.

"Do you always wear that, Mr. Roanoke?"

"From mother to son, from son to mother, always. It is our escutcheon—dust and ashes. Then you will not wear it, Miss Schaeffer?"

"I wear no jewels, Mr. Roanoke."

A fire like the spark imbedded in that stone shot into Mr. Roanoke's eye; he bent lower to speak, when Dr. Develin's hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Come, Roanoke," said the Doctor. "Here's Mrs. Ediston wants your help, and Miss Schaeffer mine. To your post, man!"

Mr. Roanoke stepped away in his masterful manner, and stopping to place his cup on the bracket against which he had been leaning, certainly no one would have supposed that it were aught but the sorriest accident, through which that bronze statue of Will fell shattered to the floor, having crushed the delicate cup to dust. Dr. Develin sprung to arrest its fall. "Never mind," said Mr. Roanoke, in that semitone of his, "the servants will remove it. Julius! Certainly there are enough bronzes in the house without it!" and proceeded toward Mrs. Ediston, while Julius and his subsidiaries obeyed orders; for though Mr. Roanoke never raised his voice, the person to whom he addressed himself could scarcely have lost a syllable had horizons been between them.

The hours wore on, and Madeleine had been playing some singular murmuring music of Chopin's, music that was like the talk of flower-roots and fibres below the damp, rich, fragrant earth. As she sat now idly twirling out little silvery runs from the twinkling fingers of one hand, Mrs. Ediston's demi-voice in Juliet's ear came also to her own. "Really, if I'd have

known what a fuss it was going to make I wouldn't have let her sing a note! I never can keep such a fine lady in service, *I'm* sure! How can you give orders to a person that takes them like a born duchess? There's the blessing of having one's servants black. It would be the greatest relief in the world if that languishing hair of hers would turn as crisp as chain lightning!"

"Mrs. Ediston!"

It was Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke who spoke, as he stood at no great distance, with folded arms and looking down. Whether it was because his eyes were flashing to such extent that he feared lest they should wither the woman if he glanced up, I can not say; but though they were so resolutely bent below, some subtle rays must have darted through the very lids, for Mrs. Ediston blanched before them.

The chorus of fiends in some demoniacal opera clanged up, and resounded, echoed, and died under the player's hands. Then Miss Schaeffer rose, her face pale as any marble masque that ever hung upon a statuary's wall. She went herself and sat down beside Dr. Develin.

"I must leave Roanoke," she said.

A light leaped into his glance; his face grew luminous as a cloud under which the sun sheathes himself. He dared not ask if it were to Spray Rocks she would go; any where, any where away from here was one step nearer there. He bent to listen, to assist, to arrange; a city chart and directory were opened, pocket-book and pencil required; animated words, promises, smiles, cheer, counsel; the two heads bowed together for a while over a side-table. Then the future was lapped to rest, and the present moment rose uppermost once more. So, passing into lighter talk, Madeleine stood playing carelessly with her fan—woven out of wild grasses and the pearly spires of rice by Essie's little fingers—and forgot herself into all the old ways with which she once queened it by sea-shore and mountain: the soft flush upon the cheek; the eye suffused with light; the laugh—that thing so seldom heard from her at Roanoke Fields—chiming like the last fringe of the surf in the silvery shells: others besides Dr. Develin were drawn about her. She was glad, confident, beautiful. She held again a court, and all men crowned her.

Looking into Mr. Roanoke's haggard eyes, what sprite then possessed Juliet Develin to dare break out in singing—to sing in a weird, little, murmuring voice like the bee's in a blossom?

"But one, one wish. It can not come too soon.
Alike to me the sunshine or the rain,
Alike the gibbous and the waning moon—
All vacant and in vain.

"One wish. Whether the sky burn blue at noon,
Or the cold stars shine on my dreamless bed,
One wish whose answer can not come too soon—
That I were dead."

But the evening went, and Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke could have known nothing of how it went with her, except by his happy faculty of seeing through the back of his head, since she never

once saw him look in her direction. At length came the bed-candles. As Miss Schaeffer lighted hers, while a dozen moths hovered about to take the office on themselves, they were put to flight by something in the mien of one who approached, and the hand that gleamed with the great engraven carbuncle passed before her eyes, took away the candle, and kindled it at leisure.

"Madeleine," said Mr. Roanoke, suddenly lifting the little blaze close before her face, as if he would inspect her very soul, "did you understand me this evening?"

"Yes, Mr. Roanoke."

"And did I understand you?"

"Yes, Mr. Roanoke."

"And it is he, then, who receives you; who is to be the wall between you and the world; who is to be allowed to love you!" he exclaimed, with an intensity of suppressed tone to make one tremble. "I love you!" he muttered. "I love you, and all the Develins in creation can not love you more! By the God in heaven above us, you shall leave this house to-morrow, or you shall stay in it my wife!"

But Mr. Roanoke's proud and insolent passion was like a rushing tract of shallow sea; it broke on the pride of a firmer spirit. For all answer, Miss Schaeffer drew from her reticule a card, carefully inscribed:

Miss Madeleine Schaeffer,

DAY SCHOOL 7 — STREET,

Charleston.

References:

DR. CHARLES DEVELIN.
W. GILLMORE REEVES, Esq.
HIS EXCELLENCY CHENEVIX BUTLER.

It was one of those paper missiles which the Church of Rome declares thunder-bolts. Mr. Roanoke stood stricken, with the card trembling in his hand. Miss Schaeffer passed on.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

IN 1834 Bancroft published the first volume of his "History of the United States," "the mature fruit of a long-cherished purpose." He had indeed, as early as 1818, while a student at Göttingen, determined to devote himself to historical pursuits, and for this purpose had marked out a course of study admirably adapted to the development of the lofty object to which he intended to devote his life.

After graduating at Cambridge in 1817, he went to Germany for the purpose of prosecuting, in the universities of that country, a comprehensive range of studies, contemplated by few, and prosecuted to a successful termination by a still more limited number of his countrymen. This scheme included nothing short of the whole range of ancient and modern literature, both sacred and profane. In the development of this plan he remained at the University of Göttingen for two years. He studied German literature under Benecke; French and Italian under Artaud and Bunsen; the Oriental languages under

Eichhorn; Natural History under Blumenbach;* and with Disson, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Plato, prosecuted a thorough course of Greek philosophy, including nearly all the writings of Plato. While pursuing his philosophic studies at Göttingen he resolved to devote himself to historical composition, in the prosecution of which object his comprehensive range of studies could be made directly available.

In 1820 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Göttingen, and soon after went to Berlin, where he was kindly received by William von Humboldt, Varnhagen von Ense, Lappenberg, Savigny, and Schleiermacher. Here he listened to the lectures of Wolf, of Schleiermacher, and of Hegel. At Heidelberg he spent several hours each day with the historian Schlosser. In Italy he formed the acquaintance of Manzoni at Milan, and a life-long one with Chevalier Bunsen at Rome. In Paris he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Constant, Cousin, and Alexander von Humboldt. He returned to the United States in 1822, and although for a portion of the time engaged in other pursuits, yet he never lost sight of his original intention, and in 1834 gave to the public the first volume of that history with which his name is now so intimately associated.

In the prosecution of his historical studies and in the composition of his works he has always acted upon the suggestion that "facts would clear up theories and assist in getting out the true one." With what success his carefully arranged and systematic labors have been prosecuted is evinced by the reception which has been given to his works, and the position which they have secured for their author as a man of letters and a calm, thoughtful, and philosophic historian.

"A History of the United States by an American writer," says Edward Everett, in an able article in the *North American Review* in the year following the appearance of Bancroft's first volume, "possesses a claim upon our attention of the strongest character. It would do so under any circumstances; but when we add that the work of Mr. Bancroft is one of the ablest of the class which has for years appeared in the English language; that it compares advantageously with the standard British historians; that, as far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind, and if completed as commenced will unquestionably be regarded both as an American and as an English classic, our readers would justly think us unpardonable if we failed to offer our humble tribute to its merit."

* Humboldt, when about twenty years of age, was a student of Natural History with Blumenbach, and there first learned the progress Zoology was making in advance of the great development of Cuvier, since continued by Agassiz, by means of which this branch of science is placed upon a new basis; for Blumenbach was unquestionably the first who presented a classification of the animal kingdom based on a knowledge of its structure.

With the exception of occasional intermissions, induced by his appointment to offices of high political trust, Bancroft has devoted himself almost exclusively to the great work he has undertaken. Although nearly thirty years have elapsed since the appearance of the first volume, yet the zeal with which he prosecutes his self-allotted task never falters, nor does he weary in subjecting, over and over again, each fact to the most rigid scrutiny and philosophic deductions before it is admitted into the chain of evidence by which the future will judge of the acts of the founders of the Government of the United States.

The separate volumes have appeared at irregular intervals. The second was published in 1838, the third in 1840, the fourth and fifth in 1852, the sixth in 1854, the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, and the ninth will probably appear in 1863. The completion of the third volume formed an important epoch in the progress of this work, inasmuch as it terminated the "History of the Colonization of the United States." The colonies, which for a century had been struggling through the first feeble steps of existence, had now become firmly established and prosperous. From this epoch a new order of things was to take place; and these colonies, hitherto the dependencies of a great nation, were to become the integral parts of a great nation themselves. Prescott, already eminent as a historian, seized this opportunity to write a review of the work as thus far advanced for the *North American Review*, in which he thus alludes to this important epoch. "What Mr. Bancroft has done for the colonial history is after all but the preparation for a richer theme—the History of the War of Independence: a subject which finds its origin in the remote past, its results in the infinite future; which finds a central point of unity in the ennobling principle of independence that gives dignity and grandeur to the most petty details of the conflict; and which has its fore-ground occupied by a single character toward which all the others converge as to a centre—the character of Washington in war, in peace, in private life, the most sublime on historical record. Happy the writer who shall exhibit this theme worthily to the eyes of his countrymen."

The best evidence that Bancroft has performed his labor in such a manner as to find acceptance in "the eyes of his countrymen," is to be found in the numerous editions of his works absorbed by the public. In 1840, when Prescott's review appeared, the three volumes then published had already reached their ninth edition, and the demand has since continued unabated. We have before us the eighteenth edition, and are not sure if this is the latest.

My first acquaintance with Bancroft began in 1852, while the American Medical Association, in its various wanderings, was assembled at New York. Among the entertainments to which, as a member, I was invited was a breakfast at Dr. KISSAM'S. The greater part of the guests were medical men, and included Doctors Warren of

Boston, Parsons of Providence, and Delafield and Francis of New York. Of those who were not attached to the medical profession was Bancroft. There were in all some fifteen guests, and among them many of varied intellectual attainments and much conversational ability; but in regard to colloquial powers the rest were left far in the back-ground by Dr. Francis and Bancroft. Dr. Francis had the reputation of being the most facetious and pleasant dinner-table companion in the city; and I must acknowledge my great surprise in discovering that the grave historian, whom I had expected to find a sedate if not a taciturn man, was fully the equal of the humorous Doctor in his power to engage the attention of the company.

We left the house together, and, as our pathway lay in the same direction, we continued to walk, chatting pleasantly upon such topics as presented themselves. Bancroft remarked that our association was not devoid of interest to him, as in the course of his studies he had become particularly interested in physiology, which he considered a vast field for contemplation. While at Göttingen he had received instruction in natural sciences from Blumenbach, whose physiological researches gave to him an exalted position in his day. The advance of science, which had largely affected physiology, had rendered many of the views of Blumenbach obsolete; yet it must be confessed that, from the lights in which he was enabled to view these facts, few minds were more acute or logical than his.

I remarked that New York, by its enlarged facilities, was attracting not only business men, but those who were devoted to literary pursuits, as well as men of leisure. He replied that on his return from abroad he found New York—taking it all together—a pleasanter place for a residence than any other city, but that he had for a long time made himself independent of external aid, in the prosecution of his historical researches, by taking care to possess himself of every work bearing on his particular pursuits. I fully realized the force of this remark, a few years after, when I came to see his collection, which in certain departments, and those in which he most requires its aid, far surpasses any public library in the country, not excluding the Astor Library.

Bancroft's habits are essentially those of a student. He rises early, and his morning hours are devoted to literary labor. In the later part of the day, if the weather is at all favorable, he takes a ride on horseback, and returns in time for dinner. The evening is devoted to the society of his friends, either in accepting invitations or in receptions at his own residence. Following the custom of his early friend Schleiermacher, he is at home on Sunday evening, and in the simplest and most unostentatious manner receives those who from personal friendship, or attracted by his reputation as a writer, fill his saloons.

While preparing a work on Private Libraries, I frequently saw Bancroft in his library, which

occupies the entire third story of his residence. On such occasions he was always surrounded by papers and books, and deeply immersed in documentary examinations, historical composition, or the revisal of proof-sheets. At this time he very rarely allows himself to be interrupted, and almost invariably declines to receive visitors until a later hour in the day.

The library contains not only every work he can procure bearing upon the history of the United States, and their early colonization, but also some of the best authors in each of the departments of knowledge; so that few questions can arise that he has not the means of answering in his own collection, which has already attained to the number of from twelve to fifteen thousand volumes, and, from the accessions constantly being made, promises to be much larger in the future.

The department of Philosophy, which is particularly rich, contains the complete works of his early instructors, Hegel and Schleiermacher. Reference to these naturally led the conversation to their authors, and his personal acquaintance with them. Of all the great German philosophers, he was, while in Berlin, upon the best terms with Schleiermacher, and a pretty constant attendant upon his Sunday evening receptions, where he was almost certain to meet a number of the most brilliant literary lights in Berlin. Upon the foundation of the University of Berlin in 1810, Schleiermacher was elected as the head of the Theological Faculty. He had already eminently distinguished himself as a writer on theology, as well as by his translation of Plato, which he had originally undertaken in connection with Frederick Schlegel, but had finally completed alone. As a pulpit orator he had great renown. Short and almost deformed in stature, with a remarkable conformation of body, and a sickly and delicate constitution, and an almost habitual sufferer from nervous maladies, he bore up against these infirmities with the heroism of a philosopher and the equanimity of a Christian. "I have known him," says Dr. Lücke, "while suffering from spasm of the stomach, not only to deliver lectures, but to preach to large and attentive audiences, who did not perceive that he was not in the most perfect bodily health." He never wrote his sermons before delivering them, and those which are in print are from notes taken by others while he was speaking. His plan was arranged in his own mind by previous reflection; and on Saturday evening he made out what he termed his "bill," consisting of the text and a few divisions of his subject, which was all he carried into the pulpit. It has been facetiously said of him that he composed his sermons while drawing on his boots. So too in his lectures—such as those on the History of Philosophy—a small scrap of paper answered for his memoranda. But so exact and logical were the sequences of his ideas, so clear his comprehension of the subject, and so great his mastery over it, that he never faltered in delivery or failed to infuse his own fer-

vor into the minds of his auditory; and frequently, when under the influence of extreme bodily pain, rose to a point of pathos that swept through his audience like a strong wind through a forest of slender reeds, bowing down their judgments in obedience to his own superior will. In those pedestrian excursions in which the German professor as well as student, during the long vacations, is accustomed to lay up a stock of health for future use, he was usually the most active. He was fond of the society of his friends, and always received them with a cordial welcome. His eye, bright and sparkling, ever seemed to be lit up with a pleasant smile; and however stoutly he might be called on to defend his own particular views of philosophy or religion, or combat those which he deemed false or pernicious, he always did so without personal animosity, and often with much good feeling for his opponent. Toward such a man it is not surprising that the enthusiastic student of philosophy should have been warmly attracted; nor is it at all remarkable that the distinguished Professor should have warmly welcomed to his circle his young transatlantic friend.

Nor was Bancroft less kindly received by Savigny, who occupied the position of chief of the Law Department of the University, and ranked among the ablest jurists of Germany. His masterly production on "The Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence," originally published in 1814, is one of the clearest and most logical expositions of the nature of the law necessary to regulate Germany that was ever written, and is alone sufficient to entitle him to a distinguished place among liberal writers on jurisprudence, had he never written his "History of Roman Law in the Middle Ages" and "System of Roman Law at the Present Day," through which he obtained such celebrity. Savigny was likewise the intimate friend and correspondent of Niebuhr, at that time the Prussian Minister at the Court of Rome; and it is possible that the friendly reception Bancroft met with from him on his visit to Rome soon after may have been partly induced by the high regard which Savigny entertained for him.

Niebuhr, although strictly engaged in the diplomatic service, had been at intervals of leisure a close and profitable student of Philology. Upon the foundation of the University of Berlin, with Buttmann, and Herndorff, and others, who made Berlin the centre of literary life in Germany, he was appointed a Professor, and, as such, delivered those lectures on Roman History which formed the basis of his great work. The success of his lectures was such, that, although in the beginning he had only intended to prepare a course of lectures on the subject of Roman History without undertaking to write a history, which, to use his own language, he considered "a less rash undertaking," he almost insensibly commenced the latter, and devoted to it the best part of the several following years. The first volume appeared in 1811; the second in 1812; and when, several years after, Bancroft

met him at Rome, he not only occupied a distinguished position as a diplomatist but had established a world-wide reputation as a historian.

Bancroft's acquaintance with Niebuhr was, however, far less intimate than with his Secretary of Legation, Chevalier Bunsen, who was at that time possessed of much reputation as a philologist; and, moreover, was a proficient in the language and maxims of Plato, which served as a still additional bond to draw the young American admirer of this great Grecian philosopher more closely toward him. Bunsen occupied a residence separate from that of Niebuhr; but the two were on terms of the warmest friendship. Indeed Bunsen was indebted to this source for his present position, and afterward, on the retirement of Niebuhr from the mission, to his elevation to the post of ambassador.

Among the acquaintances of Bancroft in Berlin was Wolf, who was perhaps the most thoroughly conversant with the Greek language of any one in Germany. He told Bancroft on one occasion that he could read Aristophanes in Greek with the same facility as he could his prayer-book in his native language. Bancroft afterward repeated this remark to Foss, who replied that he did not believe it to be possible. "For my own part," said he, "whenever I am anxious to find a passage in Homer with facility I take my own translation of the work in preference to the original." Certain it is that Wolf translated one hundred lines of the "Odyssey" into German, dactyl for dactyl, spondee for spondee, and even cæsura for cæsura, and, stopping short in the middle of a line, defied all Germany to complete the translation—a challenge never accepted.

Bancroft, while a student at Göttingen, met Goethe at Jena, and afterwards at Weimar. He bore a note of introduction to him at Jena, where he was temporarily occupying apartments in a public edifice belonging to the Grand Duke. Goethe received his visitor in the garden, where he happened to be, and here they continued to walk and talk for an hour or two. He was carelessly appareled, but his carriage was majestic, and his manner stately and dignified. He was quite frank in the utterance of his thoughts, and conversed upon many topics; but most about Byron, who was then at the height of his fame. He said that he eagerly devoured every thing that Byron wrote. "Don Juan," of which two cantos were then published, he considered as evincing the most genius of any of his works, although he greatly admired "Manfred;" probably the more, because he believed it to be an imitation from his own "Faust." In this, however, he was mistaken. In an interview with Byron a few years later Bancroft mentioned Goethe's criticisms, and particularly that relating to his imitation of "Faust."

Byron replied that he was, much to his regret, unacquainted with the German language; and the only knowledge he had of Goethe's "Faust" at the time of writing "Manfred" was

derived from Monk Lewis, who had translated to him some of the scenes, and had given him a general idea of the plot some time before he thought of writing "Manfred." It was, he declared, honor enough for "Manfred" to be mentioned by the side of "Faust."

This conversation occurred during a visit which Bancroft paid to Byron in May, 1822. In his rambles through Italy, after having spent three weeks of spring in Florence and its environs, and mounted the peaks of the Apennines to obtain a view of the Adriatic and the Tuscan sea, as well as to follow, with becoming reverence, the footsteps of Milton among the shades of Vallombrosa, Bancroft reached Leghorn while a squadron of United States vessels, under the pennant of Commodore Jones, in the flag-ship *Constitution*, lay off the harbor. In company with the other Americans who chanced to be in Leghorn, he was invited to be present on board the *Constitution*, which was to be visited the day after his arrival by Lord Byron. He had, however, on this occasion but little opportunity for conversation with Byron.

On that day an incident occurred which is worth relating. A lady of great personal beauty approached Byron with the remark that, unless she bore some memento back to Philadelphia, no one would believe that she had seen him, and asked permission to appropriate the rose he wore in the button-hole of his coat. The poet not only yielded up the flower, but on the following day sent a charming note, accompanied by a copy of the "Outlines to Faust," as a more enduring memento of the occasion.

I was curious to know the kind of deformity under which Byron labored, as many versions of it had been given—the last and most unpardonable being that by Captain Medwin, who, according to his own account, had taken advantage of the temporary absence of the faithful Fletcher not only to uncover the feet of his deceased friend as he lay stretched on his bier, to satisfy his own curiosity, but had given the result of his observations to the world—I therefore asked a gentleman who was present on this occasion concerning it.

"I can not say," replied he, "in what his lameness consisted. When he made his first appearance on the deck of the *Constitution* he did so with an unsteady gait, which gave an apparent embarrassment to his motions. This was at the time attributed to the fact that he supposed a group of ladies, whom he observed on the deck, to be English; but it was afterward thought that it was occasioned by his lameness, or perhaps his attempt to conceal it."

I remarked that he was by some thought to have had a club-foot; but I hardly thought that could have been the case, because the lameness, from a deformity of this kind, is so uncompromising and ungraceful as at once to detect its source, and I had been informed that Byron's movements in walking were far from being ungraceful.

"I certainly did not consider them graceful,"

said my friend; "and there was nothing in his movements, as I casually observed them, to put the idea of a club-foot out of question." In the absence of any positive testimony on this point, I am inclined to the belief that the limb was slightly shortened, and the ankle-joint permanently ankylosed or stiffened.

On the morning of the day following Byron's visit to the national ships in the harbor of Leghorn, Bancroft accepted an invitation given him by the poet to visit him at Monte Nero, where he was then residing. The dwelling, which was of brick and of a flaming red, stood in the midst of a landscape of well-cultivated grounds, with no unusual attractions for a summer residence except its proximity to the Mediterranean, which lay some three miles distant, and was visible from the house.

At eleven Bancroft sent a note to Byron desiring to know when it would be convenient for him to wait on him. The answer promptly returned was, that he should be most happy to see him an hour hence, as he was lazy and was not dressed. At the time appointed he repaired to the residence, and was shown into a spacious apartment, where he was at once joined by Byron, who immediately began the conversation by a number of questions about the squadron he had just visited, and the ships of war and naval battles of the United States; with all of which subjects he was conversant, as also with most of the minutiae connected with the affairs of honor which had taken place among distinguished American naval officers.

In politics he professed himself on the Liberal or Democratic side, and cherished the hope that he might visit the United States, and give, what he confessed had not been done, an impartial view of the country, its progress, and political institutions. It was at this period that he had his famous liaison with the Countess Guiccioli; who was, in fact, at that moment an inmate of his establishment, and was at a later hour in the day presented to his young American visitor. The embarrassments into which this connection involved him, on account of the political relations of her father and brothers, and in which he was made to share a part, rendered his continued residence in Italy soon after not only unpleasant, but absolutely impossible, except at a sacrifice of his interest in the Countess and her family.

That his intention to visit America was something more than a passing thought is evident from the circumstance that soon after this visit, when he apprehended the alternative of surrendering the Countess or sharing her fate in some other land than Italy, he wrote to a friend that he had determined to take up his residence with her in America.

With the character and productions of the literary men of the United States Byron was well acquainted, and spoke with great respect of Edward Everett and Washington Irving. Of the latter he had most to say, and expressed himself highly pleased with all his works, but

most of all with "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

Bancroft expressed his acknowledgments for the high appreciation in which he held the favorite author of America.

"I esteem Irving," replied Byron, "only in common with all my countrymen, among whom there is but one opinion concerning his genius."

Byron, who at this time was smarting under the fancied or real wrongs imposed upon him by his countrymen, separated, against his own volition, from her who might have rekindled the better nature within him, and, expatriated from his native land, still spoke and acted as an Englishman. He alluded to the clamor that had been raised against him on all sides, and appeared to view it with indifference. "But it was plain to see that under all this assumed careless gayety he was deeply wounded, and that the scorn he sometimes professed for English opinion was, after all, but a proof how highly he would have valued the good opinion of the best and noblest in his native land, had he had the good fortune to have secured it."

Byron was in excellent spirits, and, under one pleasant suggestion after another, managed to detain his visitor long after politeness had induced him to offer to take leave. On one of these occasions, while looking out of a window which commanded a view of the sea and Napoleon's prison at Elba, they found, on leaving it, that a lady had noiselessly entered and taken a seat on the sofa. This was the Countess Guiccioli. She was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, rosy cheeks, light auburn hair, and fine large dark eyes, expressive of gentleness. While the visitor was not particularly impressed with the high order of her beauty, he at the same time attributed to her a manner of uncommon gentleness and amiability. This description corresponds much better with my conception than many of those which invest her with remarkable personal charms. A lady who saw much of her in Paris long after Byron's death, and when she had grown to be a middle-aged woman, has often described her to me as somewhat short, rather fleshy, and on the whole what Byron would have denominated a "dumpy woman;" without much beauty, but gentle in manner and agreeable in conversation.

Bancroft has, from time to time, quitted the seclusion of the study to mingle in the more active arena of politics, and always with great effect. The question of a National currency, which largely occupied the public mind about the period of the election of Andrew Jackson to the office of President of the United States, called forth some able suggestions from his pen, which personally gave him a high position with the chief executive, and probably led to his selection, as collector of the port of Boston, by Van Buren, at a later period, without solicitation on his part. During Mr. Polk's administration he occupied, for about eighteen months, the post of Secretary of the Navy, which he exchanged

for that of Ambassador to the Court of Saint James.

His administration of the Navy Department was signalized by the most rigid economy in expenditure consistent with its successful working; and he is probably the only Secretary of his day whose estimates were allowed to pass without cavil by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. During his administration of the Department the Naval School, whose importance and efficiency is now generally admitted, was established at Annapolis. Its site is now temporarily removed, but its value in the early training of naval officers is so universally acknowledged that its permanent continuance can scarcely be doubted.

The commercial knowledge gained as Collector of the port of Boston enabled him, while in charge of the Embassy to St. James, to aid very materially these interests in both countries. Among his public acts in this capacity is the negotiation of a postal treaty between England and the United States, which was duly ratified by both Governments. This treaty places this important service upon the most liberal footing for both nations, and is conceived and executed in a spirit of candor that renders it alike popular to the people of both countries. The twentieth clause of this treaty, which, in view of our present disturbed relations, is of great significance, stipulates that, in the event of a war between England and the United States, those vessels connected with the Isthmus of Panama, belonging to either country, and engaged in the mail service, shall be free from molestation for six weeks after a notification shall have been given by either Government to the effect that their trips must be discontinued.

While occupying the position of Minister in England Mr. Bancroft availed himself of the opportunity to add largely to his collection of manuscripts by liberal extracts from the public archives of both England and France, which were freely thrown open to him for this purpose, as were also the private collections of many persons whose ancestors occupied distinguished positions in America. The whole collection of documents relating to America thus obtained is handsomely bound in about two hundred folio and quarto volumes, which are justly regarded by him as the most valuable, as it is undoubtedly the most expensive, portion of his collection.

His time is now almost exclusively devoted to the completion of that history which has been the chief occupation of a life now far advanced toward that period which usually bounds the span of human existence. Whatever may be the disadvantages of this epoch in life in other pursuits, it certainly favors the historian in the circumstance that it enables him to "see the worth of great men, who can not see the worth of each other;" to cast aside party prejudice and personal feeling; and to do justice to those who by the force of circumstances were made the victims of combinations too mighty for them to control.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IX.

THE day of the Grand Hegira came.

"I remember," said Miss Leaf, as they rumbled for the last time through the empty morning streets of poor old Stowbury—"I remember my grandmother telling me that when my grandfather was courting her, and she out of coquetry refused him, he set off on horseback to London, and she was so wretched to think of all the dangers he ran on the journey, and in London itself, that she never rested till she got him back, and then immediately married him."

"No such catastrophe is likely to happen to any of us, except, perhaps, to Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, trying to get up a little feeble mirth, any thing to pass away the time and lessen the pain of parting, which was almost too much for Johanna. "What do you say? Do you mean to get married in London, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth could make no answer, even to kind Miss Hilary. They had not imagined she felt the leaving her native place so much. She had watched intently the last glimpse of Stowbury church tower, and now sat with reddened eyes, staring blankly out of the carriage window, "Silent as a stone."

Once or twice a large slow tear gathered on each of her eyes, but it was shaken off angrily from the high cheek-bones, and never settled into absolute crying. They thought it best to take no notice of her. Only, when reaching the new small station, where the "resonant steam-eagles" were, for the first time, beheld by the innocent Stowbury ladies, there arose a discussion as to the manner of traveling. Miss Leaf said decidedly—"Second-class; and then we can keep Elizabeth with us." Upon which Elizabeth's mouth melted into something between a quiver and a smile.

Soon it was all over, and the little household was compressed into the humble second-class carriage, cheerless and cushionless, whirling through indefinite England in a way that confounded all their geography and topography. Gradually as the day darkened into heavy, chilly July rain, the scarcely kept-up spirits of the four passengers began to sink. Johanna grew very white and worn, Selina became, to use Ascott's phrase, "as cross as two sticks," and even Hilary, turning her eyes from the gray sodden-looking landscape without, could find no spot of comfort to rest on within the carriage, except that round rosy face of Elizabeth Hand's.

Whether it was from the spirit of contradiction existing in most such natures, which, especially in youth, are more strong than sweet, or from a better feeling, the fact was noticeable, that when every one else's spirits went down Elizabeth's went up. Nothing could bring her

out of a "grumpy" fit so satisfactorily as her mistresses falling into one. When Miss Selina now began to fidget hither and thither, each tone of her fretful voice seeming to go through her eldest sister's every nerve, till even Hilary said, impatiently, "Oh, Selina, can't you be quiet?" then Elizabeth rose from her depth of gloomy discontent up to the surface immediately.

She was only a servant; but Nature bestows that strange vague thing that we term "force of character" independently of position. Hilary often remembered afterward how much more comfortable the end of the journey was than she had expected—how Johanna lay at ease, with her feet on Elizabeth's lap, wrapped in Elizabeth's best woolen shawl; and how, when Selina's whole attention was turned to an ingenious contrivance with a towel and fork and Elizabeth's basket, for stopping the rain out of the carriage-roof—she became far less disagreeable, and even a little proud of her own cleverness. And so there was a temporary lull in Hilary's cares, and she could sit quiet, with her eyes fixed on the rainy landscape, which she did not see, and her thoughts wandering toward that unknown place and unknown life into which they were sweeping, as we all sweep, ignorantly, unresistingly, almost unconsciously, into new destinies. Hilary, for the first time, began to doubt of theirs. Anxious as she had been to go to London, and wise as the proceeding appeared, now that the die was cast and the cable cut, the old, simple, peaceful life at Stowbury grew strangely dear.

"I wonder if we shall ever go back again, or what is to happen to us before we do go back," she thought, and turned, with a half-defined fear, toward her eldest sister, who looked so old and fragile beside that sturdy, healthy servant-girl. "Elizabeth!" Elizabeth, rubbing Miss Leaf's feet, started at the unwonted sharpness of Miss Hilary's tone. "There; I'll do that for my sister. Go and look out of the window at London."

For the great smoky cloud which began to rise in the rainy horizon was indeed London. Soon through the thickening nebula of houses they converged to what was then the nucleus of all railway traveling, the Euston Terminus, and were hustled on to the platform, and jostled helplessly to and fro—these poor country ladies! Anxiously they scanned the crowd of strange faces for the one only face they knew in the great metropolis—which did not appear.

"It is very strange—very wrong of Ascott. Hilary, you surely told him the hour correctly. For once, at least, he might have been in time."

So chafed Miss Selina, while Elizabeth, who by some miraculous effort of intuitive genius had succeeded in collecting the luggage, was now

engaged in defending it from all comers, especially porters, and making of it a comfortable seat for Miss Leaf.

"Nay, have patience, Selina. We will give him just five minutes more, Hilary."

And Johanna sat down, with her sweet, calm, long-suffering face turned upward to that younger one, which was, as youth is apt to be, hot, and worried, and angry. And so they waited till the terminus was almost deserted, and the last cab had driven off, when, suddenly, dashing up the station-yard out of another, came Ascott.

He was so sorry, so very sorry, downright grieved, at having kept his aunts waiting. But his watch was wrong—some fellows at dinner detained him—the train was before its time surely. In fact, his aunts never quite made out what the excuse was; but they looked into his bright handsome face, and their wrath melted like clouds before the sun. He was so gentlemanly, so well-dressed—much better dressed than even at Stowbury—and he seemed so unfeignedly glad to see them. He handed them all into the cab—even Elizabeth, though whispering meanwhile to his Aunt Hilary, "What on earth did you bring her for?"—and then was just going to leap on to the box himself, when he stopped to ask "Where he should tell cabby to drive to?"

"Where to?" repeated his aunts in undisguised astonishment. They had never thought of any thing but of being taken home at once by their boy.

"You see," Ascott said, in a little confusion, "you wouldn't be comfortable with me. A young fellow's lodgings are not like a house of one's own, and, besides—"

"Besides, when a young fellow is ashamed of his old aunts, he can easily find reasons."

"Hush, Selina!" interposed Miss Leaf. "My dear boy, your old aunts would never let you inconvenience yourself for them. Take us to an inn for the night, and to-morrow we will find lodgings for ourselves."

Ascott looked greatly relieved.

"And you are not vexed with me, Aunt Johanna?" said he, with something of his old childish tone of compunction, as he saw—he could not help seeing—the utter weariness which Johanna tried so hard to hide.

"No, my dear, not vexed. Only I wish we had known this a little sooner, that we might have made arrangements. Now, where shall we go?"

Ascott mentioned a dozen hotels, but they found he only knew them by name. At last Miss Leaf remembered one, which her father used to go to, on his frequent journeys to London, and whence, indeed, he had been brought home to die. And though all the recollections about it were sad enough, still it felt less strange than the rest, in this dreariness of London. So she proposed going to the "Old Bell," Holborn.

"A capital place!" exclaimed Ascott, eagerly. "And I'll take and settle you there; and

we'll order supper, and make a jolly night of it. All right. Drive on, cabby!"

He jumped on the box, and then looked in mischievously, flourishing his lit cigar, and shaking his long hair—his Aunt Selina's two great abominations—right in her indignant face: but withal looking so merry and good-tempered that she shortly softened into a smile.

"How handsome the boy is growing!"

"Yes," said Johanna, with a slight sigh; "and, did you notice? how exceedingly like his—"

The sentence was left unfinished. Alas! if every young man, who believes his faults and follies injure himself alone, could feel what it must be, years afterward, to have his nearest kindred shrink from saying, as the saddest, most ominous thing they could say of his son, that the lad is growing "so like his father!"

It might have been—they assured each other that it was—only the incessant roll, roll of the street sounds below their windows which kept the Misses Leaf awake half the night of this their first night in London. And when they sat down to breakfast—having waited an hour vainly for their nephew—it might have been only the gloom of the little parlor which cast a slight shadow over them all. Still the shadow was there.

It deepened, despite the sunshiny morning into which the last night's rain had brightened, till Holborn Bars looked cheerful, and Holborn pavement actually clean, so that, as Elizabeth said, "you might eat your dinner off it;" which was the one only thing she condescended to approve in London. She had sat all evening mute in her corner, for Miss Leaf would not send her away into the *terra incognita* of a London hotel. Ascott, at first considerably annoyed at the presence of what he called a "skeleton at the feast," had afterward got over it, and run on with a mixture of childish glee and mannish pomposity about his plans and intentions—how he meant to take a house, he thought, in one of the squares, or a street leading out of them; how he would put up the biggest of brass plates, with "Mr. Leaf, surgeon," and soon get an extensive practice, and have all his aunts to live with him. And his aunts had smiled and listened, forgetting all about the silent figure in the corner, who perhaps had gone to sleep, or had also listened.

"Elizabeth, come and look out at London."

So she and Miss Hilary whiled away another heavy three-quarters of an hour in watching and commenting on the incessantly shifting crowd which swept past Holborn Bars. Miss Selina sometimes looked out too, but more often sat fidgeting and wondering why Ascott did not come; while Miss Leaf, who never fidgeted, became gradually more and more silent. Her eyes were fixed on the door, with an expression which, if Hilary could have remembered so far back, would have been to her something not painfully new, but still more painfully old—a look branded into her face by many an hour's anxious listening for the footstep that never

came, or only came to bring distress. It was the ineffaceable token of that long, long struggle between affection and conscience, pity and scarcely repressible contempt, which, for more than one generation, had been the appointed burden of this family—at least the women of it—till sometimes it seemed to hang over them almost like a fate.

About noon Miss Leaf proposed calling for the hotel bill. Its length so alarmed the country ladies that Hilary suggested not staying to dine, but going immediately in search of lodgings.

"What, without a gentleman! Impossible! I always understood ladies could go nowhere in London without a gentleman!"

"We shall come very ill off then, Selina. But any how I mean to try. You know the region where, we have heard, lodgings are cheapest and best—that is, best for us. It can not be far from here. Suppose I start at once?"

"What, alone?" cried Johanna, anxiously.

"No, dear. I'll take the map with me, and Elizabeth. She is not afraid."

Elizabeth smiled, and rose, with that air of dogged devotedness with which she would have prepared to follow Miss Hilary to the North Pole, if necessary. So, after a few minutes of arguing with Selina, who did not press her point overmuch, since she herself had not to commit the impropriety of the expedition. After a few minutes more of hopeless lingering about—till even Miss Leaf said they had better wait no longer—mistress and maid took a farewell nearly as pathetic as if they had been in reality Arctic voyagers, and plunged right into the dusty glare and hurrying crowd of the "sunny side" of Holborn in July.

A strange sensation, and yet there was something exhilarating in it. The intense solitude that there is in a London crowd these country girls—for Miss Hilary herself was no more than a girl—could not as yet realize. They only felt the life of it; stirring, active, incessantly moving life—even though it was of a kind that they knew as little of it as the crowd did of them. Nothing struck Hilary more than the self-absorbed look of passers-by; each so busy on his own affairs, that, in spite of Selina's alarm, for all notice taken of them, they might as well be walking among the cows and horses in Stowbury field.

Poor old Stowbury! They felt how far away they were from it when a ragged, dirty, vicious-looking girl offered them a moss rose-bud for "one penny, only one penny;" which Elizabeth, lagging behind, bought, and found it only a broken-off bud stuck on to a bit of wire.

"That's London ways, I suppose," said she, severely, and became so misanthropic that she would hardly vouchsafe a glance to the handsome square they turned into, and merely observed of the tall houses, taller than any Hilary had ever seen, that she "wouldn't fancy running up and down them stairs."

But Hilary was cheerful in spite of all. She

was glad to be in this region, which, theoretically, she knew by heart—glad to find herself in the body, where in the spirit she had come so many a time. The mere consciousness of this seemed to refresh her. She thought she would be much happier in London; that in the long years to come that must be borne, it would be good for her to have something to do as well as to hope for; something to fight with as well as to endure. Now more than ever came pulsing in and out of her memory a line once repeated in her hearing, with an observation of how "true" it was. And though originally it was applied by a man to a woman, and she smiled sometimes to think how "unfeminine" some people—Selina for instance—would consider her turning it the other way, still she did so. She believed, that, for woman as for man, that is the purest and noblest love which is the most self-existent, most independent of love returned; and which can say, each to the other equally on both sides, that the whole solemn purpose of life is, under God's service,

"If not to win, to feel more worthy thee."

Such thoughts made her step firmer and her heart lighter; so that she hardly noticed the distance they must have walked till the close London air began to oppress her, and the smooth glaring London pavements made her Stowbury feet ache sorely.

"Are you tired, Elizabeth? Well, we'll rest soon. There must be lodgings near here. Only I can't quite make out—"

As Miss Hilary looked up to the name of the street the maid noticed what a glow came into her mistress's face, pale and tired as it was. Just then a church clock struck the quarter-hour.

"That must be St. Pancras. And this—yes, this is Burton Street, Burton Crescent."

"I'm sure missis wouldn't like to live there," observed Elizabeth, eying uneasily the gloomy *rez-de-chaussée*, familiar to many a generation of struggling respectability, where, in the decadence of the season, every second house bore the announcement "apartments furnished."

"No," Miss Hilary replied, absently. Yet she continued to walk up and down the whole length of the street; then passed out into the dreary, deserted-looking Crescent, where the trees were already beginning to fade; not, however, into the bright autumn tint of country woods, but into a premature withering, ugly and sad to behold.

"I am glad he is not here—glad, glad!" thought Hilary, as she realized the unutterable dreariness of those years when Robert Lyon lived and studied in his garret from month's end to month's end—these few dusty trees being the sole memento of the green country life in which he had been brought up, and which she knew he so passionately loved. Now she could understand that "calenture" which he had sometimes jestingly alluded to, as coming upon him at times, when he felt literally sick for the sight of a green field or a hedge full of birds. She

wondered whether the same feeling would ever come upon her in this strange desert of London, the vastness of which grew upon her every hour.

She was glad he was away; yes, heart-glad! And yet, if this minute she could only have seen him coming round the Crescent, have met his smile, and the firm, warm clasp of his hand—

For an instant there rose up in her one of those wild, rebellious outcries against fate, when to have to waste years of this brief life of ours in the sort of semi-existence that living is, apart from the treasure of the heart and delight of the eyes, seems so cruelly, cruelly hard!

"Miss Hilary."

She started, and "put herself under lock and key" immediately.

"Miss Hilary; you do look so tired!"

"Do I? Then we will go and sit down in this baker's shop, and get rested and fed. We can not afford to wear ourselves out, you know. We have a great deal to do to-day."

More indeed than she calculated, for they walked up one street and down another, investigating at least twenty lodgings before any appeared which seemed fit for them. Yet some place must be found where Johanna's poor, tired head could rest that night. At last, completely exhausted, with that oppressive exhaustion which seems to crush mind as well as body after a day's wandering in London, Hilary's courage began to ebb. Oh for an arm to lean on, a voice to listen for, a brave heart to come to her side, saying, "Do not be afraid, there are two of us!" And she yearned, with an absolutely sick yearning such as only a woman who now and then feels the utter helplessness of her womanhood can know, for the only arm she cared to lean on, the only voice dear enough to bring her comfort, the only heart that she felt she could trust.

Poor Hilary! And yet why pity her? To her three alternatives could but happen: were Robert Lyon true to her she would be his, entirely and devotedly, to the end of her days; did he forsake her, she would forgive him; should he die, she would be faithful to him eternally. Love of this kind may know anguish, but not the sort of anguish that lesser and weaker loves do. If it is certain of nothing else, it can always be certain of itself.

"Its will is strong:

It suffers; but it can not suffer long."

And even in its utmost pangs is an underlying peace which often approaches to absolute joy.

Hilary roused herself, and bent her mind steadily on lodgings till she discovered one, from the parlor of which you could see the trees of Burton Crescent and hear the sound of Saint Pancras's clock.

"I think we may do here—at least for a while," said she, cheerfully; and then Elizabeth heard her inquiring if an extra bedroom could be had if necessary.

There was only one small attic. "Ascott never could put up with that," said Hilary, half to herself. Then suddenly—"I think I will

see Ascott before I decide. Elizabeth, will you go with me, or remain here?"

"I'll go with you if you please, Miss Hilary."

"If you please," sounded not unlike "if I please," and Elizabeth had gloomed over a little. "Is Mr. Ascott to live with us?"

"I suppose so."

No more words were interchanged till they reached Gower Street, when Miss Hilary observed, with evident surprise, what a handsome street it was.

"I must have made some mistake. Still we will find out Mr. Ascott's number, and inquire."

No, there was no mistake. Mr. Ascott Leaf had lodged there for three months, but had given up his rooms that very morning.

"Where had he gone to?"

The servant—a London lodging-house servant all over—didn't know; but she fetched the landlady, who was after the same pattern of the dozen London landladies with whom Hilary had that day made acquaintance, only a little more Cockney, smirking, dirty, and tawdrily fine.

"Yes, Mr. Leaf had gone, and he hadn't left no address. Young college gentlemen often found it convenient to leave no address. P'raps he would if he'd known there would be a young lady a-calling to see him."

"I am Mr. Leaf's aunt," said Hilary, turning as hot as fire.

"Oh, in-deed," was the answer, with civil incredulousness.

But the woman was sharp of perception—as often-cheated London landladies learn to be. After looking keenly at mistress and maid, she changed her tone; nay, even launched out into praises of her late lodger: what a pleasant gentleman he was; what good company he kept, and how he had promised to recommend her apartments to his friends.

"And as for the little some'at of rent, Miss—tell him it makes no matter, he can pay me when he likes. If he don't call soon, p'raps I might make bold to send his trunk and his books over to Mr. Ascott's of—dear me, I forget the number and the square."

Hilary unsuspectingly supplied both.

"Yes, that's it—the old gentleman as Mr. Leaf went to dine with every other Sunday, a very rich old gentleman, who, he says, is to leave him all his money. Maybe a relation of yours, Miss?"

"No," said Hilary; and adding something about the landlady's hearing from Mr. Leaf very soon, she hurried out of the house, Elizabeth following.

"Won't you be tired if you walk so fast, Miss Hilary?"

Hilary stopped, choking. Helplessly she looked up and down the forlorn, wide, glaring, dusty street; now sinking into the dull shadow of a London afternoon.

"Let us go home!" And at the word a sob burst out—just one passionate pent-up sob. No more. She could not afford to waste strength in crying.

"As you say, Elizabeth, I am getting tired; and that will not do. Let me see; something must be decided." And she stood still, passing her hand over her hot brow and eyes. "I will go back and take the lodgings, leave you there to make all comfortable, and then fetch my sisters from the hotel. But stay first, I have forgotten something."

She returned to the house in Gower Street, and wrote on one of her cards an address—the only permanent address she could think of—that of the city broker who was in the habit of paying them their yearly income of £50.

"If any creditors inquire for Mr. Leaf give them this. His friends may always hear of him at the London University."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied the now civil landlady. "Indeed, I wasn't afraid of the young gentleman giving us the slip. For though he was careless in his bills he was every inch the gentleman. And I wouldn't object to take him in again. Or p'raps you yourself, ma'am, might be a-wanting rooms."

"No, I thank you. Good-morning." And Hilary hurried away.

Not a word did she say to Elizabeth, or Elizabeth to her, till they got into the dull, dingy parlor—henceforth to be their sole apology for "home:" and then she only talked about domestic arrangements—talked fast and eagerly, and tried to escape the affectionate eyes which she knew were so sharp and keen. Only to escape them—not to blind them; she had long ago found out that Elizabeth was too quick-witted for that, especially in any thing that concerned "the family." She felt convinced the girl had heard every syllable that passed at Ascott's lodgings: that she knew all that was to be known, and guessed what was to be feared as well as Hilary herself.

"Elizabeth"—she hesitated long, and doubted whether she should say the thing before she did say it—"remember we are all strangers in London, and family matters are best kept within the family. Do not mention either in writing home, or to any body here about—about—"

She could not name Ascott; she felt so horribly ashamed.

CHAPTER X.

LIVING in lodgings, not temporarily, but permanently, sitting down to make one's only "home" in Mrs. Jones's parlor or Mrs. Smith's first-floor, of which not a stick or a stone that one looks at is one's own, and whence one may be evicted or evade, with a week's notice or a week's rent, any day—this sort of life is natural and even delightful to some people. There are those who, like strawberry-plants, are of such an errant disposition, that grow them where you will, they will soon absorb all the pleasantness of their habitat, and begin casting out runners elsewhere; nay, if not frequently transplanted,

would actually wither and die. Of such are the pioneers of society—the emigrants, the tourists, the travelers round the world; and great is the advantage the world derives from them, active, energetic, and impulsive as they are. Unless, indeed, their talent for incessant locomotion degenerates into rootless restlessness, and they remain forever rolling-stones, gathering no moss, and acquiring gradually a smooth, hard surface, which adheres to nothing, and to which nobody dare venture to adhere.

But there are others possessing in a painful degree this said quality of adhesiveness, to whom the smallest change is obnoxious; who like drinking out of a particular cup, and sitting in a particular chair; to whom even a variation in the position of furniture is unpleasant. Of course, this peculiarity has its bad side, and yet it is not in itself mean or ignoble. For is not adhesiveness, faithfulness, constancy—call it what you will—at the root of all citizenship, clanship, and family love? Is it not the same feeling which, granting they remain at all, makes old friendships dearer than any new? Nay, to go to the very sacredest and closest bond, is it not that which makes an old man see to the last in his old wife's faded face the beauty which perhaps nobody ever saw except himself, but which he sees and delights in still, simply because it is familiar and his own?

To people who possess a large share of this rare—shall I say fatal?—characteristic of adhesiveness, living in lodgings is about the saddest life under the sun. Whether some dim foreboding of this fact crossed Elizabeth's mind, as she stood at the window watching for her mistresses' first arrival at "home," it is impossible to say. She could feel, though she was not accustomed to analyze her feelings. But she looked dull and sad. Not cross, even Ascott could not have accused her of "savageness."

And yet she had been somewhat tried. First, in going out what she termed "marketing," she had traversed a waste of streets, got lost several times, and returned with light weight in her butter, and sand in her moist sugar; also with the conviction that London tradesmen were the greatest rogues alive. Secondly, a pottle of strawberries, which she had bought with her own money to grace the tea-table with the only fruit Miss Leaf cared for, had turned out a large delusion, big and beautiful at top, and all below small, crushed, and stale. She had thrown it indignantly, pottle and all, into the kitchen fire.

Thirdly, she had a war with the landlady, partly on the subject of their fire—which, with her Stowbury notions on the subject of coals, seemed wretchedly mean and small—and partly on the question of table-cloths at tea, which Mrs. Jones had "never heard of," especially when the use of plate and linen was included in the rent. And the dinginess of the article produced at last out of an omnium-gatherum sort of kitchen-cupboard, made an ominous impression upon the country girl, accustomed to clean, tidy country ways—where the kitchen was kept

as neat as the parlor, and the bedrooms were not a whit behind the sitting-rooms in comfort and orderliness. Here it seemed as if, supposing people could show a few respectable living-rooms, they were content to sleep any where, and cook any how, out of any thing, in the midst of any quantity of confusion and dirt. Elizabeth set all this down as "London," and hated it accordingly.

She had tried to ease her mind by arranging and rearranging the furniture—regular lodging-house furniture—table, six chairs, horse-hair sofa, a what-not, and the chiffonnier, with a tea-caddy upon it, of which the respective keys had been solemnly presented to Miss Hilary. But still the parlor looked homeless and bare; and the yellowish paper on the walls, the large patterned, many-colored Kidderminster on the floor, gave an involuntary sense of discomfort and dreariness. Besides, No. 15 was on the shady side of the street—cheap lodgings always are; and no one who has not lived in the like lodgings—not a house—can imagine what it is to inhabit perpetually one room where the sunshine just peeps in for an hour a day, and vanishes by eleven A.M., leaving behind in winter a chill dampness, and in summer a heavy, dusty atmosphere, that weighs like lead on the spirits in spite of one's self. No wonder that, as is statistically known and proved, cholera stalks, fever rages, and the registrar's list is always swelled, along the shady side of a London street.

Elizabeth felt this, though she had not the dimmest idea why. She stood watching the sunset light fade out of the topmost windows of the opposite house—ghostly reflection of some sunset over fields and trees far away; and she listened to the long monotonous cry melting away round the crescent, and beginning again at the other end of the street—"Straw-berries—straw-ber-ries!" Also, with an eye to to-morrow's Sunday dinner, she investigated the cart of the tired costermonger, who crawled along beside his equally tired donkey, reiterating at times, in tones hoarse with a day's bawling, his dreary "Cauli-flow-er! Cauli-flow-er!—Fine new pease, sixpence peck!"

But, alas! the pease were neither fine nor new; and the cauliflowers were regular Saturday night's cauliflowers. Besides, Elizabeth suddenly doubted whether she had any right, unordered, to buy these things which, from being common garden necessities, had become luxuries. This thought, with some others that it occasioned, her unwonted state of idleness, and the dullness of every thing about her—what is so dull as a "quiet" London street on a summer evening?—actually made Elizabeth stand, motionless and meditative, for a quarter of an hour.

Then she started to hear two cabs drive up to the door; the "family" had at length arrived.

Ascott was there too. Two new portmantoes and a splendid hat-box cast either ignominy or glory upon the poor Stowbury luggage; and—Elizabeth's sharp eyes noticed—there was

also his trunk which she had seen lying detained for rent in his Grower Street lodgings. But he looked quite easy and comfortable; handed out his Aunt Johanna, commanded the luggage about, and paid the cabmen with such a magnificent air that they touched their hats to him, and winked at one another as much as to say, "That's a real gentleman!"

In which statement the landlady evidently coincided, and courtesied low, when Miss Leaf introducing him as "my nephew," hoped that a room could be found for him. Which at last there was, by his appropriating Miss Leaf's, while she and Hilary took that at the top of the house. But they agreed, Ascott must have a good airy room to study in.

"You know, my dear boy," said his Aunt Johanna to him—and at her tender tone he looked a little downcast, as when he was a small fellow and had been forgiven something—"you know you will have to work very hard."

"All right, aunt! I'm your man for that! This will be a jolly room; and I can smoke up the chimney capitally."

So they came down stairs quite cheerfully, and Ascott applied himself with the best of appetites to what he called a "hungry" tea. True, the ham, which Elizabeth had to fetch from an eating-house some streets off, cost two shillings a pound, and the eggs, which caused her another war below over the relighting of a fire to boil them, were dismissed by the young gentleman as "horrid stale." Still, woman-like, when there is a man in the question, his aunts let him have his way. It seemed as if they had resolved to try their utmost to make the new home to which he came, or rather was driven, a pleasant home, and to bind him to it with cords of love, the only cords worth any thing, though sometimes—Heaven knows why—even they fail, and are snapped and thrown aside like straws.

Whenever Elizabeth went in and out of the parlor she always heard lively talk going on among the family: Ascott making his jokes, telling about his college life, and planning his life to come, as a surgeon in full practice, on the most extensive scale. And when she brought in the chamber candles, she saw him kiss his aunts affectionately, and even help his Aunt Johanna—who looked frightfully pale and tired, but smiling still—to her bedroom door.

"You'll not sit up long, my dear? No reading to-night?" said she, anxiously.

"Not a bit of it. And I'll be up with the lark to-morrow morning. I really will, auntie. I'm going to turn over a new leaf, you know."

She smiled again at the immemorial joke, kissed and blessed him, and the door shut upon her and Hilary.

Ascott descended to the parlor, threw himself on the sofa with an air of great relief, and an exclamation of satisfaction that "the women" were all gone. He did not perceive Elizabeth, who, hidden behind, was kneeling to arrange something in the chiffonnier, till she rose up and proceeded to fasten the parlor shutters.

"Hollo! are you there? Come, I'll do that when I go to bed. You may 'slope,' if you like."

"Eh, Sir?"

"Slope, mizzle, cut your stick; don't you understand? Any how, don't stop here bothering me."

"I don't mean to," replied Elizabeth; gravely, rather than gruffly, as if she had made up her mind to things as they were, and was determined to be a belligerent party no longer. Besides, she was older now—too old to have things forgiven to her that might be overlooked in a child; and she had received a long lecture from Miss Hilary on the necessity of showing respect to Mr. Ascott, or Mr. Leaf, as it was now decided he was to be called, in his dignity and responsibility as the only masculine head of the family.

As he lay and lounged there, with his eyes lazily shut, Elizabeth stood a minute gazing at him. Then, steadfast in her new good behavior, she inquired "if he wanted any thing more to-night?"

"Confound you! no! Yes; stop." And the young man took a furtive investigation of the plain, honest face, and not over-graceful, ultra-provincial figure, which still characterized his aunt's "South-Sea Islander."

"I say, Elizabeth, I want you to do something for me." He spoke so civilly, almost coaxingly, that Elizabeth turned round surprised. "Would you just go and ask the landlady if she has got such a thing as a latch-key?"

"A what, Sir?"

"A latch-key—a—oh, she knows. Every London house has it. Tell her I'll take care of it, and lock the front-door all right. She needn't be afraid of thieves."

"Very well, Sir."

Elizabeth went, but shortly reappeared with the information that Mrs. Jones had gone to bed: in the kitchen, she supposed, as she could not get in. But she laid on the table the large street-door key.

"Perhaps that's what you wanted, Mr. Leaf. Though I think you needn't be the least afraid of robbers, for there's three bolts, and a chain besides."

"All right!" cried Ascott, smothering down a laugh. "Thank you! That's for you," throwing a half-crown across the table.

Elizabeth took it up demurely, and put it down again. Perhaps she did not like him enough to receive presents from him; perhaps she thought, being an honest-minded girl, that a young man who could not pay his rent had no business to be giving away half-crowns; or else she herself had not been so much as many servants are, in the habit of taking them. For Miss Hilary had put into Elizabeth some of her own feeling as to this habit of paying an inferior with money for any little civility or kindness which, from an equal, would be accepted simply as kindness, and only requited with thanks. Any how, the coin remained on the table, and

the door was just shutting upon Elizabeth, when the young gentleman turned round again.

"I say, since my aunts are so horribly timid of robbers and such like, you'd better not tell them any thing about the latch-key."

Elizabeth stood a minute perplexed, and then replied briefly: "Miss Hilary isn't a bit timid; and I always tells Miss Hilary every thing."

Nevertheless, though she was so ignorant as never to have heard of a latch-key, she had the wit to see that all was not right. She even lay awake, in her closet off Miss Leaf's room, whence she could hear the murmur of her two mistresses talking together, long after they retired—lay broad awake for an hour or more, trying to put things together—the sad things that she felt certain must have happened that day, and wondering what Mr. Ascott could possibly want with the key. Also, why he had asked her about it, instead of telling his aunts at once; and why he had treated her in the matter with such astonishing civility.

It may be said, a servant had no business to think about these things, to criticise her young master's proceedings, or wonder why her mistresses were sad: that she had only to go about her work like an automaton, and take no interest in any thing. I can only answer to those who like such service, let them have it; and as they sow they will assuredly reap.

But long after Elizabeth, young and hearty, was soundly snoring on her hard, cramped bed, Johanna and Hilary Leaf, after a brief mutual pretense of sleep, soon discovered by both, lay consulting together over ways and means. How could the family expenses, beginning with twenty-five shillings per week as rent, possibly be met by the only actual certain family income, their £50 per annum from a mortgage? For the Misses Leaf were of that old-fashioned stamp which believed that to reckon an income by mere probabilities is either insanity or dishonesty.

Common arithmetic soon proved that this £50 a year could not maintain them; in fact they must soon draw on the little sum—already dipped into to-day, for Ascott—which had been produced by the sale of the Stowbury furniture. That sale, they now found, had been a mistake; and they half feared whether the whole change from Stowbury to London had not been a mistake—one of those sad errors in judgment which we all commit sometimes, and have to abide by, and make the best of, and learn from if we can. Happy those to whom "Dinna greet over spilt milk"—a proverb wise as cheerful, which Hilary, knowing well who it came from, repeated to Johanna to comfort her—teaches a second brave lesson, how to avoid spilling the milk a second time.

And then they consulted anxiously about what was to be done to earn money.

Teaching presented itself as the only resource. In those days women's work and women's rights had not been discussed so freely as at present. There was a strong feeling that the principal

thing required was our duties—owed to ourselves, our home, our family and friends. There was a deep conviction—now, alas! slowly disappearing—that a woman, single or married, should never throw herself out of the safe circle of domestic life till the last extremity of necessity; that it is wiser to keep or help to keep a home, by learning how to expend its income, cook its dinners, make and mend its clothes, and, by the law that “prevention is better than cure,” studying all those preservative means of holding a family together—as women, and women alone, can—than to dash into men’s sphere of trades and professions, thereby, in most instances, fighting an unequal battle, and coming out of it maimed, broken, unsexed; turned into beings that are neither men nor women, with the faults and corresponding sufferings of both, and the compensations of neither.

“I don’t see,” said poor Hilary, “what I can do but teach. And oh, if I could only get daily pupils, so that I might come home of nights, and creep into the fireside; and have time to mend the stockings and look after Ascott’s linen, so that he need not be so awfully extravagant!”

“It is Ascott who ought to earn the family income, and have his aunt to keep house for him,” observed Johanna. “That was the way in my time, and I believe it is the right way. The man ought to go out into the world and earn the money; the woman ought to stay at home and wisely expend it.”

“And yet that way is not always possible. We know, of ourselves, instances where it was not.”

“Ah, yes!” assented Johanna, sighing. For she, far more than Hilary, viewed the family circumstances in the light of its past history—a light too sad almost to bear looking at. “But in ours, as in most similar cases, was something not right, something which forced men and women out of their natural places. It is a thing that may be sometimes a mournful, inevitable necessity; but I never can believe it a right thing, or a thing to be voluntarily imitated, that women should go knocking about the world like men—and—”

“And I am not meaning to do any such thing,” said Hilary, half laughing. “I am only going to try every rational means of earning a little money to keep the family going till such time as Ascott can decide on his future, and find a suitable opportunity for establishing himself in practice. In some of the new neighborhoods about London he says he has a capital chance; he will immediately set about inquiries. A good idea, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” said Johanna, briefly. But they did not discuss this as they had discussed their own plans; and, it was noticeable, they never even referred to, as a portion of the family finances, that pound a week which, with many regrets that it was so small, Ascott had insisted on paying to his aunts as his contribution to the expenses of the household.

And now the dawn was beginning to break, and the lively London sparrows to chirp in the chimneys. So Hilary insisted on their talking no more, but going to sleep like Christians.

“Very well. Good-night, my blessing!” said Johanna, softly. And perhaps indeed her “blessing,” with that strange, bright courage of her own—years after, when Hilary looked back upon her old self, how utterly mad this courage seemed!—had taken the weight of care from the elder and feebler heart, so that Johanna turned round and soon slept.

But long after, till the dawn melted into perfect daylight, did Hilary lie, open-eyed, listening to quarter after quarter of the loud St. Pancras clock. Brave she was, this little woman, fully as brave and cheerful-hearted as, for Johanna’s sake, she made herself out to be; and now that the paralyzed monotony of her Stowbury life was gone, and that she was in the midst of the whirl of London, where *he* used to work and struggle, she felt doubly bright and brave. The sense of resistance, of dogged perseverance, of “fighting it out” to the last, was strong in her, stronger than in most women, or else it was the reflection in her own of that nature which was her ideal of every thing great and good.

“No,” she said to herself, after thinking over for the hundredth time every difficulty that lay before them all—meeting and looking in the face every wild beast in the way, even that terrible beast which, happily, had often approached but never yet visited the Leaf family, “the wolf at the door”—“No, I don’t think I am afraid. I think I shall never be afraid of any thing in this world, if only—only—”

“If only he loves me.” That was it, which broke off, unspoken; the helpless woman’s cry—the cruel craving for the one deepest want of a woman’s life—deeper than the same want in man’s, or in most men’s, because it is more individual—not “if only I am loved,” but “if only *he* loves me.” And as Hilary resolutely shut her eyes, and forced her aching head into total stillness, sharper than ever, as always was the case when she felt weary, mentally or physically, came her longing for the hand to cling to, the breast to lean against—the heart at once strong and tender, which even the bravest woman feels at times she piteously needs. A heart which can comfort and uphold her, with the strength not of another woman like herself, but of a man, encouraging her, as perhaps her very weakness encourages him, to “fight it out,” the sore battle of life, a little longer. But this support, in any shape, from any man, the women of the Leaf family had never known.

The nearest approach to it were those letters from India, which had become, Johanna sometimes jestingly said, a family institution. For they were family letters; there was no mystery about them; they were passed from one to the other, and commented on in perfect freedom, so freely, indeed, that Selina had never penetrated into the secret of them at all. But their punctuality, their faithful remembrance of the small-

est things concerning the past, their strong interest in any thing and every thing belonging to the present of these his old friends, were to the other two sisters confirmation enough as to how they might believe in Robert Lyon.

Hilary did believe, and in her perfect trust was perfect rest. Whether he ever married her or not, she felt sure—surer and surer every day—that to her had been sent that best blessing—the lot of so few women—a thoroughly good man to love her, and to love.

So with his face in her memory, and the sound of his voice in her ear, as distinctly as if it had been only yesterday that he said, "You must trust me, Hilary," she whispered to herself, "I do, Robert, I do!" and went to sleep peacefully as a child.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH a sublime indifference to popular superstition, or rather because they did not think of it till all their arrangements were completed, the Misses Leaf had accomplished their grand Hegira on a Friday. Consequently, their first day at No. 15 was Sunday.

Sunday in London always strikes a provincial person considerably. It has two such distinct sides. First, the eminently respectable, decorous, religious side, which Hilary and Selina observed, when, about eleven A.M., they joined the stream of well-dressed, well-to-do-looking people, solitary or in families, who poured forth from handsome houses in streets or squares, to form the crowded congregation of St. Pancras's Church. The opposite side Hilary also saw, when Ascott, who, in spite of his declaration, had not risen in time for breakfast, penitently coaxed his "pretty aunt" to let him take her to the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey. They wended their way through Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and across the Park, finding shops open, or half-open, vehicles plying, and people streaming down each side of the streets.

Hilary did not quite like it, and yet her heart was tender over the poor, hardworked-looking Cockneys, who seemed so excessively to enjoy their Sunday stroll, their Sunday mouthful of fresh air; or the small Sunday treat their sickly, under-sized children had in lying on the grass, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park.

She tried to talk the matter out with Ascott, but though he listened politely for a minute or two, he evidently took no interest in such things. Nor did he even in the grand old Abbey, with its tree-like, arched avenues of immemorial stone, its painted windows, through which the colored sunshine made a sort of heavenly mist of light, and its innumerable graves of generations below. Hilary woke from her trance of solemn delight to find her nephew amusing himself with staring at the people about him, making *sotto voce* quizzical remarks upon them, in the intervals of the service, and, finally, the instant it was ended, starting up in extreme satisfaction, evidently

feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had been, to use his own phrase, "a confounded bore."

Yet he meant to be kind to his pretty-aunt—told her he liked to walk with her, because she was so pretty, praised her dress, so neat and tasteful, though a little old-fashioned. But he would soon alter that, he said; he would dress all his aunts in silk and satin, and give them a carriage to ride in; there should be no end to their honor and prosperity. Nay, coming home, he took her a long way round—or she thought so, being tired—to show her the sort of house he meant to have. Very grand it seemed to her Stowbury eyes, with pillars and a flight of steps up to the door—more fit, she ventured to suggest, for a retired merchant than a struggling young surgeon.

"Oh, but we dare not show the struggle, or nobody would ever trust us," said Ascott, with a knowing look. "Bless you, many a young fellow sets up a house, and even a carriage, on tick, and drives and drives about till he drives himself into a practice. The world's all a make-believe, and you must meet humbug with humbug. That's the way, I assure you, Aunt Hilary."

Aunt Hilary fixed her honest eyes on the lad's face—the lad, so little younger than herself, and yet who at times, when he let out sayings such as this, seemed so awfully, so pitifully old; and she felt thankful that, at all risks and costs, they had come to London to be beside him, to help him, to save him, if he needed saving, as women only can. For, after all, he was but a boy. And though, as he walked by her side, stalwart and manly, the thought smote her painfully that many a young fellow of his age was the stay and bread-winner of some widowed mother or sister, nay, even of wife and child, still she repeated, cheerfully, "What can one expect from him? He is only a boy."

God help the women who, for those belonging to them—husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, sons—have ever so tenderly to *apologize*.

When they came in sight of St. Pancras's Church, Ascott said, suddenly, "I think you'll know your way now, Aunt Hilary."

"Certainly. Why?"

"Because—you wouldn't be vexed if I left you? I have an engagement—some fellows that I dine with, out at Hampstead or Richmond, or Blackwall, every Sunday. Nothing wicked, I assure you. And you know it's capital for one's health to get a Sunday in fresh air."

"Yes; but Aunt Johanna will be sorry to miss you."

"Will she? Oh, you'll smooth her down. Stay! Tell her I shall be back to tea."

"We shall be having tea directly."

"I declare I had quite forgotten. Aunt Hilary, you must change your hours. They don't suit me at all. No men can ever stand early dinners. By, by! You are the very prettiest auntie. Be sure you get home safe. Hollo, there! That's my omnibus."

He jumped on the top of it, and was off.

Aunt Hilary stood, quite confounded, and with one of those strange sinkings of the heart which had come over her several times this day. It was not that Ascott showed any unkindness—that there was any actual badness in his bright and handsome young face. Still there was a want there—want of earnestness, steadfastness, truthfulness, a something more discoverable as the lack of something else than as aught in itself tangibly and perceptibly wrong. It made her sad; it caused her to look forward to his future with an anxious heart. It was so different from the kind of anxiety, and yet settled repose, with which she thought of the only other man in whose future she felt the smallest interest. Of Robert Lyon she was certain that whatever misfortune visited him he would bear it in the best way it could be borne; whatever temptation assailed him he would fight against it, as a brave and good Christian should fight. But Ascott?

Ascott's life was as yet an unanswered query. She could but leave it in Omnipotent hands.

So she found her way home, asking it once or twice of civil policemen, and going a little distance round—dare I make this romantic confession about so sensible and practical a little woman?—that she might walk once up Burton Street and down again. But nobody knew the fact, and it did nobody any harm.

Meantime at No. 15 the afternoon had passed heavily enough. Miss Selina had gone to lie down—she always did of Sundays, and Elizabeth, after making her comfortable, by the little attentions the lady always required, had descended to the dreary wash-house, which had been appropriated to herself, under the name of a “private kitchen,” in the which, after all the cleanings and improvements she could achieve, she sat like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and sighed for the tidy bright house-place at Stowbury. Already, from her brief experience, she had decided that London people were horrid shams, because they did not in the least care to have their kitchens comfortable. She wondered how she should ever exist in this one, and might have carried her sad and sullen face up stairs, if Miss Leaf had not come down stairs, and glancing about, with that ever-gentle smile of hers, said kindly, “Well, it is not very pleasant, but you have made the best of it, Elizabeth. We must all put up with something, you know. Now, as my eyes are not very good to-day, suppose you come up and read me a chapter.”

So, in the quiet parlor, the maid sat down opposite her mistress, and read aloud out of that Book which says distinctly:

“Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ: knowing, that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.”

And yet says immediately after:

“Ye masters, do the same things unto them,

forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him.”

And I think that Master whom Paul served, not in preaching only, but also in practice, when he sent back the slave Onesimus to Philemon, praying that he might be received, “not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved,” that Divine Master must have looked tenderly upon these two women—both women, though of such different age and position, and taught them through His Spirit in His word, as only He can teach.

The reading was disturbed by a carriage driving up to the door, and a knock, a tremendously grand and forcible footman's knock, which made Miss Leaf start in her easy-chair.

“But it can't be visitors to us. We know nobody. Sit still, Elizabeth.”

It was a visitor, however, though by what ingenuity he found them out remained, when they came to think of it, a great puzzle. A card was sent in by the dirty servant of Mrs. Jones, speedily followed by a stout, bald-headed, round-faced man—I suppose I ought to write, “gentleman”—in whom, though she had not seen him for years, Miss Leaf found no difficulty in recognizing the grocer's prentice-boy, now Mr. Peter Ascott, of Russell Square.

She rose to receive him: there was always a stateliness in Miss Leaf's reception of strangers; a slight formality belonging to her own past generation, and to the time when the Leafs were a “county family.” Perhaps this extra dignity, graceful as it was, overpowered the little man; or else, being a bachelor, he was unaccustomed to ladies' society: but he grew red in the face, twiddled his hat, and then cast a sharp inquisitive glance toward her.

“Miss Leaf, I presume, ma'am. The eldest?”

“I am the eldest Miss Leaf, and very glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for your long kindness to my nephew. Elizabeth, give Mr. Ascott a chair.”

While doing so, and before her disappearance, Elizabeth took a rapid observation of the visitor, whose name and history were perfectly familiar to her. Most small towns have their hero, and Stowbury's was Peter Ascott, the grocer's boy, the little fellow who had gone up to London to seek his fortune, and had, strange to say, found it. Whether by industry or luck—except that industry is luck, and luck is only another word for industry—he had gradually risen to be a large city merchant, a drysalter I conclude it would be called, with a handsome house, carriage, etc. He had never revisited his native place, which indeed could not be expected of him, as he had no relations, but, when asked, as was not seldom of course, he subscribed liberally to its charities.

Altogether he was a decided hero in the place, and though people really knew very little about him, the less they knew the more they gossiped, holding him up to the rising generation as a

modern Dick Whittington, and reverencing him extremely as one who had shed glory on his native town. Even Elizabeth had conceived a great idea of Mr. Ascott. When she saw this little fat man, coarse and common-looking in spite of his good clothes and diamond ring, and in manner a curious mixture of pomposity and awkwardness, she laughed to herself, thinking what a very uninteresting individual it was about whom Stowbury had told so many interesting stories.

However, she went up to inform Miss Selina, and prevent her making her appearance before him in the usual Sunday dishabille in which she indulged when no visitors were expected.

After the first awkwardness, Mr. Peter Ascott became quite at his ease with Miss Leaf. He began to talk—not of Stowbury, that was tacitly ignored by both—but of London, and then of “my house in Russell Square,” “my carriage,” “my servants”—the inconvenience of keeping coachmen who would drink, and footmen who would not clean the plate properly; ending by what was a favorite moral axiom of his, that “wealth and position are heavy responsibilities.”

He himself seemed, however, not to have been quite overwhelmed by them; he was fat and flourishing—with an acuteness and power in the upper half of his face which accounted for his having attained his present position. The lower half—somehow Miss Leaf did not like it, she hardly knew why, though a physiognomist might have known. For Peter Ascott had the underhanging, obstinate, sensual lip, the large throat—bull-necked, as it has been called—indications of that essentially animal nature which may be born with the nobleman as with the clown; which no education can refine, and no talent, though it may co-exist with it, can ever entirely remove. He reminded one, perforce, of the rough old proverb: “You can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.”

Still, Mr. Ascott was not a bad man, though something deeper than his glorious indifference to grammar, and his dropped h’s—which, to steal some one’s joke, might have been swept up in bushels from Miss Leaf’s parlor—made it impossible for him ever to be, by any culture whatever, a gentleman.

They talked of Ascott, as being the most convenient mutual subject; and Miss Leaf expressed the gratitude which her nephew felt, and she earnestly hoped would ever show, toward his kind godfather.

Mr. Ascott looked pleased.

“Um—yes, Ascott’s not a bad fellow—believe he means well: but weak, ma’am, I’m afraid he’s weak. Knows nothing of business—has no business habits whatever. However, we must make the best of him; I don’t repent any thing I’ve done for him.”

“I hope not,” said Miss Leaf, gravely.

And then there ensued an uncomfortable pause, which was happily broken by the opening of the door, and the sweeping in of a large, goodly figure.

“My sister, Mr. Ascott; my sister Selina.”

The little stout man actually started, and, as he bowed, blushed up to the eyes.

Miss Selina was, as I have stated, the beauty of the family, and had once been an acknowledged Stowbury belle. Even now, though nigh upon forty, when carefully and becomingly dressed, her tall figure, and her well-featured, fair-complexioned, unwrinkled face, made her still appear a very personable woman. At any rate, she was not faded enough, nor the city magnate’s heart cold enough, to prevent a sudden revival of the vision which—in what now seemed an almost antediluvian stage of existence—had dazzled, Sunday after Sunday, the eyes of the grocer’s lad. If there is one pure spot in a man’s heart—even the very worldliest of men—it is usually his boyish first love.

So Peter Ascott looked hard at Miss Selina, then into his hat, then, as good luck would have it, out of the window, where he caught sight of his carriage and horses. These revived his spirits, and made him recognize what he was—Mr. Ascott of Russell Square, addressing himself in the character of a benevolent patron to the fallen Leaf family.

“Glad to see you, Miss. Long time since we met—neither of us so young as we have been—but you do wear well, I must say.”

Miss Selina drew back; she was within an inch of being highly offended, when she too happened to catch a glimpse of the carriage and horses. So she sat down and entered into conversation with him; and when she liked, nobody could be more polite and agreeable than Miss Selina.

So it happened that the handsome equipage crawled round and round the Crescent, or stood pawing the silent Sunday street before No. 15, for very nearly an hour, even till Hilary came home.

It was vexations to have to make excuses for Ascott; particularly as his godfather said with a laugh, that “young fellows would be young fellows,” they needn’t expect to see the lad till midnight, or till to-morrow morning.

But though in this, and other things, he somewhat annoyed the ladies from Stowbury, no one could say he was not civil to them—exceedingly civil. He offered them Botanical Garden tickets—Zoological Garden tickets; he even, after some meditation and knitting of his shaggy gray eyebrows, bolted out with an invitation for the whole family to dinner at Russell Square the following Sunday.

“I always give my dinners on Sunday. I’ve no time any other day,” said he, when Miss Leaf gently hesitated. “Come or not, just as you like.”

Miss Selina, to whom the remark was chiefly addressed, bowed the most gracious acceptance.

The visitor took very little notice of Miss Hilary. Probably, if asked, he would have described her as a small, shabbily-dressed person, looking very like a governess. Indeed, the fact of her governess-ship seemed suddenly to recur

to him; he asked her if she meant to set up another school, and being informed that she rather wished private pupils, promised largely that she should have the full benefit of his "patronage" among his friends. Then he departed, leaving a message for Ascott to call next day, as he wished to speak to him.

"For you must be aware, Miss Leaf, that though your nephew's allowance is nothing—a mere drop in the bucket out of my large income—still, when it comes year after year, and no chance of his shifting for himself, the most benevolent man in the world feels inclined to stop the supplies. Not that I shall do that—at least not immediately: he is a fine young fellow, whom I'm rather proud to have helped a step up the ladder, and I've a great respect"—here he bowed to Miss Selina—"a great respect for your family. Still there must come a time when I shall be obliged to shut up my purse-strings. You understand, ma'am."

"I do," Miss Leaf answered, trying to speak with dignity, and yet patience, for she saw Hilary's face beginning to flame. "And I trust, Mr. Ascott, my nephew will soon cease to be an expense to you. It was your own voluntary kindness that brought it upon yourself, and I hope you have not found, never will find, either him or us ungrateful."

"Oh, as to that, ma'am, I don't look for gratitude. Still, if Ascott does work his way into a good position—and he'll be the first of his family that ever did, I reckon—but I beg your pardon, Miss Leaf. Ladies, I'll bid you good-day. Will your servant call my carriage?"

The instant he was gone Hilary burst forth—

"If I were Ascott, I'd rather starve in a garret, break stones in the high-road, or buy a broom and sweep a crossing, than I'd be dependent on this man, this pompous, purse-proud, illiterate fool!"

"No, not a fool," reproved Johanna. "An acute, clear-headed, nor, I think, bad-hearted man. Coarse and common, certainly; but if we were to hate every thing coarse or common, we should find plenty to hate. Besides, though he does his kindness in an unpleasant way, think how very, very kind he has been to Ascott."

"Johanna, I think you would find a good word for the de'il himself, as we used to say," cried Hilary, laughing. "Well, Selina; and what is your opinion of our stout friend?"

Miss Selina, bridling a little, declared that she did not see so much to complain of in Mr. Ascott. He was not educated certainly, but he was a most respectable person. And his calling upon them so soon was most civil and attentive. She thought, considering his present position, they should forget—indeed, as Christians they were bound to forget—that he was once their grocer's boy, and go to dine with him next Sunday.

"For my part, I shall go, though it is Sunday. I consider it quite a religious duty—my duty toward my neighbor."

"Which is to love him as yourself. I am

sure, Selina, I have no objection. It would be a grand romantic wind-up to the story which Stowbury used to tell—of how the 'prentice-boy stared his eyes out at the beautiful young lady; and you would get the advantage of 'my house in Russell Square,' 'my carriage and servants,' and be able to elevate your whole family. Do, now! set your cap at Peter Ascott."

Here Hilary, breaking out into one of her childish fits of irrepressible laughter, was startled to see Selina's face in one blaze of indignation.

"Hold your tongue, you silly chit, and don't chatter about things you don't understand."

And she swept majestically from the room.

"What have I done? Why, she is really vexed. If I had thought she would have taken it in earnest I would never have said a word. Who would have thought it!"

But Miss Selina's fits of annoyance were so common that the sisters rarely troubled themselves long on the matter. And when at tea-time she came down in the best of spirits, they met her half-way, as they always did, thankful for these brief calms in the family atmosphere, which never lasted too long.

It was a somewhat heavy evening. They waited supper till after ten; and yet Ascott did not appear. Miss Leaf read the chapter as usual; and Elizabeth was sent to bed, but still no sign of the absentee.

"I will sit up for him. He can not be many minutes now," said his Aunt Hilary, and settled herself in the solitary parlor, which one candle and no fire made as cheerless as could possibly be.

There she waited till midnight before the young man came in. Perhaps he was struck with compunction by her weary white face—by her silent lighting of his candle, for he made her a thousand apologies.

"Pon my honor, Aunt Hilary, I'll never keep you up so late again. Poor dear auntie, how tired she looks!" and he kissed her affectionately. "But if you were a young fellow, and got among other young fellows, and they over-persuaded you."

"You should learn to say, No."

"Ah"—with a sigh—"so I ought, if I were as good as my Aunt Hilary."

BURR'S CONSPIRACY.

ABOUT sixty years ago there was a pleasant mansion upon an eminence that overlooked the Hudson, with a few acres of cultivated land around it sloping to the brink of the river, and all within the immediate suburbs of New York. The owner of that beautiful seat was a small, fair-complexioned, brilliant-eyed, fascinating man, eight-and-forty years of age. He had seen some service in the old War for Independence. He was a wit, a beau, a good scholar, a polished gentleman, an unscrupulous politician, a libertine in morals, and a heartless marauder on the domain of social life. He was also the Vice-President of the United States.

Ambition was the god of his idolatry. His daughter and her child were the only objects of his pure love except himself; and Fame and Fortune were the spirits to whom he committed himself as to guardian angels. That suburban country seat was Richmond Hill, and that proprietor was Aaron Burr.

On the morning of the 11th of July, 1804, Aaron Burr murdered Alexander Hamilton in a duel, brought about by the combined agencies of political malice and private revenge. It was not justified by the requirements of the so-called Code of Honor. It was a cold-blooded murder; and ten days afterward the assassin was a fugitive, the States of New York and New Jersey being his accusers in the form of indictments for murder, while the execrations of all good men were ringing in his ears. He fled from the presence of an impending prison and scaffold, in an open boat and under the cover of night, from the foot of the river slope of Richmond Hill. He first found shelter with Commodore Truxtun, at Perth Amboy; and then fled in disguise to Philadelphia, where he renewed proposals of marriage to a young lady. There, too, with a hand red with the blood of his victim and a heart as icy as an Alpine crest, he wrote in jesting mood to his daughter—"If any male friend of yours should be dying of *ennui*, recommend him to engage in a duel and a courtship at the same time."

Burr heeded the warnings of the surges of public indignation that were rising higher and higher around him, and he left Philadelphia stealthily, and fled by sea to an island on the coast of Georgia, where personal and political friends received him with open arms. There men and women bowed obsequiously to the Vice-President of the United States, and felt proud of the privilege; and society, accustomed to the duello, transmuted—by the subtle alchemy of opinion—a branded fugitive from justice into an exiled hero. A planter's fine mansion was made his own; he was serenaded by a band of music, was courted by the wealthy, caressed by the fair, and almost worshiped by the young; and when a month of festivities had passed away, he departed for the home of his daughter in South Carolina, under whose roof he was as secure from the grasp of Northern laws, and the frowns of Northern sentiment, as if he had been in China or on belted Jupiter.

Ten days the fugitive tarried with his daughter, who, with her husband, believed in and loved him. Then he started on a long and weary journey by land, Northward, to take his place at the head of the Senate of the United States, by virtue of his office. In Virginia he was surprised by ovations. He was greeted with every demonstration of partisan zeal as "the slayer of the arch-enemy of Democracy." Fifty or sixty citizens of Petersburg sat down with him to a public dinner given in his honor, and twenty of them accompanied him to the theatre, where the audience arose at his entrance and welcomed him with cheers.

Among the officials and "the best society" at the National Capital Burr was treated with more than ordinary respect. The President's attentions were more pointed and cordial than usual. The Secretary of State took him out in his carriage. The Secretary of the Treasury frequently called upon him at his lodgings; and a leading partisan in the Lower House of Congress, from Maryland, said, in debate, "The first duel I ever read of was that of David killing Goliath. Our little David of the Republicans has killed the Goliath of Federalism, and for this I am willing to reward him." These things filled many virtuous men with ineffable disgust. "This"—wrote a Senator from New Hampshire, on the 7th of November—"This is the first time, I believe, that ever a Vice-President appeared in the Senate on the first day of the session; certainly the first (God grant it may be the last!) that ever a man indicted for murder presided in the American Senate."

That session of Congress was the last scene of Burr's political career. On the 4th of March, 1805, he descended from the step of official honor next to the highest in the land a ruined man—ruined in fortune, honor, and the respect of his countrymen. During all that session that deep, dark gulf, impassable and inexorable, lay before him. His ambition was as fierce and uncompromising as ever. His hope, sustained by an indomitable will, never failed him. Conscious that every avenue to a retrieval of his fortunes was forever shut, he turned his thoughts to new regions for action, toil, and triumph. With a boldness equaled only by his wickedness, he formed plans magnificent in proportions and brilliant in promised results. Notwithstanding his native and adopted States were closed against him by the stern ministers of justice, he lost none of his buoyancy of spirits; and he wrote to his son-in-law, saying, "In New York I am to be disfranchised, and in New Jersey hanged. Having substantial objections to both, I shall not, for the present, hazard either, but shall seek another country." Where? Its boundaries were not on maps. Its outlines were floating in his fancy. Its government was fashioned by his imagination. It was a country of which he was to be the political creator.

Louisiana, then a vast and undefined region in the immense basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries, was purchased of France by the United States in 1803. At the close of that year the American flag was first unfurled over the city of New Orleans, as an emblem of sovereignty; where it floated undisturbed until 1861, when it was laid aside for a while during the passage of a violent hurricane of disloyalty to the Government it represented, that swept over the Gulf States and the neighboring provinces with destructive energy. That flag proclaimed the freedom of the navigation of the Mississippi to the long-dissatisfied dwellers westward of the Appalachian and Alleghany ranges of lofty hills. For many years they had been agitated by hatred and jealousy of the Spaniards who held the

month of the Great River, and exacted tribute of all voyagers upon it; and by disaffection toward the Government of the United States, which they accused of neglect in not opening that great aqueous highway for their produce, either by means of diplomacy or cannon.

Toward that country of uneasy people, in whose behalf his voice had ever been heard, Burr looked for a new field where his ambition might blossom anew, and bear abundant fruits of wealth and honor. Thitherward he directed his steps in the spring of 1805.

What were Burr's political schemes at that time will forever remain a sealed mystery. That he had political schemes, crude it may be, but positive, the student of contemporary history can not doubt. One of his oldest and most intimate friends was General James Wilkinson, his companion-in-arms in the Revolution. He was then General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and had been recently appointed Governor of Louisiana—an appointment procured through the influence of Burr. Wilkinson was a weak, vain man; poor, proud, and intemperate; of easy virtue, and eminently fitted to be the pliant, working instrument of conspirators. Ten years before, while wearing the epaulets of an officer of his country's army, and honored with its confidence, he had secretly intrigued with the Spanish authorities at New Orleans in a scheme of disunion, and had furnished the Spanish Viceroy with a list of leading Virginians in Kentucky who were disaffected to the Government, and who, he thought, would, like himself, engage in a conspiracy to separate the Western States and Territories from the Union for a pecuniary consideration. For a long time he and Burr had corresponded, frequently in cipher, so that the contents of their letters might not be known to a third party if discovered. During the winter and early spring of 1805 they had many long consultations at the National Capital; and no doubt the General-in-Chief was then admitted to an audience in Burr's heart of hearts, as far as the arch-conspirator's prudence would allow. This man played an important part in the little drama we are considering.

Burr went over the Alleghany Mountains on horseback, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, in April, and late in that month he was floating down the Ohio in a huge flat-boat. The river was swollen and flowing rapidly, and he was soon far away toward the mysterious West. He had told his friends in Washington and Philadelphia that land speculations and other business operations led him to the Mississippi Valley, where he intended to settle, and in the midst of a fresh and sturdy population rear for himself another and more splendid structure of wealth and fame.

Down the beautiful Ohio he glided in his rude barge—swiftly but almost noiselessly. He passed Wheeling on the 3d of May, and two days afterward he was at Marietta, where he enjoyed the hospitalities of the leading inhabitants. He was a fast traveler, and made short haltings. His

vessel was soon again upon the tide, but it was not long unmoored. Just below Marietta is a charming island of three hundred acres of fertile soil. There an Irish gentleman, with a beautiful and accomplished wife, had spent, during eight years, a considerable fortune in preparing a domestic retreat more elegant than any thing west of the mountains. He was a romantic and eccentric man—accomplished, imaginative, and confiding. In these qualities his wife was an equal sharer. His mansion was plain but tasteful in form and arrangement. His grounds were laid out by a skill that knew how to please; and the whole island presented to the eye a paradise in the midst of the wilderness. Books, paintings, statuary, musical and scientific instruments, found in the mansion, attested the culture of the inmates. Such was the home of Harman Blennerhassett.

Burr had heard at Marietta vague rumors of this Eden. He entered it in the garb of an angel of light; he left it prepared for a curse. The "Lord of the Isle" was temporarily absent. The mistress, captivated by her visitor, with whose name she was familiar, urged him to dine with them. He remained until almost midnight, charming the family with his conversation, and then by the light of a waning moon he embarked, leaving the enchanted pair to enjoy the fruits of the tree of knowledge which he had revealed to them.

Down the beautiful Ohio Burr still floated. A week after leaving Blennerhassett's Island he was at the little village of Cincinnati. There he remained a day, and then voyaged on to the Falls of the Ohio (now Louisville), where he met friends from the East. Then he left the water and rode on horseback to Nashville—a journey now made by railway in nine or ten hours—where he was received with public demonstrations of respect. He became the guest of General Andrew Jackson, and his conversation completely captivated that sturdy hero of the West. After lingering there four days he took a boat, descended the Cumberland to its mouth, and at Fort Massac on the Ohio, sixteen miles below, he found Wilkinson on his way to St. Louis. That officer was about to send troops to New Orleans; so he fitted up a barge for Burr "with sails, colors, and ten oars," and assigned to his use a sergeant and ten faithful men. In this state, bearing letters of introduction from Wilkinson to leading men in New Orleans, Burr entered that quaint French and Spanish city in the midst of the marshes of the Lower Mississippi.

The principal person to whom Burr carried letters was Daniel Clark, father of Mrs. General Gaines, whose husband bore a part in this drama. Wilkinson assured Clark that Burr was worthy of the greatest attention, and that he would make communications to him which were "improper to letter." Clark received him cordially, introduced him into the best society of New Orleans, and for three weeks the conspirator was feasted and toasted, and flattered and caressed

to his heart's content. During those three weeks Burr did something else than feasting and idling. He laid plans for the furtherance of his schemes, which now, doubtless, were tangibly fashioned in his mind; and he left New Orleans for the North filled with the contemplation of a great enterprise for his personal aggrandizement. He went up the Mississippi Valley to Natchez on horseback, and from there crossed the broad wilderness to Nashville, where another public dinner awaited him; and the doors of Jackson's hospitable mansion were again opened for his cordial reception.

Burr remained a week with Jackson. After spending a fortnight among certain politicians of Kentucky, and forming the acquaintance of the then rising Henry Clay, he went to St. Louis, and became the guest of his friend and confidant, General Wilkinson. He doubtless revealed much more of his grand scheme to that officer than he had ever before trusted him with; and when the plans were all discussed, he departed for Vincennes, the capital of Indiana, to visit Governor Harrison. From the Wabash he made his way to Cincinnati, Chillicothe, and Marietta, stopping at Blennerhassett's Island on the way, but not finding the owner at home. He pressed forward to Philadelphia; and at the close of October he was in Washington City, where he dined with the President, was honored by the members of the Cabinet and other distinguished men, and after remaining a week, started to meet his daughter in her Southern home.

Burr returned to Washington in December, and began in earnest to put his great scheme in motion. During the entire winter he was engaged in the nefarious business. He wrote mysterious letters to Wilkinson (partly in cipher), and attempted to win to his support dissatisfied officers of the army and navy.

Among the army officers at Washington whom Burr approached was General William Eaton, who had lately returned from the Mediterranean, and was in very ill humor with his Government. He informed that officer that he was organizing a secret expedition against the Spanish provinces of Mexico, and asked him to join him. War with Spain seemed to be impending, and the favorable moment for the execution of his projected enterprise was doubtless at hand. He assured Eaton that great wealth and honors would be won by the participators in the conquest; and so much did Burr's eloquence inflame his auditor's imagination that he promised to think favorably of the proposition. This point gained, Burr commenced stimulating Eaton's irritation toward his own Government because of alleged wrongs. But there was so much disloyalty of sentiment in the conspirator's conversation that the General began to suspect that the proposition to invade Mexico was only a covering to wicked designs against his own country. He resolved to feign acquiescence, gain Burr's full confidence, and fathom his real intentions, if possible.

Burr now grew bolder, and more and more

communicative. Finally he told Eaton that he contemplated a revolution in the Western States for the purpose of separating them from the Union, and establishing a protectorate or a monarchy in the Valley of the Mississippi, whose sceptre was to be held by himself. New Orleans was to be his capital; and he contemplated an extension of his dominions over most, if not all, of Mexico by means of an army which he expected to organize in the West. Wilkinson, he said, was a party to the scheme, and he would carry with him, in the execution of his plan of revolution and conquest, the whole regular army beyond the mountains under the command of that officer. He had agents, he said, in the Spanish provinces who were ready to co-operate with him; and he justified his movement against the integrity of the Union by the plea that the Government lacked efficiency and was a failure; that the people of the West had the same right to separate from those of the East that the colonists had to withdraw from Great Britain; and that if he could (as he hoped to) secure the co-operation of the marine corps at Washington (the only troops there), and gain over to his interest Truxtun, Preble, Decatur, and other naval officers, he would turn Congress neck and heels out of doors, assassinate the President, seize on the treasury and navy, and declare himself the chief of an energetic government.

Eaton, who afterward related these facts under oath, was amazed. "Colonel Burr," he said, "one word—*usurper*—would destroy you. Within six weeks after your movement shall have commenced Yankee militiamen will cut your throat." Fearing to pit his own reputation and veracity against Colonel Burr's by denouncing him, Eaton contented himself by advising the President to send Burr on a foreign embassy to prevent his doing mischief in the West. But Jefferson had strong faith in the patriotism of the people, and regarding Burr as a chafing, disappointed politician, he believed him to be incapable of doing serious mischief any where.

Burr, meanwhile, had written a seductive letter to Blennerhassett, telling him that he was wasting great abilities in ignoble seclusion; that he ought to aspire to a career in which all his rare powers might find expression; that his already impaired fortune would disappear and his children be left in poverty; and entreated him to go forth into the wide world in search of wealth and distinction. The flattered Irishman—the silly fish—caught at the bait and became a victim. His ambition and acquisitiveness were fully aroused, and he offered his services in any way Colonel Burr might command them, not for a moment dreaming that his accomplished guest a few months before had designs against the unity of the Government under whose protection he was safely reposing. Burr also approached Truxtun, Decatur, and other naval officers, with the solemn assurance that his plans contemplated only the seizure of Spanish domain and the establishment of a new Government thereon. He

adroitly insinuated that the Cabinet tacitly favored his enterprise; but those gentlemen knew better, and refused to entertain his proposals for a moment. The projects of the conspirator seemed hopeless, and he wrote to Wilkinson, in cipher, that the execution of their plans was postponed until the following December. Either in earnest, or as a cover to his schemes, Burr now applied to the President for a foreign embassy.

During the early part of the summer of 1806 the Spaniards threatened an invasion of the Mississippi Valley from Mexico. Quite a large body of their troops were marched up to the frontier, when Wilkinson, with all his available force, hastened to oppose them. Now was Burr's golden opportunity. The Western people were greatly excited, and ready to fly to arms to repel the invader. For several months rumors had spread all over the country beyond the mountains that Burr was at the bottom of a project for effecting a revolution in Mexico. It had been circulated industriously by Burr's friends, doubtless at his own instigation, his object being to cover up his real designs when he should be found making military preparations on the Western waters.

This threatened invasion was precisely the event most needed by the conspirator at this juncture for obvious reasons; and he set about with great energy making preparations for his pretended counter invasion. By the aid of his friends and relations, and a few persons like Blennerhassett, whom he had seduced by promises of great gain, he purchased, for \$40,000, four hundred thousand acres of land on the borders of the Washita, a tributary of the Red River, whereon to build strong fortifications, make a secure refuge in the event of disaster, or to plant a settlement and await a favorable turn in the wheel of fortune. An invasion of Spanish territory, and the establishment of a splendid empire in the far Southwest, was the grand scheme which he presented to his dupes. His purchase gave tangibility to the enterprise, and many influential men embarked in it. His daughter and her husband entered deeply into his plans, whose magnificence grew with the flight of the hours. The most gorgeous visions of wealth, power, aggrandizement, and solid enjoyment dazzled the minds of the deluded ones. A beautiful country, inexhaustible mines, and wealth of every kind, made more desirable by the possession of titular honors, were presented to their fancy as awaiting the coming of the conquering Burr and his friends. The visionary Blennerhassett was filled with the greatest enthusiasm; and his hand, brain, heart, and purse were freely placed at the disposal of the conspirator. His island was to be the first rendezvous of the expeditionary troops, and he was engaged to contract for the construction of a flotilla of transport boats at the mouth of the Muskingum, near Marietta. His wife and Burr's daughter were to accompany the expedition as far as New Orleans, there to await a summons to the capital

of the embryo empire. The husband of the latter was to follow soon afterward, to take a place near the throne of his father-in-law in the new kingdom—a kingdom that would be established, it was confidently believed, over the broad domain where Montezuma once bore sway, before the next Christmas dawn. It is believed that at least five hundred persons in New York and New Orleans and the vast intervening country became directly interested in Burr's scheme; and yet so adroitly did he manage that not one of them could explain its exact character except Wilkinson and two or three others who had doubtless been admitted to his confidence, and knew the full import of his treasonable plans, such as were outlined to General Eaton.

Early in August Burr, accompanied by his daughter and a few friends and servants, was again floating on the Ohio. He stopped frequently to feel the pulse of public sentiment and to enlist recruits. Success made him bold, and at times his proverbial caution seemed to slumber profoundly. On one of these occasions, at the house of Colonel Morgan—a gallant soldier of the West, living near Cannonsburg, in Ohio—after dining and drinking freely, he cast off all disguise. He talked to his entertainer of the imbecility of the Government, the advantage to the West of separation from the old States, the probability of a speedy dissolution of the Union, and of his ability, with two hundred soldiers, to drive the Congress, with the President at their head, into the Potomac, and with five hundred to capture the city of New York. Much more that was treasonable fell from the lips of Burr that day; and when he had departed Colonel Morgan invited to his table two judges of a court then in session in his neighborhood. To them he repeated the conversation of Burr, and at his request they immediately, in a joint letter to the President, gave information of the fact. This letter, Jefferson said, was the first intimation he ever received of Burr's treasonable designs. His suspicions were fully aroused. He remembered Eaton's warning, and at once communicated his suspicions to confidential persons in the West; among them the eloquent lawyer, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, of Kentucky, who, five years later, gave his life to his country in the Battle of Tippecanoe. He also sent an agent to overtake Burr, and, if possible, ascertain what were his real designs.

Burr halted at Marietta, and, with Blennerhassett, completed a contract for fifteen batteaux, capable of bearing five hundred troops with necessary baggage and provisions. Here he reviewed the militia in admirable style, attended a ball in the evening, and fairly captivated all Marietta—men, women, and children. Young men flocked to his standard. Blennerhassett's heart and mind were all aglow with the grand scheme. His beautiful island had become a work-shop, and he labored incessantly for the early completion of preparations. Meanwhile Burr's daughter was the guest of Mrs. Blennerhassett, and they delighted each other with their day-

dreams of future glory, while the arch-conspirator himself was moving with wonderful celerity from place to place in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, every where augmenting the number and respectability of his adherents and followers by his strange fascination of voice and manner. At Nashville he caused four large boats to be placed upon the stocks, and deposited \$4000 in the hands of General Jackson for use in that region.

October, with its brilliant skies, soft air, and gorgeous forests, had arrived. The West was alive with excitement concerning the great but still mysterious expedition. Wilkinson was on the Spanish frontier with his troops, ready to repel invasion or to make one; and a letter had been sent by Burr to apprise him of his successful preparations. Every thing appeared rose-color to all who were immediately interested in the scheme; and Burr, at the house of General John Adam, of Kentucky, felt sure of abundant success.

But the arch-conspirator's dreams were suddenly disturbed by the mutterings of thunder that boded a tempest. At first it was low and but slightly alarming, but it soon grew loud and appalling. A newspaper called the *Western World*, printed at Frankfort, Kentucky, first gave out mysterious hints of another disloyal plot in the land. Then it shadowed in dim outline Burr's schemes for revolution, disunion, and conquest, and at length boldly denounced him as a traitor, together with the known leaders of the disunion plot in Kentucky ten years before. These were followed, on the 3d of November, by the rising in Court, sitting at Frankfort, of Mr. Daviess, already alluded to, then the United States Attorney for that district, and demanding, by regular motion, that Aaron Burr should be brought before the Court to answer to a charge of being engaged in an enterprise contrary to the laws of the United States. Daviess being a leading Federalist his conduct was attributed to partisan malignity, and he found himself immediately struggling against an overwhelming current of public odium, with Henry Clay, who was Burr's counsel, as its director. But Daviess was not a man to quail before a storm, and he persisted in his course. Burr appeared before the Court and deported himself with all the calm dignity of an innocent and misjudged man. Clay had agreed to defend him, only after Burr had given him pledges that his schemes were not inimical to the peace and welfare of the United States. These were given most solemnly, and, as Clay always believed, most falsely. The matter was finally brought before the grand jury, who, because of the absence of important witnesses, failed to indict the accused, and for a while Clay, and Burr's friends, were jubilant and Daviess was in disgrace. With a triumphant march Burr proceeded to Nashville, where a grand ball was given in honor of his escape from "Federal machinations." The same had been done at Frankfort, and the conspirator felt that he had no more meshes of disappointment to fear.

But a thunder-bolt soon fell from what seemed to be a clear sky. Burr had written to Wilkinson in cipher, saying, "I, A. Burr, have obtained funds, and have actually commenced the enterprise. Detachments from different points, and under different pretenses, will rendezvous on the Ohio 1st November. Every thing internal and external favors views; protection of England is secured. T—— [Truxtun] is going to Jamaica to arrange with the admiral on that station; it will meet on the Mississippi; —, England, —, navy of the United States are ready to join, and final orders are given to my friends and followers: it will be a host of choice spirits. Wilkinson shall be second to Burr only. Wilkinson shall dictate the rank and promotion of his officers. Burr will proceed westward 1st of August, never more to return; with him goes his daughter; the husband will follow in October with a corps of worthies." He assured Wilkinson that the people of the country to which they were going were ready to receive them; requested him to send an intelligent and confidential friend to confer personally with Burr; to furnish him with a list of all persons of note west of the mountains on whom they could rely, and desiring him to lend him the commissions of some of his officers, for an avowedly fraudulent use. He also told him that from five hundred to a thousand men of the expedition would move rapidly from the Falls of the Ohio at the middle of November, in light boats, to rendezvous at Natchez within a month thereafter, there to meet Wilkinson and consult upon future movements. This letter, borne by one who, Burr assured him, was faithful, and prepared to make disclosures if asked, was accompanied by another from a distinguished Jerseyman, which closed with the words—"Are you ready? Are your numerous associates ready? Wealth and glory! Louisiana and Mexico!"

At this point in the drama Wilkinson suddenly changed front. From being an accomplice of Burr he became his accuser. His motive has been the subject of various conjectures. Some attribute his conduct to moral cowardice at the moment when he was called upon to strike the conspirator's first blow. Others suppose it to have been a genuine exhibition of patriotic emotion; and others believe that it was an act of counter-treason—a betrayal of accomplices with the expectation of great personal gain. There is evidence to prove that he afterward sent an agent to the Viceroy of Mexico, demanding \$200,000 as a reward for his services in defeating a plot for overturning his government and seizing his dominion. One thing is certain. On deciphering Burr's letter he dispatched an officer to the seat of Government with a letter to the President, exposing the conspirator's scheme against Mexico and his plan to revolutionize the Western States. He had received, at about the same time, a letter from a confidential friend in Natchez, which stated that a rumor was afloat in that region "that a

plan to revolutionize the Western country had been formed, matured, and was ready to explode; and that Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Orleans, and Indiana, were combined to declare themselves independent on the 15th of November." This would justify his denunciations of Burr; and making arrangements with the Spaniards on the Sabine, Wilkinson withdrew his troops, hastened to New Orleans, and labored zealously to place that city in a state of defense against the expected insurgents under his old friend. He proclaimed martial law, harangued a public meeting, and professed to expose every thing he knew about the "horrid conspiracy." For the moment he was regarded as the Deliverer of his Country.

Wilkinson's dispatch reached the President on the 25th of November. On the 27th Mr. Jefferson issued a proclamation on the subject, and sent it, with paralyzing effect upon Burr's schemes, upon the wings of the press all over the country, and by special messengers to the Governors of States. It produced general alarm throughout the land. Exaggeration followed exaggeration; and when General Eaton, emboldened by these public accusations of Burr, came forward and added his astounding deposition to the testimony against him, curses loud and long upon the murderer of Hamilton and traitor to his country were invoked. Many of the more timid believed that the Union was actually toppling to its fall; and loyal men, who had been deceived as to Burr's real intentions, hastened to desert the cause of a faithless and deceptive leader. The sturdy Jackson was among the first of these when his suspicions were aroused, and he wrote to Governor Claiborne, of Mississippi, warning him that a plot against his Territory was doubtless on foot. He had the sagacity to perceive that Wilkinson could not be trusted, and he warned the Governor to be on his guard against that commander as well as Burr. "I hate the Don,," he wrote, "and would delight to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited."

Sustained by the President's proclamation and the letter of General Jackson to Governor Claiborne, Wilkinson manifested great patriotic zeal by arresting several suspected confederates of Burr, and suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. Meanwhile the agent sent to the West by the President was doing effective service on the Ohio and in Kentucky. He conferred with Blennerhassett at Marietta, who supposed him to be one of the confederates of Burr, and then procured from the authorities of Ohio an order for the seizure of all the boats at the mouth of the Muskingum and at Blennerhassett's Island. This duty was performed by rough militiamen, who desolated the island, disfigured the house, paintings, and furniture, and so insulted and menaced the accomplished mistress of the mansion that she fled in terror down the Ohio in an open boat. Joined by her husband, they hastened toward the Mississippi, hoping to find a refuge from the sudden storm of ad-

versity among those supposed to be more friendly to the cause in which they were engaged.

At about this time a flotilla of the expedition, under Colonel Tyler, of Virginia, passed down the Ohio, and was joined at the Falls (Louisville) by another Virginian, named Floyd, then a member of the Territorial Legislature of Indiana. The President's secret agent had awakened the authorities of Tennessee to the impending danger, and Burr suddenly found himself to be an outlaw among those who had so recently and so warmly caressed him. He fled down the Cumberland in an open boat, joined his fellow-conspirators, and after trying to draw into his service the little garrison at Fort Massac, who had not heard of his schemes, he pushed on toward New Orleans. The last military post on the Mississippi, in that direction, was at the Chickasaw Bluffs (now Memphis), and there again he endeavored to win a small garrison to his interests. He failed; and while at the house of a friend, a short distance below the Bluffs, he was informed, by a newspaper, of the proceedings of Wilkinson and the fiery indignation of the people in New Orleans. He at once perceived that a most unwelcome reception would await him there.

In fear of immediate arrest by the authorities of Mississippi, Burr, now a branded fugitive, withdrew to the west side of the river, out of the jurisdiction of Governor Claiborne, and established a camp about twenty miles below Natchez. There he was visited by Poindexter, the Attorney-General of Mississippi, for the purpose of inducing him to surrender. Burr received him courteously, but spoke bitterly of Wilkinson. "As to any projects," he said, "which may have been formed between General Wilkinson and myself heretofore, they are now completely frustrated by the perfidious conduct of Wilkinson; and the world must pronounce him a perfidious villain. If I am sacrificed, my portfolio will prove him to be such." And so the world, acquainted with the history, believes.

Burr agreed to surrender when he should receive a written guarantee that his person should be unmolested. This was given; and he accompanied Poindexter to Washington, the seat of the Mississippi Government. His case was laid before the grand jury at the sitting of the Court there in February, 1807. It was a remarkable body of Mississippi planters. Instead of indicting the accused, they presented the acting Governor of the Territory as a culprit because he had called out the militia for the arrest of Burr and his accomplices, and denounced the late proceedings at New Orleans! They did not present the President of the United States as a mischievous alarmist because of his disturbing proclamation.

Burr withdrew to the house of a friend and sympathizer; but, informed of the approach of officers sent by Wilkinson for his arrest, he suddenly disappeared. He visited his flotilla, informed his people (about sixty in number) of what had transpired and the impending danger;

told them he must fly for safety; directed them to divide the property in their possession among themselves, and advised them to go and settle on his Washita domain. He then left them. Some were arrested, and others were scattered and concealed in the Territory until the storm was over, when, as Poindexter said, they furnished that region "with an abundant supply of school-masters, singing-masters, dancing-masters, and doctors."

Burr made his way through the wilderness toward Pensacola, where lay a British man-of-war, on which he hoped to find a temporary refuge until he could leave the country altogether. Not having been legally discharged, a reward of two thousand dollars was offered by the Governor of Mississippi for his arrest. That event was not long delayed. The fugitive traveled on horseback, with only a guide for a companion. Late at night, just past the middle of February, he rode up to a lighted cabin in the hamlet of Old Wakefield, Washington County, Alabama, not far from the Tombigbee River, and inquired for the tavern and the house of Colonel Hinson, a well-known resident, whose home was some miles below. Two lawyers were playing backgammon in the cabin. One was Colonel Nicholas Perkins, who had read the President's proclamation, and had possibly heard of the recently-offered reward. The sparkling eyes and rare intelligence of the stranger, so unusual among the rustic population of that region, as Burr's dress indicated him to be, attracted Perkins's attention, and awakened his suspicions. A glance at a tidy boot on a small foot that protruded from the coarse pantaloons of the rider (for the clatter of hoofs had brought the two lawyers to the door with a light) confirmed his suspicions. "That is Colonel Burr," said Perkins to his companion when they re-entered the cabin. "Let us follow him to Hinson's, and arrest him." His incredulous companion ridiculed him; but Perkins, convinced of the correctness of his judgment, aroused the sheriff, and the two started after the traveler. Perkins remained in the woods until the sheriff should perform his official duty. That functionary was so charmed with Burr that he could not make the arrest. Perkins waited long, and finally, suspecting the cause of the delay, he pushed forward to the Tombigbee River, descended it in a canoe to Fort Stoddart, and communicated his suspicions to Captain (afterward Major-General) Gaines, the commandant there. That alert officer was soon in his saddle, and the two, followed by a file of dragoons, hastened to the Pensacola road. Within two miles of Colonel Hinson's house they met the travelers. "I presume," said Captain Gaines, "I have the honor of addressing Colonel Burr." "I am a traveler," said the culprit, with perfect composure, "and do not recognize your right to ask such a question." Gaines immediately produced the President's proclamation, and declared Burr to be under arrest by order of the National Government. Burr warned him, as a young man, to

be very careful how he arrested travelers on suspicion, and used his fascination of words and manners freely, but with no effect this time. Gaines assured him that he knew his responsibilities and his duties, and said, with emphasis, that he must go with him, a prisoner, to Fort Stoddart, where he should be treated with all the consideration due to his late exalted rank as the second officer in the Government.

Burr's arrest occurred on the 19th of February. On the 5th of March he commenced a journey, as a prisoner, for the National Capital, under a proper guard commanded by Colonel Perkins. It was a tedious and perilous journey, through immense wildernesses and sparse settlements. At Petersburg, in Virginia, they were met by an order from the President directing the conveyance of the prisoner to Richmond. They arrived in that city on the 26th of March, where, as speedily as possible, Burr had a hearing before Chief Justice Marshall. Bonds were given for his appearance at court on the 22d of the ensuing May, and he was set at liberty.

A grand jury selected from among the leading citizens of Virginia, indicted Burr for high treason, and he was put upon his trial on the 22d of May, 1807. It was one of the most remarkable state trials ever held in America. Rodney, the United States Attorney-General of the District conducted the trial, assisted by Hay and Wirt, then both eminent at the Virginia bar. Edmund Randolph of Virginia, Luther Martin of Maryland, and other eminent counsel were employed for the defense. The trial lasted all summer. An overt act of treason could not be proved, and the jury were compelled by the law and the testimony to acquit him. They evidently did so with a full conviction of his guilty intentions, for their verdict, rendered on the first of September, was given in unusual form—a form which the prisoner felt keenly to be an actual expression of their conviction of his moral guiltiness. It was in these words: "We, of the jury, say that Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted to us. We, therefore, find him not guilty."

Burr vehemently protested against this form, and demanded that the verdict should be rendered in the usual way. The jury would not yield; but the clerk of the court took the responsibility of entering upon the record only the words, *not guilty*.

Prosecutions against Blennerhassett, Tyler, Floyd, and others, resting upon the same evidence, were immediately abandoned, when all of the accused (Burr included) were put upon their trial for a misdemeanor, in fitting out an expedition against Mexico, a province of a friendly power. They were acquitted in October, on the ground that the offense was not committed in Virginia, but in Ohio. The prisoners were then ordered to give bail for their appearance for trial in the latter State. They did so, and all were released. The bail-bonds of all were forfeited. Burr fled to Europe as soon as practicable; and

Blennerhassett, his deluded victim, after struggling with ill-fortune in the United States and Canada for ten years, went to England, and finally died in the island of Guernsey. His widow came to New York in 1842, and in Congress, through Henry Clay, sought, unsuccessfully, for remuneration for losses of property sustained by her husband in consequence of his ar-

rest. While the subject was pending at Washington she lived upon the bounty of some benevolent Irish females in New York. She soon sickened and died, and the remains of that accomplished woman, the child of opulence, were buried by the Sisters of Charity. Burr had then been in his grave, a few miles from New York, six years.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LIII.

LADY MASON RETURNS HOME.

LADY MASON remained at The Cleeve for something more than a week after that day on which she made her confession, during which time she was fully committed to take her trial at the next assizes at Alston on an indictment for perjury. This was done in a manner that astonished even herself by the absence of all publicity or outward scandal. The matter was arranged between Mr. Matthew Round and Mr. Solomon Aram, and was so arranged in accordance with Mr. Furnival's wishes. Mr. Furnival wrote to say that at such a time he would call at The Cleeve with a post-chaise. This he did, and took Lady Mason with him before two magistrates for the county who were sitting at Doddinghurst, a village five miles distant from Sir Peregrine's house. Here by agreement they were met by Lucius Mason, who was to act as one of the bailmen for his mother's appearance at the trial. Sir Peregrine was the other, but it was brought about by amicable management between the lawyers that his appearance before the magistrates was not required. There were also there the two attorneys, Bridget Bolster the witness, one Torrington from London, who brought with him the absolute deed executed on the 14th of July with reference to the then dissolved partnership of Mason and Martock, and there was Mr. Samuel Dockwrath. I must not forget to say that there was also a reporter for the press, provided by the special care of the latter-named gentleman.

The arrival in the village of four different vehicles, and the sight of such gentlemen as Mr. Furnival, Mr. Round, and Mr. Aram, of course aroused some excitement there; but this feeling was kept down as much as possible, and Lady Mason was very quickly allowed to return to the carriage. Mr. Dockwrath made one or two attempts to get up a scene, and to rouse a feeling of public anger against the lady who was to be tried; but the magistrates put him down. They also seemed to be fully impressed with a sense of Lady Mason's innocence, in the teeth of the evidence which was given against her. This was the general feeling on the minds of all people—except of those who knew most about it. There was an idea that affairs had so been managed by Mr. Joseph Mason and Mr. Dockwrath

that another trial was necessary, but that the unfortunate victim of Mr. Mason's cupidity and Mr. Dockwrath's malice would be washed white as snow when the day of that trial came. The chief performers on the present occasion were Round and Aram, and a stranger to such proceedings would have said that they were acting in concert. Mr. Round pressed for the indictment, and brought forward in a very short way the evidence of Bolster and Torrington. Mr. Aram said that his client was advised to reserve her defense, and was prepared with bail to any amount. Mr. Round advised the magistrates that reasonable bail should be taken, and then the matter was settled. Mr. Furnival sat on a chair close to the elder of those two gentlemen, and whispered a word to him now and then. Lady Mason was provided with an arm-chair close to Mr. Furnival's right hand, and close to her right hand stood her son. Her face was covered by a deep veil, and she was not called upon during the whole proceeding to utter one audible word. A single question was put to her by the presiding magistrate before the committal was signed, and it was understood that some answer was made to it; but this answer reached the ears of those in the room by means of Mr. Furnival's voice.

It was observed by most of those there that during the whole of the sitting Lady Mason held her son's hand; but it was observed also that though Lucius permitted this, he did not seem to return the pressure. He stood there during the entire proceedings, without motion or speech, looking very stern. He signed the bail-bond, but even that he did without saying a word. Mr. Dockwrath demanded that Lady Mason should be kept in custody till the bond should also have been signed by Sir Peregrine; but upon this Mr. Round remarked that he believed Mr. Joseph Mason had intrusted to him the conduct of the case, and the elder magistrate desired Mr. Dockwrath to abstain from further interference. "All right," said he to a person standing close to him. "But I'll be too many for them yet, as you will see when she is brought before a judge and jury." And then Lady Mason stood committed to take her trial at the next Alston assizes.

When Lucius had come forward to hand her from the post-chaise in which she arrived Lady Mason had kissed him, but this was all the in-

tercourse that then passed between the mother and son. Mr. Furnival, however, informed him that his mother would return to Orley Farm on the next day but one.

"She thinks it better that she should be at home from this time to the day of the trial," said Mr. Furnival; "and, on the whole, Sir Peregrine is inclined to agree with her."

"I have thought so all through," said Lucius.

"But you are to understand that there is no disagreement between your mother and the family at The Cleeve. The idea of the marriage has, as I think very properly, been laid aside."

"Of course it was proper that it should be laid aside."

"Yes; but I must beg you to understand that there has been no quarrel. Indeed you will, I have no doubt, perceive that, as Mrs. Orme has assured me that she will see your mother constantly till the time comes."

"She is very kind," said Lucius. But it was evident from the tone of his voice that he would have preferred that all the Ormes should have remained away. In his mind this time of suffering to his mother and to him was a period of trial and probation—a period, if not of actual disgrace, yet of disgrace before the world; and he thought that it would have best become his mother to have abstained from all friendship out of her own family, and even from all expressed sympathy, till she had vindicated her own purity and innocence. And as he thought of this he declared to himself that he would have sacrificed every thing to her comfort and assistance if she would only have permitted it. He would have loved her, and been tender to her, receiving on his own shoulders all those blows which now fell so hardly upon hers. Every word should have been a word of kindness; every look should have been soft and full of affection. He would have treated her not only with all the love which a son could show to a mother, but with all the respect and sympathy which a gentleman could feel for a lady in distress. But then, in order that such a state of things as this should have existed, it would have been necessary that she should have trusted him. She should have leaned upon him, and—though he did not exactly say so in talking over the matter with himself, still he thought it—on him, and on him only. But she had declined to lean upon him at all. She had gone away to strangers—she, who should hardly have spoken to a stranger during these sad months! She would not have his care; and under those circumstances he could only stand aloof, hold up his head, and look sternly. As for her innocence, that was a matter of course. He knew that she was innocent. He wanted no one to tell him that his own mother was not a thief, a forger, a castaway among the world's worst wretches. He thanked no one for such an assurance. Every honest man must sympathize with a woman so injured. It would be a necessity of his manhood and of his honesty! But he would have valued most a sympathy which would have abstained from all expression till

after that trial should be over. It should have been for him to act and for him to speak during this terrible period. But his mother, who was a free agent, had willed it otherwise.

And there had been one other scene. Mr. Furnival had introduced Lady Mason to Mr. Solomon Aram, having explained to her that it would be indispensable that Mr. Aram should see her, probably once or twice before the trial came on.

"But can not it be done through you?" said Lady Mason. "Though, of course, I should not expect that you can so sacrifice your valuable time."

"Pray believe me that that is not the consideration," said Mr. Furnival. "We have engaged the services of Mr. Aram because he is supposed to understand difficulties of this sort better than any other man in the profession, and his chance of rescuing you from this trouble will be much better if you can bring yourself to have confidence in him—full confidence." And Mr. Furnival looked into her face as he spoke with an expression of countenance that was very eloquent. "You must not suppose that I shall not do all in my power. In my proper capacity I shall be acting for you with all the energy that I can use; but the case has now assumed an aspect which requires that it should be in an attorney's hands." And then Mr. Furnival introduced her to Mr. Solomon Aram.

Mr. Solomon Aram was not, in outward appearance, such a man as Lady Mason, Sir Peregrine Orme, or others quite ignorant in such matters would have expected. He was not a dirty old Jew with a hooked nose and an imperfect pronunciation of English consonants. Mr. Chaffanbrass, the barrister, bore more resemblance to a Jew of that ancient type. Mr. Solomon Aram was a good-looking man about forty, perhaps rather over-dressed, but bearing about him no other sign of vulgarity. Nor at first sight would it probably have been discerned that he was of the Hebrew persuasion. He had black hair and a well-formed face; but his eyes were closer than is common with most of us, and his nose seemed to be somewhat swollen about the bridge. When one knew that he was a Jew one saw that he was a Jew; but in the absence of such previous knowledge he might have been taken for as good a Christian as any other attorney.

Mr. Aram raised his hat and bowed as Mr. Furnival performed the ceremony of introduction. This was done while she was still seated in the carriage, and as Lucius was waiting at the door to hand her down into the house where the magistrates were sitting. "I am delighted to have the honor of making your acquaintance," said Mr. Aram.

Lady Mason essayed to mutter some word; but no word was audible, nor was any necessary. "I have no doubt," continued the attorney, "that we shall pull through this little difficulty without any ultimate damage whatsoever. In the mean time it is of course disagreeable to a

lady of your distinction." And then he made another bow. "We are peculiarly happy in having such a tower of strength as Mr. Furnival," and then he bowed to the barrister. "And my old friend Mr. Chaffanbrass is another tower of strength. Eh, Mr. Furnival?" And so the introduction was over.

Lady Mason had quite understood Mr. Furnival; had understood both his words and his face, when he told her how indispensable it was that she should have full confidence in this attorney. He had meant that she should tell him all. She must bring herself to confess every thing to this absolute stranger. And then—for the first time—she felt sure that Mr. Furnival had guessed her secret. He also knew it, but it would not suit him that any one should know that he knew it! Alas, alas! would it not be better that all the world should know it and that there might be an end? Had not her doom been told to her? Even if the paraphernalia of justice—the judge, and the jury, and the lawyers—could be induced to declare her innocent before all men, must she not confess her guilt to him—to that one—for whose verdict alone she cared? If he knew her to be guilty what matter who might think her innocent? And she had been told that all must be declared to him. That property was his—but his only through her guilt; and that property must be restored to its owner! So much Sir Peregrine Orme had declared to be indispensable—Sir Peregrine Orme, who in other matters concerning this case was now dark enough in his judgment. On that point, however, there need be no darkness. Though the heaven should fall on her devoted head, that tardy justice must be done!

When this piece of business had been completed at Doddinghurst, Lady Mason returned to The Cleeve, whither Mr. Furnival accompanied her. He had offered his seat in the post-chaise to Lucius, but the young man had declared that he was unwilling to go to The Cleeve, and consequently there was no opportunity for conversation between Lady Mason and her son. On her arrival she went at once to her room, and there she continued to live as she had done for the last few days till the morning of her departure came. To Mrs. Orme she told all that had occurred, as Mr. Furnival did also to Sir Peregrine. On that occasion Sir Peregrine said very little to the barrister, merely bowing his head courteously as each different point was explained, in intimation of his having heard and understood what was said to him. Mr. Furnival could not but see that his manner was entirely altered. There was no enthusiasm now, no violence of invective against that wretch at Groby Park, no positive assurance that his guest's innocence must come out at the trial bright as the day! He showed no inclination to desert Lady Mason's cause, and indeed insisted on hearing the particulars of all that had been done; but he said very little, and those few words adverted to the terrible sadness of the

subject. He seemed too to be older than he had been, and less firm in his gait. That terrible sadness had already told greatly upon him. Those about him had observed that he had not once crossed the threshold of his hall-door since the morning on which Lady Mason had taken to her own room.

"He has altered his mind," said the lawyer to himself as he was driven back to the Hamworth station. "He also now believes her to be guilty." As to his own belief, Mr. Furnival held no argument within his own breast, but we may say that he was no longer perplexed by much doubt upon the matter.

And then the morning came for Lady Mason's departure. Sir Peregrine had not seen her since she had left him in the library after her confession, although, as may be remembered, he had undertaken to do so. But he had not then known how Mrs. Orme might act when she heard the story. As matters had turned out Mrs. Orme had taken upon herself the care of their guest, and all intercourse between Lady Mason and Sir Peregrine had passed through his daughter-in-law. But now, on this morning, he declared that he would go to her up stairs in Mrs. Orme's room, and himself hand her down through the hall into the carriage. Against this Lady Mason had expostulated, but in vain.

"It will be better so, dear," Mrs. Orme had said. "It will teach the servants and people to think that he still respects and esteems you."

"But he does not!" said she, speaking almost sharply. "How would it be possible? Ah, me—respect and esteem are gone from me forever!"

"No, not forever," replied Mrs. Orme. "You have much to bear, but no evil lasts forever."

"Will not sin last forever—sin such as mine?"

"Not if you repent—repent and make such restitution as is possible. Lady Mason, say that you have repented. Tell me that you have asked Him to pardon you!" And then, as had been so often the case during these last days, Lady Mason sat silent, with hard, fixed eyes, with her hands clasped, and her lips compressed. Never as yet had Mrs. Orme induced her to say that she had asked for pardon at the cost of telling her son that the property which he called his own had been procured for him by his mother's fraud. That punishment, and that only, was too heavy for her neck to bear. Her acquittal in the law-court would be as nothing to her if it must be followed by an avowal of her guilt to her own son!

Sir Peregrine did come up stairs and handed her down through the hall as he had proposed. When he came into the room she did not look at him, but stood leaning against the table, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I hope you find yourself better," he said, as he put out his hand to her. She did not even attempt to make a reply, but allowed him just to touch her fingers.

"Perhaps I had better not come down," said



LADY MASON GOING BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

Mrs. Orme. "It will be easier to say good-by here."

"Good-by!" said Lady Mason, and her voice sounded in Sir Peregrine's ears like a voice from the dead.

"God bless you and preserve you!" said Mrs.

Orme, "and restore you to your son. God will bless you if you ask Him. No; you shall not go without a kiss." And she put out her arms that Lady Mason might come to her.

The poor broken wretch stood for a moment as though trying to determine what she would

do; and then, almost with a shriek, she threw herself on to the bosom of the other woman, and burst into a flood of tears. She had intended to abstain from that embrace; she had resolved that she would do so, declaring to herself that she was not fit to be held against that pure heart; but the tenderness of the offer had overcome her, and now she pressed her friend convulsively in her arms, as though there might yet be comfort for her as long as she could remain close to one who was so good to her.

"I shall come and see you very often," said Mrs. Orme—"almost daily."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the other, hardly knowing the meaning of her own words.

"But I shall. My father is waiting now, dear, and you had better go."

Sir Peregrine had turned to the window, where he stood shading his eyes with his hand. When he heard his daughter-in-law's last words he again came forward and offered Lady Mason his arm. "Edith is right," he said. "You had better go now. When you are at home you will be more composed." And then he led her forth, and down the stairs, and across the hall, and with infinite courtesy put her into the carriage. It was a moment dreadful to Lady Mason; but to Sir Peregrine, also, it was not pleasant. The servants were standing round, officiously offering their aid—those very servants who had been told about ten days since that this lady was to become their master's wife and their mistress. They had been told so with no injunction as to secrecy, and the tidings had gone quickly through the whole country. Now it was known that the match was broken off—that the lady had been living up stairs secluded for the last week—and that she was to leave the house this morning, having been committed during the last day or two to stand her trial at the assizes for some terrible offense! He succeeded in his task. He handed her into the carriage, and then walked back through his own servants to the library without betraying to them the depth of his sorrow; but he knew that the last task had been too heavy for him. When it was done he shut himself up and sat there for hours without moving. He also declared to himself that the world was too hard for him, and that it would be well for him that he should die. Never till now had he come into close contact with crime, and now the criminal was one whom as a woman he had learned to love, and whom he had proposed to the world as his wife! The criminal was one who had declared her crime in order to protect him, and whom therefore he was still bound in honor to protect.

When Lady Mason arrived at Orley Farm her son was waiting at the door to receive her. It should have been said that during the last two days—that is, ever since the committal—Mrs. Orme had urged upon her very strongly that it would be well for her to tell every thing to her son. "What! now, at once?" the poor woman had said. "Yes, dear, at once," Mrs. Orme had answered. "He will forgive you, for

I know he is good. He will forgive you, and then the worst of your sorrow will be over." But toward doing this Lady Mason had made no progress even in her mind. In the violence of her own resolution she had brought herself to tell her guilt to Sir Peregrine. That effort had nearly destroyed her, and now she knew that she could not frame the words which should declare the truth to Lucius. What! tell him that tale; whereas her whole life had been spent in an effort to conceal it from him? No. She knew that she could not do it. But the idea of doing so made her tremble at the prospect of meeting him.

"I am very glad you have come home, mother," said Lucius, as he received her. "Believe me that for the present this will be the best place for both of us," and then he led her into the house.

"Dear Lucius, it would always be best for me to be with you, if it were possible."

He did not accuse her of hypocrisy in saying this; but he could not but think that had she really thought and felt as she now spoke nothing need have prevented her remaining with him. Had not his house ever been open to her? Had he not been willing to make her defense the first object of his life? Had he not longed to prove himself a good son? But she had gone from him directly that troubles came upon her; and now she said that she would fain be with him always—if it were possible! Where had been the impediment? In what way had it been not possible? He thought of this with bitterness as he followed her into the house, but he said not a word of it. He had resolved that he would be a pattern son, and even now he would not rebuke her.

She had lived in this house for some four-and-twenty years, but it seemed to her in no way like her home. Was it not the property of her enemy, Joseph Mason? and did she not know that it must go back into that enemy's hands? How then could it be to her like a home? The room in which her bed was laid was that very room in which her sin had been committed! There, in the silent hours of the night, while the old man lay near his death in the adjoining chamber, had she with infinite care and much slow preparation done that deed, to undo which, were it possible, she would now give away her existence—ay, her very body and soul. And yet for years she had slept in that room, if not happily at least tranquilly. It was matter of wonder to her now, as she looked back at her past life, that her guilt had sat so lightly on her shoulders. The black, unwelcome guest, the spectre of coming evil, had ever been present to her; but she had seen it indistinctly, and now and then the power had been hers to close her eyes. Never again could she close them. Nearer to her, and still nearer, the spectre came; and now it sat upon her pillow, and put its claw upon her plate; it pressed upon her bosom with its fiendish strength, telling her that all was over for her in this world—ay, and telling her worse even than

that. Her return to her old home brought with it but little comfort.

And yet she was forced to make an effort at seeming glad that she had come there—a terrible effort! He, her son, was not gay, or disposed to receive from her a show of happiness; but he did think that she should compose herself and be tranquil, and that she should resume the ordinary duties of her life in her ordinarily quiet way. In all this she was obliged to conform herself to his wishes—or to attempt so to conform herself, though her heart should break in the struggle. If he did but know it all, then he would suffer her to be quiet—suffer her to lie motionless in her misery! Once or twice she almost said to herself that she would make the effort; but then she thought of him and his suffering, of his pride, of the respect which he claimed from all the world as the honest son of an honest mother, of his stubborn will and stiff neck, which would not bend, but would break beneath the blow. She had done all for him—to raise him in the world; and now she could not bring herself to undo the work that had cost her so dearly!

That evening she went through the ceremony of dinner with him, and he was punctilious in waiting upon her, as though bread and meat could comfort her, or wine could warm her heart. There was no warmth for her in all the vintages of the south, no comfort though gods should bring to her their banquets. She was heavy-laden—laden to the breaking of her back—and did not know where to lay her burden down.

"Mother," he said to her that night, lifting his head from the books over which he had been poring, "there must be a few words between us about this affair. They might as well be spoken now."

"Yes, Lucius; of course—if you desire it."

"There can be no doubt now that this trial will take place."

"No doubt," she said. "There can be no doubt."

"Is it your wish that I should take any part in it?"

She remained silent for some moments before she answered him, thinking—striving to think, how best she might do him pleasure. "What part?" she said at last.

"A man's part, and a son's part. Shall I see these lawyers and learn from them what they are at? Have I your leave to tell them that you want no subterfuge, no legal quibbles—that you stand firmly on your own clear innocence, and that you defy your enemies to sully it? Mother, those who have sent you to such men as that cunning attorney have sent you wrong—have counseled you wrong."

"It can not be changed now, Lucius."

"It can be changed, if you will tell me to change it."

And then again she paused. Ah, think of her anguish as she sought for words to answer him! "No, Lucius," she said, "it can not be changed now."

"So be it, mother; I will not ask again:" and then he moodily returned to his books, while she returned to her thoughts. Ah, think of her misery!

CHAPTER LIV.

TELLING ALL THAT HAPPENED BENEATH THE LAMP-POST.

WHEN Felix Graham left Noningsby, and made his way up to London, he came at least to one resolution which he intended to be an abiding one. That idea of a marriage with a moulded wife should at any rate be abandoned. Whether it might be his great destiny to be the husband of Madeline Staveley, or whether he might fail in achieving this purpose, he declared, to himself that it would be impossible that he should ever now become the husband of Mary Snow. And the ease with which his conscience settled itself on this matter as soon as he had received from the Judge that gleam of hope astonished even himself. He immediately declared to himself that he could not marry Mary Snow without perjury! How could he stand with her before the altar and swear that he would love her, seeing that he did not love her at all—seeing that he altogether loved some one else? He acknowledged that he had made an ass of himself in this affair of Mary Snow. This moulding of a wife had failed with him, he said, as it always must fail with every man. But he would not carry his folly further. He would go to Mary Snow, tell her the truth, and then bear whatever injury her angry father might be able to inflict on him. Independently of that angry father, he would of course do for Mary Snow all that his circumstances would admit.

Perhaps the gentleman of a poetic turn of mind, whom Mary had consented to meet beneath the lamp-post, might assist him in his views; but whether this might be so or not, he would not throw that meeting ungenerously in her teeth. He would not have allowed that offense to turn him from his proposed marriage had there been nothing else to turn him, and therefore he would not plead that offense as the excuse for his broken troth. That the breaking of that troth would not deeply wound poor Mary's heart—so much he did permit himself to believe on the evidence of that lamp-post.

He had written to Mrs. Thomas, telling her when he would be at Peckham; but in his letter he had not said a word as to those terrible tidings which she had communicated to him. He had written also to Mary, assuring her that he accused her of no injury against him, and almost promising her forgiveness; but this letter Mary had not shown to Mrs. Thomas. In these days Mary's anger against Mrs. Thomas was very strong. That Mrs. Thomas should have used all her vigilance to detect such goings on as those of the lamp-post was only natural. What woman in Mrs. Thomas's position—or in any other position—would not have done so?

Mary Snow knew that had she herself been the duenna she would have left no corner of a box unturned but she would have found those letters. And having found them, she would have used her power over the poor girl. She knew that. But she would not have betrayed her to the man. Truth between woman and woman should have prevented that. Were not the stockings which she had darned for Mrs. Thomas legion in number? Had she not consented to eat the veriest scraps of food in order that those three brats might be fed into sleekness to satisfy their mother's eyes? Had she not reported well of Mrs. Thomas to her lord, though that house of Peckham was nauseous to her? Had she ever told to Mr. Graham any one of those little tricks which were carried on to allure him into a belief that things at Peckham were prosperous? Had she ever exposed the borrowing of those tea-cups when he came, and the fact that those knobs of white sugar were kept expressly on his behoof? No; she would have scorned to betray any woman; and that woman whom she had not betrayed should have shown the same feeling toward her. Therefore there was enmity at Peckham, and the stockings of those infants lay unmended in the basket.

"Mary, I have done it all for the best," said Mrs. Thomas, driven to defend herself by the obdurate silence of her pupil.

"No, Mrs. Thomas, you didn't. You did it for the worst," said Mary. And then there was again silence between them.

It was on the morning following this that Felix Graham was driven to the door in a cab. He still carried his arm in a sling, and was obliged to be somewhat slow in his movements, but otherwise he was again well. His accident, however, was so far a godsend to both the women at Peckham that it gave them a subject on which they were called upon to speak before that other subject was introduced. Mary was very tender in her inquiries—but tender in a bashful, retiring way. To look at her one would have said that she was afraid to touch the wounded man lest he should be again broken.

"Oh, I'm all right," said he, trying to assume a look of good-humor. "I sha'n't go hunting again in a hurry; you may be sure of that."

"We have all great reason to be thankful that Providence interposed to save you," said Mrs. Thomas, in her most serious tone. "Had Providence interposed to break Mrs. Thomas's collarbone, or at least to do her some serious outward injury, what a comfort it would be, thought Mary Snow.

"Have you seen your father lately?" asked Graham.

"Not since I wrote to you about the money that he—borrowed," said Mary.

"I told her that she should not have given it to him," said Mrs. Thomas.

"She was quite right," said Graham. "Who could refuse assistance to a father in distress?" Whereupon Mary put her handkerchief up to her eyes and began to cry.

"That's true, of course," said Mrs. Thomas; "but it would never do that he should be a drain in that way. He should feel that if he had any feeling."

"So he has," said Mary. "And you are driven close enough yourself sometimes, Mrs. Thomas. There's days when you'd like to borrow nineteen and sixpence if any body would lend it you."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thomas, crossing her hands over each other in her lap and assuming a look of resignation; "I suppose all this will be changed now. I have endeavored to do my duty, and very hard it has been."

Felix felt that the sooner he rushed into the middle of the subject which brought him there the better it would be for all parties. That the two ladies were not very happy together was evident, and then he made a little comparison between Madeline and Mary. Was it really the case that for the last three years he had contemplated making that poor child his wife? Would it not be better for him to tie a millstone round his neck and cast himself into the sea? That was now his thought respecting Mary Snow.

"Mrs. Thomas," he said, "I should like to speak to Mary alone for a few minutes, if you could allow it."

"Oh certainly; by all means. It will be quite proper." And gathering up a bundle of the unfortunate stockings she took herself out of the room.

Mary, as soon as Graham had spoken, became almost pale, and sat perfectly still, with her eyes fixed on her betrothed husband. While Mrs. Thomas was there she was prepared for war, and her spirit was hot within her; but all that heat fled in a moment when she found herself alone with the man to whom it belonged to speak her doom. He had almost said that he would forgive her; but yet she had a feeling that that had been done which could not altogether be forgiven. If he asked her whether she loved the hero of the lamp-post what would she say? Had he asked her whether she loved him, Felix Graham, she would have sworn that she did, and have thought that she was swearing truly; but in answer to that other question, if it were asked, she felt that her answer must be false. She had no idea of giving up Felix of her own accord, if he were still willing to take her. She did not even wish that he would not take her. It had been the lesson of her life that she was to be his wife, and, by becoming so, provide for herself and for her wretched father. Nevertheless a dream of something different from that had come across her young heart, and the dream had been so pleasant! How painfully, but yet with what a rapture, had her heart palpitated as she stood for those ten wicked minutes beneath the lamp-post!

"Mary," said Felix, as soon as they were alone—and as he spoke he came up to her and took her hand, "I trust I may never be the cause to you of any unhappiness; that I may never be the means of making you sad."

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I am sure that you never will. It is I that have been bad to you."

"No, Mary, I do not think you have been bad at all. I should have been sorry that that had happened, and that I should not have known it."

"I suppose she was right to tell, only—" In truth Mary did not at all understand what might be the nature of Graham's thoughts and feelings on such a subject. She had a strong woman's idea that the man whom she ought to love would not be gratified by her meeting another man at a private assignation, especially when that other man had written to her a love-letter; but she did not at all know how far such a sin might be regarded as pardonable according to the rules of the world recognized on such subjects. At first, when the letters were discovered and the copies of them sent off to Noningsby, she thought that all was over. According to her ideas, as existing at that moment, the crime was conceived to be one admitting of no pardon; and in the hours spent under that conviction all her consolation came from the feeling that there was still one who regarded her as an angel of light. But then she had received Graham's letter, and as she began to understand that pardon was possible, that other consolation waxed feeble and dim. If Felix Graham chose to take her, of course she was there for him to take. It never for a moment occurred to her that she could rebel against such taking, even though she did shine as an angel of light to one dear pair of eyes.

"I suppose she was right to tell you, only—"

"Do not think, Mary, that I am going to scold you, or even that I am angry with you."

"Oh, but I know you must be angry."

"Indeed I am not. If I pledge myself to tell you the truth in every thing, will you be equally frank with me?"

"Yes," said Mary. But it was much easier for Felix to tell the truth than for Mary to be frank. I believe that schoolmasters often tell fibs to school-boys, although it would be so easy for them to tell the truth. But how difficult it is for the school-boy always to tell the truth to his master! Mary Snow was now as a school-boy before her tutor, and it may almost be said that the telling of the truth was to her impossible. But of course she made the promise. Who ever said that she would not tell the truth when so asked?

"Have you ever thought, Mary, that you and I would not make each other happy if we were married?"

"No; I have never thought that," said Mary, innocently. She meant to say exactly that which she thought Graham would wish her to say, but she was slow in following his lead.

"It has never occurred to you that though we might love each other very warmly as friends—and so I am sure we always shall—yet we might not suit each other in all respects as man and wife?"

"I mean to do the very best I can; that is,

if—if—if you are not too much offended with me now."

"But, Mary, it should not be a question of doing the best you can. Between man and wife there should be no need of such effort. It should be a labor of love."

"So it will; and I'm sure I'll labor as hard as I can."

Felix began to perceive that the line he had taken would not answer the required purpose, and that he must be somewhat more abrupt with her—perhaps a little less delicate, in coming to the desired point. "Mary," he said, "what is the name of that gentleman whom—whom you met out of doors you know?"

"Albert Fitzallen," said Mary, hesitating very much as she pronounced the name, but nevertheless rather proud of the sound.

"And you are—fond of him?" asked Graham. Poor girl! What was she to say? "No; I'm not very fond of him."

"Are you not? Then why did you consent to that secret meeting?"

"Oh, Mr. Graham—I didn't mean it; indeed I didn't. And I didn't tell him to write to me, nor yet to come looking after me. Upon my word I didn't. But then I thought when he sent me that letter that he didn't know—about you I mean; and so I thought I'd better tell him; and that's why I went. Indeed that was the reason."

"Mrs. Thomas could have told him that."

"But I don't like Mrs. Thomas, and I wouldn't for worlds that she should have had any thing to do with it. I think Mrs. Thomas has behaved very bad to me, so I do. And you don't half know her—that you don't."

"I will ask you one more question, Mary, and before answering it I want to make you believe that my only object in asking it is to ascertain how I may make you happy. When you did meet Mr.—this gentleman—"

"Albert Fitzallen."

"When you did meet Mr. Fitzallen, did you tell him nothing else except that you were engaged to me? Did you say nothing to him as to your feelings toward himself?"

"I told him it was very wrong of him to write me that letter."

"And what more did you tell him?"

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I won't see him any more; indeed I won't. I give you my most solemn promise. Indeed I won't. And I will never write a line to him, or look at him. And if he sends any thing I'll send it to you. Indeed I will. There was never any thing of the kind before; upon my word there wasn't. I did let him take my hand, but I didn't know how to help it when I was there. And he kissed me—only once. There; I've told it all now, as though you were looking at me. And I ain't a bad girl, whatever she may say of me. Indeed I ain't!" And then poor Mary Snow burst out into an agony of tears.

Felix began to perceive that he had been too hard upon her. He had wished that the first

overtures of a separation should come from her, and in wishing this he had been unreasonable. He walked for a while about the room, and then going up to her he stood close by her and took her hand. "Mary," he said, "I'm sure you're not a bad girl."

"No," she said; "no, I ain't;" still sobbing convulsively. "I didn't mean any thing wrong, and I couldn't help it."

"I am sure you did not, and nobody has said you did."

"Yes, they have. She has said so. She said that I was a bad girl. She told me so, up to my face."

"She was very wrong if she said so."

"She did, then, and I couldn't bear it."

"I have not said so, and I don't think so. Indeed, in all this matter I believe that I have been more to blame than you."

"No—I know I was wrong. I know I shouldn't have gone to see him."

"I won't even say as much as that, Mary. What you should have done—only the task would have been too hard for any young girl—to have told me openly that you liked this young gentleman."

"But I don't want ever to see him again."

"Look here, Mary," he said. But now he had dropped her hand and taken a chair opposite to her. He had begun to find that the task which he had proposed to himself was not so easy even for him. "Look here, Mary. I take it that you do like this young gentleman. Don't answer me till I have finished what I am going to say. I suppose you do like him—and if so, it would be very wicked in you to marry me."

"Oh, Mr. Graham—"

"Wait a moment, Mary. But there is nothing wicked in your liking him." It may be presumed that Mr. Graham would hold such an opinion as this, seeing that he had allowed himself the same latitude of liking. "It was perhaps only natural that you should learn to do so. You have been taught to regard me rather as a master than as a lover."

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I'm sure I've loved you. I have indeed. And I will. I won't even think of Al—"

"But I want you to think of him—that is, if he be worth thinking of."

"He's a very good young man, and always lives with his mother."

"It shall be my business to find out that. And now, Mary, tell me truly. If he be a good young man, and if he loves you well enough to marry you, would you not be happier as his wife than you would as mine?"

There! The question that he wished to ask her had got itself asked at last. But if the asking had been difficult, how much more difficult must have been the answer! He had been thinking over all this for the last fortnight, and had hardly known how to come to a resolution. Now he put the matter before her without a moment's notice, and expected an instant decision. "Speak the truth, Mary—what you think about

it—without minding what any body may say of you." But Mary could not say any thing, so she again burst into tears.

"Surely you know the state of your own heart, Mary?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"My only object is to secure your happiness—the happiness of both of us, that is."

"I'll do any thing you please," said Mary.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I think. I fear that a marriage between us would not make either of us contented with our lives. I'm too old and too grave for you." Yet Mary Snow was not younger than Madeline Staveley. "You have been told to love me; and you think that you do love me because you wish to do what you think to be your duty. But I believe that people can never really love each other merely because they are told to do so. Of course I can not say what sort of a young man Mr. Fitzallen may be; but if I find that he is fit to take care of you, and that he has means to support you—with such little help as I can give—I shall be very happy to promote such an arrangement."

Every body will of course say that Felix Graham was base in not telling her that all this arose, not from her love affair with Albert Fitzallen, but from his own love affair with Madeline Staveley. But I am inclined to think that every body will be wrong. Had he told her openly that he did not care for her, but did care for some one else, he would have left her no alternative. As it was, he did not mean that she should have any alternative. But he probably consulted her feelings best in allowing her to think that she had a choice. And then, though he owed much to her, he owed nothing to her father; and had he openly declared his intention of breaking off the match because he had attached himself to some one else, he would have put himself terribly into her father's power. He was willing to submit to such pecuniary burden in the matter as his conscience told him that he ought to bear; but Mr. Snow's ideas on the subject of recompense might be extravagant; and therefore, as regarded Snow the father, he thought that he might make some slight and delicate use of the meeting under the lamp-post. In doing so he would be very careful to guard Mary from her father's anger. Indeed Mary would be surrendered, out of his own care, not to that of her father, but to the fostering love of the gentleman in the medical line of life.

"I'll do any thing that you please," said Mary, upon whose mind and heart all these changes had come with a suddenness which prevented her from thinking, much less speaking her thoughts.

"Perhaps you had better mention it to Mrs. Thomas."

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I'd rather not talk to her. I don't love her a bit."

"Well, I will not press it on you if you do not wish it. And have I your permission to speak to Mr. Fitzallen; and if he approves, to speak to his mother?"

"I'll do any thing you think best, Mr. Graham," said poor Mary. She was poor Mary; for though she had consented to meet a lover beneath the lamp-post she had not been without ambition, and had looked forward to the glory of being wife to such a man as Felix Graham. She did not, however, for one moment, entertain any idea of resistance to his will.

And then Felix left her, having of course an interview with Mrs. Thomas before he quitted the house. To her, however, he said nothing. "When any thing is settled, Mrs. Thomas, I will let you know." The words were so lacking in confidence that Mrs. Thomas, when she heard them, knew that the verdict had gone against her.

Felix for many months had been accustomed to take leave of Mary Snow with a kiss. But on this day he omitted to kiss her, and then Mary knew that it was all over with her ambition. But love still remained to her. "There is some one else who will be proud to kiss me," she said to herself, as she stood alone in the room when he closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER LV.

WHAT TOOK PLACE IN HARLEY STREET.

"Tom, I've come back again," said Mrs. Furnival, as soon as the dining-room door was closed behind her back.

"I'm very glad to see you; I am indeed," said he, getting up and putting out his hand to her. "But I really never knew why you went away."

"Oh yes, you know. I'm sure you know why I went. But—"

"I'll be shot if I did then."

"I went away because I did not like Lady Mason going to your chambers."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes; I know I was wrong, Tom. That is, I was wrong about that."

"Of course you were, Kitty."

"Well; don't I say I was? And I've come back again, and I beg your pardon; that is about the lady."

"Very well. Then there's an end of it."

"But, Tom, you know I've been provoked. Haven't I now? How often have you been home to dinner since you have been member of Parliament for that place?"

"I shall be more at home now, Kitty."

"Shall you indeed? Then I'll not say another word to vex you. What on earth can I want, Tom, except just that you should sit at home with me sometimes on evenings, as you used to do always in the old days? And as for Martha Biggs—"

"Is she come back too?"

"Oh dear no. She's in Red Lion Square. And I'm sure, Tom, I never had her here except when you wouldn't dine at home. I wonder whether you know how lonely it is to sit down to dinner all by one's self!"

"Why, I do it every other day of my life. And I never think of sending for Martha Biggs; I promise you that."

"She isn't very nice, I know," said Mrs. Furnival—"that is, for gentlemen."

"I should say not," said Mr. Furnival. Then the reconciliation had been effected, and Mrs. Furnival went up stairs to prepare for dinner, knowing that her husband would be present, and that Martha Biggs would not. And just as she was taking her accustomed place at the head of the table, almost ashamed to look up lest she should catch Spooner's eye, who was standing behind his master, Rachel went off in a cab to Orange Street, commissioned to pay what might be due for the lodgings, to bring back her mistress's boxes, and to convey the necessary tidings to Miss Biggs.

"Well I never!" said Martha, as she listened to Rachel's story.

"And they're quite loving, I can assure you," said Rachel.

"It'll never last," said Miss Biggs, triumphantly, "never. It's been done too sudden to last."

"So I'll say good-night, if you please, Miss Biggs," said Rachel, who was in a hurry to get back to Harley Street.

"I think she might have come here before she went there; especially as it wasn't any thing out of her way. She couldn't have gone shorter than Bloomsbury Square, and Russell Square, and over Tottenham Court Road."

"Missus didn't think of that, I dare say."

"She used to know the way about these parts well enough. But give her my love, Rachel." Then Martha Biggs was again alone, and she sighed deeply.

It was well that Mrs. Furnival came back so quickly to her own house, as it saved the scandal of any domestic quarrel before her daughter. On the following day Sophia returned, and as harmony was at that time reigning in Harley Street there was no necessity that she should be presumed to know any thing of what had occurred. That she did know—know exactly what her mother had done, and why she had done it, and how she had come back, leaving Martha Biggs dumfounded by her return—is very probable; for Sophia Furnival was a clever girl, and one who professed to understand the ins and outs of her own family—and perhaps of some other families. But she behaved very prettily to her papa and mamma on the occasion, never dropping a word which could lead either of them to suppose that she had interrogated Rachel, been confidential with the housemaid, conversed on the subject even with Spooner, and made a morning call on Martha Biggs herself.

There arose not unnaturally some conversation between the mother and daughter as to Lady Mason; not as to Lady Mason's visits to Lincoln's Inn, and their impropriety as formerly presumed—not at all as to that; but in respect to her present lamentable position and that engagement which had for a time existed between her

and Sir Peregrine Orme. On this latter subject Mrs. Furnival had of course heard nothing during her interview with Mrs. Orme at Noningsby. At that time Lady Mason had formed the sole subject of conversation; but in explaining to Mrs. Furnival that there certainly could be no unhallowed feeling between her husband and the lady, Mrs. Orme had not thought it necessary to allude to Sir Peregrine's past intentions. Mrs. Furnival, however, had heard the whole matter discussed in the railway carriage, had since interrogated her husband—learning, however, not very much from him—and now inquired into all the details from her daughter.

"And she and Sir Peregrine were really to be married?" Mrs. Furnival, as she asked the question, thought with confusion of her own unjust accusations against the poor woman. Under such circumstances as those Lady Mason must of course have been innocent as touching Mr. Furnival.

"Yes," said Sophia. "There is no doubt whatsoever that they were engaged. Sir Peregrine told Lady Staveley so himself."

"And now it's all broken off again?"

"Oh yes; it is all broken off now. I believe the fact to be this: Lord Alston, who lives near Noningsby, is a very old friend of Sir Peregrine's. When he heard of it he went to The Cleeve—I know that for certain—and I think he talked Sir Peregrine out of it."

"But, my conscience, Sophia—after he had made her the offer!"

"I fancy that Mrs. Orme arranged it all. Whether Lord Alston saw her or not I don't know. My belief is that Lady Mason behaved very well all through, though they say very bitter things against her at Noningsby."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Furnival, the feelings of whose heart were quite changed as regarded Lady Mason.

"I never knew a woman so badly treated." Sophia had her own reasons for wishing to make the best of Lady Mason's case. "And for myself, I do not see why Sir Peregrine should not have married her if he pleased."

"He is rather old, my dear."

"People don't think so much about that nowadays as they used. If he liked it, and she too, who had a right to say any thing? My idea is that a man with any spirit would have turned Lord Alston out of the house. What business had he to interfere?"

"But about the trial, Sophia?"

"That will go on. There's no doubt about that. But they all say that it's the most unjust thing in the world, and that she must be proved innocent. I heard the judge say so myself."

"But why are they allowed to try her then?"

"Oh, papa will tell you that."

"I never like to bother your papa about law business." Particularly not, Mrs. Furnival, when he has a pretty woman for his client!

"My wonder is that she should make herself so unhappy about it," continued Sophia. "It seems that she is quite broken down."

"But won't she have to go and sit in the court—with all the people staring at her?"

"That won't kill her," said Sophia, who felt that she herself would not perish under any such process. "If I was sure that I was in the right, I think that I could hold up my head against all that. But they say that she is crushed to the earth."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Furnival. "I wish that I could do any thing for her." And in this way they talked the matter over very comfortably.

Two or three days after this Sophia Furnival was sitting alone in the drawing-room in Harley Street, when Spooner answered a double knock at the door, and Lucius Mason was shown up stairs. Mrs. Furnival had gone to make her peace in Red Lion Square, and there may perhaps be ground for supposing that Lucius had cause to expect that Miss Furnival might be seen at this hour without interruption. Be that as it may, she was found alone, and he was permitted to declare his purpose unmolested by father, mother, or family friends.

"You remember how we parted at Noningsby," said he, when their first greetings were well over.

"Oh yes; I remember it very well. I do not easily forget words such as were spoken then."

"You said that you would never turn away from me."

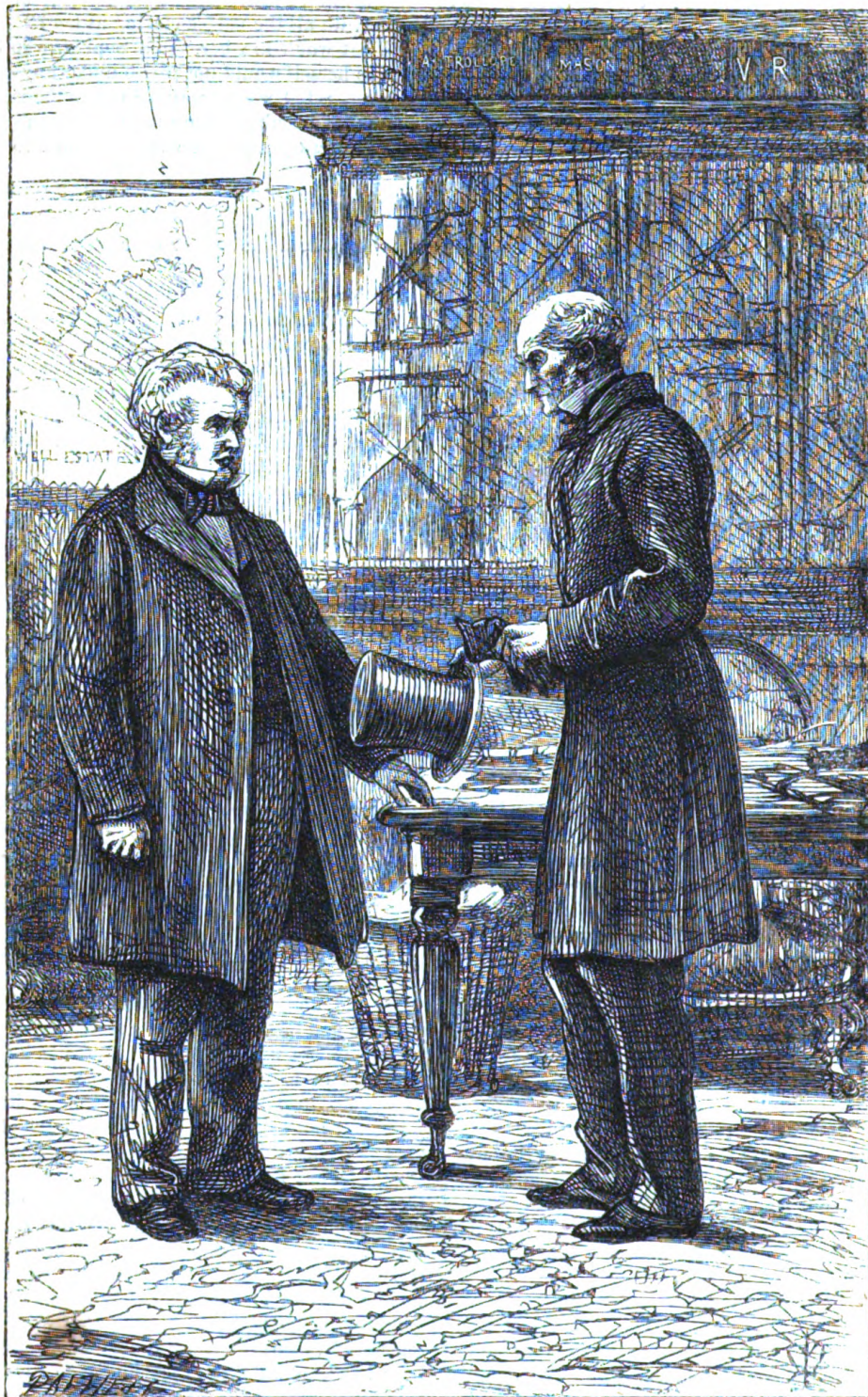
"Nor will I; that is, with reference to the matter as to which we were speaking."

"Is our friendship, then, to be confined to one subject?"

"By no means. Friendship can not be so confined, Mr. Mason. Friendship between true friends must extend to all the affairs of life. What I meant to say was this— But I am quite sure that you understand me without any explanation."

He did understand her. She meant to say that she had promised to him her sympathy and friendship, but nothing more. But then he had asked for nothing more. The matter of doubt within his own heart was this: Should he or should he not ask for more? and if he resolved on answering this question in the affirmative, should he ask for it now? He had determined that morning that he would come to some fixed purpose on this matter before he reached Harley Street. As he crossed out of Oxford Street from the omnibus he had determined that the present was no time for love-making. Walking up Regent Street, he had told himself that if he had one faithful heart to bear him company he could bear his troubles better; as he made his way along the north side of Cavendish Square he pictured to himself what would be the wound to his pride if he were rejected; and in passing the ten or twelve houses which intervened in Harley Street between the corner of the square and the abode of his mistress, he told himself that the question must be answered by circumstances.

"Yes, I understand you," he said. "And believe me in this—I would not for worlds en-



SIR PEREGRINE AND MR. ROUND.—[SEE PAGE 93.]

croach on your kindness. I knew that when I pressed your hand that night I pressed the hand of a friend, and nothing more."

"Quite so," said Sophia. Sophia's wit was usually ready enough, but at that moment she could not resolve with what words she might

make the most appropriate reply to her friend. What she did say was rather lame, but it was not dangerous.

"Since that I have suffered a great deal," said Lucius. "Of course you know that my mother has been staying at The Cleeve?"

"Oh yes. I believe she left it only a day or two since."

"And you heard, perhaps, of her— I hardly know how to tell you, if you have not heard it."

"If you mean about Sir Peregrine, I have heard of that."

"Of course you have. All the world has heard of it." And Lucius Mason got up and walked about the room holding his hand to his brow. "All the world are talking about it. Miss Furnival, you have never known what it is to blush for a parent."

Miss Furnival at the moment felt a sincere hope that Mr. Mason might never hear of Mrs. Furnival's visit to the neighborhood of Orange Street and of the causes which led to it, and by no means thought it necessary to ask for her friend's sympathy on that subject. "No," said she, "I never have; nor need you do so for yours. Why should not Lady Mason have married Sir Peregrine Orme, if they both thought such a marriage fitting?"

"What! at such a time as this, with these dreadful accusations running in her ears? Surely this was no time for marrying! And what has come of it? People now say that he has rejected her, and sent her away."

"Oh no; they can not say that."

"But they do. It is reported that Sir Peregrine has sent her away because he thinks her to be guilty. That I do not believe. No honest man, no gentleman, could think her guilty. But is it not dreadful that such things should be said?"

"Will not the trial take place very shortly now? When that is once over all these troubles will be at an end."

"Miss Furnival, I sometimes think that my mother will hardly have strength to sustain the trial. She is so depressed that I almost fear her mind will give way; and the worst of it is that I am altogether unable to comfort her."

"Surely that at present should specially be your task."

"I can not do it. What should I say to her? I think that she is wrong in what she is doing; thoroughly, absolutely wrong. She has got about her a parcel of lawyers. I beg your pardon, Miss Furnival, but you know I do not mean such as your father."

"But has not he advised it?"

"If so, I can not but think he is wrong. They are the very scum of the jails; men who live by rescuing felons from the punishment they deserve. What can my mother require of such services as theirs? It is they that frighten her and make her dread all manner of evils. Why should a woman who knows herself to be good and just fear any thing that the law can do to her?"

"I can easily understand that such a position as hers must be very dreadful. You must not be hard upon her, Mr. Mason, because she is not as strong as you might be."

"Hard upon her! Ah, Miss Furnival, you do not know me. If she would only accept my

love I would wait upon her as a mother does upon her infant. No labor would be too much for me; no care would be too close. But her desire is that this affair should never be mentioned between us. We are living now in the same house, and though I see that this is killing her, yet I may not speak of it." Then he got up from his chair, and as he walked about the room he took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes.

"I wish I could comfort you," said she. And in saying so she spoke the truth. By nature she was not tender-hearted, but now she did sympathize with him. By nature, too, she was not given to any deep affection, but she did feel some spark of love for Lucius Mason. "I wish I could comfort you." And as she spoke she also got up from her chair.

"And you can," said he, suddenly stopping himself and coming close to her. "You can comfort me—in some degree. You, and you only can do so. I know this is no time for declarations of love. Were it not that we are already so much to each other, I would not indulge myself at such a moment with such a wish. But I have no one whom I can love; and—it is very hard to bear." And then he stood, waiting for her answer, as though he conceived that he had offered her his hand.

But Miss Furnival well knew that she had received no offer. "If my warmest sympathy can be of service to you—"

"It is your love I want," he said, taking her hand as she spoke. "Your love, so that I may look on you as my wife; your acceptance of my love, so that we may be all in all to each other. There is my hand. I stand before you now as sad a man as there is in all London. But there is my hand—will you take it and give me yours in pledge of your love?"

I should be unjust to Lucius Mason were I to omit to say that he played his part with a becoming air. Unhappiness and a melancholy mood suited him perhaps better than the world's ordinary good-humor. He was a man who looked his best when under a cloud, and shone the brightest when every thing about him was dark. And Sophia also was not unequal to the occasion. There was, however, this difference between them. Lucius was quite honest in all that he said and did upon the occasion; whereas Miss Furnival was only half honest. Perhaps she was not capable of a higher pitch of honesty than that.

"There is my hand," said she; and they stood holding each other, palm to palm.

"And with it your heart?" said Lucius.

"And with it my heart," answered Sophia. Nor as she spoke did she hesitate for a moment, or become embarrassed, or lose her command of feature. Had Augustus Staveley gone through the same ceremony at Noningsby in the same way I am inclined to think that she would have made the same answer. Had neither done so, she would not on that account have been unhappy. What a blessed woman would Lady

Staveley have been had she known what was being done in Harley Street at this moment!

In some short rhapsody of love it may be presumed that Lucius indulged himself when he found that the affair which he had in hand had so far satisfactorily arranged itself. But he was in truth too wretched at heart for any true enjoyment of the delights of a favored suitor. They were soon engaged again on that terrible subject, seated side by side indeed and somewhat close, but the tone of their voices and their very words were hardly different from what they might have been had no troth been plighted between them. His present plan was that Sophia should visit Orley Farm for a time, and take that place of dear and bosom friend which a woman circumstanced as was his mother must so urgently need. We, my readers, know well who was now that loving friend, and we know also which was best fitted for such a task, Sophia Furnival or Mrs. Orme. But we have had, I trust, better means of reading the characters of those ladies than had fallen to the lot of Lucius Mason, and should not be angry with him because his eyes were dark.

Sophia hesitated a moment before she answered this proposition—not as though she were slack in her love, or begrudged her services to his mother; but it behooved her to look carefully at the circumstances before she would pledge herself to such an arrangement as that. If she went to Orley Farm on such a mission would it not be necessary to tell her father and mother; nay, to tell all the world that she was engaged to Lucius Mason; and would it be wise to make such a communication at the present moment? Lucius said a word to her of going into court with his mother, and sitting with her, hand in hand, while that ordeal was passing by. In the publicity of such sympathy there was something that suited the bearings of Miss Furnival's mind. The idea that Lady Mason was guilty had never entered her head, and therefore, on this she thought there could be no disgrace in such a proceeding. But nevertheless, might it not be prudent to wait till that trial were over?

"If you are my wife you must be her daughter; and how can you better take a daughter's part?" pleaded Lucius.

"No, no; and I would do it with my whole heart. But, Lucius, does she know me well enough? It is of her that we must think. After all that you have told me, can we think that she would wish me to be there?"

It was his desire that his mother should learn to have such a wish, and this he explained to her. He himself could do but little at home because he could not yield his opinion on those matters of importance as to which he and his mother differed so vitally; but if she had a woman with her in the house—such a woman as his own Sophia—then he thought her heart would be softened, and part of her sorrow might be assuaged.

Sophia at last said that she would think about it. It would be improper, she said, to pledge

herself to any thing rashly. It might be that as her father was to defend Lady Mason, he might on that account object to his daughter being in the court. Lucius declared that this would be unreasonable; unless indeed Mr. Furnival should object to his daughter's engagement. And might he not do so? Sophia thought it very probable that he might. It would make no difference in her, she said. Her engagement would be equally binding—as permanently binding, let who would object to it. And as she made this declaration there was of course a little love scene. But for the present, it might be best that in this matter she should obey her father. And then she pointed out how fatal it might be to avert her father from the cause while the trial was still pending. Upon the whole she acted her part very prudently, and when Lucius left her she was pledged to nothing but that one simple fact of a marriage engagement.

CHAPTER LVI.

HOW SIR PEREGRINE DID BUSINESS WITH MR. ROUND.

In the mean time Sir Peregrine was sitting at home trying to determine in what way he should act under the present emergency, actuated as he was on one side by friendship, and on the other by duty. For the first day or two—nay, for the first week after the confession had been made to him—he had been so astounded, had been so knocked to the earth, and had remained in such a state of bewilderment that it had been impossible for him to form for himself any line of conduct. His only counselor had been Mrs. Orme; and though he could not analyze the matter, he felt that her woman's ideas of honor and honesty were in some way different from his ideas as a man. To her the sorrows and utter misery of Lady Mason seemed of greater weight than her guilt. At least such was the impression which her words left. Mrs. Orme's chief anxiety in the matter still was that Lady Mason should be acquitted; as strongly so now as when they both believed her to be as guiltless as themselves. But Sir Peregrine could not look at it in this light. He did not say that he wished that she might be found guilty; nor did he wish it. But he did announce his opinion to his daughter-in-law that the ends of justice would so be best promoted, and that if the matter were driven to a trial it would not be for the honor of the court that a false verdict should be given. Nor would he believe that such a false verdict could be obtained. An English judge and an English jury were to him the Palladium of discerning truth. In an English court of law such a matter could not remain dark; nor ought it, let whatever misery betide. It was strange how that old man should have lived so near the world for seventy years, should have taken his place in Parliament and on the bench, should have rubbed his shoulders so constantly against those of his neighbors, and yet have retained so strong a

reliance on the purity of the world in general. Here and there such a man may still be found, but the number is becoming very few.

As for the property, that must of necessity be abandoned. Lady Mason had signified her agreement to this; and therefore he was so far willing that she should be saved from further outward punishment, if that were still possible. His plan was this; and to his thinking it was the only plan that was feasible. Let the estate be at once given up to the proper owner—even now, before the day of trial should come; and then let them trust, not to Joseph Mason, but to Joseph Mason's advisers to abstain from prosecuting the offenders. Even this course he knew to be surrounded by a thousand difficulties; but it might be possible. Of Mr. Round, old Mr. Round, he had heard a good report. He was a kind man; and even in this very matter had behaved in a way that had shamed his client. Might it not be possible that Mr. Round would engage to drop the prosecution if the immediate return of the property were secured? But to effect this must he not tell Mr. Round of the woman's guilt? And could he manage it himself? Must he not tell Mr. Furnival? And by so doing, would he not rob Lady Mason of her sole remaining tower of strength? for if Mr. Furnival knew that she was guilty, Mr. Furnival must of course abandon her cause. And then Sir Peregrine did not know how to turn himself, as he thus argued the matter within his own bosom.

And then too his own disgrace sat very heavy on him. Whether or no the law might pronounce Lady Mason to have been guilty, all the world would know her guilt. When that property should be abandoned, and her wretched son turned out to earn his bread, it would be well understood that she had been guilty. And this was the woman, this midnight forger, whom he had taken to his bosom, and asked to be his wife! He had asked her, and she had consented, and then he had proclaimed the triumph of his love to all the world. When he stood there holding her to his breast he had been proud of her affection. When Lord Alston had come to him with his caution he had scorned his old friend and almost driven him from his door. When his grandson had spoken a word, not to him but to another, he had been full of wrath. He had let it be known widely that he would feel no shame in showing her to the world as Lady Orme. And now she was a forger, and a perjurer, and a thief—a thief who for long years had lived on the proceeds of her dextrous theft. And yet was he not under a deep obligation to her—under the very deepest? Had she not saved him from a worse disgrace; saved him at the cost of all that was left to herself? Was he not still bound to stand by her? And did he not still love her?

Poor Sir Peregrine! May we not say that it would have been well for him if the world and all its trouble could have now been ended so that he might have done with it?

Mrs. Orme was his only counselor, and though

she could not be brought to agree with him in all his feelings, yet she was of infinite comfort to him. Had she not shared with him this terrible secret his mind would have given way beneath the burden. On the day after Lady Mason's departure from The Cleeve he sat for an hour in the library considering what he would do, and then he sent for his daughter-in-law. If it behooved him to take any step to stay the trial he must take it at once. The matter had been pressed on by each side, and now the days might be counted up to that day on which the judges would arrive in Alston. That trial would be very terrible to him in every way. He had promised, during those pleasant hours of his love and sympathy in which he had felt no doubt as to his friend's acquittal, that he would stand by her when she was arraigned. That was now impossible, and though he had not dared to mention it to Lady Mason he knew that she would not expect that he should do so. But to Mrs. Orme he had spoken on the matter, and she had declared her purpose of taking the place which it would not now become him to fill. Sir Peregrine had started from his chair when she had so spoken. What! his daughter! She, the purest of the pure, to whom the very air of a court of law would be a contamination—she, whose whiteness had never been sullied by contact with the world's dust—she set by the side of that terrible criminal, hand in hand with her, present to all the world as her bosom friend! There had been but few words between them on the matter, but Sir Peregrine had felt strongly that that might not be permitted. Far better than that it would be that he should humble his gray hairs and sit there to be gazed at by the crowd. But on all accounts how much was it to be desired that there should be no trial!

"Sit down, Edith," he said, as with her soft step she came up to him. "I find that the assizes will be here, in Alston, at the end of next month."

"So soon as that, father?"

"Yes; look here: the judges will come in on the 25th of March."

"Ah me—that is very sad! But, father, will it not be best for her that it should be over?"

Mrs. Orme still thought, had always thought, that the trial itself was unavoidable. Indeed she had thought, and she did think, that it afforded to Lady Mason the only possible means of escape. Her mind on the subject, if it could have been analyzed, would probably have been this. As to the property, that question must for the present stand in abeyance. It is quite right that it should go to its detestable owners—that it should be made over to them at some day not very distant. But for the present, the trial for that old, long-distant crime was the subject for them to consider. Could it be wrong to wish for an acquittal for the sinner—an acquittal before this world's bar, seeing that a true verdict had undoubtedly been given before another bar? Mrs. Orme trusted that no jury would convict her friend. Let Lady Mason go

through that ordeal; and then, when the law had declared her innocent, let restitution be made.

"It will be very terrible to all if she be condemned," said Sir Peregrine.

"Very terrible! But Mr. Furnival—"

"Edith, if it comes to that, she will be condemned. Mr. Furnival is a lawyer, and will not say so; but from his countenance, when he speaks of her, I know that he expects it!"

"Oh, father, do not say so."

"But if it is so—My love, what is the purport of these courts of law if it be not to discover the truth and make it plain to the light of day?" Poor Sir Peregrine! His innocence in this respect was perhaps beautiful, but it was very simple. Mr. Aram, could he have been induced to speak out his mind plainly, would have expressed, probably, a different opinion.

"But she escaped before," said Mrs. Orme, who was clearly at present on the same side with Mr. Aram.

"Yes; she did—by perjury, Edith. And now the penalty of that further crime awaits her. There was an old poet who said that the wicked man rarely escapes at last. I believe in my heart that he spoke the truth."

"Father, that old poet knew nothing of our faith."

Sir Peregrine could not stop to explain, even if he knew how to do so, that the old poet spoke of punishment in this world, whereas the faith on which his daughter relied is efficacious for pardon beyond the grave. It would be much, ay, in one sense every thing, if Lady Mason could be brought to repent of the sin she had committed; but no such repentance would stay the bitterness of Joseph Mason or of Samuel Dockwrath. If the property were at once restored, then repentance might commence. If the property were at once restored, then the trial might be stayed. It might be possible that Mr. Round might so act. He felt all this, but he could not argue on it. "I think, my dear," he said, "that I had better see Mr. Round."

"But you will not tell him?" said Mrs. Orme, sharply.

"No; I am not authorized to do that."

"But he will entice it from you! He is a lawyer, and he will wind any thing out from a plain, chivalrous man of truth and honor."

"My dear, Mr. Round I believe is a good man."

"But if he asks you the question, what will you say?"

"I will tell him to ask me no such question."

"Oh, father, be careful. For her sake be careful. How is it that you know the truth—or that I know it? She told it here because in that way only could she save you from that marriage. Father, she has sacrificed herself for—for us."

Sir Peregrine, when this was said to him, got up from his chair and walked away to the window. He was not angry with her that she so spoke to him. Nay; he acknowledged inwardly the truth of her words, and loved her for her

constancy. But, nevertheless, they were very bitter. How had it come to pass that he was thus indebted to so deep a criminal? What had he done for her but good?

"Do not go from me," she said, following him. "Do not think me unkind."

"No, no, no," he answered, striving almost ineffectually to repress a sob. "You are not unkind."

For two days after that not a word was spoken between them on the subject, and then he did go to Mr. Round. Not a word on the subject was spoken between Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme; but she was twice at Orley Farm during the time, and told Lady Mason of the steps which her father-in-law was taking. "He won't betray me!" Lady Mason had said. Mrs. Orme had answered this with what best assurance she should give; but in her heart of hearts she feared that Sir Peregrine would betray the secret.

It was not a pleasant journey for Sir Peregrine. Indeed it may be said that no journey could any longer be pleasant for him. He was old and worn and feeble; very much older and much more worn than he had been at the period spoken of in the commencement of this story, though but a few months had passed over his head since that time. For him now it would have been preferable to remain in the arm-chair by the fire-side in his own library, receiving such comfort in his old age as might come to him from the affection of his daughter-in-law and grandson. But he thought that it behooved him to do this work; and therefore, old and feeble as he was, he set himself to his task. He reached the station in London; had himself driven to Bedford Row in a cab, and soon found himself in the presence of Mr. Round.

There was much ceremonial talk between them before Sir Peregrine could bring himself to declare the purport which had brought him there. Mr. Round of course protested that he was very sorry for all this affair. The case was not in his hands personally. He had hoped many years since that the matter was closed. His client, Mr. Mason of Groby Park, had insisted that it should be reopened; and now he, Mr. Round, really hardly knew what to say about it.

"But, Mr. Round, do you think it is quite impossible that the trial should even now be abandoned?" asked Sir Peregrine, very carefully.

"Well, I fear it is. Mason thinks that the property is his, and is determined to make another struggle for it. I am imputing nothing wrong to the lady. I really am not in a position to have any opinion of my own—"

"No, no, no; I understand. Of course your firm is bound to do the best it can for its client. But, Mr. Round—I know I am quite safe with you."

"Well; safe in one way I hope you are. But, Sir Peregrine, you must of course remember that I am the attorney for the other side—for the side to which you are opposed."

"But still—all that you can want is your client's interest."

"Of course we desire to serve his interest."

"And with that view, Mr. Round, is it not possible that we might come to some compromise?"

"What—by giving up part of the property?"

"By giving up all the property," said Sir Peregrine, with considerable emphasis.

"Whew—w—w!" Mr. Round at the moment made no other answer than this, which terminated in a low whistle.

"Better that at once than that she should die broken-hearted," said Sir Peregrine.

There was then silence between them for a minute or two, after which Mr. Round, turning himself round in his chair so as to face his visitor more fully, spoke as follows: "I told you just now, Sir Peregrine, that I was Mr. Mason's attorney; and I must now tell you, that, as regards this interview between you and me, I will not hold myself as being in that position. What you have said shall be as though it had not been said; and as I am not myself taking any part in the proceedings, this may with absolute strictness be the case. But—"

"If I have said any thing that I ought not to have said—" began Sir Peregrine.

"Allow me for one moment," continued Mr. Round. "The fault is mine, if there be a fault, as I should have explained to you that the matter could hardly be discussed with propriety between us."

"Mr. Round, I offer you my apology from the bottom of my heart."

"No, Sir Peregrine. You shall offer me no apology, nor will I accept any. I know no words strong enough to convey to you my esteem and respect for your character."

"Sir!"

"But I will ask you to listen to me for a moment. If any compromise be contemplated, it should be arranged by the advice of Mr. Furnival and of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and the terms should be settled between Mr. Aram and my son. But I can not myself say that I see any possibility of such a result. It is not, however, for me to advise. If on that matter you wish for advice, I think that you had better see Mr. Furnival."

"Ah!" said Sir Peregrine, telling more and more of the story by every utterance he made.

"And now it only remains for me to assure you once more that the words which have been spoken in this room shall be as though they had not been spoken." And then Mr. Round made it very clear that there was nothing more to be said between them on the subject of Lady Mason. Sir Peregrine repeated his apology, collected his hat and gloves, and with slow step made his way down to his cab, while Mr. Round absolutely waited upon him till he saw him seated within the vehicle.

"So Mat is right after all!" said the old attorney to himself as he stood alone with his back to his own fire, thrusting his hands into his

trowsers-pockets. "So Mat is right after all!" The meaning of this exclamation will be plain to my readers. Mat had declared to his father his conviction that Lady Mason had forged the codicil in question, and the father was now also convinced that she had done so. "Unfortunate woman!" he said; "poor, wretched woman!" And then he began to calculate what might yet be her chances of escape. On the whole he thought that she would escape. "Twenty years of possession," he said to himself; "and so excellent a character!" But, nevertheless, he repeated to himself over and over again that she was a wretched, miserable woman.

We may say that all the persons most concerned were convinced, or nearly convinced, of Lady Mason's guilt. Among her own friends Mr. Furnival had no doubt of it, and Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram but very little; whereas Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme of course had none. On the other side, Mr. Mason and Mr. Dockwrath were both fully sure of the truth, and the two Rounds, father and son, were quite of the same mind. And yet, except with Dockwrath and Sir Peregrine, the most honest and the most dishonest of the lot, the opinion was that she would escape. These were five lawyers concerned, not one of whom gave to the course of justice credit that it would ascertain the truth, and not one of whom wished that the truth should be ascertained. Surely had they been honest-minded in their profession they would have all so wished—have so wished, or else have abstained from all professional intercourse in the matter. I can not understand how any gentleman can be willing to use his intellect for the propagation of untruth, and to be paid for so using it. As to Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram—to them the escape of a criminal under their auspices would of course be a matter of triumph. To such work for many years had they applied their sharp intellects and legal knowledge. But of Mr. Furnival—what shall we say of him?

Sir Peregrine went home very sad at heart, and crept silently back into his own library. In the evening, when he was alone with Mrs. Orme, he spoke one word to her. "Edith," he said, "I have seen Mr. Round. We can do nothing for her there."

"I feared not," said she.

"No; we can do nothing for her there."

After that Sir Peregrine took no step in the matter. What step could he take? But he sat over his fire in his library, day after day, thinking over it all, and waiting till those terrible as-sizes should have come.

CONCERNING LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, sleep, and hope are the three bounties with which kind mother Nature compensates us for the troubles of a life which few, perhaps, would accept if they were asked beforehand. Sancho blessed the man who invented sleep, wherein the Hindoos are with him, who say "it is better to sit than to stand; better

to lie down than to sit; better to sleep than to wake;" but they go one step beyond the illustrious Governor of Barrataria, and add "better to die than to live." The ancients seem to have set Hope before sleep, and left her as the one blessing in Pandora's box. "*Spiro—spero*," say the Italians yet. The ancients, indeed, seem to have had but a poor notion of that blessing which the good Sancho enjoyed so thoroughly, in common with other men of a good conscience and a healthy digestion. Zeno called sleep the image of death; and death to too many of the old philosophers meant annihilation.

Animals sleep—dogs even dream; and who shall say that the cat prowling for mice, or the young Mons "seeking their prey of God," are not animated by hope? But man alone laughs. There is, to be sure, a "horse-laugh," but it is the explosion, not of the horse, but of the hostler; and that curious Australian bird, called the "laughing jackass," is not a jackass, and—brays. Man is a laughing animal, and laughter should be reckoned one of the four cardinal virtues. Plato's featherless biped—proud, erect, reasoning, talking—has perhaps but two great capacities to distinguish him from the plucked rooster which put Plato's definition to blush: he laughs and he commits suicide. A cynical Frenchman remarks, on this head, that animals were not made capable of laughter, because they were created before man, and had therefore nothing to laugh at!

I should perhaps add another distinctive feature of humanity—we alone are subject to nose-bleed. As for tears, we have them in common with the elephant and the crocodile; and Father Homer even lets the horses of Achilles shed tears at the death of Patroclus. The great moose, the camel, the seal, and even the common deer are capable of tears; and when we see how horses and dogs are ill-treated, one wishes that these "dear companions" could revenge themselves as easily as our womankind, with "a good cry."

It is an old proverb that laughter is akin to tears; and, according to Doctor Lemprière, the one seems to have grown very naturally out of the other: When Momus was born he filled all Olympus with his lusty cries; all the goddesses hastened to appease the terrible child; and Jupiter, who could not look without inextinguishable laughter at his last creature—Man—at once dedicated to him the weeping clown.

Almost every philosopher has felt it his duty to attempt a definition of "Man." Franklin calls us tool-making animals; Boswell, who was a gourmand, said, "Man is a cooking animal"—and, indeed, it would not be so far wrong to call most cooks animals. A Frenchman wrote: "*L'homme est un animal qui crache*—[Man is an animal that spits]," a definition which applies perhaps more especially to our "Southern brethren." But for a good solid definition, which will withstand all criticism, I here offer, "Man is a laughing animal." It may be urged that monkeys grin—but a grin is not a laugh; and if it were, let us not forget that Linnæus count-

ed man and the long-armed ape (*homo Lar*) as one species; while Dr. Darwin warns us not rashly to cast off our cousin Jacko. Rousseau saw in the West African Pongo the original of man; and though he continued in his sober moments to walk upon his "hind legs," urged the advantages of quadrupedal locomotion so eloquently, that Voltaire writes him he was "often moved by the reading to run about on all fours at Ferney." The Pavian physician, Moscati, ascribed to our upright carriage many of the diseases to which mankind is subject, particularly palpitation of the heart, hypochondria, consumption, swelled feet, liver complaint, and rupture, the happy exemption of animals from which he ascribes to their horizontal posture. It may be added that, like most physicians, he did not take his own prescriptions. It is undeniable that the surest footing is upon all fours, as you may see in a rickety table or a three-legged stool; but the fine art of walking upon the hind legs, which monkeys so unsuccessfully practice, has yet—by long use, Mr. Darwin would say—become second nature with us; and a close observer may find many points wherein our grinning cousin comes nearer to us than in this—as, for instance, in South America monkeys are trapped by people who expose in their haunts vessels filled with intoxicating liquor, which Jacko drinking falls victim to his imprudence, as happens sometimes to young gentlemen from the country making their first visit to the city. For the rest: "*Simia homo sine cauda, pedibus posticis ambulans, gregarius, omnivorus, inquietus, mendax, furax, salax, pugnax, artium variarum capax, animalium reliquorum hostis, sui ipsius inimicus teterimus.*"

Laughter is a pleasing convulsive motion of the organs of breathing, a convulsion of the facial and abdominal muscles, and an expression of joy and comfort, as tears are the expression of grief and pain. Extremes meet; and as immoderate laughter forces a flow of tears, so great grief often finds its expression in that unnatural laughter which we call hysterical. Novalis calls laughter venous and tears arterial. How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

It has been noticed that children cry before they laugh. Aristotle maintains that they do not laugh before their fortieth day; and St. Cyprian asserts that they weep for the rite of baptism. The ancients held the laughter of young children to be a good omen; and it is related that Zoroaster laughed on the day of his birth, which is probably as true as that other story that the violent beating of his brain threw the nurse's hand from his head. Gargantua, that he might not vex the philosophers who held with Aristotle, put off laughing till after his fortieth day; but, in revenge, cried out constantly, "*Au boire*—[Give me to drink]!"

The Rabbins maintained that the smiling infant was possessed of Lilia, that famous she-devil who led poor Adam such a life; we Christians have a fond faith that the whisper of angels causes the unconscious smile; but doctors, who are matter-of-fact beings, pretend that it is the effect of wind.

If animals can not laugh, neither do they keep the world awake with their cries. They have other expressions for the joy they feel: dogs wag their tails, the cat purrs, and birds—the most joyous of creatures—twitter; old hens even sing. It is as true of laughter what the ancients said of tears, "*Lacrima nil citius crescit*—[Nothing comes quicker than tears];" and this is especially true of women, who are like a spring day, all rain and sunshine. It is odd that the physical causes of both are yet unknown; as also of that perhaps more mysterious phenomenon—the blush, concerning which a cynical Frenchman asked the puzzling question whether young ladies also blush in the dark? a question which I do not propose to answer.

Aristotle and Pliny held that laughter was an affection of the skin, and French physiologists assigned it to the spleen—as, indeed, the French yet say, *S'épanouir la rate, désopiler la rate*, as equivalents for to make merry. The English, on the other hand, speak of laughing heartily; and the Spaniards have a phrase, for forced mirth—"To laugh from the teeth outward," which is not so far amiss, when we remember that there are not only *masculi risorii*, but *dentes risorii*. When we sigh we draw air into our lungs, but laughter violently expels the air. Laughter draws backward the corners of the mouth, draws up the upper lip—especially in young women who have pretty teeth—wrinkles the cheeks, smooths the brow, causes the eyes to sparkle, and draws down the corners of the eyebrows, while the cheeks swell so that, in those fat persons who are given to laughter, one scarce sees the eyes. At the same time the veins of the neck swell, and the blood rushes with pleasant violence to the head, the heart, and the lungs. These are the phenomena of laughter, which, if unduly increased, are capable of endangering life. It is curious that we read only among the ancients and the French of people laughing themselves to death. We Americans have either more jokes, or a poorer appreciation of wit. Zeuxis is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handiwork. Philemon expired of a donkey who so contentedly ate the philosopher's figs that, with his last articulate breath, he sent out a glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment, and thus proved himself, it seems to me, not such a donkey after all. Pomponius Mela has a story of a blessed island in which were two springs, at one of which mortals could imbibe till they laughed themselves to death, when a swallow of the other restored them to life again.

To judge from the title of a book I once met in a French catalogue, many great men must

have died of laughing; it was a list of famous men who have expired of laughter, by one R. Texter, whose name is less famous than doubtless it deserves to be. I have never met with the book, but without it the catalogue of dissertations *de risu* is sufficiently great. For the inquiring reader's benefit I may say that the best I know on the subject is by a French physician, Roy, entitled "*Traité medico-philosophique sur le Rire*," Paris, 1810, in 950 pages octavo; and the worst and least interesting "*Bonifacii Historia Ludicra*," printed at Basle, in 1756.

In an essay in the *Guardian* laughing is defined to be "an agreeable kind of convulsion, a symptom of inward satisfaction;" and those who practice it are divided into dimplers, smilers, laughers, grinners, horse-laughers, and sneerers. This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might be need, if General M'Clellan or General Beauregard should take up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in face of the enemy, in line of battle, and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts of laughter. "Be sure," said Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off." This plan, perhaps, would not do so well while the present long-range artillery is used; but as nothing is too absurd to succeed once, it is related as matter of fact that the Mamelukes once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt, on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command—"Un quarré, les ânes et les savans au milieu—Form in square, asses and men of science in the centre."

Since Adam, who invented laughter—doubtless when he awoke and saw Eve by his side—no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice; perhaps more so, for the laugh of a full-bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the apes. The Abbé Damasceni thought he had discovered, in the various enunciations of laughter, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said *Ha ha ha* belonged to a choleric man, *He he he* to the phlegmatic, *Hi hi hi* to the melancholic, and *Ho ho ho* to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in *A* and *O*, and women in *E* and *I*; and it is singular that with all people, even the cockneys, the aspirate, *H*, precedes the vowel.

The old theologians held laughter to be one of the consequences of the first sin, and believed that Adam did not laugh till he was driven out of Paradise. They avoided laughter as unholy; but they forgot that it is written "the Lord Sabaoth laugheth them to scorn." The old literalists held to the words, "Woe unto you who laugh;" and the second council of Carthage forbade, with an anathema, all "*verba jocularia*

risum moventia." Pope Innocent III. wrote, "New-born children cry, the boys in *A*, and the girls in *E*, mourning together over the sins of Adam and Eve." But, on the other hand, the Dominicans of Luther's time declared that they could hear the poor souls in purgatory laugh every time a coin rang in their begging dish. If we may believe Pliny and Ælian, there were even men among the ancients who abjured laughter, as Phocion, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, and Cato. Lucilius Crassus was called the never-laughing, because he laughed but once in his life, and then at a very silly conceit of his own: he saw a donkey eating thistles, and saying "Rough lips, a rough salad," guffawed at this flimsy conceit. But father Homer calls Venus the laughter-loving and Pluto the never-laughing, and perhaps the loveliest passage in the *Iliad* is that where Hector and Andromache laugh at their boy hiding his face in fear of his father's nodding plumes. The old Greeks and Romans were laughers. The Greeks called the roar of angry waves the laughter of Neptune; Catullus says of the flowers, "*domus jucundo risit adore*;" and Virgil speaks of Jove, "*risit pater optimus*."

Great men have often fancied it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity. Philip IV. of Spain is said to have laughed outright but once in his life, when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the Queens of Spain had no feet. She took with German literalness an old piece of overwrought Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her, and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suite interfered, with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the Queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings! whereat the princess began to weep—understanding, poor lady, that on her arrival in Madrid her feet would be cut off. Lord Chesterfield said, "Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to use my reason;" and Congreve makes his Lord Froth, in the *Double Dealer*, say, "When I laugh I always laugh alone."

Nevertheless, the singer Robert gave lessons in laughter in Paris and London in 1805, and with considerable success—so far as filling his own purse went. He held that men and women could not laugh "decently and systematically" without proper training; and said that a person who could laugh in but one tone seemed to him like one who could say only *oui* and *non*; but that a trained laugh could express many things without words, and would often thus be spared the utterance of unpleasant words.

Young people and fools laugh easily, says an old proverb, which has often proved itself true; and with such, a great incentive to merriment is, that it is forbidden. Some young French naval officers once accompanied their captain to an audience of Pope Benedict XIV. When they came to kiss the sacred Pontifical too they could

not keep in their mirth. The captain looked on with rage and embarrassment, but the good Benedict said, "Never mind them; I am, to be sure, Pope, but I have not the power to keep Frenchmen from laughing." The Tyrrinthians consulted an oracle for a cure for the incessant laughter which afflicted them. "Throw an ox into the sea, in honor of Neptune, without laughing," was the reply; but they found obedience impossible, for as they were leading the animal along a boy joined the procession, and when the grave elders drove him away, cried out, "Do you fear that I want to eat your ox?" Whereat the assembly roared—and returned home.

However would-be-great men pretend to scorn laughter, it remains true that a good laugh is ever an honest fellow; and that laughter is good for the health we have an old proverb to prove: Laugh and grow fat. Think of honest Jack Falstaff, of Sancho Panza, of Dr. Slop—all fat, all dearly beloved. "When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life," says Sterne—who wished laughter enumerated in the *materia medica*, as an eminent English physician used to prescribe to his patients suffering from melancholy "3—4 pp. Peregrine Pickle;" and the great Sydenham maintained that the arrival of a clown in a village was as wholesome as that of twenty donkeys laden with drugs. Tissot, the famous French physician, cured consumptions and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh; Erasmus, through immoderate laughter at the rude Latin of Hutten's "*Letters of Obscure Men*," broke an internal abscess which had long plagued him; and one of the Abderites was so grateful for his health, restored by laughter at the whimsies of a donkey, that he took the name Onogelastes, and called his son Onobolus, and his grandson Onomemnon. Honest laughter is a curative of the same kind as coughing, sneezing, and perhaps vomiting—only pleasanter than any of these; and a cheerful frame of mind has kept many a traveler in sound health when his companions were dying around him. Stedman, the explorer of Surinam, says that he escaped all the diseases of that deadly climate by bathing, singing, laughing, and, "God forgive me," he adds, "cussing," which last I by no means recommend.

FAILING LOVE.

"YOUR face has lost something, Helen. What is it?"

There was a look of concern in the speaker's inquiring eyes.

"Ten years have passed, dear friend!" answered the lady.

"Ten years of sunshine—fruitful years—Helen, should give the heart an abundant store of corn and wine. Your hives are full of honey."

The shade fell deeper on Helen's face.

"I am pained at this," said the friend. "Your letters have not betrayed the existence of a secret trouble."

"I was guarded."

"Guarded!"

"You know," answered Helen, rallying herself, and affecting a lighter state of mind, "that every house has its skeleton."

"Real or imaginary. Most of these skeletons are but shadows."

"Mine is real."

The two friends, met now for the first time in ten years, looked at each other in a strange way. The lightness of tone had died out in the sentence—"Mine is real."

"The best of husbands, good children, and a home like this! Where stands the skeleton? I can see no place for so unseemly an intruder."

"And yet, Margaret, the intruder is here, grinning at me all the while, and growing more and more ghastly."

"Dear friend, how you afflict me!"

Helen Ashby's face had become pale in this reference to a hidden sorrow which had never found voice before.

"It almost kills me to say it, Margaret; but—" Mrs. Ashby checked the sentence ere it found utterance.

"But what? Trust me, Helen. God gives wisdom to love. Through my love He may send healing to your soul. Let me look down into this haunted heart-chamber; let me see the ugly skeleton!"

"I am not loved as I once was, Margaret!" There was a cold shiver in Mrs. Ashby's voice.

"Not loved, Helen!"

"Not loved by my husband." Tears fell silently over Mrs. Ashby's face.

"You are under a dark delusion."

"No. Love has been steadily failing for years—slowly, almost imperceptibly, but surely. I shudder at the contrast, when I measure its height and depth, its length and breadth to-day, and then think how immeasurable it seemed ten years ago!"

"I am pained beyond expression, dear friend! Surely you are in a dream! My brief observation of your husband since I came reveals nothing like coldness or alienation. He is kind, gentle, and tranquil. As I watched his countenance last night, while he talked, and dwelt on the sentiments that fell from his lips, I could not help saying, 'He is fast growing to the stature of a man—that is, of an angel!' This could not be if he were getting cold toward the wife of his bosom."

"Oh, he is good, and true, and excellent!" answered Mrs. Ashby. "A purer, better man does not live. I reverence, I idolize him! He stands in my sight the embodiment of human perfection! But all the while I am conscious of an increasing distance between us. We are not so close together as we were one, two, three, four, or five years ago. My friend, this is terrible! Is it to go on—this widening of the space between us—until he vanishes out of sight, and I am left shivering alone in a universe of darkness? Give me annihilation rather!"

This was the skeleton in Mrs. Ashby's house;

no phantom of the imagination, but a real skeleton. The friend sat long before replying. What Helen now said brought into light some things casually noted since her arrival—some things which had been felt as inharmonious. Let us briefly refer to them: An awkward or confused servant spilled some water on the table, at tea-time, in filling a glass. Mrs. Ashby, instead of passing the incident without notice, reproved her sharply. Mr. Ashby was talking at the time in a cheerful, animated voice. He became silent, but resumed in a few moments. The most ordinary observer would have perceived a change of tone, marked by a certain depression of feeling. Soon after the conversation was resumed Mr. Ashby referred to a lady acquaintance, and spoke of her as an accomplished singer, when his wife threw in some remarks disparaging to her as a woman. To these Mr. Ashby offered a few mildly-spoken excuses; but his wife tore them away with an unseemly asperity of manner, that, to say the least of it, was unbeautiful. Her husband changed the subject. Again he mentioned with praise a lady friend; and again Mrs. Ashby came in with a "but" and an "if," veiling the good and exposing the defects of her character. Two or three times during the meal Mrs. Ashby spoke impatiently to the children, and with a quality of tone that left on the ear an unpleasant impression.

The friend now recalled these little inharmonious incidents. They gave her a glimmer of light.

"Love is never constrained," she said, after a long pause.

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply.

"True love is of the soul. Why do you love your husband?"

"Because," answered Mrs. Ashby, "he is, in my eyes, the embodiment of all manly perfections. He is just, pure, truthful, full of gentleness and goodness."

"And if such be his quality, Helen, can he love in a wife any thing that is not pure and gentle, truthful and good? Have you ever asked yourself a question like this?"

Mrs. Ashby's form was lifted to a sudden erectness. Her brow contracted slightly; her eyes lost something of their softened expression; her lips grew firm.

"Forgive me, Helen, if I have hurt or offended. I love you too well to give fruitless pain," said the friend. "I was only trying to lead your thought inward. If, as you seem to fear, your husband is receding from you, it must be in consequence of inharmonious states of mind—of dissimilarities, or antagonisms. There must be affinities, or there can be no conjunctions. Our souls must be beautiful if we would be truly loved. Have you ever pondered these things? If not, the time has come when you should, in all faithfulness and all seriousness, do so. If your husband be indeed advancing toward all true manly excellences, be growing in spiritual stature, will he not, unless you also advance and grow toward womanly excellence and

perfection, recede from you—get so far beyond as to be out of sight? Are not spiritual laws as unfailling as natural laws?"

Mrs. Ashby's face had already lost its gathering sternness. Her friend paused.

"Why have you said this to me?"

"Because I love you, Helen, and desire your happiness."

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply, dropped her gaze, and sat looking inward for a long time. Then sighed again, and looked up into the face of her friend.

"What have you seen, Margaret? Deal with me honestly as a friend."

"A temper and disposition which your husband can not approve."

"Margaret!"

"You have asked me to deal honestly, as with a friend. Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes; speak of all that is in your mind."

"Your husband is gentle and considerate, ready to excuse faults, free from hardness and harshness."

"None more so."

"I saw that your impatient words, when a servant spilled water on the table last evening, jarred his feelings. He was talking cheerfully at the time; but the change in his tone that followed showed a depressed state. It was plain to me that you hurt him by your sharp reproof more than you hurt the servant. Then I noticed that as often as he spoke in favor of certain persons you placed evil against their good, and not in the most amiable spirit. Once or twice he tried to defend the good, and then you set yourself against him with a degree of asperity that must have produced in his mind a sense of pain. He did not contend; though I fear, had he done so, you would have been all ready for a sharp conflict. Before tea was ended your husband, who conversed at the beginning in an easy, cheerful way, was sitting almost silent. Evidently you had reacted upon him in a manner to depress his feelings. I did not comprehend this at the time, but it is plain enough now."

"I think, Margaret," said Mrs. Ashby as her friend ceased, "that you had on magnifying glasses last evening. A stranger listening to your speech would set me down as ill-natured, if not quarrelsome. Henry would smile to hear you. I am not perfect, I know; and my husband understands this, and makes all due allowance for infirmities of temper."

"Can he in spirit, Helen, conjoin himself to these or any other infirmities? Do their indulgence draw him nearer or away from you? Can he love them?"

Mrs. Ashby's countenance changed. She did not reply.

"Would he choose to live forever conjoined to a disturbing and inharmonious spirit? No matter how feeble the disturbance or slight the lack of harmony, if conjunction must be eternal would not conjunction be avoided as a calamity? We can not bind the soul, my friend, by any laws but its own. Love is drawn by likeness of

quality—affinities combine. If you and your husband are to reach an eternal union you must love and delight in the same things. You must be of like quality. Your hearts must so beat that the flow of life is reciprocal, and the pulses move in unity. You must become like him, or he must become like you. In which contingency lies the surer hope? Answer to your own soul, my friend. If he is receding from you, getting all the while to a farther distance, why is it? What does it mean? Is he rising or descending? Growing better or worse? Which is it, Helen?"

"He is rising. He is growing better."

"And yet receding!"

"I have felt it for a long time, Margaret."

"Then gird your loins—bind sandals to your feet—up, my friend, and press onward in the way you see him going, and draw once more close to his side. As you love him with a pure heart tenderly, seek for the graces of spirit, for the qualities of soul he loves. Cultivate all heavenly affections. Be gentle, kind, considerate, loving—in a word, seek all the Christian graces—and there will be no happier wife in all the land. With such a husband as yours—and I will take your own portraiture—what can stand in the way of all felicities but an undisciplined will?"

"If he will only love an angel, there is no hope for me," replied Mrs. Ashby. "I am but a woman, infirm of will, and stumbling along darkly in my path of life. Oh, Margaret! you are giving me light only to show me the hopelessness of my case."

"Not so," replied the friend. "Your husband is not very far away from you. If I were talking with him of his own state he would use language quite as strong as yours. The infirm will, the darkened way, the stumbling feet—they are his as well as yours and mine. Those who are in advance of us do not walk as serenely as we think. There are always difficulties in the way, and the farther advance we make, while in this world, the more of them we shall find; but for these a higher strength, with patience and humility, are given. Begin by shunning such things as, in the light of reason and God's Word, you know to be wrong. Lay a tranquil hand on your temper, and hold back from utterance all harsh words that can do no good. Have charity for the weaknesses, the infirmities, and shortcomings of others; and if you can not speak approvingly, say no ill. So shall you move onward in the way your beloved is going; so shall you draw near to him in spirit; so shall his soul reflect your soul, and that unity of life be attained which makes of two one forever."

"And you think there is hope for me, Margaret—Hope of winning back the love that seems vanishing?" said Mrs. Ashby. "I see the way it has gone as my eyes follow your pointing finger."

"The lovely are beloved, Helen."

"I must become lovelier then?"

"In spirit; for love is of the spirit. If you

indulge in passion, ill-nature, envies, evil-speaking, and uncharitableness, can one who is trying to put these unclean things out of his heart—who turns from them as foul and hateful—draw closer to you and take you as the embodiment of all perfection into his soul? It is simply impossible, Helen. The good can not love us unless we are beautiful in spirit. To ask them to do so is to require an impossibility."

More than a minute passed. Then lifting her eyes from the floor, where they had been resting, Mrs. Ashby said, "Whereas I was blind, now I see. Oh, my friend, you have come as an angel to lead me out of the wilderness into a plain way. If my husband is advancing while I stand still what wonder is it that he recedes? If I do not walk by his side as he ascends the mountain of spiritual perfection the necessity that divides us is of my own creation. As you have urged, my friend, so will I do—gird up my loins, bind sandals to my feet, and press onward in the way he is going."

"And sooner than you think for, Helen," was answered, "will you be at his side. He is not very far in advance. The road to perfection of life is never passed over with rapid feet. Very slowly the steps are taken. Your husband loves you, but he can not love in you what is unlovely. Put away, then, all the unbeautiful things that veil your attractions. Be in his eyes gentle, loving, charitable, and kind. Be more ready to see as he sees than to find ground of difference. If you do not see in the light of his understanding wait and reflect, but do not argue and oppose. To be truly united, as to the spirit, is to be one in affection and thought. If there is no harmony in your thoughts, the closer you draw together the more you will disturb each other. But why should I say more? Your eyes are open, and you see. The way is plain, walk in it and find peace and joy. You have a true man for a husband; be to him a true wife, and happiness beyond any thing conceivable now shall be yours in the ages of eternity."

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXV.

RES ANGSTA DOMI.

TO reconcile these two men was impossible after such a quarrel as that described in the last chapter. The only chance of peace was to keep the two men apart. If they met they would fly at each other. Mugford always persisted that he could have got the better of his great hulking sub-editor, who did not know the use of his fists. In Mugford's youthful time bruising was a fashionable art, and the old gentleman still believed in his own skill and prowess. "Don't tell me," he would say; "though the fellow is as big as a life-guard, I would have doubled him up in two minutes." I am very glad, for poor Charlotte's sake and his own, that Philip did not undergo the doubling-up process. He himself felt such a wrath and surprise at his

employer as, I suppose, a lion does when a little dog attacks him. I should not like to be that little dog, nor does my modest and peaceful nature at all prompt and impel me to combat with lions.

It was mighty well Mr. Philip Firmin had shown his spirit and quarreled with his bread-and-butter; but when Saturday came what philanthropist would hand four sovereigns and four shillings over to Mr. F., as Mr. Burjoyce, the publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had been accustomed to do? I will say for my friend that a still keener remorse than that which he felt about money thrown away attended him when he found that Mrs. Woolsey, toward whom he had cast a sidelong stone of persecution, was a most respectable and honorable lady. "I should like to go, Sir, and grovel before her," Philip said, in his energetic way. "If I see that tailor, I will request him to put his foot on my head and trample on me with his highlows. Oh, for shame! for shame! Shall I never learn charity toward my neighbors, and always go on believing in the lies which people tell me? When I meet that scoundrel Trail at the club I must chastise him. How dared he take away the reputation of an honest woman?" Philip's friends besought him, for the sake of society and peace, not to carry this quarrel farther. "If," we said, "every woman whom Trail has maligned had a champion who should box Trail's ears at the club, what a vulgar, quarrelsome place that club would become! My dear Philip, did you ever know Mr. Trail say a good word of man or woman?" and by these or similar entreaties and arguments we succeeded in keeping the Queen's peace.

Yes: but how find another *Pall Mall Gazette*?



PATERFAMILIAS.

Had Philip possessed seven thousand pounds in the three per cents., his income would have been no greater than that which he drew from Mugford's faithful bank. Ah! how wonderful ways and means are! When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing repre-

sents money, I am lost in a respectful astonishment. A man takes his own case, as he says his own prayers, on behalf of himself and his family. I am paid, we will say, for the sake of illustration, at the rate of sixpence per line. With the words "Ah, how wonderful," to the

words "per line," I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea—actually enough to make breakfast for the family; and the servants of the house; and the char-woman, *their* servant, can shake up the tea-leaves with a fresh supply of water, sop the crusts, and get a meal, *tant bien que mal*. Wife, children, guests, servants, char-woman, we are all actually making a meal off Philip Firmin's bones as it were. And my next-door neighbor, whom I see spinning away to chambers, umbrella in hand? And next door but one the city man? And next door but two the doctor!—I know the baker has left loaves at every one of their doors this morning, that all their chimneys are smoking, and they will all have breakfast. Ah, thank God for it! I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to work for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men: to work for it, and I hope to pray for it too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. *Panem nostrum da nobis hodie*. Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping; and goes to his early labor with a stouter heart: as he creeps to his rest when the day's labor is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer! Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it into night. How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed and glowed with the dawning light, and as the luminary appeared the boatmen knelt on the rosy deck and adored Allah? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labor. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes, and the steward deal kindly with the laborer!

So two of Philip's cables cracked and gave way after a very brief strain, and the poor fellow held by nothing now but that wonderful *European Review* established by the mysterious Tregarvan. Actors, a people of superstitions and traditions, opine that Heaven, in some mysterious way, makes managers for their benefit. In like manner, Review proprietors are sent to provide the pabulum for us men of letters. With what complacency did my wife listen to the somewhat long-winded and pompous oratory of Tregarvan! He pompous and commonplace? Mr. Tregarvan spoke with excellent good sense. That wily woman never showed she was tired of his conversation. She praised him to Philip behind his back, and would not allow a word in his disparagement. As a doctor will punch your chest, your liver, your heart, listen at your lungs, squeeze your pulse, and what not, so this wily woman studied, shampooed, auscultated Tregar-

van. Of course he allowed himself to be operated upon. Of course he had no idea that the lady was flattering, wheedling, humbugging him; but thought that he was a very well-informed, eloquent man, who had seen and read a great deal, and had an agreeable method of imparting his knowledge, and that the lady in question was a sensible woman, naturally eager for more information. Go, Dalilah! I understand your tricks! I know many another Omphale in London who will coax Hercules away from his club to come and listen to her wheedling talk.

One great difficulty we had was to make Philip read Tregarvan's own articles in the *Review*. He at first said he could not, or that he could not remember them; so that there was no use in reading them. And Philip's new master used to make artful allusions to his own writings in the course of conversation, so that our unwary friend would find himself under examination in any casual interview with Tregarvan, whose opinions on free-trade, malt-tax, income-tax, designs of Russia, or what not, might be accepted or denied, but ought at least to be known. We actually made Philip get up his owner's articles. We put questions to him privily regarding them—"coached" him, according to the university phrase. My wife humbugged that wretched Member of Parliament in a way which makes me shudder, when I think of what hypocrisy the sex is capable. Those arts and dissimulations with which she wheedles others suppose she exercised them on *me*? Horrible thought! No, angel! To others thou mayest be a coaxing hypocrite; to me thou art all candor. Other men may have been humbugged by other women; but I am not to be taken in by that sort of thing; and thou art all candor!

We had then so much per annum as editor. We were paid, besides, for our articles. We had really a snug little pension out of this *Review*, and we prayed it might last forever. We might write a novel. We might contribute articles to a daily paper; get a little parliamentary practice as a barrister. We actually did get Philip into a railway case or two, and my wife must be coaxing and hugging solicitors' ladies, as she had wheedled and coaxed Members of Parliament. Why, I do believe my Dalilah set up a flirtation with old Bishop Crossticks, with an idea of getting her *protégé* a living; and though the lady indignantly repudiates this charge, will she be pleased to explain how the bishop's sermons were so outrageously praised in the *Review*?

Philip's roughness and frankness did not displease Tregarvan, to the wonder of us all, who trembled lest he should lose this, as he had lost his former place. Mr. Tregarvan had more country houses than one, and at these not only was the editor of the *Review* made welcome, but the editor's wife and children, whom Tregarvan's wife took in especial regard. In London Lady Mary had assemblies, where our little friend Charlotte made her appearance; and half a

dozen times in the course of the season the wealthy Cornish gentleman feasted his retainers of the *Review*. His wine was excellent and old; his jokes were old, too; his table pompous, grave, plentiful. If Philip was to eat the bread of dependence, the loaf was here very kindly prepared for him, and he ate it humbly and with not too much grumbling. This diet chokes some proud stomachs and disagrees with them; but Philip was very humble now, and of a nature grateful for kindness. He is one who requires the help of friends, and can accept benefits without losing independence—not all men's gifts, but some men's, whom he repays not only with coin but with an immense affection and gratitude. How that man did laugh at my witticisms! How he worshiped the ground on which my wife walked! He elected himself our champion. He quarreled with other people who found fault with our characters or would not see our perfections. There was something affecting in the way in which this big man took the humble place. We could do no wrong in his eyes; and woe betide the man who spoke disparagingly of us in his presence!

One day, at his patron's table, Philip exercised his valor and championship in our behalf by defending us against the evil-speaking of that Mr. Trail, who has been mentioned before as a gentleman difficult to please and credulous of ill regarding his neighbor. The talk happened to fall upon the character of the reader's most humble servant, and Trail, as may be imagined, spared me no more than the rest of mankind. Would you like to be liked by all people? That would be a reason why Trail should hate you. Were you an angel fresh dropped from the skies he would espy dirt on your robe, and a black feather or two in your wing. As for me, I know I am not angelical at all; and in walking my native earth can't help a little maid on my trowsers. Well: Mr. Trail began to paint my portrait, laying on those dark shadows which that well-known master is in the habit of employing. I was a parasite of the nobility; I was a heartless sycophant, house-breaker, drunkard, murderer, returned convict, etc., etc. With a little imagination Mrs. Candor can fill up the outline, and arrange the colors so as to suit her amiable fancy.

Philip had come late to dinner—of this fault, I must confess, he is guilty only too often. The company were at table; he took the only place vacant, and this happened to be at the side of Mr. Trail. On Trail's other side was a portly individual, of a healthy and rosy countenance and voluminous white waistcoat, to whom Trail directed much of his amiable talk, and whom he addressed once or twice as Sir John. Once or twice already we have seen how Philip has quarreled at table. He cried *mea culpa* loudly and honestly enough. He made vows of reform in this particular. He succeeded, dearly beloved brethren, not much worse or better than you and I do, who confess our faults, and go on promis-

ing to improve, and stumbling and picking ourselves up every day. The pavement of life is strewn with orange-peel, and who has not slipped on the flags?

"He is the most conceited man in London," Trail was going on, "and one of the most worldly. He will throw over a colonel to dine with a general. He wouldn't throw over you two baronets—he is a great deal too shrewd a fellow for that. He wouldn't give you up, perhaps, to dine with a lord, but any ordinary baronet he would."

"And why not us as well as the rest?" asks Tregaryan, who seemed amused at the speaker's chatter.

"Because you are not like common baronets at all. Because your estates are a great deal too large. Because, I suppose, you might either of you go to the Upper House any day. Because, as an author, he may be supposed to be afraid of a certain *Review*," cries Trail, with a loud laugh.

"Trail is speaking of a friend of yours," cried Sir John, nodding and smiling to the new-comer.

"Very lucky for my friend," growls Philip, and eats his soup in silence.

"By-the-way, that article of his on Madame de Sévigné is poor stuff. No knowledge of the period. Three gross blunders in French. A man can't write of French society unless he has lived in French society. What does Penderennis know of it? A man who makes blunders like those can't understand French. A man who can't speak French can't get on in French society. Therefore he can't write about French society. All these propositions are clear enough. Thank you. Dry Champagne, if you please. He is enormously overrated, I tell you; and so is his wife. They used to put her forward as a beauty; and she is only a dowdy woman out of a nursery. She has no style about her."

"She is only one of the best women in the world," Mr. Firmin called out, turning very red; and hereupon entered into a defense of our characters, and pronounced a eulogium upon both and each of us, in which I hope there was some little truth. However, he spoke with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Trail found himself in a minority.

"You are right to stand up for your friends, Firmin!" cried the host. "Let me introduce you to—"

"Let me introduce myself," said the gentleman on the other side of Mr. Trail. "Mr. Firmin, you and I are kinsmen—I am Sir John Ringwood." And Sir John reached a hand to Philip across Trail's chair. They talked a great deal together in the course of the evening; and when Mr. Trail found that the great northern baronet was friendly and familiar with Philip, and claimed a relationship with him, his manner toward Firmin altered. He pronounced afterward a warm eulogy upon Sir John for his frankness and good-nature in recognizing his unfortunate relative, and charitably said, "Philip might not be like the doctor, and could not

help having a rogue for a father." In former days Trail had eaten and drunken freely at that rogue's table. But we must have truth, you know, before all things; and if your own brother has committed a sin, common justice requires that you should stone him.

In former days, and not long after Lord Ringwood's death, Philip had left his card at this kinsman's door, and Sir John's butler, driving in his master's brougham, had left a card upon Philip, who was not over well pleased by this acknowledgment of his civility, and, in fact, employed abusive epithets when he spoke of the transaction. But when the two gentlemen actually met, their intercourse was kindly and pleasant enough. Sir John listened to his relative's talk—and it appears Philip comported himself with his usual free and easy manner—with interest and curiosity; and owned afterward that evil tongues had previously been busy with the young man's character, and that slander and untruth had been spoken regarding him. In this respect, if Philip is worse off than his neighbors, I can only say his neighbors are fortunate.

Two days after the meeting of the cousins the tranquillity of Thornhaugh Street was disturbed by the appearance of a magnificent yellow chariot, with crests, hammer-cloths, a bewigged coachman, and a powdered footman. Betsy, the nurse, who was going to take baby out for a walk, encountered this giant on the threshold of Mrs. Brandon's door, and a lady within the chariot delivered three cards to the tall menial, who transferred them to Betsy. And Betsy persisted in saying that the lady in the carriage admired baby very much, and asked its age, at which baby's mamma was not in the least surprised. In due course an invitation to dinner followed, and our friends became acquainted with their kinsfolk.

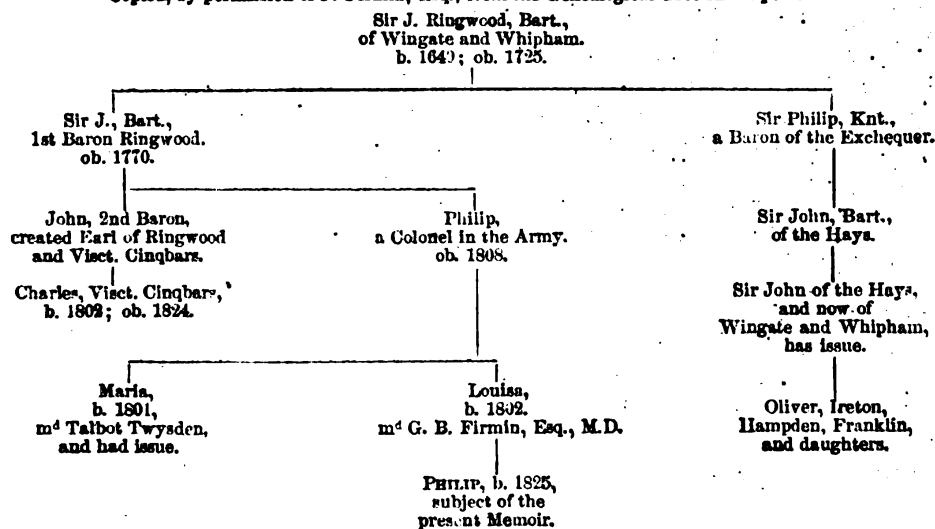
If you have a good memory for pedigrees—and in my youthful time every man *de bonne maison* studied genealogies, and had his English families in his memory—you know that this

Sir John Ringwood, who succeeded to the principal portion of the estates, but not to the titles of the late earl, was descended from a mutual ancestor, a Sir John, whose elder son was ennobled (temp Geo. I.), while the second son, following the legal profession, became a judge, and had a son, who became a baronet, and who begat that present Sir John who has just been shaking hands with Philip across Trail's back.* Thus the two men were cousins; and in right of the heiress, his poor mother, Philip might quarter the Ringwood arms on his carriage whenever he drove out. These, you know, are argent, a dexter sinople on a fesse wavy of the first—or pick out, my dear friend, any coat you like out of the whole heraldic wardrobe, and accommodate it to our friend Firmin.

When he was a young man at college Philip had dabbled a little in this queer science of heraldry, and used to try and believe the legends about his ancestry which his fond mother imparted to him. He had a great book-plate made for himself, with a prodigious number of quarterings, and could recite the alliances by which such and such a quartering came into his shield. His father rather confirmed these histories, and spoke of them and of his wife's noble family with much respect: and Philip, artlessly whispering to a vulgar boy at school that he was descended from King John, was thrashed very unkindly by the vulgar upper boy, and nicknamed King John for many a long day after. I dare say many other gentlemen who profess to trace their descent from ancient kings have no better or worse authority for their pedigree than friend Philip.

When our friend paid his second visit to Sir John Ringwood he was introduced to his kinsman's library. A great family-tree hung over the mantle-piece, surrounded by a whole gallery of defunct Ringwoods, of whom the baronet was now the representative. He quoted to Philip the hackneyed old Horatian lines (some score of years ago a great deal of that old coin was

* Copied, by permission of P. Firmin, Esq., from the Genealogical Tree in his possession.



current in conversation). As for family, he said, and ancestors, and what we have not done ourselves, these things we can hardly call ours! Sir John gave Philip to understand that he was a staunch liberal. Sir John was for going with the age. Sir John had fired a shot from the Paris barricades. Sir John was for the rights of man every where all over the world. He had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, and the first Consul Bonaparte on his walls along with his ancestors. He had lithograph copies of Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence, and the Signatures to the Death of Charles I. He did not scruple to own his preference for republican institutions. He wished to know what right had any man—the late Lord Ringwood, for example—to sit in a hereditary House of Peers and legislate over him? That lord had had a son Cinqbars, who died many years before, a victim of his own follies and debaucheries. Had Lord Cinqbars survived his father, he would now be sitting an earl in the House of Peers—the most ignorant young man, the most unprincipled young man, reckless, dissolute, of the feeblest intellect and the worst life. Well, had he lived and inherited the Ringwood property, that creature would have been an earl: whereas he, Sir John, his superior in morals, in character, in intellect, his equal in point of birth (for had they not both a common ancestor?) was Sir John still. The inequalities in men's chances in life were monstrous and ridiculous. He was determined, henceforth, to look at a man for himself alone, and not esteem him for any of the absurd caprices of fortune.

As the republican was talking to his relative a servant came into the room and whispered to his master that the plumber had come with his bill as by appointment; upon which Sir John rose up in a fury, asked the servant how he dared to disturb him, and bade him tell the plumber to go to the lowest depths of Tartarus. Nothing could equal the insolence and rapacity of tradesmen, he said, except the insolence and idleness of servants; and he called this one back, and asked him how he dared to leave the fire in that state?—stormed and raged at him with a volubility which astonished his new acquaintance; and, the man being gone, resumed his previous subject of conversation, viz., natural equality and the outrageous injustice of the present social system. After talking for half an hour, during which Philip found that he himself could hardly find an opportunity of uttering a word, Sir John took out his watch and got up from his chair; at which hint Philip too rose, not sorry to bring the interview to an end. And hitherto Sir John accompanied his kinsman into the hall, and to the street door, before which the baronet's groom was riding, leading his master's horse. And Philip heard the baronet using violent language to the groom, as he had done to the servant within doors. Why, the army in Flanders did not swear more terribly than this admirer of republican institutions and advocate of the rights of man.

Philip was not allowed to go away without appointing a day when he and his wife would partake of their kinsman's hospitality. On this occasion Mrs. Philip comported herself with so much grace and simplicity that Sir John and Lady Ringwood pronounced her to be a very pleasing and ladylike person, and I dare say wondered how a person in her rank of life could have acquired manners that were so refined and agreeable. Lady Ringwood asked after the child which she had seen, praised its beauty; of course, won the mother's heart, and thereby caused her to speak with perhaps more freedom than she would otherwise have felt at a first interview. Mrs. Philip has a dainty touch on the piano, and a sweet singing voice that is charmingly true and neat. She performed after dinner some of the songs of her little *répertoire*, and pleased her audience. Lady Ringwood loved good music, and was herself a fine performer of the ancient school, when she played Haydn and Mozart under the tuition of good old Sir George Thrum. The tall and handsome beneficed clergyman who acted as major-domo of Sir John's establishment placed a parcel in the carriage when Mr. and Mrs. Philip took their leave, and announced with much respectful deference that the cab was paid. Our friends no doubt would have preferred to dispense with this ceremony; but it is ill looking even a gift cab-horse in the mouth, and so Philip was a gainer of some two shillings by his kinsman's liberality.

When Charlotte came to open the parcel which major-domo, with his lady's compliments, had placed in the cab, I fear she did not exhibit that elation which we ought to feel for the favors of our friends. A couple of little frocks, of the cut of George IV., some little red shoes of the same period, some crumpled sashes, and other small articles of wearing apparel, by her ladyship's order by her ladyship's lady's-maid; and Lady Ringwood kissing Charlotte at her departure, told her that she had caused this little packet to be put away for her. "H'm," says Philip, only half pleased. "Suppose, Sir John had told his butler to put up one of his blue coats and brass buttons for me, as well as pay the cab?"

"If it was meant in kindness, Philip, we must not be angry," pleaded Philip's wife; "and I am sure if you had heard her and the Miss Ringwoods speak of baby you would like them, as I intend to do."

But Mrs. Philip never put those mouldy old red shoes upon baby; and as for the little frocks, children's frocks are made so much fuller now that Lady Ringwood's presents did not answer at all. Charlotte managed to furbish up a sash, and a pair of epaulets for her child—epaulets are they called? Shoulder-knots—what you will, ladies; and with these ornaments Miss Firmin was presented to Lady Ringwood and some of her family.

The good-will of these new-found relatives of Philip's was laborious, was evident, and yet I must say was not altogether agreeable. At the

first period of their intercourse—for this too, I am sorry to say, came to an end, or presently suffered interruption—tokens of affection in the shape of farm produce, country butter and poultry, and actual butcher's meat, came from Berkeley Square to Thornhaugh Street. The Duke of Doublegloster, I know, is much richer than you are; but if he were to offer to make you a present of half-a-crown, I doubt whether you would be quite pleased. And so with Philip and his relatives. A hamper brought in the brougham, containing hot-house grapes and country butter, is very well, but a leg of mutton I own was a gift that was rather tough to swallow. It *was* tough. That point we ascertained and established among roars of laughter one day when we dined with our friends. Did Lady Ringwood send a sack of turnips in the brougham too? In a word, we ate Sir John's mutton, and we laughed at him, and be sure many a man has done the same by you and me. Last Friday, for instance, as Jones and Brown go away after dining with your humble servant. "Did you ever see such profusion and extravagance?" asks Brown. "Profusion and extravagance!" cries Jones, that well-known epicure. "I never saw any thing so shabby in my life. What does the fellow mean by asking *me* to such a dinner?" "True," says the other, "it *was* an abominable dinner, Jones, as you justly say; but it *was* very profuse in him to give it. Don't you see?" and so both our good friends are agreed.

Ever many days were over the great yellow chariot and its powdered attendants again made their appearance before Mrs. Brandon's modest door in Thornhaugh Street, and Lady Ringwood and two daughters descended from the carriage and made their way to Mr. Philip's apartments in the second floor, just as that worthy gentleman was sitting down to dinner with his wife. Lady Ringwood, bent upon being gracious, was in ecstasies with every thing she saw—a clean house—a nice little maid—pretty picturesque rooms—odd rooms—and what charming pictures! Several of these were the work of the fond pencil of poor J. J., who, as has been told, had painted Philip's beard and Charlotte's eyebrow, and Charlotte's baby a thousand and a thousand times. "May we come in? Are we disturbing you? What dear little bits of china! What a beautiful mug, Mr. Firmin!" This was poor J. J.'s present to his god-daughter. "How nice the luncheon looks! Dinner, is it? How pleasant to dine at this hour!" The ladies were determined to be charmed with every thing round about them.

"We are dining on your poultry. May we offer some to you and Miss Ringwood?" says the master of the house.

"Why don't you dine in the dining-room? Why do you dine in a bedroom?" asks Franklin Ringwood, the interesting young son of the Baroness of Ringwood.

"Somebody else lives in the parlor," says Mrs. Philip. On which the boy remarks, "We

have two dining-rooms in Berkeley Square. I mean for us, besides papa's study, which I mustn't go into. And the servants have two dining-rooms, and—"

"Hush! Here," cries mamma, with the usual remark regarding the beauty of silence in little boys.

But Franklin persists in spite of the "Hushes:" "And so we have at Ringwood; and at Whipham there's ever so many dining-rooms—ever so many—and I like Whipham a great deal better than Ringwood, because my pony is at Whipham. You have not got a pony. You are too poor."

"Franklin!"

"You said he was too poor; and you would not have had chickens if we had not given them to you. Mamma, you know you said they were very poor, and would like them."

And here mamma looked red, and I dare say Philip's cheeks and ears tingled, and for once Mrs. Philip was thankful at hearing her baby cry, for it gave her a pretext for leaving the room and flying to the nursery, whither the other two ladies accompanied her.

Meanwhile Master Franklin went on with his artless conversation. "Mr. Philip, why do they say you are wicked? You do not look wicked; and I am sure Mrs. Philip does not look wicked—she looks very good."

"Who says I am wicked?" asks Mr. Firmin of his candid young relative.

"Oh, ever so many! Cousin Talbot says so; and Blanche says so; and Woolcombe says so; only I don't like him, he's so very brown. And when they heard you had been to dinner, 'Has that beast been here?' Talbot says. And I don't like him a bit. But I like you—at least I think I do. You only have oranges for dessert. We always have lots of things for dessert at home. You don't, I suppose, because you've got no money—only a very little."

"Well: I have got only a very little," says Philip.

"I have some—ever so much. And I'll buy something for your wife; and I shall like to have you better at home than Blanche, and Talbot, and that Woolcombe; and they never give me any thing. You can't, you know, because you are so very poor—you are; but we'll often send you things, I dare say. And I'll have an orange, please—thank you. And there's a chap at our school, and his name is Suckling, and he ate eighteen oranges, and wouldn't give one away to any body. Wasn't he a greedy pig? And I have wine with my oranges—I do: a glass of wine—thank you. That's jolly. But you don't have it often, I suppose, because you're so very poor."

I am glad that infant could not understand, being yet of too tender age, the compliments which Lady Ringwood and her daughter passed upon her. As it was, the compliments charmed the mother, for whom indeed they were intended, and did not inflame the unconscious baby's vanity.

"What would the polite mamma and sister have said, if they had heard that unlucky Franklin's prattle?" The boy's simplicity amused his tall cousin. "Yes," says Philip, "we are very poor, but we are very happy, and don't mind—that's the truth."

"Mademoiselle, that's the German governess, said she wondered how you could live at all; and I don't think you could if you ate as much as she did. You should see her eat; she is such a *oer* at eating. Fred, my brother, that's the one who is at college, one day tried to see how much Mademoiselle Wallfitch could eat, and she had twice of soup, and then she said *sivoplay*, and then twice of fish, and she said *sivoplay* for more; and then she had roast mutton—no, I think roast beef it was; and she eats the pease with her knife, and then she had raspberry jam pudding, and ever so much beer, and then—" But what came then we never shall know; because while young Franklin was choking with laughter (accompanied with a large piece of orange) at the ridiculous recollection of Miss Wallfitch's appetite, his mamma and sister came down stairs from Charlotte's nursery, and brought the dear boy's conversation to an end. The ladies chose to go home, delighted with Philip, baby, Charlotte. Every thing was so proper. Every thing was so nice; Mrs. Firmin was so ladylike. The fine ladies watched her and her behavior with that curiosity which the Brobdingnag ladies displayed when they held up little Gulliver on their palms, and saw him bow, smile, dance, draw his sword, and so forth, just like a man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH PHILIP WEARS A WIG.

WE can not expect to be loved by a relative whom we have knocked into an illuminated pond, and whose coat-tails, pantaloons, nether limbs, and best feelings we have lacerated with ill-treatment and broken glass. A man whom you have so treated behind his back will not be sparing of his punishment behind yours. Of course all the Twysdens, male and female, and Woolcombe, the dusky husband of Philip's former love, hated and feared, and maligned him; and were in the habit of speaking of him as a truculent and reckless savage and monster, coarse and brutal in his language and behavior, ragged, dirty, and reckless in his personal appearance; reeking with smoke, perpetually reeling in drink, indulging in oaths, actions, laughter which rendered him intolerable in civilized society. The Twysdens, during Philip's absence abroad, had been very respectful and assiduous in courting the new head of the Ringwood family. They had flattered Sir John, and paid court to my lady. They had been welcomed at Sir John's houses in town and country. They had adopted his politics in a great measure, as they had adopted the politics of the deceased Ringwood. They had never lost an opportunity



of abusing poor Philip and of ingratiating themselves. They had never refused any invitation from Sir John in town or country, and had ended by utterly boring him and Lady Ringwood and the Ringwood family in general. Lady Ringwood learned somewhere how pitilessly Mrs. Woolcombe had jilted her cousin when a richer suitor appeared in the person of the West Indian. Then news came how Philip had administered a beating to Woolcombe, to Talbot Twysden, to a dozen who set on him. The early prejudices began to pass away. A friend or two of Philip's told Ringwood how he was mistaken in the young man, and painted a portrait of him in colors much more favorable than those which his kinsfolk employed. Indeed, dear relations, if the public wants to know our little faults and errors, I think I know who will not grudge the requisite information. Dear Aunt Candor, are you not still alive, and don't you know what we had for dinner yesterday, and the amount (monstrous extravagance!) of the washer-woman's bill?

Well, the Twysden family so bespattered poor Philip with abuse, and represented him as a monster of such hideous mien, that no wonder the Ringwoods avoided him. Then they began to grow utterly sick and tired of his detractors. And then Sir John, happening to talk with his brother Member of Parliament, Tregarvan, in the House of Commons, heard quite a different story regarding our friend to that with which the Twysdens had regaled him; and with no little surprise on Sir John's part, was told by Tregarvan how honest, rough, worthy, affectionate, and gentle this poor maligned fellow was; how he had been sinned against by his wretch of a father, whom he had forgiven and actually helped out of his wretched means; and how he was making a brave battle against poverty, and had a

sweet little loving wife and child, whom every kind heart would willingly strive to help. Because people are rich they are not of necessity ogres. Because they are born gentlemen and ladies of good degree, are in easy circumstances, and have a generous education, it does not follow that they are heartless and will turn their back on a friend. *Moi qui vous parle*—I have been in a great strait of sickness near to death, and the friends who came to help me with every comfort, succor, sympathy were actually gentlemen, who lived in good houses, who had a good education. They didn't turn away because I was sick, or fly from me because they thought I was poor; on the contrary, hand, purse, succor, sympathy were ready, and praise be to Heaven. And so too did Philip find help when he needed it, and succor when he was in poverty. Tregarvan, we will own, was a pompous little man, his House of Commons speeches were dull, and his written documents awfully slow; but he had a kind heart: he was touched by that picture which Laura drew of the young man's poverty, and honesty, and simple hopefulness in the midst of hard times: and we have seen how the *European Review* was thus intrusted to Mr. Philip's management. Then some artful friends of Philip's determined that he should be reconciled to his relations, who were well-to-do in the world, and might serve him. And I wish, dear reader, that your respectable relatives and mine would bear this little paragraph in mind and leave us both happy legacies. Then Tregarvan spoke to Sir John Ringwood, and that meeting was brought about, where, for once at least, Mr. Philip quarreled with nobody.

And now came another little piece of good luck, which, I suppose, must be attributed to the same kind friend who had been scheming for Philip's benefit, and who is never so happy as when her little plots for her friend's benefit can be made to succeed. Yes: when that arch-jobber—don't tell me—I never knew a woman worth a pin who wasn't—when that arch-jobber, I say, has achieved a job by which some friend is made happy, her eyes and cheeks brighten with triumph. Whether she has got a sick man into a hospital, or got a poor woman a family's washing, or made a sinner repent and return to wife, husband, or what not, that woman goes off and pays her thanks, where thanks are due, with such fervor, with such lightness, with such happiness, that I assure you she is a sight to behold. Hush! When one sinner is saved, who are glad? Some of us know a woman or two pure as angels—know, and are thankful.

When the person about whom I have been prattling has one of her benevolent jobs in hand, or has completed it, there is a sort of triumph and mischief in her manner, which I don't know otherwise how to describe. She does not understand my best jokes at this period, or answer them at random, or laugh very absurdly and vacantly. She embraces her children wildly, and, at the most absurd moments, is utterly unmindful when they are saying their lessons,

prattling their little questions, and so forth. I recall all these symptoms (and put this and that together, as the saying is) as happening on one especial day, at the commencement of Easter Term, eighteen hundred and never mind what—as happening on one especial morning when this lady had been astoundingly *distracte* and curiously excited. I now remember, how during her children's dinner-time, she sat looking into the square out of our window, and scarcely attending to the little innocent cries for mutton which the children were offering up.

At last there was a rapid clank over the pavement, a tall figure passed the parlor windows, which our kind friends know look into Queen Square, and then came a loud ring at the bell, and I thought the mistress of the house gave an ah—a sigh—as though her heart was relieved.

The street door was presently opened, and then the dining-room door, and Philip walks in with his hat on, his blue eyes staring before him, his hair flaming about, and “La, Uncle Philip!” cry the children. “What have you done to yourself? You have shaved off your mustache.” And so he had, I declare!

“I say, Pen, look here! This has been left at chambers; and Cassidy has sent it on by his clerk,” our friend said. I forget whether it has been stated that Philip's name still remained on the door of those chambers in Parchment Buildings, where we once heard his song of “Doctor Luther,” and were present at his call-supper.

The document which Philip produced was actually a brief. The papers were superscribed, “In Parliament, Polwheeldle and Tredyddlum Railway. To support bill, Mr. Firmin; retainer, five guineas; brief, fifty guineas; consultation, five guineas. With you Mr. Armstrong, Sir J. Whitworth, Mr. Pinkerton.” Here was a wonder of wonders! A shower of gold was poured out on my friend. A light dawned upon me. The proposed bill was for a Cornish line. Our friend Tregarvan was concerned in it, the line passing through his property, and my wife had canvassed him privately, and by her wheedling and blandishments had persuaded Tregarvan to use his interest with the agents and get Philip this welcome aid.

Philip eyed the paper with a queer expression. He handled it as some men handle a baby. He looked as if he did not know what to do with it, and as if he should like to drop it. I believe I made some satirical remark to this effect as I looked at our friend with his paper.

“He holds a child beautifully,” said my wife, with much enthusiasm; “much better than some people who laugh at him.”

“And he will hold this no doubt much to his credit. May this be the father of many briefs! May you have bags full of them!” Philip had all our good wishes. They did not cost much, or avail much, but they were sincere. I know men who can't for the lives of them give even that cheap coin of good-will, but hate their neighbors' prosperity, and are angry with them when they cease to be dependent and poor.”

We have said how Cassidy's astonished clerk had brought the brief from chambers to Firmin at his lodgings at Mrs. Brandon's in Thornhaugh Street. Had a bailiff served him with a writ Philip could not have been more surprised or in a greater tremor. A brief? Grands Dieux! What was he to do with a brief? He thought of going to bed, and being ill—of flying from home, country, family. Brief? Charlotte, of course, seeing her husband alarmed, began to quake too. Indeed, if his worship's finger aches, does not her whole body suffer? But Charlotte's and Philip's constant friend, the Little Sister, felt no such fear. "Now there's this opening, you must take it, my dear," she said. "Suppose you don't know much about law—"

"Much! Nothing," interposed Philip. "You might ask me to play the piano; but as I never happened to have learned—"

"La—don't tell me! You mustn't show a faint heart. Take the business and do it best you can. You'll do it better next time, and next. The Bar's a gentleman's business. Don't I attend a judge's lady, which I remember her with her first in a little bit of a house in Bernard Street, Russell Square; and now haven't I been to her in Eaton Square, with a butler, and two footmen, and carriages ever so many? You may work on at your newspapers and get a crust, and when you're old, and if you quarrel—and you have a knack of quarreling—he has, Mrs. Firmin. I knew him before you did. Quarrelsome he is, and he will be, though you think him an angel, to be sure. Suppose you quarrel with your newspaper masters, and your reviews, and that, you lose your place. A gentleman like Mr. Philip oughtn't to have a master. I couldn't bear to think of your going down of a Saturday to the publishing office to get your wages like a workman."

"But *I am* a workman," interposes Philip.

"La! But do you mean to remain one forever? I would rise, if I was a man!" said the intrepid little woman; "I would rise, or I'd know the reason why. Who knows how many in family you're going to be? I'd have more spirit than to live in a second floor—I would!"

And the little woman said this, though she clung round Philip's child with a rapture of fondness which she tried in vain to conceal; though she felt that to part from it would be to part from her life's chief happiness; though she loved Philip as her own son: and Charlotte—well, Charlotte for Philip's sake—as women love other women.

Charlotte came to her friends in Queen Square, and told us of the resolute Little Sister's advice and conversation. She knew that Mrs. Brandon only loved her as something belonging to Philip. She admired this Little Sister, and trusted her, and could afford to bear that little somewhat scornful domination which Brandon exercised. "She does not love me, because Philip does," Charlotte said. "Do you think I could like her, or any woman, if I thought Philip loved them? I could kill them, Laura, that I

could!" And at this sentiment I imagine daggers shooting out of a pair of eyes that were ordinarily very gentle and bright.

Not having been engaged in the case in which Philip had the honor of first appearing, I can not enter into particulars regarding it, but am sure that case must have been uncommonly strong in itself which could survive such an advocate. He passed a frightful night of torture before appearing in committee room. During that night, he says, his hair grew gray. His old college friend and comrade Pinkerton, who was with him in the case, "coached" him on the day previous; and indeed it must be owned that the work which he had to perform was not of a nature to impair the inside or the outside of his skull. A great man was his leader; his friend Pinkerton followed; and all Mr. Philip's business was to examine half a dozen witnesses by questions previously arranged between them and the agents.

When you hear that, as a reward of his services in this case, Mr. Firmin received a sum of money sufficient to pay his modest family expenses for some four months, I am sure, dear and respected literary friends, that you will wish the lot of a parliamentary barrister had been yours, or that your immortal works could be paid with such a liberality as rewards the labors of these lawyers. "*Nimmer erscheinen die Götter allein.*" After one agent had employed Philip, another came and secured his valuable services; him two or three others followed, and our friend positively had money in bank. Not only were apprehensions of poverty removed for the present, but we had every reason to hope that Firmin's prosperity would increase and continue. And when a little son and heir was born, which blessing was conferred upon Mr. Philip about a year after his daughter, our godchild, saw the light, we should have thought it shame to have any misgivings about the future, so cheerful did Philip's prospects appear. "Did I not tell you," said my wife, with her usual kindling romance, "that comfort and succor would be found for these in the hour of their need?" Amen. We were grateful that comfort and succor should come. No one, I am sure, was more humbly thankful than Philip himself for the fortunate chances which befell him.

He was alarmed rather than elated by his sudden prosperity. "It can't last," he said. "Don't tell me. The attorneys must find me out before long. They can not continue to give their business to such an ignoramus; and I really think I must remonstrate with them." You should have seen the Little Sister's indignation when Philip uttered this sentiment in her presence. "Give up your business? Yes, do!" she cried, tossing up Philip's youngest born. "Fling this baby out of window, why not indeed, which Heaven has sent it you!—You ought to go down on your knees and ask pardon for having thought any thing so wicked." Philip's heir, by-the-way, immediately on his entrance into the world, had become the prime

favorite of this unreasoning woman. The little daughter was passed over as a little person of no account, and so began to entertain the passion of jealousy at almost the very earliest age at which even the female breast is capable of enjoying it.

And though this Little Sister loved all these people with an almost ferocious passion of love, and lay awake, I believe, hearing their infantine cries, or crept on stealthy feet in darkness to their mother's chamber door, behind which they lay sleeping; though she had, as it were, a rage for these infants, and was wretched out of their sight, yet, when a third and a fourth brief came to Philip, and he was enabled to put a little money aside, nothing would content Mrs. Brandon but that he should go into a house of his own. "A gentleman," she said, "ought not to live in a two-pair lodging; he ought to have a house of his own." So, you see, she hastened on the preparations for her own execution. She trudged to the brokers' shops and made wonderful bargains of furniture. She cut chintzes, and covered sofas, and sewed, and patched, and fitted. She found a house and took it—Milman Street, Guildford Street, opposite the Fondling (as the dear little soul called it), a most genteel, quiet little street, "and quite near for me to come," she said, "to see my dears." Did she speak with dry eyes? Mine moisten sometimes when I think of the faith, of the generosity, of the sacrifice, of that devoted, loving creature.

I am very fond of Charlotte. Her sweetness and simplicity won all our hearts at home. No wife or mother ever was more attached and affectionate; but I own there was a time when I hated her, though of course that highly principled woman, the wife of the author of the present memoirs, says that the statement I am making here is stuff and nonsense, not to say immoral and irreligious. Well, then, I hated Charlotte for the horrible eagerness which she showed in getting away from this Little Sister, who clung round those children, whose first cries she had heard. I hated Charlotte for a cruel happiness which she felt as she hugged the children to her heart: her own children in their own room, whom she would dress, and watch, and wash, and tend; and for whom she wanted no aid. No aid, *entendez vous?* Oh, it was a shame, a shame! In the new house, in the pleasant little trim new nursery (fitted up by whose fond hands we will not say), is the mother glaring over the cot, where the little, soft, round cheeks are pillowed; and yonder in the rooms in Thornhaugh Street, where she has tended them for two years, the Little Sister sits lonely as the moonlight streams in. God help thee, little, suffering, faithful heart! Never but once in her life before had she known so exquisite a pain.

Of course we had an entertainment in the new house; and Philip's friends, old and new, came to the house-warming. The family coach of the Ringwoods blocked up that astonished little street. The powder on their footmen's

heads nearly brushed the ceiling, as the monsters rose when the guests passed in and out of the hall. The Little Sister merely took charge of the tea-room. Philip's "library" was that usual little cupboard beyond the dining-room. The little drawing-room was dreadfully crowded by an ex-nursery piano, which the Ringwoods bestowed upon their friends; and somebody was in duty bound to play upon it on the evening of this *soirée*; though the Little Sister chafed down stairs at the music! In fact, her very words were, "Rat that piano!" She "ratted" the instrument, because the music would wake her little dears up stairs. And that music *did* wake them; and they howled melodiously, and the Little Sister, who was about to serve Lady Jane Tregarvan with some tea, dashed up stairs to the nursery: and Charlotte had reached the room already: and she looked angry when the Little Sister came in: and she said, "I am sure, Mrs. Brandon, the people down stairs will be wanting their tea;" and she spoke with some asperity. And Mrs. Brandon went down stairs without one word; and happening to be on the landing conversing with a friend, and a little out of the way of the duet which the Miss Ringwoods were performing—riding their great old horse, as it were, and putting it through its paces in Mrs. Firmin's little paddock—happening, I say, to be on the landing when Caroline passed, I took a hand as cold as stone, and never saw a look of grief more tragic than that worn by her poor little face as it passed. "My children cried," she said, "and I went up to the nursery. But she don't want me there now." Poor Little Sister! She humbled herself and groveled before Charlotte. You could not help trampling upon her then, Madam; and I hated you—and a great number of other women. Ridley and I went down to her tea-room, where Caroline resumed her place. She looked very nice and pretty, with her pale sweet face, and her neat cap and blue ribbon. Tortures I know she was suffering. Charlotte had been stabbing her. Women will use the edge sometimes, and drive the steel in. Charlotte said to me, some time afterward, "I *was* jealous of her, and you were right; and a dearer, more faithful creature never lived." But who told Charlotte I said she was jealous? *O treble bestia!* I told Ridley, and Mr. Ridley told Mrs. Firmin.

If Charlotte stabbed Caroline, Caroline could not help coming back again and again to the knife. On Sundays, when she was free, there was always a place for her at Philip's modest table; and when Mrs. Philip went to church Caroline was allowed to reign in the nursery. Sometimes Charlotte was generous enough to give Mrs. Brandon this chance. When Philip took a house—a whole house to himself—Philip's mother-in-law proposed to come and stay with him, and said that, wishing to be beholden to no one, she would pay for her board and lodging. But Philip declined this treat, representing, justly, that his present house was no bigger than his former lodgings. "My poor love is

dying to have me," Mrs. Baynes remarked on this. "But her husband is so cruel to her, and keeps her under such terror, that she dares not call her life her own." Cruel to her! Charlotte was the happiest of the happy in her little house. In consequence of his parliamentary success Philip went regularly to chambers now, in the fond hope that more briefs might come. At chambers he likewise conducted the chief business of his *Review*: and, at the accustomed hour of his return, that usual little procession of mother and child and nurse would be seen on the watch for him; and the young woman—the happiest young woman in Christendom—would walk back clinging on her husband's arm.

All this while letters came from Philip's dear father at New York, where, it appeared, he was engaged not only in his profession but in various speculations with which he was always about to make his fortune. One day Philip got a newspaper advertising a new insurance company, and saw, to his astonishment, the announcement of "Counsel in London, Philip Firmin, Esq., Parchment Buildings, Temple." A paternal letter promised Philip great fees out of this insurance company, but I never heard that poor Philip was any the richer. In fact, his friends advised him to have nothing to do with this insurance company, and to make no allusion to it in his letters. "They feared the Danaï, and the gifts they brought," as old Firmin would have said. They had to impress upon Philip an abiding mistrust of that wily old Greek, his father. Firmin senior always wrote hopefully and magnificently, and persisted in believing or declaring that ere very long he should have to announce to Philip that his fortune was made. He speculated in Wall Street, I don't know in what shares, inventions, mines, railways. One day, some few months after his migration to Milman Street, Philip, blushing and hanging down his head, had to tell me that his father had drawn upon him again. Had he not paid up his shares in a certain mine they would have been forfeited, and he and *his son after him* would have lost a certain fortune, old Danaus said. I fear an artful, a long-bow pulling Danaus. What, shall a man have birth, wealth, friends, high position, and end so that we dare not leave him alone in the room with our spoons? "And you have paid this bill which the old man drew?" we asked. Yes, Philip had paid the bill. He vowed he would pay no more. But it was not difficult to see that the doctor would draw more bills upon this accommodating banker. "I dread the letters which begin with a flourish about the fortune which he is just going to make," Philip said. He knew that the old parent prefaced his demands for money in that way.

Mention has been made of a great medical discovery which he had announced to his correspondent, Mrs. Brandon, and by which the doctor declared, as usual, that he was about to make a fortune. In New York and Boston he had tried experiments which had been attended with

the most astonishing success. A remedy was discovered, the mere sale of which in Europe and America must bring an immense revenue to the fortunate inventors. For the ladies whom Mrs. Brandon attended the remedy was of priceless value. He would send her some. His friend, Captain Morgan, of the Southampton packet-ship, would bring her some of this astonishing medicine. Let her try it. Let her show the accompanying cases to Doctor Goodenough—to any of his brother physicians in London. Though himself an exile from his country, he loved it, and was proud in being able to confer upon it one of the greatest blessings with which science had endowed mankind.

Goodenough, I am sorry to say, had such a mistrust of his *confrère* that he chose to disbelieve any statement Firmin made. "I don't believe, my good Brandon, the fellow has *nous* enough to light upon any scientific discovery more useful than a new sauce for cutlets. He invent any thing but fibs, never!" You see this Goodenough is an obstinate old heathen; and when he has once found reason to mistrust a man, he forever after declines to believe him.

However, the doctor is a man forever on the look-out for more knowledge of his profession, and for more remedies to benefit mankind: he hummed and ha'd over the pamphlet, as the Little Sister sat watching him in his study. He clapped it down after a while, and slapped his hands on his little legs as his wont is. "Brandon," he says, "I think there is a great deal in it, and I think so the more because it turns out that Firmin has nothing to do with the discovery, which has been made at Boston." In fact, Dr. Firmin, late of London, had only been present in the Boston hospital, where the experiments were made with the new remedy. He had cried "Halves," and proposed to sell it as a secret remedy, and the bottle which he forwarded to our friend the Little Sister was labeled "Firmin's Anodyne." What Firmin did, indeed, was what he had been in the habit of doing. He had taken another man's property, and was endeavoring to make a flourish with it. The Little Sister returned home, then, with her bottle of chloroform—for this was what Dr. Firmin chose to call his discovery, and he had sent home a specimen of it; as he sent home a cask of petroleum from Virginia; as he sent proposals for new railways upon which he promised Philip a munificent commission, if his son could but place the shares among his friends.

And with regard to these valuables, the sanguine doctor got to believe that he really was endowing his son with large sums of money. "My boy has set up a house, and has a wife and two children, the young jackanapes!" he would say to people in New York; "as if he had not been extravagant enough in former days! When I married I had private means, and married a nobleman's niece with a large fortune. Neither of these two young folks has a penny. Well, well, the old father must help them as well as he can!" And I am told there were ladies

who dropped the tear of sensibility, and said, "What a fond father this doctor is! How he sacrifices himself for that scape-grace of a son! Think of the dear doctor at his age, toiling cheerfully for that young man, who helped to ruin him!" And Firmin sighed; and passed a beautiful white handkerchief over his eyes with a beautiful white hand; and, I believe, really cried; and thought himself quite a good, affectionate, injured man. He held the plate at Church; he looked very handsome and tall, and bowed with a charming melancholy grace to the ladies as they put in their contributions. The dear man! His plate was fuller than other people's—so a traveler told us who saw him in New York; and described a very choice dinner which the doctor gave to a few friends at one of the smartest hotels just then opened.

With all the Little Sister's good management Mr. and Mrs. Philip were only able to install themselves in their new house at a considerable expense, and beyond that great Ringwood piano which swaggered in Philip's little drawing-room, I am constrained to say that there was scarce any furniture at all. One of the railway accounts was not paid as yet, and poor Philip could not feed upon mere paper promises to pay. Nor was he inclined to accept the offers of private friends, who were willing enough to be his bankers. "One in a family is enough for that kind of business," he said, gloomily; and it came out that again and again the interesting exile at New York who was deploring his son's extravagance and foolish marriage had drawn bills upon Philip which our friend accepted and paid—bills, who knows to what amount? He has never told; and the engaging parent who robbed him—must I use a word so unpolite?—will never now tell to what extent he helped himself to Philip's small means. This I know, that when autumn came—when September was past—we in our cozy little retreat at the sea-side received a letter from the Little Sister, in her dear little bad spelling (about which there used to be somehow a pathos which the very finest writing does not possess)—there came, I say, a letter from the Little Sister in which she told us, with many dashes, that dear Mrs. Philip and the children were pining and sick in London, and that Philip, he had too much pride and spirit to take money from any one; that Mr. Tregarvan was away traveling on the continent, and that wretch—that monster, *you know who*—have drawn upon Philip again for money, and again he have paid, and the dear, dear children can't have fresh air.

"Did she tell you," said Philip, brushing his hands across his eyes when a friend came to remonstrate with him—"did she tell you that she brought me money herself, but we would not use it? Look! I have her little marriage gift yonder in my desk, and pray God I shall be able to leave it to my children. The fact is, the doctor has drawn upon me, as usual; he is going to make a fortune next week. I have paid another bill of his. The parliamentary agents are out

of town, at their moors in Scotland, I suppose. The air of Russell Square is uncommonly wholesome, and when the babies have had enough of that, why, they must change it for Brunswick Square. Talk about the country! what country can be more quiet than Guildford Street in September? I stretch out of a morning and breathe the mountain-air on Ludgate Hill." And with these dismal pleasantries and jokes our friend chose to put a good face upon bad fortune. The kinsmen of Ringwood offered hospitality kindly enough, but how was poor Philip to pay railway expenses for servants, babies, and wife? In this strait Tregarvan from abroad, having found out some monstrous design of Russ—of the Great Power of which he stood in daily terror, and which, as we are in strict amity with that Power, no other Power shall induce me to name—Tregarvan wrote to his editor, and communicated to him in confidence a most prodigious and nefarious plot against the liberties of all the rest of Europe, in which the Power in question was engaged, and in a postscript added, "By-the-way, the Michaelmas quarter is due, and I send you a check," etc. etc. O precious postscript!

"Didn't I tell you it would be so?" said my wife, with a self-satisfied air. "Was I not certain that succor would come?"

And succor did come, sure enough; and a very happy little party went down to Brighton in a second-class carriage, and got an extraordinarily cheap lodging, and the roses came back to the little pale cheeks, and mamma was wonderfully invigorated and refreshed, as all her friends could have seen when the little family came back to town, only there was such a thick dun fog that it was impossible to see complexions at all.

When the shooting season was come to an end the parliamentary agents who had employed Philip came back to London, and, I am happy to say, gave him a check for his little account. My wife cried, "Did I not tell you so?" more than ever. "Is not every thing for the best? I knew dear Philip would prosper!"

Every thing was for the best, was it? Philip was sure to prosper, was he? What do you think of the next news which the poor fellow brought to us? One night in December he came to us, and I saw by his face that some event of importance had befallen him.

"I am almost heart-broken," he said, thumping on the table when the young ones had retreated from it. "I don't know what to do. I have not told you all. I have paid four bills for him already, and now he has—he has signed my name."

"Who has?"

"He at New York. *You know*," said poor Philip. "I tell you he has put my name on a bill, and without my authority."

"Gracious Heavens! You mean your father has for.....I could not say the word."

"Yes," groaned Philip. "Here is a letter from him." And he handed a letter across the table in the doctor's well-known handwriting.

"DEAREST PHILIP"—the father wrote—"a sad misfortune has befallen me, which I had hoped to conceal, or, at any rate, to avert from my dear son. For you, Philip, are a participator in that misfortune through the imprudence—must I say it?—of your father. Would I had struck off the hand which has done the deed ere it had been done! But the fault has taken wings and flown out of my reach. *Immeritus*, dear boy, you have to suffer for the *delicta majorum*. Ah, that a father should have to own his fault—to kneel and ask pardon of his son!

"I am engaged in many speculations. Some have succeeded beyond my wildest hopes: some have taken in the most rational, the most prudent, the least sanguine of our capitalists in Wall Street, and promising the greatest results have ended in the most extreme failure! To meet a call in an undertaking which seemed to offer the most certain prospects of success, which seemed to promise a fortune for me and my boy, and your dear children, I put in among other securities which I had to realize on a sudden, a bill, on which I used your name. I dated it as drawn six months back by me at New York, on you at Parchment Buildings, Temple; and I wrote your acceptance as though the signature were yours. I give myself up to you. I tell you what I have done. Make the matter public. Give my confession to the world, as here I write, and sign it, and your father is branded forever to the world as a—— Spare me the word!

"As I live, as I hope for your forgiveness—long ere that bill became due. It is at five months' date for £3534s. 8d., value received, and dated from the Temple on the 4th of July. I passed it to one who promised to keep it until I myself should redeem it. The commission which he charged

me was *enormous, rascally*; and not content with the immense interest which he extorted from me, the scoundrel has passed the bill away, and it is in Europe, in the hands of an enemy.

"You remember Tufton Hunt? Yes. You *most justly* chastised him. The wretch lately made his detested appearance in this city, associated with *the lowest of the base*, and endeavored to resume his old practice of *threats, cajoleries*, and extortions! In a *fatal hour* the villain heard of the bill of which I have warned you. He purchased it from the gambler to whom it had been passed. As New York was speedily too hot to hold him (*for the unhappy man has even left me to pay his hotel score*), he has fled—and fled to Europe—taking with him that fatal bill, which he says he knows you will pay. Ah! dear Philip, if that bill were but once out of the wretch's hands! What sleepless hours of agony should I be spared! I pray you, I implore you, make every sacrifice to meet it! You will not disown it? No. As you have children of your own—as you love them—you would not willingly let them leave a dishonored

FATHER.

"I have a share in a *great medical discovery*, regarding which I have written to our friend Mrs. Brandon, and which is sure to realize an immense profit, as introduced into England by a physician so well known—may I not say professionally? *respected as myself*. The very first profits resulting from that discovery I promise, on my honor, to devote to you. They will very soon *far more* than repay the loss which my imprudence has brought on my dear boy. Farewell! Love to your wife and little ones.—G. B. F."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of May. The events of the month have been of the utmost importance, and we close in hourly anticipation of tidings of decisive character from our armies in Virginia and the Southwest.—The session of Congress is evidently approaching its close. When it is concluded we intend to furnish a general *resumé* of its proceedings, noting the leading measures proposed, adopted, and postponed. Apart from general discussions, the leading topics of the month have been the passage by both Houses, and the signature by the President, of a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the Tax bill, which, having passed the House, is still under consideration in the Senate; and the Confiscation bills now before the Senate.—For the time, however, military proceedings take precedence of all others. Reports of the operations of our forces have been so carefully guarded that we must confine our statements to a few ascertained facts:

Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered in 1781, virtually closing the war of the Revolution, was strongly fortified by the Confederates. The attack upon this place was opened on the 5th of April by our forces, under the immediate direction of General McClellan. While our works were pushed forward several sharp skirmishes took place, the most notable of which was on the 16th, at Lee's Mills, where the Vermont brigade charged one of the enemy's entrenchments, carried, and held it against overwhelming odds, but were finally forced back, having suffered a loss of 85 killed and 120 wounded. The approaches to the Confederate works were pushed on until the 4th of May, when all was ready for a vigorous attack. But on the previous night the enemy evacuated the place, leaving behind 70 heavy guns, and a large amount of stores and camp equipage.

They fell back to Williamsburg, their rear being closely pressed by our forces. Here they made a stand and a sharp encounter took place, resulting, according to the dispatch of General McClellan of the 6th, in their defeat, with considerable loss, and the abandonment of Williamsburg, which had, like Yorktown, been elaborately fortified.

General McDowell's division has been in the mean time pressing forward toward Richmond. The latest dispatches leave him in possession of the important town of Fredericksburg.

The battle of Pittsburg, or Shiloh, as it will probably be named, from a church standing near where it was fought, was hardly as decisive as our first reports indicated. On the first day, April 6, the result seemed to be wholly in favor of the Confederates, who, with greatly superior forces, attacked our lines, captured General Prentiss, with a large part of his command, and appeared to have won a decisive victory. General Beauregard telegraphed this result to Richmond, where it was received with great rejoicing. The advance of the enemy was checked by our gun-boats, and the opportune arrival of reinforcements under General Buell enabled us to assume the offensive on the following day, when the enemy were driven back toward Corinth. General Albert Sidney Johnston, the Commander-in-chief of the Western Division of the Confederate army, was killed in the action of the 6th. Our entire loss, as officially given, amounts to 1785 killed, 7882 wounded, and 4044 missing—these including the prisoners captured with General Prentiss—a total loss of 13,661 men. The loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, probably exceeds our own; partial reports, gleaned from the Southern papers, already bring it up very nearly to our numbers. This battle, though not decisive, is the most bloody ever fought upon this continent. We close our Record for the month

in hourly anticipation of important tidings from this quarter.

General O. M. Mitchell, long known as one of the foremost astronomers of the day, who was the first to enter the Confederate strong-hold of Bowling Green, performed a brilliant exploit on the 10th of April. Making a sudden dash forward, he took by surprise the town of Huntsville, Alabama, an important point on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which connects Richmond with the Southwest.

Two important fortifications seized by the enemy at the outbreak of the rebellion have been recaptured. Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Georgia, has been for some time closely invested. It was garrisoned by about 400 men, with abundant ammunition and provisions for six months, and was believed by the enemy to be able to resist any force that could be brought against it. Our batteries were placed on Tybee Island, at distances varying from 1700 to 3500 yards from the fort—a greater distance than has ever before been found available against strong fortifications. These were completed on the 10th of April, and the fort was summoned to surrender, and immediately on refusal fire was opened. At the end of 18 hours' bombardment a breach was effected, but the resistance was kept up 12 hours longer. Every thing was in readiness for storming the fort, when, on the 11th, it was surrendered, with all its stores, ammunition, and garrison. Our loss in the capture was but one man, and only four were injured within the fort.—Fort Macon, at Beaufort, North Carolina, surrendered on the 25th of April, after a bombardment of eleven hours.

Of still greater importance is the capture of New Orleans, which took place on the 26th of April. The accounts which have reached us come indirectly through Southern sources, and embrace only the leading points. It had been constantly reported that the whole course of the Mississippi below New Orleans was so fortified that no fleet could possibly reach the city; which was also said to be occupied by a large force, abundantly armed. Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on opposite sides of the river, about twenty-five miles above its mouth, and seventy-five miles below New Orleans, were relied upon to prevent any passage. The National fleet, under command of Commodore Farragut, approached these forts about the 20th of April, and opened a vigorous bombardment, which lasted for nearly a week. Besides the fire from the forts, our vessels were exposed to the assaults of fire-boats sent down against them, and gun-boats and steam batteries on the general plan of the *Virginia*. These proved unavailing, and at length the fire of the forts was silenced; but whether they were captured we are not as yet informed. But, in any case, the passage was forced, and our vessels made their way up to New Orleans on the 26th, with no further opposition. The city was now wholly at their mercy, and its surrender was demanded by Commodore Farragut. He required that the flag of the United States should be raised on the City Hall, Mint, and Custom-house, and that all other emblems of sovereignty should be removed, promising that the rights of persons and property should be respected; but insisting that no persons should be molested for expressions of loyalty to the Government of the United States. He gave special notice to the Mayor, to whom his demand was addressed, that he should "speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday by

armed men firing upon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the 'old flag.'"—The Mayor, Mr. John F. Monroe, replied that out of regard to the lives of women and children who crowded the city, General Lovell had evacuated it, and given back to him the administration of the government. The city was wholly without means of defense. To surrender such a place would be an unmeaning ceremony; it was at the disposal of the assailants by "brute force, and not by the choice or consent of the inhabitants." But no man was to be found there who would hoist a flag not of their own adoption. The people, he said, were "sensitive to all that could affect their dignity and self-respect," and he asked that their "susceptibilities should be respected;" they would not allow themselves to be "insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of our cause in the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, or such as might remind them too forcibly that they are the conquered and you are the conquerors. . . . Your occupation of the city," concludes this singular document, "does not transfer allegiance from the Government of their choice to one which they have deliberately repudiated, and they yield the obedience which the conqueror is entitled to extort from the conquered."

MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from Mexico indicates that the coalition between Spain, France, and Great Britain is at an end. The Spanish part of the expedition has been withdrawn; that of England was too small to have any virtual influence; but the French commander, General Lorencez, intimating that he acts under the direct authority of the Emperor, announces that he will not recognize the existing Government, and has in effect declared war against it, with the purpose of subverting the Republican form of Government, and replacing it with a European monarch. Maximilian of Austria is the name still put forward, although it is more than likely that this is a mere pretense; and that the real design is to provide, if possible, a throne for some member of the Napoleon family. President Juarez and his Minister, General Doblado, meanwhile, announce their determination to resist by every means the French projects, while they offer to continue the negotiations with the Spanish and British plenipotentiaries.

EUROPE.

The leading features in our European intelligence relate to the reception of the tidings of the exploits of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. It is universally admitted that a complete revolution has been wrought in the naval affairs of the world; that henceforth for all offensive purposes wooden vessels are worthless; and that, moreover, immense vessels like the *Warrior* and *Gloire* are failures. Batteries embodying the general principles which have been tested in America are the only reliance. In every dock-yard in England the work upon wooden men-of-war has been suspended, and all the resources of the establishments are employed in forwarding iron-clad vessels. Experiments, however, have been made under the direction of Sir William Armstrong, the inventor of the gun which bears his name, which are thought to demonstrate that vessels clothed with iron in the manner of the *Monitor* are perfectly vulnerable to round shot, fired from smooth bores at short range from guns of large calibre, although they are proof against elongated shot from rifled guns at long range.

Literary Notices.

The City of the Saints, by RICHARD H. BURTON, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Captain Burton, having visited the sacred cities of Hindoos and Jews, Mohammedans and Christians, was naturally anxious to see the Holy City of the Mormons. He is a veteran traveler, knowing how to gather facts from his own observation and from that of others; and was well prepared to describe the Saints and their famous city. Being an Englishman, he was not liable to the prejudice which exists among the Mormons against Americans. Still, he does not pretend that his stay of twenty-four days enabled him to penetrate into those secrets of the faith which are revealed only to the initiated. He undertakes to tell only what he saw and heard. He takes, moreover, the attitude of a philosophical observer, to whom the manners of any people, however strange, afford no cause of wonder. Thus he coolly sums up the advantages and disadvantages of polygamy, and calmly decides that though not adapted to a thickly-settled country, yet for the Mormons it is a very natural, and probably a desirable institution. We of course dissent wholly from Mr. Burton's conclusion; but it is worth while to examine the arguments by which he supports it. They enlighten us as to the process by which men and women, not deficient in intelligence, and with no special vicious proclivities, may hold a tenet so abhorrent to our feelings. But the special value of the book is its picture of Mormon life and manners, as they presented themselves to an impartial observer. Mr. Burton's representations are much more favorable than those to which we are accustomed. To him the Mormons appear a peaceful, industrious, law-abiding people. He saw no traces of the rudeness and profligacy of which we have been so often told; respectability, decorum, dullness even, is the law of the land. "A Moslem gloom, the result of austere morals and manners, and of the semi-seclusion of the sex, hangs over society." He utterly discredits the accounts so often repeated of obscene orgies said to be practiced in the secrecy of the Endowment House. Mr. Burton was introduced to Brigham Young by Governor Cummings. The description of the Prophet is interesting. Though verging upon threescore scarcely a silver thread appears in his light hair. His forehead is narrow; eyes of a bluish-gray, with one drooping lid; eyebrows thin; nose fine, sharp-pointed, set a little awry; lips close; teeth imperfect; form large, broad-shouldered, somewhat stooping. His dress was of gray homespun, cut large and baggy, with black satin vest, and a cravat knotted loosely around an unstarched fall-over collar. His whole appearance was that of a well-to-do Yankee farmer. Contrary to what is so often said, he is temperate almost to asceticism, abstaining from liquors and tobacco, and indifferent to the luxuries of the table, baked potatoes and butter-milk forming his favorite food. His manner is calm and quiet, though even in conversation he impresses one with an air of conscious power. He said nothing to his visitor on religious or political topics, but came out strong on agriculture and cattle-breeding. Mr. Burton, of course, made no inquiries as to the number of his family, though a casual remark of the Prophet intimated that he was a patriarch as well. "That," said he, pointing to a building of considerable size, "is a private school for my children." When he speaks

in public he begins slowly, word creeping after word, the opening phrases being hardly audible. As he warms up his voice rises high and sonorous, the words pouring out with great fluency. His gestures are easy and rounded, and not ungraceful. Such, according to Mr. Burton, is the outward aspect of "His Excellency Brigham Young, once 'painter and glazier,' now prophet, revelator, translator, and seer; the man who is revered as king or kaiser, pope or pontiff never was; who, like the Old Man of the Mountain, by holding up his hand, could cause the death of any one within his reach." He is indeed the brain and heart of the Mormon theocracy. What form this will take, and by whose hands it will be guided when he is gone, no man can say. Mormons themselves profess no anxiety upon these points. "The Lord," they say, "who raised up Brigham when Joseph was taken, will provide a leader when he is wanted." Mr. Burton gives humorous but not unfavorable sketches of the other Mormon dignitaries; but not one of them seems likely to be able to fill the place of the Prophet. Life in Salt Lake City presents, at least among the Mormons, few ludicrous aspects. "Brother" and "Sister" take the place of the "Mr." and "Mrs." of the Gentiles. Ask a boy what is his name, and he will reply, "I am Brother So-and-So's son." To distinguish the sons of one father by different mothers, the name of the mother is prefixed to that of the father. Brother Smith's sons by Sisters Brown, Jones, and Robinson, will be Brother Brown Smith, Brother Jones Smith, and Brother Robinson Smith. Mr. Burton's representation of the Mormon doctrines has the merit of being faithfully compiled from their own recognized authorities, without being colored by the opinions of the writer, and on this account is well worthy of careful perusal. Even in his brief visit Mr. Burton was forcibly impressed with the disaffection of the Mormons toward the United States. The harangues in the tabernacle, the columns of the *Deseret News*, and the talk of the people all show it. "They regard the States as the States regarded England after the War of Independence, and hate them as the Mexican Criolles hate the Gachupins—and much for the same reason." Mr. Burton believes that absolute independence will be, until attained, the aim of the Mormon leaders; and that *Deseret* will in the end become a sovereign and independent State, as exclusive as Thibet and Northern China, where the rigors of the Mosaic code will be re-enacted, polygamy legalized, fornication punished with stripes and imprisonment, and adultery with death. As a whole, Mr. Burton's book is the most valuable as well as the most readable one which has been published concerning this peculiar people, and will amply repay careful perusal.

The Rebellion Record, edited by FRANK MOORE. The design and execution of this work are alike admirable. Its object is to furnish, in a digested and systematic shape, the materials from which is to be constructed a history of the great struggle through which the nation is now passing. Keeping somewhat behind the march of events, the editor selects from the mass of statements and documents which fill the columns of the newspapers of the day every thing the preservation of which will elucidate the varying aspects of the war. It comprises a diary of events as they occur in order of time, the ascertained facts being carefully sifted from the mass of floating rumors; all the important documents and

narratives faithfully reproduced, upon both sides ; with the lighter incidents, poetry, anecdotes, and adventures, which serve to make up the picture of the times. We have had almost daily occasion to consult this work, and have never failed to find any important document or fact duly noted. To the future historian this Record will be for this war what the archives of Simancas were to Mr. Motley in elaborating his history of the Dutch Republic. The Record is issued in weekly numbers, and afterward collected into volumes. The first, to which is prefixed as an introduction Edward Everett's noble address, contains the events to the middle of June, 1861; the second, those to the close of August; and the third, which has just been completed, brings the history down to February, 1862. A copious index to each volume gives every facility for referring to any incident or document. (G. P. Putnam, publisher.)

Considerations on Representative Government, by JOHN STUART MILL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Mill is the author of the article on the "Contest in America," which appeared in the April Number of this Magazine—the only well-considered paper on this subject which has yet been written by any Englishman. He is beyond doubt the ablest political thinker of Great Britain. In this treatise he discusses the whole theory of government, shows that a representative form is the best for any people who are prepared for it; points out the special dangers to which it is exposed, and suggests the means of obviating them. The argument in favor of universal suffrage, and the mode which he proposes for securing to minorities their appropriate share in the government, are especially worthy of attention. Although his scheme to provide for this latter object embraces details which will render it too cumbrous to be carried into practical effect, yet his observations are of great value. As a whole, his work is the ablest contribution made to political science since the publication of the "Federalist;" and it will command the attention of all American statesmen, at a time when it is probable that some modifications in the form of our institutions is likely to be demanded by the new posture of our affairs.

The "Household Edition" of the *Works of CHARLES DICKENS*, published by Sheldon and Company, is by far the most attractive form in which the works of "Boz" have been issued, either in this country or in England. "Martin Chuzzlewit," which commences the series, is comprised in four neat volumes of convenient size, beautifully printed, and illustrated with original sketches by Darley and Gilbert, who stand unquestionably at the head of the American and English schools of illustrators.

The Last of the Mortimers is the latest novel by MRS. OLIPHANT, the author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Laird of Norlaw," and other capital tales. This is one of the best of her works, characterized by a delicate vein of thought, with a larger element of incident and dramatic power than appears in most of her previous productions. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson is an amusing story from the facile pen of Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. The heroes—quite different personages from the trio of the same names whose foreign tour was immortalized by Doyle—are a firm of London shopkeepers, who, with little capital and small credit, attempt to do a "smashing" business by dint of enormous advertising and humbug. Their

"Magenta House" career, ending in most deserved bankruptcy, is detailed with infinite humor. It is just the book to while away the tedium of a railway ride on a summer's day. (Harper and Brothers.)

Mr. D. Van Nostrand has made the publication of military books a specialty. Among the more important of his recent issues is the *Military Dictionary* of Colonel H. L. SCOTT, late Inspector-General of the United States Army. This is a complete Encyclopædia of military science, comprising not merely definitions of technical terms, but profound and exhaustive treatises upon all the important subjects pertaining to the art of war and the duties of officers.—The *New Infantry Tactics*, by General SILAS CASEY, has received the approval of General M'Clellan, and may therefore safely be assumed to possess decided value.—GIBBON'S *Artillerist's Manual* is recognized as the standard authority for this important arm of the national forces.—BENTON'S *Ordnance and Gunnery*, compiled for the use of the Military Academy at West Point; and SIMPSON'S *Treatise on Ordnance and Naval Gunnery*, prepared as a textbook for the Naval Academy, appear in new editions, bringing the information down to the present time. So also does the treatise on *American Military Bridges*, by General GEO. W. CULLEM, Chief of the Staff of General Halleck.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East, by W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. The author of this comprehensive book has performed a labor which will insure him the gratitude of all tourists. Within the compass of a single volume, so compact that it may be carried in the pocket, he has given a condensation of all the essential information which the traveler needs to guide him through France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine; the substance, in fact, of all that is contained in more than a score of Guide-Books, which every tourist has heretofore found an essential though cumbrous part of his impedimenta. Mr. Fetridge lays down a series of routes for different classes of tourists. Making Paris his starting-point, he conducts the traveler who has only three or four months to spare through France, Holland, the most interesting portions of Germany, into Switzerland and Italy, and through Great Britain and Ireland. If he has two months more, in addition to these, he is taken still farther into Germany and Italy. If he has a year, his tour is extended to Egypt, up the Nile, through Syria and Palestine, visiting Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Baalbeck, and Damascus. If he has an additional two months, they are spent in Spain and on the Mediterranean islands. He gives minute directions as to all the details of travel; tells where to go, and how; what to see, and what to avoid; what to pay, and what to refuse to pay, down to the minutiae of railroad fares and the proper fees for a cicerone or custodian of a gallery. The work is based upon a practical experience of the precise wants of the American tourist, and is no less valuable for what it omits than for what it contains. It is so compact in form, so clear in arrangement, so thoroughly practical in all points of detail, that it can not fail to be the recognized *cade mecum* of American tourists; while those who have already traveled will find in it an admirable *resumé* of what they have seen, or ought to have seen. Its value is greatly enhanced by an admirable map, in which all the main routes are clearly laid down in a separate color. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Table.

THE FORMATION AND ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

—On the 11th of June, 1776, the day on which the Committee for preparing the Declaration of Independence was appointed, Congress resolved that a Committee be appointed to prepare and digest a form of Confederation to be entered into between the colonies. This Committee, which consisted of one member from each colony, was appointed on the following day. In about a month this Committee reported to Congress a draft, which was debated for several days in the Committee of the Whole, who reported a new draft, which was ordered to be printed. It was not finally acted upon by Congress till November, 1777—more than two years after the Declaration of Independence—when the Articles of Confederation were agreed upon by Congress. Congress then addressed a circular to the Legislatures of the States, requesting them to authorize their Delegates in Congress to subscribe to the Articles of Confederation in behalf of their respective States. With this request the Legislatures were by no means prompt in complying. Many objections were made to the Articles, and they were not ratified by all the States till March, 1781—nearly five years after the Declaration of Independence. The Articles were not binding till they were adopted by all the States. Up to the time of their adoption Congress had, by common consent, exercised the powers of a General Government.

The States were now united by written articles of agreement. Each State was to "reserve its sovereignty, independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which were not by the Articles of Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." The Delegates to Congress—which was to consist of a single House—were to be appointed annually in such a manner as the Legislatures of each State should direct; each State to have not less than two nor more than seven Delegates; each State to pay its own Delegates; each State to have one vote, which was to be determined by a majority of its Delegates. Congress was to have power to declare war and make peace; to enter into treaties and alliances; to appoint courts for the trial of piracies and felonies on the high seas; to fix the standard of weights and measures; to establish post-offices; to coin money and emit bills on the credit of the United States; to ascertain and apportion among the States the sums necessary for defraying the public expenses. For the exercise of the more important of these powers the assent of nine States was necessary. No provision was made for a national judiciary, or for an executive department distinct from the legislative. The acts of Congress were thus, in fact, mere recommendations, which the States complied with or not as they saw fit. The defects of the Confederation were soon apparent. The National Government had no efficiency. Washington's personal influence, and not the power of the Government, brought the Revolution to a successful issue. Washington said, "The Confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without the substance; and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to."

After the close of the war matters grew still worse. The entire prostration of public credit, the dissensions between the States, and the utter neglect with which the resolves of Congress were treated, threatened the most alarming consequences. The time

seemed rapidly approaching when, to use the language of Washington, it would seem to be a subject of "regret that so much blood and treasure have been lavished to no purpose; that so many sufferings have been encountered without compensation, and that so many sacrifices have been made in vain." In this gloomy state of affairs James Madison made the first public legislative movement toward the establishment of a better government. He became a member of the Legislature of Virginia in May, 1784, but was not able to secure the co-operation of a majority of the Legislature till June, 1786, and then only so far as to adopt the following resolution: "Resolved, That Messrs. Randolph, Madison, Jones, Tucker, and Lewis be appointed Commissioners, who, or any three of whom, shall meet such Commissioners as may be appointed by other States in the Union to take into consideration the trade of the United States, to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their common interests and their permanent harmony, and to report to the several States such an act relative to this great object as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States effectually to provide for the same."

All the States, except Maryland, Connecticut, South Carolina, and Georgia, appointed Delegates to a Convention to meet at Annapolis, September, 1786. The Delegates of five States attended the Convention, viz., New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia. During the interval between the passage of the above-mentioned resolution and the meeting of the Convention the state of the country and the defects of the Confederation had formed the subject of earnest discussion throughout the States, and there had been an advance of public opinion in the direction of giving additional power to Congress. In consequence the Convention was led to decline the limited task assigned to it, and to recommend to the States the calling of a Convention with powers adequate to the occasion. A report containing this recommendation was drawn up by Alexander Hamilton. This recommendation was first acted upon by the Legislature of Virginia, where it met with a unanimous approval. New York was the next State that moved in the matter. Her Legislature instructed her Delegates in Congress to move a resolution recommending to the States the appointment of delegates "to meet in convention for the purpose of revising and proposing amendments to the Articles of Confederation."

On the 21st of February, 1787, a resolution was adopted in Congress, recommending that the State Legislatures appoint Delegates to meet in Convention at Philadelphia on the second Monday in May, 1787. Delegates were accordingly appointed by all the States except Rhode Island.

On the day appointed for the meeting of the Convention (May 14) only a small number of the Delegates had arrived in Philadelphia. The Convention did not open till May 25, when there were present twenty-nine members, representing nine States. Others soon after came in, till the whole number amounted to fifty-five. Among them were Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Franklin, Sherman, Ellsworth, King, Livingston, the Morrises, Pinckney, Wilson, and others scarcely less distinguished for talents and public services. Robert Morris, in behalf of the delegation from Pennsylvania, nominated Washington to preside over the Convention.

Franklin was to have made the nomination, but was prevented by ill health from being present. The Convention having adopted their standing rules—one of which was "that nothing spoken in the House be printed or otherwise published without leave"—Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, opened the main business of the Convention. After a speech, in which he enumerated the defects of the Confederation, he offered fifteen resolutions, which embodied the substance of a plan of Government which is the same as that contained in letters written by Mr. Madison to Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Randolph, and General Washington a few months previous.

The following is a brief outline of said plan: The National Legislature to consist of two branches—the members of the first branch to be elected by the people of the several States; the members of the second branch to be elected by the first branch, out of a proper number nominated by the State Legislatures; the National Legislature to have a negative on all the State laws contravening the Articles of Union, and to have power to legislate in all cases where the States were incompetent; the right of suffrage in the Legislature to be proportioned to the quota of contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants; a National Executive to be chosen by the National Legislature; a National Judiciary, to consist of one or more supreme tribunals and inferior ones, the judges to be chosen by the National Legislature; the Executive and a convenient number of the National Judiciary to compose a council of revision to examine every act of the National Legislature before it should operate, and every act of a particular Legislature before a negative thereon should be final; provision to be made for the admission of new States to the Union; a republican form of government to be administered to each State; provision to be made for amendments to the articles of Union; the Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary powers of the several States to be bound by oath to support the Articles of Union.

Such was the plan of Government presented to the Convention by the resolutions of Mr. Randolph. The resolutions were referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, then submitted a plan of Government with supreme Legislative, Judiciary, and Executive powers. This was also referred to the Committee of the Whole. The resolutions of Mr. Randolph were debated from day to day, in the Committee of the Whole, till the 13th of June. The Committee then reported to the Convention a series of nineteen resolutions founded upon those proposed by Mr. Randolph. The first of these, and the first adopted by the Committee, was: "That a National Government ought to be established, consisting of a supreme Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary."

At the opening of the Convention the views of a large majority of the members were confined to amending the Articles of Confederation. The futility of this soon became apparent, and the first resolution adopted was that a National Government ought to be established. The prime movers in calling the Convention had from the first the formation of such a government in view. The nineteen resolutions reported to the Convention contained the following provisions: The Legislature to consist of two branches—the first to be elected by the people for three years, the second by the State Legislatures for seven years—to have powers superior to those of the Congress of the Confederation; the right of suffrage in the Legislature to be proportioned to the number

of free persons and two-fifths of other persons; a National Executive to be chosen for seven years, and to be ineligible for a second term; a National Judiciary, with suitable powers; the whole to be submitted for ratification to assemblies chosen by the people for that express purpose.

Some progress had thus been made—not in the amendment of the Articles of Confederation—not in the formation of a League between the States—but in the formation of a Constitution for the United States. This progress was made not without great difficulty. There were some in the Convention who clung to the Confederation, and were unwilling that any considerable increase of power should be given to the Government of the Union. The small States were unwilling to surrender the equality of suffrage which they had hitherto enjoyed in Congress. From these and various other causes it seemed almost impossible for the Convention to unite upon any plan. But, by patient discussion and mutual concession, progress was made. Resolutions were offered, debated, postponed, called up again, passed, reconsidered, amended, again postponed, and others perhaps proposed in their place, until at length a majority agreed upon the nineteen resolutions above-mentioned. This was on the 13th of June.

On the 15th of June Mr. Patterson, of New Jersey, laid before the Convention a plan which had been concerted by the Delegates of New Jersey and Delaware, and by some of the Delegates of New York. This plan proposed to revise the Articles of Confederation, to enlarge the powers of Congress with respect to the revenue and the regulation of commerce; to empower Congress to appoint an Executive to execute Federal acts, to appoint Federal officers, and to direct all military operations; to establish a Federal Judiciary; to make the acts of Congress passed in accordance with the Articles of Confederation, and the treaties made and ratified under the authority of the United States the supreme law of the land. The plan of Mr. Patterson was referred to the Committee of the Whole, to whom were also recommitted the resolutions reported on the 13th of June.

The two plans were now fairly before the Convention. It was admitted that the one aimed at perpetuating the League between the States; that the other aimed at forming a National Government acting upon individuals. "The true question is," said Mr. Randolph, "whether we shall adhere to the Federal plan, or introduce the National plan." "A National Government alone, properly constituted, will answer the purpose." The two plans were debated for four days, when the Committee reported the nineteen resolutions without alteration. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia voted in favor of the National plan. New York, New Jersey, and Delaware voted against it. The vote of Maryland was divided.

It was during this debate, while the two plans were before the Committee, that Alexander Hamilton addressed the Convention for the first time, and gave the outline of a Government which he would prefer. He did not propose his plan with the hope that it would be adopted. "He did not mean to offer the paper he had sketched as a proposition to the Committee. It was only meant to give a more correct view of his ideas, and to suggest the amendments which he should probably propose to the plan of Mr. Randolph in the proper stages of its future discussion."

The following is an outline of Hamilton's plan which the reader will desire to know, though it had no marked influence upon the proceedings of the Convention: The Supreme Legislature to be vested in an Assembly and Senate; the members of the Assembly to be chosen by the people for three years; the members of the Senate to be chosen by electors elected for that purpose by the people; the Senators to serve during good behavior; the Supreme Executive Authority to be vested in a Governor holding office during good behavior; to be chosen by electors, who were to be chosen by the people; the Governor to have an unqualified veto on all laws about to be passed; to have the sole appointment of the heads of departments; to have the appointment of all other officers, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate; in most other respects to have the powers now possessed by the President of the United States; the Senate to have power of declaring war and of advising and approving treaties; the judges of the Supreme Court to hold office during good behavior; the Governors of each State to be appointed by the General Government, said Governors to have a veto on all acts of the State Legislatures; all laws of the States contrary to the Constitution and laws of the United States to be null and void.

The Convention had now, after much discussion, decided to form a Constitution for a National Government. Much as they had done, they had only made a beginning. To agree upon the details of the general plan was a work of great difficulty. There were times when it seemed impossible for the members to agree upon the details, when it was thought that the Convention must give up in despair. Even Washington said, in writing to a friend, "I almost despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of the Convention, and do therefore regret having had any agency in the business." But the patriots fainted not. They continued their discussions until the 23d of July, when Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, moved "That the proceedings of the Convention for the establishment of a National Government (excepting the part relating to the Executive) be referred to a committee to prepare and report a Constitution conformable thereunto." Messrs. Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, Ellsworth, and Wilson constituted this Committee of Detail.

On the 26th of July the proceedings of the Convention respecting the Executive were referred to the Committee of Detail, and the Convention adjourned to the 6th of August, that the Committee might have time to prepare and report a Constitution.

On the 6th of August the Committee reported a Constitution in twenty-three articles, embodying the substance of the resolutions passed by the Convention. On the 7th of August this report of the Committee of Detail was referred to the Committee of the Whole. It was then debated, article after article, for about four weeks. During that time many amendments and modifications were made. On the 8th of September a committee was appointed to arrange the articles which had been adopted, and to revise the style of the same. This committee consisted of Messrs. Johnson, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Madison, and King. The task was performed by Mr. Morris, who says in relation to it: "Having rejected all redundant and equivocal terms, I believed it to be as clear as our language would permit, excepting, nevertheless, a part of what relates to the judiciary. On that subject conflicting opin-

ions had been maintained with so much professional astuteness that it became necessary to select phrases, which expressing my own notions would not alarm others or shock their self-love, and to the best of my recollection this was the only part which passed without cavil."

On the 12th of September this Committee reported the Constitution as arranged and revised, and the draft of a letter to Congress. The debates still continued till the 17th of September, when the last amendment was made. It was made at the suggestion of Washington. The Constitution as reported declared that "the number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every 40,000." This point had occasioned great discussion; and on Mr. Gorham's motion to strike out 40,000 and insert 30,000, Washington remarked, that "although his situation had hitherto restrained him from offering his sentiments on questions depending in the House, and it might be thought ought now to impose silence upon him, yet he could not forbear expressing his wish that the alteration proposed might take place. It was much to be desired that the objections to the plan recommended might be made as few as possible. The smallness of the proportion of Representatives had been considered by many members of the Convention as an insufficient security for the rights and interests of the people. He acknowledged that it had always appeared to himself among the exceptionable parts of the plan; and late as was the present moment for admitting amendments, he thought this of so much consequence that it would give him much satisfaction to see it adopted." The amendment was agreed to unanimously. The above were the only remarks made by Washington during the progress of the Convention.

On the 17th of September the Constitution, as finally amended, was signed by all the members of the Convention, except by Messrs. Randolph and Mason, of Virginia, and Gerry, of Massachusetts. There was not, probably, a single member of the Convention who was fully satisfied with all the provisions of the Constitution; yet, with the above exceptions, the members gave it their signature, believing it to be the best that could be obtained.

As they were about to affix their names Dr. Franklin remarked, "I confess there are several parts of this Constitution which I do not at present approve; but I am not sure that I never shall approve them: for having lived long, I have often been obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions, even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. I doubt, too, whether any other Convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For when you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me to find the system approaching so near to perfection as it does. Thus I consent to the Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best."

Mr. Hamilton remarked, "No man's ideas were more remote from the plan than his were known to be; but is it possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on one side, and the chance of good to be expected on the other?"

Again, "It is the best which the present situa-

tion and circumstances of the country will permit."

When the Convention was about to dissolve, it was resolved that the President retain the Journal and other papers, subject to the order of Congress, if ever formed under the Constitution. After the Constitution was adopted and the new Government organized, the Journal was deposited in the office of the Secretary of State. It was published in accordance with a resolution of Congress, adopted March 27, 1818.

The Constitution was laid before Congress, then sitting in the city of New York. It was referred by that body to the Legislatures of the States, that they might call conventions chosen by the people to adopt or to reject it. As soon as it was published the Constitution was made the object of violent attacks, and it was for some time a matter of doubt whether it would be adopted by the people of any considerable number of States. In no State was the opposition greater than in New York. Hamilton and Jay were its earnest friends, and they were supported by a majority of the inhabitants of the city and of the southern portion of the State; but Governor George Clinton, a majority of the Legislature, and of the people of the whole State were its earnest opponents. The friends of the Constitution were called Federalists; its enemies, Anti-Federalists.

To explain and defend the Constitution, a series of papers, under the head of "The Federalist," were published in the columns of a newspaper in New York. These papers were written by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay—the larger portion by Hamilton—and exerted a strong influence in favor of the Constitution. They subsequently were collected into a volume, several editions of which have been published. Written, for the most part, by men who originated the Constitution and assisted in its formation throughout, it forms the ablest and best commentary which has been written. The power to call conventions to consider the Constitution rested with the Legislatures of the States, and was, under various influences, exercised at different times.

Delaware was the first State which moved in the matter of adopting the Constitution. It met with very little opposition on the part of any of her citizens, and was adopted by a unanimous vote by the Convention held for that purpose, on the 7th of December, 1787. *Delaware* was thus the banner-State.

Pennsylvania was the next State that wheeled into the Constitutional line. Wilson, who had been a member of the Federal Convention, was a member of the Convention of Pennsylvania. Washington pronounced him "as honest, candid, and able a member as the [Federal] Convention contained," and that Convention contained Franklin, Madison, and Hamilton. Mr. Wilson was called upon by the Convention to explain the Constitution. He did so, and his speeches in Convention form a very interesting and able commentary, second in value to the *Federalist* only—surpassing it, perhaps, in interest. After Wilson, the most prominent advocate of the Constitution was Chief Justice M'Kean. He remarked, "I have gone through the circle of office in the legislative, executive, and judicial departments, and from all my study, observation, and experience, I must declare that, from a full examination and due consideration of this system, it appears to me to be the best the world has yet seen." The opposition to the Constitution was chiefly confined to the members from the portion of the State lying

west of the *Susquehanna*. It was adopted on the 12th of December, 1787, by a vote of 46 to 23.

The Convention of the State of *New Jersey* was in session at the same time with that of Pennsylvania, and adopted the Constitution by a unanimous vote on the 18th of December, 1787.

The Convention of *Georgia*, with a like unanimity, adopted the Constitution on the 2d of January, 1788.

Connecticut was the fifth in the order of adoption. A large majority of the Delegates elected to her Convention were friendly to the Constitution. The revenue system was the principal point objected to by the opposition. Oliver Ellsworth was the most prominent advocate of the Constitution in the Convention. He was aided by Oliver Wolcott, Governor Huntington, and others. It was adopted by a large majority January 9, 1788.

Massachusetts was the next State in order. Her Convention assembled on the 9th of January, 1788. A majority of the Delegates elected were opposed to the Constitution, and for a long time its fate, so far as Massachusetts was concerned, was doubtful. John Hancock was chosen president of the Convention, and, on motion of Samuel Adams, daily prayers were attended. The opposition was strong in numbers and in talent, though the most distinguished members of the Convention, Fisher Ames, Rufus King, Theophilus Parsons, and others, were warm friends of the new system. Under their lead it was voted that the Convention consider each article of the Constitution in order, and that every member have an opportunity of expressing his views on each part before the vote should be taken to adopt or reject. This course of proceeding saved the Constitution. The opinions of several members were changed in course of the discussions. The influence of Hancock was adroitly used to conciliate the opposition. Instead of a conditional adoption, which was strongly urged by some, it was proposed that the Constitution should be unconditionally adopted, and certain amendments earnestly recommended. This course finally prevailed. When the vote was taken the adoption was carried by a majority of nineteen. This was on the 6th of February, 1788. Several members who had strenuously opposed the Constitution during the discussion, when the adoption was carried, rose and declared they would now give the Constitution their hearty support. For example, one remarked, "Though I have opposed the adoption of the Constitution, yet, as a majority has seen fit to adopt it, I shall use my utmost exertions to induce my constituents to live in peace under, and cheerfully submit to it."

Maryland adopted the Constitution by a vote of 63 to 11 on the 28th of April. The opposition made an unsuccessful effort to adjourn the Convention, in view of the anticipated rejection of the Constitution by Virginia. The chief point of objection was to the power given to Congress to regulate commerce. It was feared that it might be so exercised as to give an undue advantage to the Eastern States.

In the Legislature of *South Carolina* Rawlins Lowndes opposed the calling of a Convention to consider the Constitution. He had much to say against those articles of the Constitution which gave Congress power to regulate commerce and to abolish the slave-trade. He declared that he wished for his epitaph, "Here lies the man who opposed the Constitution because it was ruinous to the liberties of America." The influence of the Pinckneys, the Rutledges, Barnwell, and others prevailed. A Con-

vention was called which adopted the Constitution on the 23d of May, 1788.

New Hampshire was the next State to adopt the Constitution. When the Convention assembled, in February, 1788, it was found that a large number of its members came bound by instructions to reject the Constitution. After discussing the matter, the Convention adjourned to the 18th of June, that such members as desired it might confer with their constituents, and get released from their instructions. When it reassembled the vote to adopt was carried, June 21, 1788.

The Convention of *Virginia* met on the 9th of June, 1788. The opposition was very strong, and contained such men as Patrick Henry, George Mason, and James Monroe, afterward President of the United States. Henry's great point was that the new Government was not a compact between Sovereign States, but a consolidated National Government. Speaking of the preamble, he said, "Who authorized them to speak the language of '*We, the people*,' instead of '*We, the States*'? States are the characteristic and the soul of a Confederation. If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated National Government of the people of all the States." Mason, who was also in the opposition, said, "Whether the Constitution be good or bad, the present clause clearly discovers that it is a National Government, and no longer a Confederation." Madison and others answered these questions by showing the necessity of a National Government. He was supported by Pendleton, Marshall, afterward Chief Justice, Randolph, Nicholas, and others. Henry introduced the authority of Jefferson as opposed to the Constitution. Jefferson had written: "I wish with all my soul that the first nine States may accept the Constitution, because this will secure to us the good it contains, which I think great and important; but I equally wish that the four latest Conventions may refuse to accede till a Declaration of Rights be annexed." This declaration he thought should contain "freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of commerce against monopolies, trial by jury in all cases, no suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and no standing armies." Subsequently he wrote: "The plan of Massachusetts is far preferable, and will, I hope, be followed by those who are yet to decide." That plan was, as we have seen, to adopt the Constitution unconditionally, and to recommend that certain amendments be made. Nearly all the members from that part of Virginia west of the mountains and now constituting Kentucky, were opposed to the Constitution, since, as they supposed, it would give to the Eastern and Middle States power to surrender the navigation of the Mississippi. After long-continued debates, during which the whole Constitution was considered by paragraphs, the vote for adoption was taken and stood—for adopting 87, for rejecting 79. Previous to the vote Henry remarked, "If I shall be in a minority—yet I will be a peaceable citizen—I shall patiently wait in expectation of seeing this Government so changed as to be compatible with the safety, the liberty, and happiness of the people." In Virginia the issue was distinctly made between a conditional and unconditional adoption, and carried in favor of the latter. A long list of amendments to the Constitution were recommended by the Convention.

As has been already remarked, a majority of the Legislature of *New York* were opposed to the Constitution. At one time it was thought that the

Legislature would refuse to call a Convention, and the act for so doing had only a majority of three in the Senate, and of two in the House. Two-thirds of the members elected to the Convention were opposed to the Constitution. The Convention met at Poughkeepsie, June 19, 1788. George Clinton was chosen President. The Convention was opened every morning with prayer. The leading advocates of the Constitution were Alexander Hamilton, Chancellor Livingston, and John Jay. The leading opponents were Governor Clinton and Messrs. Yates and Lansing, who had been members of the Federal Convention, and retired when the National plan was adopted by that body. For a time it seemed almost certain that the Convention would reject the Constitution. On the 24th of June Hamilton received news that *New Hampshire* adopted the Constitution. Thus nine States had adopted it, and it would go into operation. The Confederation was in effect dissolved. This gave a new aspect to the state of affairs, and increased the hopes of the Federalists. Still the danger of rejection was so extreme that Hamilton was inclined to yield so far as to consent to an adoption with a reserved right to recede in case certain amendments should not be made. On the 12th of July he consulted Madison on the subject, who replied that such an act would not be an adoption at all—that the Constitution "required an unconditional adoption in toto and forever." The Anti-federates brought forward a bill on conditional adoption, but after much debate the words "on condition" were stricken out, and the words "in full confidence" inserted. The Act then read, "In full confidence that Congress will not exercise certain powers till a General Convention be called." A list of amendments was agreed upon, and a circular letter adopted to be sent to all the States, recommending a General Convention. In this manner the Constitution was adopted, July 26, 1788, by a vote of 30 to 27.

Thus the Constitution was ratified by eleven States. When the ratifications of nine States had been received by Congress (the Congress of the Confederation), they were referred to a Committee to examine them, and to report an Act for putting the said Constitution in force. This was on the 2d of July, 1788. On the 14th of July such an Act was reported, but it was not adopted till the 13th of September. Elections for the new Government were directed to be held in January, 1789, and the first Wednesday of March, 1789, was designated as the time for commencing proceedings under the Constitution.

The Constitution was rejected by Rhode Island and North Carolina. When the Legislature of Rhode Island received a copy of the Constitution, it was printed and circulated in the State. In February, 1788, the Legislature referred the question of its adoption, not to a Convention of the people, but to the freemen in their town meetings. Owing to a restricted suffrage there were only about four thousand votes in the State. It is said that the friends of the Constitution, being disgusted with the course pursued by the Legislature, refused to vote. The vote stood—2708 against the Constitution, 232 in favor. Rhode Island called a Convention, and adopted the Constitution in May, 1790. North Carolina called a Convention, which met July 21, 1788. A conditional adoption was discussed, and a rejection voted, with the view of securing another General Convention, which might remove the objectionable features of the Constitution. North Carolina remained out of the Union till November, 1789.

The facts stated in this brief account of the origin, formation and adoption of the Constitution, show conclusively that it is not a League between Sovereign States, but the fundamental law of a National Government.

The Southern Rebellion proceeds upon a view of the Constitution which has been zealously taught in the Southern States for many years. That view is, that the Constitution is a League of Sovereign States, from which each State may secede when in its own judgment its interests require it. We have seen that the Federal Convention assembled for the purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation, which were confessedly a league between the States. They were soon convinced that they had a more important work to do, and the first resolution passed by them was that "a National Government ought to be established." Subsequently Mr. Patterson proposed a plan for amending the Articles of Confederation. His proposal received the respectful attention of the Convention. The League plan and the National plan were fairly before the Convention at the same time. A large majority voted to adhere to the National plan, and proceeded to agree upon the details till they had completed the Constitution to be "ordained and established" by "the people of the United States." We have seen that a prominent objection to the Constitution, in the Convention of Virginia and elsewhere, was that it had departed from the League system and constituted a Government acting upon individuals. The original framers of the Constitution did in no case deny the fact on which the objection was founded, but answered the objection by showing the necessity of a National Government and the right of the people to establish the same.

The history of the Constitution shows that it was designed to form a National Government, that it was ordained and established by the *People* of the United States; hence it, as Washington says in his "Farewell Address," "UNTIL CHANGED BY AN EXPLICIT AND AUTHENTIC ACT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE, IS SACREDLY OBLIGATORY UPON ALL."

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO WRITERS OF TALES, ESSAYS, POEMS, AND ALL OTHER LITERARY MISCELLANIES. When, some time since, the Easy Chair said that justice was done to all offerings for this Magazine, he certainly did not mean to invite every body in the country who could hold a pen and write to send their MSS. to the editor, with the expectation that he had nothing to do but decipher the various orthography, and send the manuscript to the printer. There has been such an avalanche of contributions—not a few of them very good—that fair notice must now be given to every contributor that the chance of the acceptance of his or her contribution is greatly diminished. Each Number of the Magazine contains about a dozen articles, while the Editor receives daily at least that number, which have more or less merit. Of those that are absolutely worthless the number passes count. When a paper is declined, it must not be assumed that in the judgment of the Editor it is worthless; but only that he does not think it one of the two or three best out of a hundred. But while the Magazine thus receives twenty times as many good articles as it can use, it is always in want of *better*; and those *better* articles will be gladly welcomed from any quarter. Mean-

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while, as a personal favor to the Editor of this Magazine and to himself, the Easy Chair begs all correspondents to note the following hints:

Write legibly, with such paper, ink, and pen that the writing may be read without a microscope. The eyes of editors and printers are valuable to them, at least. Punctuate properly, marking the paragraphs and quotations. Somebody *must* do this, and the Editor *will* not. If you do not know how to do this, learn before writing for publication. No MS. which fails in these points will be read.

Do not send a portion of an article, "as a specimen;" nor any thing which you have "written to amuse an idle hour." Do not send any translations, or stories of European life, or Indian legends, or long poems. Do not, above all things, send any verses, unless you are sure that they are *poetry*, and contain something fresh in subject and expression.

If your article is short, retain a copy: it is easier for you to do this than for the Editor to register and return it. If you wish it returned, say so, and inclose the necessary stamps. If you wish an answer, inclose an envelope directed and stamped; and do not think it discourteous if the answer is a printed form. Do not expect a reply in the pages of the Magazine; communications between editors and correspondents are *private*—the public have nothing to do with them.

Do not, in case your article is declined, ask for a detailed criticism, "pointing out faults and suggesting corrections." It may seem a small thing to ask an editor to spend a couple of hours in carefully criticising what has cost you weeks to prepare; but to comply with half a dozen such requests in a day would occupy all his time; and he has his own work to do.

Direct all contributions to "*The Editor of Harper's Magazine*"—not to the "Easy Chair," within whose province it does not come to decide upon contributions.

If the foregoing "hints" are complied with, the Editor will endeavor hereafter to read and decide upon all manuscripts sent to him within the month in which they are received. He will also endeavor to return those for whose transmission the proper provision has been made; but he can not hold himself responsible for them. They are at the risk of the authors.

THE Easy Chair prints the following note with pleasure. Of course he has relinquished any expectation that John Bull will either understand or try to understand what we are or what we are doing. A war that cuts off his cotton may happen to remind him that we are, and an iron ship that routs his whole navy three thousand miles off, and rifled siege-guns that breach fortifications at incredible distances, may possibly suggest that we are doing. But Bull is pachydermatous. The moral sense of fine gentlemen who blow rebels from the mouths of cannon is sadly vexed by savages who shut them up to seclude them from mischief. Oh, John! we may be bullies, and swaggerers, and loud talkers—yes, we may even spit upon the floor—but moral affectation is not one of our vices:

"The London literary journals have been quite as much exercised about the rebellion in this country as have the newspapers, and their dislike of the situation in America has manifested itself in malicious criticisms upon American authors, actors, poets, and painters, whom they heartily praised a year ago. A recent number of the *London Review*, in noticing the last-published volume of Mrs. Sig-

ourney's poems, instituted a comparison between her and Mrs. Hemans, and says that there is a resemblance between Mrs. Hemans's 'Treasures of the Deep' and Mrs. Sigourney's lines to the 'Coral Insects,' 'plain enough to swear to in a court of justice.' In reply to this insinuated plagiarism, it should be stated that the lines referred to were written before any of Mrs. Hemans's poetry had been seen on this side of the Atlantic, and that these and a little poem of Mrs. Sigourney's on the 'Death of an Infant,' beginning,

'Death found strange beauty,' etc.,

which has been published among Mrs. Hemans's poems, and claimed as hers, were both written in journals of Mrs. S. in 1820, and were published in the Boston edition of 1827.

"The *Review* finds fault with the story of 'Oriaka,' and considers it imperfect—forgetting that the poet is not responsible for the narrative, which is derived from authentic sources. While thus captious, the *Review* candidly admits that, with the exception of Longfellow, no American poet is better known on that side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Sigourney has sometimes been called the 'Hemans of America'—improperly, as Mrs. Hemans is but little known and less regarded in this country, while the poems of Mrs. Sigourney have been extensively reprinted and circulated in England, and are more widely known and read, perhaps, than those of any of the English female poets."

—"Or in more general terms, taking it for granted that nine out of every ten young writers produce insufferable nonsense, has the tenth one, who writes what is really worth reading, any chance of success.... Is there fair play for young writers?"

The friend who asks this question can answer it by a moment's thinking. There is no secret in the reply. It does not require that a man should be a professional author to answer it. For what do publishers aim at? Certainly at prosperity. But what does their prosperity depend upon? Certainly upon their publishing books that the public will want to read. Hence their business sagacity consists in the ability to understand what will be popular.

Necessarily, therefore, they look upon every young and new author as a possible treasure. He is a closed casket to them. He may hold the rarest gem within. Do you think that they will throw the casket away until they have ascertained?

Publishers are not the natural enemies of authors. They are natural allies. Viewed from this world, an author is a cipher until the publisher is prefixed to him like a numeral. Then he becomes a distinctly appreciable quantity.

Nor, again, is there a certain limit of fame. It is as ample as the air. There is enough for all. The trophies of Miltiades would not let Themistocles sleep. But the fame of Themistocles does not obscure the earlier name. The parent who has one child can not comprehend that he should love two or three quite as dearly. But the two and three are not less loved than the one, yet they do not rob him.

Of course the possible fame as an author of a youth who brings a publisher his manuscript does not disturb the publisher's mind. "My dear Sir," said a shrewd publisher to the young man who with trembling fingers handed him the sacred roll, "this may be a more immortal poem than 'Paradise Lost'; but you understand that to us, as a matter of business, it is so much molasses and shirting. If we can do well by meddling with it, we will undertake it. If not, not." If, upon examination, they are not disposed to deal farther with the author, is that "rudely slamming the door to fame in his face?" Is it not clear that, if it really be a work destined to great success, and the publisher declines it, he rudely slams the door to fortune in his own face?

All publishers do sometimes decline such works, and those are the occasions upon which they fail in sagacity.

In what, then, does fair play for young authors consist? Simply in submitting their manuscripts to a sagacious critic to decide if the publication promises any advantage to the publisher. This advantage may be found in the subject, in the treatment, or in the circumstances of the author—not necessarily in the intrinsic value of the work. Twenty-five years ago a book upon Animal Magnetism would have been salable from the subject, but it would not be to-day. Yet a treatise upon that theme to-day might be so brilliantly treated that, for the rhetoric or the humor, the book would sell. Or, again, if Garibaldi should write a work upon that subject, however poorly he might write, the success would be sure.

These are but a few of the points which a skillful "reader" considers. But if Garibaldi had never been heard of, and his book, however well written and full of talent, had been declined by the critic of one house; and presently, when Garibaldi's name was precious, and his story familiar in every home, another house should publish the book, could you say that the critic of the first had not been just to the unknown author, and that now the scales had fallen from publishing eyes? Clearly it is not the seer but the seen that has changed. His name has an independent value which it had not before, and which it now confers upon every thing it touches.

I knew a young man of great gifts who was entirely unknown to the world. He was smitten with the old and sacred love of fame. He wrought for it patiently and with the most delicate honor, biding his time and carefully completing the works into which he put the vitality of his genius. Some of them he offered to publishers. They were all liked and praised. But one publisher wanted some change in the MS., slight but essential. Another feared the lowering aspect of the times. Still others had other excuses. They saw excellence, they felt promise, but they did not quite dare to risk the chances.

Suddenly the name of the young author became famous in an utterly different direction. Circumstances gave his career a hue of heroic romance that fascinated and inspired. A noble and early death completed his life. A new name had been added to history. Is it surprising that the publishers, who liked, but did not venture to undertake the issue of his works before, now felt secure of their success? Had they "rudely slammed the door of fame in his face?" Had he not opened it for himself?

You will say that this is a factitious and extrinsic reason for literary fame. Not necessarily. The occasion that gave him an audience was certainly not literary. But nothing except the genius can give any man literary fame. The occasion opens the casket, but it did not create the jewel.

The Easy Chair, then, can not see that young authors do not have as fair play as young lawyers or young merchants.

In his discourse at Dartmouth upon Webster, Rufus Choate personifies the college as a weeping mother bending over her great departed, and saying, with the proud parent of history, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living one of Christendom."

When a great man dies and the world mourns, when his name is familiarly and lovingly and respectfully mentioned, when solemn institutions of

art or science or learning heap his grave with praise, when the newspapers recount every incident of his life, and paint as panegyrists paint the virtues and graces of the dead—all seems done that sympathy can do; and the bereaved, as they survey the evidence of the worth and work of the departed, may find some small consolation in their grief.

So in the dark year that ended in April many had passed from the full flush of happy and honorable life to death. Their heroic names and acts are repeated and remembered with joy and pride, and are henceforth parts of our history. But ah! for those who lived before Agamemnon and who had no poet to sing them! In the sad details of battles we read of twenty killed, of a hundred killed, of a thousand killed; and each one of them all was the centre of hopes as high, perhaps, though all unknown, as those whose fame survives the field and the day.

These are the unnamed heroes. They march often with no less lofty purpose and clear perception of the crisis than their leaders. They serve with the same heroism. They fight with the same bravery, and fall as nobly. There are, in our armies, of course, loose and bad men as in all armies; but how many of the whole, rough as they may be, are not also intelligent citizens, the very substance of the people, and the last reliance of a free popular government.

These are the unnamed heroes; but it is no willful neglect that they are so: nor do those who achieve glory enviously aim to outstrip the rest. Only, when we count our treasures, let us remember the unnamed, the devoted sons and brothers and husbands and lovers, who have obeyed the call of their country in the same spirit that Washington obeyed; who have suddenly turned from the quiet happiness of their lives, on which love and fortune smiled, and have marched to battle and to death, knowing that their fall must be unknown to all but those whose homes it would darken, and whose hearts it would break.

If to-morrow the news of the final victory were to come and the next day dawn upon peace, and the towns and cities and villages through the land were to be asked to illuminate in national gratitude for our salvation, yet with the understanding that all who had lost a friend need not join, how sadly the darkened panes would remind us of the blighted hopes and grieving hearts that lie in the wake of war!

There is a poem of Mrs. Browning's in the "Last Poems," lately published, which is the most pathetic and passionate expression of the woe of a mother who loses both her boys in the Italian war of liberation. They were unnamed upon the roll of Italian heroes; but she!—she had no others. They were *her* heroes. They were *her* Italy. They were *her* life and love and hope and heaven. If you do not happen to like Mrs. Browning's poems, as the Country Parson says he can not read Carlyle, it is not necessary to read the stanzas I am going to quote. But don't for a moment imagine that you have said a fine thing in saying so, or that you have shown yourself to be downright common-sensible. You may not like Shakespeare's music, the odor of magnolias—but they are good, nevertheless, and the other part is not of much consequence.

Both the singer's boys are dead, remember.

"Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked Queen sits no more at her sport,
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short?"

"When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee—
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green,
and red—

When you have your country from mountain to sea—
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head
(And I have my dead)—

"What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells
low,

And burn your lights faintly! My country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's *there*, with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair!

"Forgive me! Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-accorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wall such as this—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

"Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!"

Doubtless it was the author of this poem who, had she lived, would have sung the great song for Italy free. The English poets have especially loved Italy. Milton is a part of Vallombrosa; Shelley, of the Tuscan shore; Byron, of Venice; Keats, of Rome, where he died. But the Brownings are very Italians. Nowhere else shall we find a more perfect dramatic portraiture of Italian medieval life and thought than in Robert Browning's poems, or of its modern emotions than in his wife's. The little volume called "Last Poems," containing the very last strains of the strongest and sweetest singer among women, is prefaced, in the American edition, by an affectionate, sympathetic, and admirable biographical and critical sketch by Theodore Tilton.

KING GEORGE THE THIRD of England, if he had lived with us, might have wondered why it is that Easter, spring bonnets, and the Academy Exhibition all come together. But he could not have denied that they do. And if that gracious monarch, with whom it was our misfortune to differ, had taken that ever-increasing family of his, whose expenses our English friends have had the pleasure of paying, to see the sights of the metropolis, he must have stopped in the spacious and handsome gallery where the National Academy Exhibition is held this year. It is known as the Derby Gallery, and is just above Houston Street, in Broadway.

As you go in the old difficulty presents itself. Shall you look at the pictures or at the spectators? The pictures are mainly portraits; but here are the originals without the impediment of paint—except, indeed, in the case of that truly amiable lady of a high-colored complexion who stands looking at the difference in the manner of laying it on between Huntington, or Page, or Hicks, or Baker, or Stone, or Elliott and herself. To see the seers is often more entertaining than to see the show. To hear them is not so delightful, if you chance to be an artist or the friend of one. Indeed, one of the first rules to be observed by every visitor to the National Academy Exhibition is abstinence from audible criticism. Don't say that the picture is a daub, because the modest gentleman at your elbow probably painted it, or is the brother, or cousin, or bosom friend of the painter. I went in the other day with a companion, and we were hastening to discover the best pictures. "Halloa!" said companion, pulling me on; "there's a Smith; I know it by the—" I

nudged him, for the man in the slouched hat and long hair, just before him, was Smith himself. "—by the exquisite grace of outline and richness of coloring," continued companion, who is one of the most adroit and accomplished of men. "I thank you," he said, later, "for cutting me short in my charge at that atrocious daub of Smith's. What on earth do they hang such things in the large gallery for? That little drawing of mine is tucked up out of sight in the entrance passage. I suppose that Mrs. Croker is the only person who has seen it. Why not have intelligent men upon the hanging committee, and not people who only fight for the best places for their own pictures?"

Trekle's motto for a quiet life is a good one—speak well of every body and every thing. Yet even that is not infallible as he found when praising Smith's pictures to Jones.

The Exhibition this year has a few masterly portraits; but besides those not many remarkable pictures. Page, Elliott, Hicks, and Huntington have very conspicuous and admirable works, and Staigg, Stone, Baker, and Wenzler very beautiful specimens of their skill. Mr. Hicks's full-length of Dr. Cogswell, the late Librarian of the Astor Library, is the first picture that challenges attention. It is an admirable portrait, and a work which shows both the skill and the power of the artist. The arrangement and choice of the details are most fit, and the execution is masterly. The wood of the chair in which the Doctor sits is one of the most real bits of painting in the Exhibition. The leather of the bindings of the books and the ranges of Library shelves beyond, which make up the back-ground of the picture, are studied and rendered with charming fidelity. The Doctor sits in a chair holding open in his lap an illuminated missal. His dress is scholarly black—the regulation broadcloth of civilized society—and his feet are clad in low shoes or pumps. The likeness, as we said, is excellent. The whole picture is most interesting, and from its subject and his connection with the Library it has a historical value. Its proper place is, of course, the Library itself; and as the trustees could not hope for a more satisfactory portrait, they will naturally be inclined to possess this. And, indeed, the Astor Library ought to have this charming memorial of its first and famous Librarian.

Mr. Page has three "full-lengths" upon the walls. His portrait of Collector Barney is a striking likeness and a forcible painting, but it is very unpleasant. The accessories are ill chosen, and the whole effect of the details is patched and aimless. The portrait of Mr. Hopper is a most characteristic work, showing great power, and skill, and daring. It is certainly not displeasing, however singular its impression may be; neither is it satisfactory. It is a curiously suggestive work: to some persons it is even exasperating. A kindly and noted and accomplished painter with whom I talked, said that Page constantly piled up impediments in his own path, and did not always remove them. Perhaps the most unpleasant point of his works is, that each one seems to be an experiment. It may be very brilliant, very beautiful, very subtle, but you do not feel that the painter is sure of what he has done, or that he will not flout it to-morrow. Is all painting an experiment? But why, more than writing? Greater excellence, naturally, will always be sought by truly ambitious, artistic souls, whether in one form or another, but not different fundamental principles nor various manners. Page's pictures are

always most interesting. They allure the eye; they excite the mind; but they do not—do they?—satisfy the æsthetic sense.

Huntington's full-length of Chancellor Ferris, of the New York University, is one of his happy portraits. It is harmonious, vigorous, and rich. There is a luxuriance of color and treatment in Huntington which makes you feel that he ought to paint portraits of Creole beauties lying, jeweled and languid, under branching tropic leaves. His larger portraits have the pleasing, high-bred grace of Copley's; works to pause by and muse upon in ancestral galleries. He preserves and elaborates the costume of to-day, yet in such a way that it shall only seem quaint to-morrow, and be an added charm.

But here is another full-length—George Law, by Mr. Powell. This is not exactly a Creole beauty, nor is there liteness or languor in the form. It is the huge steamboat king—one of the marked men of the city. It is very large and very dark, and the Committee have put it in the most unhappy light. It is the only exile among the full-lengths, and the painter and his friends doubtless complain. Nor is it clear why it should not have had an equal chance with the others of the same kind. But the Committee is a judicious Committee, and doubtless knows its own whys and wherefores. Of a picture, therefore, as Dr. Johnson would say, which can not be distinctly seen little can be discriminatingly said.

Mr. Elliott has at least one portrait upon the walls which he has not surpassed. It is marked in the Catalogue as No. 111. For vigor, brilliancy, and reality this work is seldom equaled in portraiture. It is a remarkable reproduction of the characteristic personality of the subject. The clear, keen, concentrated force; the quiet sagacity, the resolute challenge of persons and things, the repose and satisfaction of conscious executive skill, with a certain hidden pride of self-respect, and secret, steadfast kindness, are all readily discerned in the portrait which Elliott has treated with such mastery. It is evidently a work of sympathy. The portrait of a man whose powers are in full play, moulding the expression of every feature and of the whole aspect, is sure to kindle the painter who has the capacity of appreciation and discrimination. So many faces are shells—so many masks: upon so many the character is so lightly printed, or half effaced, or quite illegible, that a painter can hardly fail to be inspired by one which is an illuminated index of character. This portrait has been universally recognized as one of the best that Elliott has painted.

Among the other portraits is one of Huntington's, a half or three-quarter length of a lady in full gala costume, but as we said, so painted that it will still be the portrait of a lady to her great-grandchildren. In contrast of costume to this is a very beautiful portrait by Staigg, the half-length of a lady draped in the simplest muslin. The richness and elegance and exquisite handling of this picture, like that of a portrait by the same artist two years since, place him among the most skillful and satisfactory of his brethren. Mr. Wenzler shows two or three of his works, one of them a most actual likeness of the poet Bryant. The painter must certainly have denounced the razor that lays waste the poet's upper lip. With so fine a flowing and silvery beard how he must have longed to blend its natural companion! The execution has that smoothness and elaborate finish which mark all that Wenzler does. Every touch seems laid on with nervous care, but so affectionately that the critic is disarmed. This is a very

different style from that in which Mr. W. H. Furness has painted an admirable likeness of Hamilton Wild. It is broad, rich, and sunny, with masses of transparent shadow, and a general ease and freedom which justify the promise of the artist's portrait of his father, two years ago. There is great conscience in the treatment—nothing slurred or botched, and yet the whole effect is sweeping and vigorous and luminous. Why do we not see Wild's pictures as well as his portrait in the gallery? Some strain of Venice he could have sung to us such as we have not heard. Some of us travel through Italy, some see it, some feel it. Wild has it in his heart, and when he holds a pencil it flows from his finger tips.

Near by is one of Mr. Ingham's heads. This is the thirty-seventh annual exhibition, and in the first Mr. Ingham, if he exhibited any thing, showed the very counterpart of this portrait. Such uniformity of execution, and indeed of excellence in his way, few painters achieve. But the way? Do people look so to Mr. Ingham? Is human society such a collection of wax statuary in his eyes as his portraits indicate? It must be so, for so he has always represented men and women. In what a curious world, then, the artist must live!

Here, for instance, to show what a different thing the same human flesh may seem to different eyes, is a picture of a Venus by Mr. Gray, *The Apple of Discord*. Mr. Gray is a Venetian in school. He thinks as Lawrence did (who drew heads here eight years ago), and as Page does, that Titian knew more about painting than any body else. Whether he had more of the qualities that make a great artist—whether he were in art (not in painting) the peer of Michael Angelo or Raphael—they may or may not concede. But that he understood the limits of pigments, that he had a wonderful eye in discriminating and a marvelous hand in executing, they would probably all agree. Then comes a difficulty. You may produce by glazing and scumbling and various processes a Titianesque surface upon your picture. But have you not superinduced that effect? Did not Titian produce it by simple, honest coloring? Or, indeed, is not what we call the Titian look partly the result of mingled time and dust, and would a new picture of Titian's, if painted to-day, resemble those that we now see of his three hundred years old? Or still again, if you had found the Titian secret, why not use it in painting other subjects than he chose?

The Apple of Discord is the pleasantest picture of Mr. Gray's which we recall, yet it would be pleasanter if the subject were different. If nothing were said to you, and you found it in a shop in Florence, or Paris, or Rome, you would say, "Halloa! here is a most lovely copy of one of Titian's Venuses;" which one you would not precisely remember, but you would have no doubt of the fact. Of course Mr. Gray does this by design. He knows it as well as any body. He has in view certain depths and harmonies, certain subtle qualities of form and color. The subject upon which he shall work them out is almost as indifferent to him, probably, as the characters of the different models who might sit to him. Is not this in painting what rhetoric is in literature?

The pearly quality of the flesh in this picture, the ripened, flexible, exquisite rounding of the forms, the luxuriance of voluptuous grace in which it is all steeped, and the prevailing sweetness of tone, are most striking and delightful. On the other hand, it is somewhat thin—it is a surface rather than a depth of color—and that wonderful gradation of warmth and tint which it suggests by reminding you of the

Venetian pictures, it does not quite accomplish. This, of course, is trying it by the highest standard. But both the character and the excellence of the work suggest it.

We can only have a word where we would willingly tarry for a talk; so we must chat of one or two pictures in the Exhibition that are not portraits, and chief among these are Bierstadt's *Sunlight and Shadow*, and Kensett's *Twilight*. The former is a small picture, but it has the best effect of sunshine we ever saw. That was a famous beam in Church's *Heart of the Andes*, striking the old tree; but such quivering, soft, warm, real sunlight as this upon the half-crumbling travertine balustrade and cathedral wall we have not seen in painting. It is marvelously realistic and poetic, yet not in the least Pre-Raphaelite, in the technical sense. The little picture is like a happy thought of quiet. Mr. Kensett's larger landscape is very grand in its broad, solemn, twilight gloom. The great mountain dome muffled in dark verdure; the far-reaching, ample plain, infinitely varied, stretching away under the last dying red surfs of sunset, and the cool, tranquil heaven, breathing peace—all compose a most impressive landscape. Mr. Kensett has not painted many finer pictures than this; yet it must be thoughtfully studied to be truly perceived. The very fidelity of the work will cause many a spectator to pass it by with but a single note of admiration. If you read this before the Exhibition closes, *siste viator!*

Mr. Gifford has several pictures; two, at least, of subjects drawn from the war—a *Sermon in the Camp of the Seventh at Washington*, and a *Bivouac of the same Regiment*. They are both charming souvenirs. The *Torre di Schiave*, a well-known ruin upon the Roman Campagna, is another small work of Gifford's, which has all the clear brilliancy for which he is noted. It is almost too bright a portrait of the old tower, as the Easy Chair remembers it. It lacks that curious crust of dinginess which Time throws in Rome even over the gayest colors. But there is a delightful firmness and delicacy in the picture. Mr. Haseltine's *Coast near Amalfi* is a gorgeous work. The peculiar glow of the moist, smooth sea-beach is so evanescent an effect that the spectator can hardly criticise it justly. But the long lift of sea-water about to fall and slide up the shore is very fine, and every part of the picture is thought and treated with subtle sympathy and appreciation. Mr. Casilear has several of his refined and visionary landscapes. A singular exquisiteness of touch gives them a vignette character, while their rare tenderness and delicacy show how truly the painter is a lover of the scenes he draws. Mr. Suydam contributes some of his sea-perspectives, characterized by his customary open daylight effect and careful handling. Mr. Tait's *Birds and Spaniels* are as good as ever; and so are Mr. Hayes's *Terrier and Trout*.

Upon the whole, the Academy Exhibition of this year is remarkable for a few very fine portraits, but not for a variety or great number of excellent pictures. The pleasantness of the hall and the convenience of access have made it more than usual, and despite the war, a thronged resort. The pictures have been better seen than they could be in the series of cells in Tenth Street; and the only serious regret is that the space was so limited that there was no adequate room for the works of beginners. The entrance passage has several interesting and admirable drawings upon the walls, such as Farrar's pen-and-ink *Head of a Gentleman Writing*, and a color sketch

of a tangled mass of Wild-flowers and Weeds, and Charles Parsons's View from the Ramparts of Panama, and Entrance to Some Sound, Mount Desert.

It would be curious and instructive if the pictures of the first Academy Exhibition could be collected and seen. Cole and Inman would be among the names upon the catalogue, and Vanderlyn might be found there. A few striking portraits, some poetic landscapes—in certain points not yet surpassed—would probably exhaust the memorabilia of the Exhibition. The evidence of an awakened taste, of public interest, of enlarged artistic culture and experience, and of a variety of admirable talent—all which characterize the present Exhibitions—would be wanting.

And yet, doubtless, the wights who talked about the pictures in print were a hundred-fold more capable than their successors of to-day. O! brothers of the brush, if we of the pen seem unkind to you, it is a fault of knowledge, not of will.

THE Reverend Robert Collyer, of Chicago, was the pastor of many a brave man who marched to the battle-field of Fort Donelson, and was brought home only to be buried. On the day after the victory Mr. Collyer was one of the Samaritans who hastened to carry succor and sympathy to the wounded, and upon his return the next Sunday he preached a sermon to his congregation upon the Battle-Field of Donelson, which is one of the most pathetic tales which the war has inspired. It is a picture of the terrible other side—the anguish, the solitude, the far-scattered pangs that follow war.

The narrative is very brief and very simple.

"The day I spent there," he says, "was like one of our sweetest May-days. As I stood in a bit of secluded wood-land in the still morning the spring birds sang as sweetly and flitted about as merrily as if no tempest of fire, and smoke, and terror had ever driven them in mortal haste away. In one place where the battle had raged I found a little bunch of sweet bergamot that had just put out its brown-blue leaves, rejoicing in its first resurrection; and a bed of daffodils ready to unfold their golden robes to the sun; and the green grass in sunny places was fair to see. But where great woods had cast their shadows the necessities of attack and defense had made one haggard and almost universal ruin—trees cut down into all sorts of wild confusion, torn and splintered by cannon-ball, trampled by horses and men, and crushed under the heavy wheels of artillery. One sad wreck covered all....."

"Almost a week had passed since the battle, and most of the dead were buried. We heard of twos and threes, and, in one place, of eleven, still lying where they fell; and as we rode down a lonely pass we came to one waiting to be laid in the dust, and stopped for a moment to note the sad sight. Pray look out from my eyes at him as he lies where he fell. You see by his garb that he is one of the rebel army, and by the peculiar marks of that class that he is a city rough. There is little about him to soften the grim picture that rises up before you as he rests in perfect stillness by that fallen tree: but there is a shawl, coarse and homely, that must have belonged to some woman, and

His hands are folded on his breast;
There is no other thing expressed
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"Will you still let me guide you through that scene as it comes up before me?....Here you meet a man who has been in command and stood fast;

and when you say some simple word of praise to him in the name of all who love their country, he blushes and stammers like a woman, and tells you he tried to do his best: and when we get to Mound City we shall find a man racked with pain, who will forget to suffer in telling how this brave man you have just spoken to not only stood by his own regiment in a fierce storm of shot, but when he saw a regiment near his own giving back because their officers showed the white feather, rode up to the regiment, hurled a mighty curse at those who were giving back, stood fast by the men in the thickest fight, and saved them. And, says the sick man, with tears in his eyes, 'I would rather be a private under him than a captain under any other man.'....I notice one feature in this camp that I never saw before—the men do not swear and use profane words as they used to do. There is a little touch of seriousness about them. They are cheerful and hearty, and in a few days they will mostly fall back into the old bad habit so painful to hear: but they have been too near to the tremendous verities of hell and heaven on that battle-field to turn them into small change for every day use just yet....I may not judge harshly of what should be done in a time of war like this in the West: it is very easy to be unfair. I will simply tell you that had it not been for the things sent up by the Sanitary Commission in the way of linen, and things sent by our citizens in the way of nourishment, I see no possibility by which those wounded men could have been lifted out of their blood-stained woolen garments, saturated with wet and mud, or could have had any food and drink except corn-mush, hard bread, and the turbid water of the river.

".....Here is one who has lost an arm, and there one who has lost a leg. This old man of sixty has been struck by a grape-shot, and that boy of eighteen has been shot through the lung. Here a noble man has lived through a fearful bullet-wound just over the eye, and that poor German, who could never talk English so as to be readily understood, has been hit in the mouth and has lost all hope of talking except by signs....The doctor comes to this young man and says, quietly, 'I think, my boy, I shall have to take your arm off;' and he cries out in great agony 'Oh, dear doctor, do save my arm!' and the doctor tells him he will try a little longer; and when he has gone, the poor fellow says to me, 'What shall I do if I lose my arm? I have a poor old mother at home, and there is no one to do any thing for her but me.'

"That man who has lost his arm is evidently sinking. As I lay wet linen on the poor stump he tells me how he 'has a wife and two children at home, and he has always tried to do right and live a manly life.' The good, simple heart is clearly trying to balance its accounts before it fares the great event which it feels to be not far distant. As I go past him I see the face growing quieter; and at last good Mr. Williams, who has watched him to the end, tells me he put up his one hand, gently closed his own eyes, and then laid the hand across his breast and died.

"That boy in the corner, alone, suffers agony such as I may not tell. All day long we hear his cries of pain through half the length of the boat; far into the night the tide of anguish pours over him; but at last the pain is all gone, and he calls one of our number to him, and says: 'I am going, I want you to please write a letter to my father, tell him I owe such a man two dollars and a half, and

such a man owes me four dollars, and he must draw my pay and keep it all for himself.' Then he lay silently a little while, and, as the nurse wet his lips, said: 'Oh, I should so like a drink out of my father's well!' and in a moment he had gone where angels gather immortality—

"By life's fair stream, fast by the throne of God."

And so all day long, with cooling water and soft linen, with morsels of food and sips of wine, with words of cheer and tender pity to every one, and most of all to those that were in the sorest need, we tried to do some small service for those that had done and suffered so much for us."

These are long extracts, but they are more profitable in these bright but bitter days of early summer, when the murmur of distant battles is in the air, than the talk of this Easy Chair would be. The times have not occasioned a more graphic picture of the terrible episodes of war than the story of this practical Christian who, like his Master, goes about consoling the wounded and the weary. The most tender and thoughtful charity pervades the entire discourse. The rebels, in the pastor's eyes, though they have slain his friends and brothers for maintaining the laws of their country, which are the security of liberty and peace for all citizens, are still fellow-men. "Finally," he says, "I came to feel a more tender pity for the deluded men on the other side, and a more unutterable hatred of that vile thing that has made them what they are. On all sides I found young men, with faces as sweet and ingenuous as the faces of our own children, as open to sympathy, and, according to their light, as ready to give all they had for their cause."

Our Foreign Bureau.

WITH the whole Western world wrapped in the red flame of war—with those to whom our hearts are knit by such ties as death only breaks and sorrows only make stronger—busy at scoop of graves or tending wounded—with steamers that we knew once plying peacefully under shadow of overhanging cotton-wood now burdened with the human *débris* of battle—it seems like mockery that we should give a thought, a line, a pen-stroke to the everyday, easy life of the European capital.

So, when fierce cold is smiting with its white wand all the crops of the North, it seems but fatuity and heartlessness to record how balmy heats are making the fields bask in sunnier latitudes; how blossoms are bursting, and sweet fruit forming, and blithe workers going afield on the very day and the very hour when, in other lands, killing frosts are sowing famine.

From the European stand-point what most surprises, perhaps, in regard to the American war, is the *insouciance*, the indifference, the calm with which all tidings of fierce battles are met. "Twenty thousand wounded and killed" carries no more stab to the public sensibility than, in other days, a blown-up steamer with its hundred of victims. We will venture to say that the news of the late American battles, and the tale of killed and wounded, have startled to a quicker sense of the actual horrors involved the European public than even the neighbors of the sufferers at home. How is this? Do we Americans, as is alleged, put so small an estimate on life and health? or have we, with philosophic calm, so reckoned the cost from the begin-

ning as not to be stirred by the abounding justification of our estimates?

To all who question and express amazement at the extraordinary result, we answer that both causes have their weight.

A young people, battling with bears on the frontiers and risking all the hazards of climate in its uncontrollable love of "spread," must rate life at a far lower estimate than those who, these thousand years, have been multiplying every device to make it long and easy and luxurious. Keen sensibility to the horrors of war is the result of a mature civilization. If the pioneer were hampered by the refinements of cities he would never trample down the savagery of the border.

The composure with which, as a people, we have received and forgotten each year our record of accidents by boat and rail demonstrates a comparative indifference to the value of life which astonishes European observers, but which, after all, is perhaps attributable, not so much to sheer insensibility as to a conviction that our swift progress as a nation must have a commensurate waste of blood and life. We strike for grand results, and we pay the grandest of prices.

There is yet another explanation of the apparent coolness with which the American public digests its record of losses. The authorities commanding battle are corporated authorities, and corporate bodies ignore sympathy. When Napoleon tracked his way over the bloody ground of Solferino, the groans and the stark corpses made an appeal to his heart which quickened the negotiations of Villafranca. But let a Republican general or cabinet officer declare the force of such appeal, and straightway his loyalty is questioned. No sympathies must stand in the way of duty to the state. The sheriff must not flinch. The law has no heart to be touched.

Hence a Republican war, directed against Republican subjects, must be the bitterest and most unrelenting of all wars. The People alone, who are the authors of the Law, must temper its issues.

YESTERDAY we read of battles in which our heart leaped to the story; and to-day the paper is full of the last masquerade at the hotel of the Count de Persigny. Who should care, in such times, if the Countess was beautiful in her white satin of a *pierrette*, with diamonds to her buttons? Who should care if a diplomat plays the clown perfectly? These jollities of the *mi-cirème* have a larger life than usual. Yet it is no indication that serious things are not engrossing the serious thought of France. Even in America, if we may believe the newspapers (which, indeed, involves something of hardihood), there was never more noisy and lawless pursuit of pleasure than in the great capitals. The concert saloons—which are understood here to be a harsh reproduction of the Mabilles and the Montesquiues—are represented as thriving upon the costs of the Republican war. And in Paris, while the workers of Lyons and of Rouen are pinched with real want (growing stronger every day), the balls have been brilliant, the private theatricals have made their *claqueurs* heard upon the Boulevards, and a circle of admiring friends of an actress of the Vaudeville have made an *émeute* at that theatre in decrying a play whose partition did injustice to their favorite.

Yet again, this metropolitan world—whose soberer citizens are anxious to learn what may become of the lingering Papal question or the sharp Mexican problem—is all agog with the recent sale of the ef-

fects—paintings and other—of a distinguished and pretty member of the demi-monde, Mademoiselle Anna Deslion.

It appears an absurd thing to mention that a few weeks since all the furniture was sold from the rooms of a pretty unmarried lady of the Chaussée d'Antin; and yet, when the sale came about, the streets were crowded with carriages—some coroneted—all evidencing wealth. That there should be Aubusson tapestry, was looked for: every woman who lives in luxury at Paris possesses it. That there should be art of a certain kind, was looked for: since wealth can every where command it. But the singularity of this sale was the fact that its art was of the chiefest order, and its objects of *vertu* most severe in their class.

A necklace of pearls which came to the hammer was regal; the report says it brought forty thousand francs. Other jewelry of various kinds sold for some seven hundred thousand francs. The paintings counted such names as Troyon, and Meissonnier, as well as a crowd of amateurs. The very inkstand was a rare copy from Michael Angelo, mounted upon onyx, and its sale price was five thousand francs.

And yet the Deslion's is a name which good people do not talk of. You know she had wealth; you know she commanded the complimentary gifts of distinguished artists, princes; you hear she was witty, beautiful, young.

Yet with this sale of her effects she disappears. An impropriety eclipses her splendor. She holds upon the brilliant round of Paris life by so frail a tenure that an impropriety makes the end. We shall never hear of her after this sale of her jewels. Perhaps, years hence, some haggard woman at the opera may offer us a footstool for a few centimes, or may crave a sou or two at the street-crossings in charity, and her name may be Mademoiselle Deslion.

For it is in this way such mock splendors vanish.

Yet still the carriages buzz, and the princes make carnival of Easter. The sale, the splendor, the story call to mind Victor Hugo's new work of the "*Miserables*." It is just now published in Paris, in Belgium, and (by translation) in half a dozen different capitals of Europe. It deals with the accidents and incidents of social life. It deals, in short, with larger problems than the author has ever dealt with before. But he brings more of age and experience to the discussion.

We speak now only in view of a synopsis of its contents. We may return to it again.

The son of the poet, Charles Hugo, is understood to be engaged upon a dramatic adaptation of the book.

THIS mention leads us naturally to speak of the new election to the French Academy in place of M. Scribe. The successful candidate has been M. Octave Feuillet. His best opponent was M. Camille Doucet, who holds a position under Government in connection with the theatrical régime, and who received ten votes out of the thirty-one recorded.

Octave Feuillet, the new Academician, is some fifty odd years of age, and his best known work is the "*Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*," which was originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which has been translated in various countries. He is also said to have contributed largely to the success of certain plays which bear the full imprint of "Alexandre Dumas, author."

ON the same column upon which we record the success of M. Octave Feuillet, we are compelled to name the decease of a prominent man in the musical world of Paris; we speak of M. Fromental Halevy, a member (as well as perpetual secretary) of the Academy *des Beaux Arts*, and author of "*La Juive*," and of the "Queen of Cyprus." These two were, perhaps, his best compositions; but they never commanded the admiration which made a brilliant success; and poor Halevy died without any adequate provision for his family. We have hardly the right to speak of him as "poor Halevy;" the world can not count us ten names which have won a larger musical popularity. "*La Juive*" has had the largest placarding in the largest capitals of Europe. A great army of mediocre composers have envied the great Halevy; and yet we say, *en connaissance de cause*, "poor Halevy!" And the brothers Pereire, in the spirit of true Hebrew fellowship, have instituted a subscription for the benefit of the family of the deceased. He died at Nice; but the funeral obsequies in Paris were attended by many of first distinction in art and literature, as well as by a large representation of the imperial authorities.

Another French death of note has been that of M. Henri Schaeffer, brother of the late Ary Schaeffer, and himself a painter of no mean distinction. The works best known of his perhaps are the Bible Reading and Joan of Arc on her Way to Execution.

This mention of an artist leads us, naturally enough, to speak of sun-painting, and of the chances for the speedy perfection of a polychromatic photography. For some time it has been known to experimental chemists that certain colors could be seized and repeated upon chemically prepared plates. Lately this number of colors has been largely extended; but it was found that while a definite period of exposure perfected certain colors, the same time was not sufficient to duplicate others. If, however, the duration and intensity of light was extended so as to repeat these latter, the first were destroyed by over-exposure. This difficulty, however, has been surmounted by an adroit use of screens, which shade the more sensitive colors while the others are being fixed. In this way a great variety of colors are caught; but unfortunately they are found to fade after a certain period of exposure. It only remains to discover some sure means of fixing them, and *helio-chromics* are thenceforth certain.

Meantime the beautiful art of polychromic lithography, which has made wonderful advance in delicacy and brilliancy, is almost filling the place of sun-painting. There has just now been published at Paris, by Curmer, a singularly rich work, "*Les Evangiles*," which repeats with all the original brilliancy of coloring some of the rarest missal illustrations of the early centuries of Christian art. Among others, the rare old breviary of Grimani, which is one of the chiefest manuscript treasures of the library of St. Mark at Venice, has been copied to the last point of its delicate caligraphy; and the illustrative miniatures and borders have been rendered with a delicacy and grace that leave nothing to be desired. Several manuscript treasures of the Breda and Vatican libraries are also laid under contribution for the adornment of "*Les Evangiles*."

It is gratifying to know that the photographic reductions of the great paintings are not driving into neglect the good old art of line engraving. Even the sneers of Mr. Ruskin can not blind the world to an abiding faith in such conscientious and patient labor as belonged to the burin of Raphael Morghen.

And now the great Madonna of Foligno is to have worthy transcript at the hands of Jos. Keller. A generous subscription has been raised among his friends to give him seven good years of leisure for devotion to the work. In that time he hopes to complete it; his drawing from which the engraving is to be made is represented to be every way admirable.

THE affairs of Italy do not promise a peaceful summer. Ratazzi may succeed in establishing a strong Government which shall have full legislative support; but it is doubtful if even thus early the extreme Garibaldi element of the population is not to a certain extent alienated. The General himself has been receiving extravagant ovations throughout the cities of Lombardy, where he has gone nominally for the purpose of establishing rifle-clubs, of which Prince Humbert is chief patron. Every where the street crowds are excited to frenzy by the sight of the red-shirted patriot; and his speeches are of that abrupt, impulsive, unstudied, earnest cast which add fuel to the popular enthusiasm. There is no diplomacy about Garibaldi; and he talks of the brother Venetians, and the brother Romans, and the tyrant Pope, in a way which must startle the French ambassador. He proposes to extend his journeying into the old Sicilian kingdom; and it remains to be seen what effect his presence may have upon the now chronic brigandage of the south.

All the official accounts of quietude in that region have, it appears, been strangely exaggerated; and the Bourbon reactionists are now showing themselves within cannon-shot of Naples.

But aside from the Bourbon brigandage, and the possible extravagant action of the immediate followers of Garibaldi, Italy is experiencing a new and growing danger in the persistent jealousies of the different provinces. An anti-Piedmont feeling of alarming significance is rapidly extending over the south of the peninsula, and has long been entertained in the island of Sicily. Tuscany, too, is feeling aggrieved by the slights which she claims have been thrust upon her favorite Ricasoli. Emilia has its own sectional pride, and demands with some *fiercé* its representation in the Government. Nor is Lombardy silent, but full of round and confident assertion of its traditional privileges and importance to the new State of Italy. In the midst of this conflict of jealousies, which we dare say the local papers may magnify unduly, it is pleasant to let the eye rest upon that little, serene, compact Republic of San Marino, which from its scarred mountain eyrie of the Apennines, has seen fourteen centuries of change sweep over the Italian plains, leaving its own integrity and independence unscathed and almost unchallenged.

From the Montanara gate of the mouldy old city of Rimini a carriage road runs south, winding up the pleasant and shaded hill of Covignano; beyond are abrupt ascents and descents, volcanic ravines, mossy and stunted olives, scarred and blighted oak-trees, a noisy brook which is leaped by a stout arch of stone; and midway of the arch a tablet bearing on its east face the tiara and keys of Rome, and on the west face R. S. M., which means *Repubblica Sancti Marini*. It marks the border line of the little State which dates from the heroic times of Rome.

There was never much wealth to tempt an aggressor; the soil is bare, broken, seamed with the track of torrents. A few grape-vines struggle for life; a few acorns feed the swine, and scanty fields

of wheat make up the agricultural resources. Three little *bourgs* or villages contain its population of some seven thousand. The chiefest of these bourgs, San Marino, crowns a rocky cliff in whose recesses the winter snows lie until late spring. From the walls of its miniature defensive castle one can see looking northward the Adriatic; and of a clear day catch glimpses of the hazy blue of the Dalmatian mountains. Faenza, Forli, Cervia, Cesenne, Rimini can all be spotted on the plains. Westward the mountain lines are lashed together in inextricable confusion, and the eye follows their gray-brown peaks till they are lost in the purple distance of Tuscany.

Every man of twenty-one in San Marino is a voter; legislative power rests in a General Assembly of some sixty members, and a lesser one (Senate) of twelve. Every six months these assemblies name two captains, who are charged with the executive power; one for the city, the other for the country. A judge is appointed from without the State, who holds office under salary for three years; and there is appeal from his decisions to the council of twelve. All other civic functionaries serve without remuneration. The little army of the State consists of some forty men, of whom nearly half are musicians. The total State revenue reaches the sum of forty thousand francs.

A plenipotentiary of this little republic is just now at Turin negotiating with Victor Emanuel a treaty of amity and commerce. The Count Cibrario, Minister of State, and patrician of San Marino, acts for the Republic, and the Chevalier Carutti for Italy. We trust the negotiations may come to a happy issue, and the wise little State carry its Republican gonfalon bravely down to the latest time.

WE have for some time lost sight of the Suez Canal project of M. Lesseps, nor have the public journals, in the engrossment with more important matters, given it other than the most casual mention. Yet, notwithstanding British opposition and sneers, the work is being pushed zealously forward. A steamer in the employ of the company runs regularly between Damietta and Samanbout. At the former place is the present dépôt for the Mediterranean terminus of the canal, which is to enter the sea by Port Said. Some seventeen millions of francs are said to have been already expended. A private traveler makes the following report:

"On the morning of the 11th we took boats and, traversing the lake, soon came to the first station on the canal, sixteen kilometres (ten miles) from Port Said. We followed the line of dredging-boats which are deepening the passage, and in the evening reached Kantara-el-Kasné, 48 kilometres from Port Said. The channel through which we passed varied in width from 5 to 12 metres, but will soon have the latter width throughout. We had thus accomplished in ten hours a journey which would have required three days a year ago. The houses at Kantara are built of old bricks taken from the ruins of an ancient city about half a league distant. This town is likely to become a place of some importance, owing to its position on the road taken by the caravans between Syria and Arabia. The climate is healthy, and provisions are abundant. Next morning we resumed our journey along a canal cut through the waterless lakes of Ballah; and at noon reached Ferdane, at the foot of the Threshold, where the canal ends for the present. Ferdane is 67 kilometres from Port Said. To give some idea of the result already obtained, I need only state the carriage of

goods from Port Said to Ferdane, which used to cost 150 to 200 francs the 1000 kilogs., is now only 7 francs, and will soon be reduced to 3 francs.

"Ferdane is situated on one of the downs bearing that name, and the canal will there enter a cutting with rather high banks on each side. Here we were received by the engineer of the division and Ishmail Bey, the Governor of the Isthmus, who has a guard of one hundred black horsemen. We left Ferdane in the afternoon, the gentlemen on horses or dromedaries and the ladies in a carriage, and crossed the famous sands of Ferdane, which have been represented as an insuperable obstacle, but which experience will prove to be no obstacle at all. When we had journeyed about half a league we came within sight of a range of small acclivities on which we saw men at work, and were told that those heights were the threshold of Elguirs, where 20,000 men were cutting a passage for the canal. We found that these Arabs, notwithstanding the fast of the Ramadan, when they usually refuse to work, were toiling away with all their might under the stimulus of regular pay in proportion to the work done."

M. Lesseps expresses the utmost confidence that within two years ships will pass through from sea to sea. Twenty thousand laborers are at present engaged upon the work of cutting through the "Threshold;" and this number is shortly to be doubled under the somewhat despotic direction of the Viceroy.

THE Greek Revolution engages the attention of Europe, only to a very limited degree. The insurgents have been rashly importunate; and the King, with his advisers, rashly obstinate. The world seems content that both should pay the price of a small war without intervention or remark. All German sympathies are with the King; and Russian sympathies are with the revolutionists. France and England appear neither to entertain nor express sympathy on either side. A projected demonstration, however, of the Greek students in Paris, in honor of the insurgents of Nauplia, was recently checked by the Imperial Government, in obedience to the wishes of the Greek *chargé*.

THE late signal success of the new Turkish Loan upon the London Exchange has called out the eager antagonism of those Continental journals which are in the Russian interest. The color of the whole discussion lies in these facts: Russia is waiting hopefully and faithfully for Ottoman decay; Great Britain is nervously apprehensive of the same result, and staves it off by her subsidies. Austria sympathizes with England, and coyly assists Turkey in her military repression of the Slavish insurgents along the Adriatic. France and Prussia are represented to be on terms of agreement with Russia in all that relates to the slowly evolving problems of the Orient.

A LITTLE *on dit*, which has almost the kindling matter in it for a romance, we pluck from the current talk and fling into our record.

A poor shoemaker, with wife and one child, lived upon the fourth floor of a hotel in the Rue St. Martin. A lodger upon the same floor, having only a solitary chamber and no ostensible means of support, attracted their attention and their sympathies. He was of middle age, lived poorly, had no companions, and had the bearing of a decayed gentleman. The kind cobbler and his wife continued to bestow upon

him, in an unnoticed and quiet way, a great many little attentions, which they hoped might relieve his loneliness and contribute to his comfort.

The single lodger accepted these graciously, cultivated familiarity with the little daughter of his fourth-floor neighbor, and ended by making engagement with the cobbler to furnish him his dinner each day at their own table. The sum proposed in payment seemed larger to the humble couple than the unfortunate gentleman could afford. But he persisted in his generous offer, and a close intimacy was established.

One day the postman left a letter for the single lodger, which was handed him as he sat with the little family of his host. It disturbed him grievously: he thrust the letter in the fire—paced up and down the chamber, kissed affectionately his *protégée*, the cobbler's daughter, went out, and has never been seen by them since.

A week thereafter the shoemaker received a letter post-marked at a village upon the extreme borders of France. It proved to be from the missing lodger. It hinted at family griefs which could never be repaired, and at threats hanging over him which could only be escaped by the utmost seclusion. It begged the little family of the attic to forget him—to forget his very appearance, if possible: it begged them to take possession of his furniture for their own benefit, and also of ten Bank of France notes of a thousand each, which would be found in one of his drawers, hoping it might be enough to establish the shoemaker in a little business of his own.

That is all.

The people of the village upon the French border, where the letter of the lodger was posted, knew nothing of him. The police, to whom the grateful shoemaker made application—fearing possible suicide—knew no more.

It would be hard to overstate the degree of interest, which, since the demonstrations of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, has attended the discussions, both public and private, concerning iron-bound ships. The European mind is quick to detect the significance of such a war-lesson as that of Hampton Roads. British journals and Parliament will have made their own report to you; and if French publicists have been less eager and demonstrative, as they certainly have been, you may be assured that those who hold the question of a possible French war in their hands are not idle or unobservant.

It is not too much to say, that within two years' time not an important harbor of France but will have its iron-bound, bomb-proof floating battery, and not another order will be issued to the Naval *dépôts* of France for the building of a wooden warship. Italy, Denmark, Russia are all astir in this business, and are occupied with schemes for the conversion of their old naval craft into iron-cased batteries. Nor must Americans commit the mistake of thinking that England has only her *Warrior* and *Black Prince* in a state of readiness for the year to come. Besides the *Achilles*, of 50 guns and 6000 tons burden, building at Chatham dock-yard, there are now under contract with private builders, and in an advanced state, the *Agincourt*, of 6000 tons; the *Northumberland*, of equal capacity; the *Valiant*, of 4000; the *Minotaur*, of 6000; the *Orontes*, of 8000; the *Hector*, of 4000.

Some half dozen of the heaviest line-of-battle ships, of the class of the *Duke of Wellington*, are being cut down for equipment with the armed cu-

polas of Captain Coles. The character and success of Ericsson's turret has given new favor to the device of Captain Coles; and, in justice to the Captain, we copy a brief notice of his cupola from a British paper of the date of *July, 1861*:

"One of the great advantages derived from the aid of the shield is found to be the port-hole, which is entirely closed by the gun, save the small space sufficient to permit an elevation of 10 and a depression of 7 degrees. The horizontal motion, or training, is effected by turning the shield itself, with the gun, crew, and platform on which they stand. The whole apparatus thus becomes, as it were, the gun-carriage, and, being placed on a common turn-table, is revolved to the greatest nicety of adjustment. The shield is provided with a hollow cylinder 3 feet in diameter, through which the powder is handed up from the magazine and communication obtained. A current of air is likewise kept up through the hollow pivot by means of a fan, which causes the smoke, directly it leaves the breech of the gun, to escape through the opening immediately above it. The exposed portion above the glacis of 3 feet 8 inches (the entire shield being 7 feet high) is covered with blocks of iron, and the lower part is sunk into the deck, and protected by an iron glacis. The face of the shield presents a slanting surface of 45 degrees elevation, on a solid substance of 4½-inch plates of iron, backed up by 18-inch timber blocks. It is calculated that any amount of pounding from the enemy's guns would produce no injurious effect, as no horizontal fire can strike this structure above the water-line except at an angle of 40 degrees. It is completely protected against a vertical fire by its arched roof, and is supported on each side by stanchions, or fore-and-aft bulkheads."

AMONG the more recent improvements in Paris which are deserving of notice we may name the final completion of the beautiful Park of Monceau, and its opening to the free enjoyment of the public. Old visitors to Paris will remember it only as a charming closed garden, of princely extent, of which one only caught straggling glimpses from the raised roadway of a portion of the exterior Boulevard. Unlike the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg, it does not depend for its attractions upon stately avenues, mossy statues, or its courtly reminiscences of the great gardener, Le Nôtre. It is joyous with the free life of trees in all the abandon of wide-spread branches, trailing vines, and unfettered growth. It rivals and surpasses St. James's. Grottoes, fountains, naiads, charming tufts of flowering shrubs delight the visitor with continued surprises.

The great *Hôtel de la Paix*, near the head of the regal street of that name, is soon to be opened for the reception of guests; and it will give some idea of its magnitude when we state that it contains no less than seven hundred bedchambers; twenty-five miles of wire have been ordered for the bells of service; there are to be within it thirty thousand square yards of inlaid oak-flooring, eighteen thousand yards of carpeting, and ten thousand square yards of mirrors.

Upon the decorations of its dining-hall one of the most successful sculptors of France has been employed; while the contract price for the ginner "centre" and accompanying plate, of the noted plate manufacturer, Christople, is stated to be 240,000 francs.

Its name is auspicious; may it long deserve it!

THE Japanese Embassadors have recently arrived in Paris, by the overland passage, and are exciting the same crowds of curious street-gazers they commanded in America. The *personnel* of this diplomatic convoy differs somewhat from that known to the New Yorkers, but many members are the same. The Emperor and officials generally have received them with great courtesy, and treated them with an exaggerated show of ceremonial calculated to make a deep impression on statesmen who wear golden girdles and half a dozen stiletos to their waistband.

Not since the year 1652 has Japan been officially represented among the nationalities of the West. At that date a few princes converted to Christianity conceived the idea of paying personal homage to the Vicar of Christ at Rome. Three years of difficult and dangerous travel lay between their starting-point of Nangasaki and the triple crown of the Pope. But the Christian-Pagans bravely surmounted all dangers and trials, did reverence to his Holiness, and in eight years were in their own city again, only to find the Christian zeal they had left in such flame utterly gone out. It is understood that the present embassy will visit London and the World's Exhibition before their return.

THE Industrial Palace draws near to completion, and for a month past the various courts have been cumbered with goods. Englishmen are not proud of the architectural effect of the Palace; and if rumor respecting its appearance may be trusted, their moderation in this regard is discreet.

With the single exception, perhaps, of Barry's Houses of Parliament, all recent architecture in England of a grandiose or monumental type is a failure. Their hospitals and union work-houses are admirable for convenience, for propriety, and unity of effect; their parish churches are charming studies of grace; their country houses are models which all the world will copy and never excel; they give an air of sanctity to their little churches which beguiles one into reverence; and they add an indescribable tone of cheerful, cozy homeness to their domestic buildings which is quite unmatchable; but their public monuments, galleries, exchanges, theatres, are either repetitions of established classicism of line, or crude and ineffective enormities.

Editor's Drawer.

WHAT part of the world where the English language is read does not enjoy the Drawer? Now and then a letter from China tells of the pleasure it carries to the Universal Nation whose wandering sons and daughters dwell among the Celestials. We have had tidings from the interior of Africa, and here comes one from the middle of the Pacific Ocean, bringing testimony to the virtues of the Drawer, and telling a story besides. A correspondent in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, writes to us, and is pleased to say:

"Even here in these isles of the sea the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* is an institution. We regard it a sovereign remedy for the blues, and we take it both when we have them and when we haven't, so that it does us good all times. I send you a little story of our Governor. You know the old song:

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer."

"Two of our citizens, Judge B—— and Dr. N——, had occasion to go to the island of Kauai, the land of sugar and coffee. They returned in a schooner, and among the passengers was the Governor of the island, who was coming to visit the metropolis—this great city of Honolulu. The Governor is a native, and so was the Captain of the schooner—a first-rate seaman as long as land is in sight. There came up a gale that blew them off; and having no compass, and a short supply of provision, they were soon in a sad plight indeed. On and on for nine days they sailed, when they ought to have been in port in two. The Judge and the Doctor thought it about time to take matters into their own hands or they would all be starved to death; for neither law nor physic would serve them without something to eat. They deemed it proper to ask the Governor what he thought best to be done. His Excellency took the subject into consideration, and, with great sagacity, remarked:

"Well, now, as we are lost, I think we had better go back to where we started from."

"The poor Captain would have been but too happy to comply with the Governor's suggestion, had there been any such thing as knowing where that place was; but that day a whaler hove in sight, and supplying them with provisions led them into port. They were actually on the way to America."

DR. RADCLIFFE lived neighbor to Godfrey Kneller. Kneller had a fine garden, and being a painter of fine taste delighted in ornamenting his grounds. The Doctor was so fond of his neighbor that he proposed to have a gate between the premises, through which he could readily pass into the painter's garden. The servants, however, used it so much that it became a nuisance, and the painter sent word to the Doctor that he should have to brick up the wall.

"Tell him," said the Doctor, "to do what he likes to the door so long as he does not paint it."

When this was reported to the painter he said to the messenger, "Go back to the Doctor, and tell him I will take any thing from him but his physic."

ONE never wearies of the peculiar wit and repartee of the Irish.

On one occasion Mr. F—— called his two servants, Bridget and Patrick, to his aid; but they undid, in their awkward zeal, faster than he could put things together, which so annoyed him that he cried out, contemptuously, "Oh, you Paddies!"

"And who is it ye are spaking to?" asked Bridget, indignantly.

"To you, for one!"

"And who else, if you please?"

"Isn't Patrick another?"

"Ah, yes; faith and that makes jist three of us!"

ONCE upon a time Bridget complained that the nurse, who sat at the second table with her, ate and drank more than her share of the goodies.

"Well, Bridget, you must give her a hint, in your pleasant way, that will secure your rights."

The next day, when nurse monopolized, Bridget sat back in her chair very despairingly.

"Are you sick to-day?" asked nurse, helping herself to the last potato.

"Niver a bit of it; but me jaws are jist growing together intirely!"

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" cried nurse, as she drained the tea-pot [Bridget adored tea].

"Sure, and it's not your jaws that will be after

troublin' ye in that way!" shouted Bridget, with her flaming eyes upon the exhausted tea-pot; "for the divil of a chance have I had to open my *own* since ye entered the house! Bad luck to the like of ye!"

Bridget used to boast that the way she snubbed "*that nus*" was "*illegant*!"

DOMESTICS, as the reader may have had occasion to remember, are very tenacious in regard to their payments.

The usual pay-day had been allowed to pass unnoticed, and Bridget had asked for her dues, which it had not been convenient to give her. In the evening I went below to see that the doors were secured for the night.

"Bridget," I said, "you left the basement-door unlocked last night, and the thieves are unusually active just now. Such negligence is inexcusable."

"Faith," cried Bridget, with dilating nostrils, "it's not into *this* house a thaif would be after coming!"

"And why not into *this* as well as *another*?"

"Sure there's niver a thaif in Ameriky but would know there was no *money* here!"

"THERE lives in a neighboring town a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, who, like too many of his countrymen, was much inclined to the use, and abuse too, of strong drink. During one of the temperance reforms Pat signed the pledge, and made himself quite useful to the cause in portraying at public meetings, with true Irish humor and pathos, his experience in the drunkard's ways.

"Not long since he visited our city of B——, when he was presently met by one of his old temperance friends carrying a very heavy brick in his hat, causing eccentric movements in his gyrations about town highly amusing to the young and rising generation, and truly astonishing to his cold water friend, who accosted him with, 'Why, Brother C——, I am astonished to see you in this state! I thought you were lecturing on temperance!'

"An' shure, yer honor, so I be; but d'ye mind, me ould expariance was aboot worn out, and I thot I'd jist take a bit of new to make me lectures more interesting!"

MRS. JONES has long been wanting to visit Greenwood Cemetery, and now in early summer she says to her husband, "You have never yet taken me to Greenwood."

"No, dear," he replied, "that is a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

EDMUND BURKE's pun on Brocklesby's name is a good instance of the elaborate ingenuity with which the great orator adorned his conversation and his speeches. Pre-eminent among the advertising quacks of the day was Dr. Rock. It was therefore natural that Brocklesby should express some surprise at being accosted by Mr. Burke as Dr. *Rock*, a title at once infamous and ridiculous. "Don't be offended," said Burke, with a laugh: "your name is *Rock*; I'll prove it algebraically: Brock *less* B equals *Rock*."

It is an old "dodge" for doctors who want to get into notice to have a servant come into church and call them out. But Dr. Mead, of London, rejoiced in a father who was the minister of a large congregation, and whenever his medical son was summoned in church time, the good minister was wont to call

on the people to unite in prayers for the body and soul of the sufferer to whom the physician had just been called. This was a grand advertisement, and helped to set up his son rapidly.

THE clerk of a county in Kentucky sends us the original of the following notice posted near his office:

"Stray Sture rather a brinel white beley crumpley borne by Sholderd about 9 years old crooked hind legs wines hlee hind legs verry mutch when travling the year mark not rectified"

"I AM a Yankee schoolmaster. Several years of my life were spent in teaching in a locality known as 'Away down East,' though the past three years have been spent in the same avocation in the 'City of Brotherly Love.'

"A class of half a dozen girls were analyzing and parsing Cowper's 'Alexander Selkirk,' and all had acquitted themselves creditably, until this passage was presented to the favorite pupil—favorite, I say, for it is impossible for a teacher not to have favorites:

"My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth."

"The word 'sallies' falling to the lot of our heroine, she cast an arch glance at the teacher, and then inquired, 'Might not "Sallies" have been a noun proper, in the plural, under the circumstances, Sir?'

"I thought so, and she parsed it."

MR. EDITOR.—The contemplation of Tennyson's "Eagle," which I greatly admire, led me to compose the following:

THE EAGLE.
BY J. E. MURRAY.

O! thou noble, lofty bird,
Of all the fowls thou'rt lord;
Disdaining man and all his laws,
And holding Earth within thy claws

An eagle soaring in the sky,
Nearly to the blazing sun,
Cast his keen, sun-glaring eye
Far adown the vasty dun.
And there an acorn he espied
Swiftly through the ether whirl'd;
The sea a white spot on its side;
He swooped, and grasped—the solid world.

CENTREVILLE, CALIFORNIA, April 15.

JARRAD is a clever fellow—rather too clever, in fact; and though he works hard, he seems to get behindhand all the time. Jarrad has a sister. She got married. Jarrad was asked how he liked his brother-in-law. Said he, "I don't like him, Sir; he's a mean man." Being pressed for his reasons for not liking him, "Well, I will tell you," said he, reluctantly; "he swindled me clean out of fifty dollars—isn't that reason enough?" Jarrad's friends wanted to know how he swindled him. "Why, Sir, he promised to lend me fifty dollars, and he didn't do it—that's how!" and all who know Jarrad acknowledge that it was barefaced swindling, and nothing else.

FROM a budget of clever stories sent us by an obliging correspondent we take two for present use: "A little girl of ours had been trying to learn the alphabet, and succeeded very well in remembering A, I, S (the 'crooked letter'), and O. Soon after

having recited her lesson she came running to her papa with her book containing the alphabet, and, pointing to Q, said, 'See, papa! O has got a little tail!'

"ON a Sabbath morning, feeling somewhat indisposed to go to church, I determined to stay at home, and requested Dinah, my colored housemaid, to remember the 'text' and as much of the sermon as she could, and report to me on her return. After service Dinah came into the parlor to report; but her memory being rather a 'forgettery,' all she could say of the text was that 'it was sothin' 'bout dey was weighed in de balance an' come up missin'."

A MICHIGANDER writes to the Drawer of a brace of doctors:

"In one of the many stump cities for which Michigan is somewhat noted live two individuals who put 'M.D.' at the end of their names. They are bitter enemies, defaming each other's character at every opportunity. Dr. A— pretends to have the more classical education of the two, though for that matter both can use and have at their tongue's end any quantity of unpronounceable words. Much rivalry existed between them as to which should be the regular physician of a certain family, who, when any member was sick, called in the one first found.

"One day Dr. A— was sent for to attend one of the children. He and the old lady soon began discussing the merits and demerits of Dr. B—. Finally Dr. A— said to the old lady, 'B— is one of the most ignorant men you ever saw. The next time you see him ask him if he knows the *modus operandi*, and if you ain't satisfied then I'm a stoker.'

"Soon after she saw Dr. B—, and asked him the question.

"'Moder sapperandi,' says B—; '*moder sapperandi*. Why, yes; there's lots of it grows wild right out here in the fields.'

"The old lady was convinced."

"I HAVE a little boy six years old, who is inclined to be pugnacious.

"One day at dinner the conversation turned upon the evil habit of lying. He joined in by saying, 'I know a boy who never told a lie, because I asked him yesterday if he could lick me, and he said No!'

A fair inference from the premises, the Drawer decides.

IN Memphis, Tennessee, a correspondent tells a story for the Drawer, of old election times, that is very rich and very true to the life. It is to show the candidate *before* and *after* election.

Jackson was the man's name who was running for Congress. He was hale fellow well met with Thomas, Richard, and Henry, shaking hands with everybody, and all that. He got in. Suddenly his manner changed. He didn't know half the people he met—he was too big to speak to every body. A Dutchman by the name of Stoever came along—a rough blacksmith—and, holding out his black fist, said, "How do, Mr. Jackson?"

The Congressman, a crowd standing around, took hold of his hand reluctantly, and remarked, "Your face is familiar, but for my life I can't recollect your name."

The Dutchman, without giving his name, cried out:

"Gentlemen, I now tell you von goot story.

Ven I live in Germany de lort-mayor of de down he die. Den dey have 'lection for von nudder lort-mayor. Now dere live in de down von man pie de name of Dinks. He pe von osler. Now von tay Dinks he come long de street vid his back on his pack, and de beeples say, 'Spose ve maks Dinks lort-mayor!' And sure nuff dey votes for Dinks and makes him mayor. Dey den takes Dinks up to de pig house, and buts de pig vite robe pon him, and buts de pig crown pon his head, and den buts him in de pig arm-cheer, and den Dinks set like von vool. After vile, Dinks' wife she miss him. She run up and town de street look vor him; ven de beeples tell her Dinks pe lort-mayor. So she go to de pig house and beep in and jumb pack. Den she beeps in gin, an say, 'Dinks, O Dinks!' Dinks say, 'Hoo dat call me?' She say, 'Dis is your wife, Dinks; don't you know me?' He say, 'You pe von vool! How you speck I know you, ven I no know myself now?'

The story made its own application. The crowd roared with laughter at the expense of Jackson, who sloped. I venture to say that Jackson never forgot the name of the Dutchman after that day.

A KENTUCKY correspondent says:

"A little brother of mine, twelve years old, quarreling with one of my negroes, who was about his own age, threw a rotten apple at him, which took effect between two very large-sized lips, and liberally bespattered the remainder of his face. The little 'contraband' spit and sputtered for a moment, and indignantly marched off, exclaiming, 'Mass' Horace, I take dis countenance right in and show it to your father.'"

A MR. THOMAS OGDEN, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the post-office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Hogden, the postmaster invariably replied that there were none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause. "You are looking among the *Haitches*, Sir," he said to the officer within; "you should look among the *Hoes*!"

IN California the Drawer has several correspondents, one of whom mentions "Old Clarkson," noted for the size of the stories he tells, and for never backing down when he has once committed himself. He was one day flush, having \$500 all in gold, and showing it among his cronies, boasted that he had two thousand more at home. One of them offered to bet him \$500 that he hadn't the money. Old Clarkson was not to be frightened. He put down the money, the other covered it, and the whole crowd therewith adjourned to Clarkson's home to see the bet decided. He pulled out his trunk; he took up the clothes, shook them, felt in all the pockets, reached the bottom—not a cent was there. "Gentlemen," said he, "I've lost the bet!" So the old fool paid \$500 for sticking to a lie.

At another time, being at a horse-race opposite New Orleans, after the race was over he was accosted by a fellow-sportsman thus: "Clarkson, old fellow, I say, lend me a dime to take me over the river. I am flat broke by the race." Looking at him with the most unutterable contempt, he replied: "Well now, if you are broke, I would like to know

what possible difference it makes which side of the river you are on?"

DR. FRANKLIN thought that judges ought to be appointed by the lawyers; for, added the shrewd man, in Scotland, where this practice prevails, they always select the ablest member of the profession, in order to get rid of him and share his practice themselves.

"I HAVE received to-day," says a friend in the West, "a letter opening with the following words, in reply to mine mentioning the death of an excellent man:

"I received your letter, by which I learn that my respected friend has departed from this world to enjoy and inherit a better. I feel extremely sorry for him, for he was good and honest."

"MOTHER," said my six-year-old, "did they have newspapers before the war?"

"Yes, my child; but why do you ask?"

"Well, what did they put in them, mother?"

AN Irishman, a soldier of Warren's brigade, in the Revolution, was suddenly stopped by a party of men during a dark night; a pistol was presented to his breast, and they asked to which side he belonged. The supposition that it might be the British party rendered his situation critical. He replied, "I think you might have the civility to drop a hint as to which side you favor." "No jesting!" said the speaker; "declare your sentiments, or die!" "Then I will not die with a lie in my mouth—American to the death; do your worst!" The officer replied, "We are friends, and I rejoice to meet with a man so faithful to the cause of his country."

IN Western Virginia, where 'possums and persimmons are a legal tender, a free negro, who rejoiced in the title of Big Ben, was indebted to Joe — to the amount of one bushel of walnuts, to be paid in the fall. Joe met Big Ben about the time the debt fell due, and hailed him:

"Hello, Ben! what about those walnuts?"

"Times war hard," "warmits scase," and Ben couldn't pay.

"Well, Ben, if you can't pay the walnuts, you must give me your note for the amount."

Ben studied a while, scratched his head, and finally 'lowed "he'd as soon pay it wid a note as wid de warmits"—and he did so.

SOME friends were standing in a court-room one day contemplating a lot of hard-looking jurymen, who could, without any detriment to their physiognomies, have changed places with the prisoners, when Tom H— remarked that it was "very fortunate such men were created."

"Why?" asked his friend.

"That the conditions of our glorious Constitution might be fulfilled, which guarantees to every man the right to be tried by his peers."

"It is said somewhere that 'Praise to the face is open disgrace.' But that was said when any thing that would rhyme was a sign or proverb. I don't consider it a disgrace to tell you my opinion of the Drawer. I follow the Celestials in reading *Harper*, and always begin at the end.

"Paddy's shoes," in April number, brings to my mind a remark by one who didn't go to the war, as

he was making a personal examination of some straw-board shoes provided for those who have gone to be soldiers. 'There!' said he, 'I should be mortified to death to be found dead by the rebels with a pair of those shoes on my feet!'

"A FEW years ago some of the boys of older growth went blueberrying. In the course of their perambulations through the swamp one of the party came very suddenly upon the remains of some poor outcast who, some months before, had wandered away and perished. There was just enough left to identify the mass as once a living and walking piece of humanity. Calling the other members of the party to see the spectacle, they all rushed up, and stood gazing for some time in perfect silence; when Brown shocked the company by saying, 'Well, it's no use to try to bring him to, is it?'"

A VERY good Yankee story comes to the Drawer by way of Baltimore:

A certain live Yankee having graduated at the law in the good old wooden-nutmeg State, removed to our beautiful, bustling, and busy city of Baltimore, and when walking up the hill of Fayette Street attracted, by his evident verdancy, the attention of two sprouts of the bar seated in one of the numerous offices in that neighborhood. One of them, addressing the other, says, "Hold still, and we'll have some fun!" Stepping out, he accosts Yankee: "Halloa, friend! don't you want to buy some gape-seed?"

"Wa'al, look here, neow; yeou be Mister Leawyer, beant ye?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, neow, what will yeou charge me to do me some writing?"

"Oh, step in—step in; we will do it for you."

"Yeas, but the price; heaow abeout that, Mister?"

"Well, if it is no more than one sheet full, five dollars; if less, the same; more, another five—and so on."

"Well, and if yeou deon't write it down just as I tell yeou, it is ne charge at all?"

"Certainly not; but no fear—we'll fix it right."

Seizing a pen, and making a rattling with his paper, he gets into an attitude: "Go on, Sir."

"Well, pappy up to hum in Connecticut, whar I cum from—put that thar down." "Well," says the lawyer. "'He had an old hoss named Dobbin'—put that thar down.'" "Well." "'And Aunt Sallie, she's Deacon Zeb Williams's wife, you know, what is a mighty pious man, is the deacon, and Aunt Sallie is a mighty smart woman too, is Aunt Sallie'—put that thar down." "Well, well; go on." "'And Aunt Sallie, she's the beatenest woman, and Sister Patience—I suppose you've hearn tell of Sister Patience'—put that thar down. 'They took a ride; they rid along for some time, and presently the old hoss stopped, and would not go'—put that thar down. 'And Aunt Sallie she shook the reins, and sez, Go long!' [chirruping, chirruping, chirruping, and making the noise caused by sucking in with the lips somewhat twisted.]—Put that thar down." "What's that?" says the lawyer. Our friend goes over the same performance, again winding up with his "Put that thar down."

"And how am I to put that thar down?" says the lawyer, in a heat.

"Wa'al, beant as I don't kneow, Measter Lawyer," says Green un, "I can't tell you; but if you

deon't, yeow can jest take that ere peaper to wrap up your gape-seed in!"

Exit with a smile; but hadn't gone far before lawyer overtook him, and took him to Barnum's and had a good time.

FROM Massachusetts we have the following little pleasantries:

"General O——, formerly Mayor of our city, is a great wit. Not long since one of his daughters was married to a gentleman by the name of *Battles*. On this occasion the General was sparkling and brilliant. After the interesting ceremony was concluded, he made some remarks; and, turning to the bride, he said 'that he had always tried to do by her the best that he knew how, and that for years he had stood forward as her champion; but he thought it proper to state that he was now done, and he gave her fair warning that henceforth she must fight her own BATTLES!'"

A VENERABLE lawyer in Connecticut writes to the Drawer:

"Years ago, before my head was silvered o'er with gray, I filled the responsible office of a lawyer's clerk. One fifth of July, hearing a hasty step approaching through the long hall that led to the office of the good lawyers N—— and F——, in which I was employed, and seeing the ever-smiling countenance of Sheriff B—— peering in the open doorway, inquiringly, 'Come in,' said I, 'come in.'"

"All alone, eh?"

"Yes, Sir; please be seated."

"Thank you. There is a man coming in presently; answer all his questions, and— But here he is. This, Sir," said he, addressing the gentleman, 'is the lawyer I was speaking of. He is gentlemanly, smart, and, above all, a good lawyer. He will answer your questions.'

"While he was speaking I had scrutinized my client closely. A more striking figure one seldom encounters. A phiz thickly studded with a stiff, unshaven beard, gray and rough, a pair of eyes that peered like two balls of ice from under the folds of the dark matted hair that hung down over his narrow forehead, with a mouth wide and overshadowed by an upper lip of a thickness that defies belief, and this surmounted by a nose that reminded me of the sentence in our good old geography, 'A promontory is a high point of land extending into the sea;' and the red pimple on the end of it furnished the remainder of the paragraph, 'upon the extremity of which is often built a light-house.' I need not describe his dress; for when I say 'twas a snuff-colored countryman's suit it will be enough.

"As he made his bow he commenced drawing off his coat, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he drew it on, and motioned me to go with him into the hall, that he might not be overheard.

"Mr. Lawyer—I now smelled his breath, and noticed other tokens of intoxication—'yesterday I bought a ticket to go hum; now—hic—tha'sall right, hain't it?'"

"Certainly," said I, just beginning to enjoy it with Sheriff B——, whom I could see in the office laughing heartily to himself.

"Wa'al, I lost the foresaid ticket—tha'sall right, I s'pose?"

"I nodded my head.

"Now the railroad ought ter take me hum—d'ye think they will?"

"I expressed my doubts. Then his cold eyes

fired up and darted among the dangling locks like fire-flies in a woodland copse.

"Then flax 'round here! Make out a writ, and we'll 'tach the train!"

In the Revolutionary War Captain Robinson's company of militia was captured in Virginia by Colonel Simcoe, and were informed that they would all be *paroled*. One of the men went to a noted wag in the neighborhood, by the name of Hicks—from whom Hicksford, Virginia, is named—and asked him what kind of a death it was they were to be put to, to be *paroled*. Hicks took the idea, and told the poor fellow it was the most horrid of all deaths in the world. They were to be put into a hog's head with spikes driven through it, and *rolled* down-hill till they were dead. The frightened soldier went back to the Colonel, and begged that their punishment might be changed to something more merciful than being *paroled*.

On the first night that Cooper performed on the Cincinnati boards the following amusing variation was unwittingly introduced into the play, which was "Othello." Among a large audience composed of every description of people was a country lass. Now the innocent Peggy had never before set foot within the play-house. She entered just as Othello makes his defense before the Duke and Senate of Venice. The audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box, when some one handed her in without withdrawing his eyes from the play; while her beau, a country boy, was compelled to remain in the lobby. Miss Pegg stared about her for a moment, as if wondering if she were in the proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage she observed several chairs which were unoccupied. Perhaps this circumstance alone would hardly have determined her to take the step she did, but she observed that the people on the stage appeared more at ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal more sociable; and as fate would have it, just at that moment Othello, looking nearly toward the place where she was situated, exclaimed, "Here comes the lady!" The Senators half rose in the expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona appear, and Othello advances two steps to meet her, when, lo! the maiden from the country steps from the box plump on the stage and advanced toward the expectant Moor! It is beyond human power to give any idea of the confusion that followed. The audience clapped and cheered, the Duke and Senators forgot their dignity, while poor Peggy was ready to sink with consternation. Even Cooper himself could not refrain from joining in the general merriment. The uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who handed her into the box helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was, however, conceded on all hands that a lady never made her *début* on the stage with more *éclat* than Miss Peggy.

MINISTERS love a joke sometimes; and a Western correspondent sends us the best one we have read in many a day:

"I would like to tell you a short story, Mr. Drawer, that will prove that even the best of ministers love fun, even if it should raise a laugh on an earnest, eloquent, little dominie whose burning words and noble life have accomplished much for Christ's cause in the West.

"I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveler, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on several topics, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on *kissing*, just about the time the train was approaching.

"Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, 'since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge.'

"The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw his black eye fairly sparkle with daring.

"Yes," said he, 'I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her.'

"I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest looking women my eye ever fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly to her, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge; and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and, stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made 'my mouth water' from end to end.

"I expected of course a shriek of terror, and then a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest.

"Quick as a flash he turned to me, and said, 'Now, Sir, it is your turn,' pointing to a hideously ugly, wrinkled old woman who sat in the seat behind.

"Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!" I exclaimed. 'I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me who you have been kissing.'

"Well," said he, 'since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off.'

"And we all burst into a general peal of laughter as he said, 'This is my wife! I have been waiting here for her. I knew that was a safe proposition.'

"He told the story to his wife, who looked ten-fold sweeter as she heard it.

"Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopalian preacher of Chicago whose name I had frequently heard.

"Whenever I go to Chicago I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural, and more eloquent preacher it is hard to find.

"He was then but a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West."



"'HENTZ,' who is slightly blacker than the 'ace of spades,' enjoyed last session the enviable position of waiter to a table of boarding-school ladies, among whom one bright particular star, Lizzie C—, commanded his best services. His fellow-servants soon rallied him upon his devotion; and Richmond informed him, in a taunting manner, that his lips were so thick that Miss Lizzie could ride upon them to Memphis.

"'Indeed no, she wouldn't,' retorted Hentz, quickly, 'for I would just laugh and *spill* her off!' And 'Rich' was silenced, if not convinced."

"In 1859 the steamer *Messenger* left New Orleans with banners flying, music sweet, and smoke plenty, for Camden, on the Ouachita River. She was crowded with passengers, and among them was 'mine frient,' Mr. Stewart. Now he was one of those *few* who were happy in the enjoyment of any good thing, provided some one else paid the piper. On this occasion he had an opportunity of enjoying this idiosyncrasy, as he supposed, free from annoyance. Never did the band play without our appreciating audience. Night or day Stewart was by them.

"Now it so fell out by the way that there was a witty gentleman on board named Traylor, who, being somewhat disgusted with the conduct of the aforesaid Stewart, and giving the wink to officers and passengers, approached S., paper in hand, and thus accosted him:

"'Well, Mr. Stewart, I am now making up money to pay the band. They have enlivened the otherwise monotonous trip by their cheering music, and having faithfully performed their duty, we wish to do ours toward them—come, let's have a quarter.'—'Who,' Mr. Traylor, 'who "give a quarter?" Not me; for I had nothing to do with hiring them.' 'True, you did not; but you have enjoyed their

music—none better—and you certainly do not begrudge the "two bits."'

"'Look here, Mr. Traylor, you're jokin'; for I never did like music. Oh, ef I liked music, I'd be first to pay; for I ain't in favor of a feller's hearin' a thing he likes 'thout payin' for it.'

"'But why did you hang 'round the players if you did not like their music?'

"'Me! Did—I—s—t—a—n—d round 'em? Well, yes, a *leetle*; but not to hear them 'ternal horns. I *thout* I knowed one of 'em; but I wasn't list'nin. No, Sir; I dislike music.'

"'It's only "two bits," Mr. Stewart,' persisted his tormentor. Stewart's face grew red, his eyes swam in tears, and in the fullness of the soul he exclaimed, 'I've paid my 10s. passage-money, and I'll go to Captain Kirk, and ef I have that tax to pay he'll lose 250 bales next year sartain!' And in deep despair he ascended to the Captain's deck.

"Captain Kirk was posted, and loving a 'good one,' put on a grave look while Stewart told his wrongs, in a nasal tone full of agony. 'Well,' said the Captain, 'I have nothing to do with the boat's finance; maybe the clerk will help you out.'

"On the arrival of Stewart at the clerk's office a crowd of passengers stood awaiting his return. At the hall door he was met by Traylor, who kindly led him to the balusters, and holding a five-cent piece over the water exclaimed, 'Now, Stewart, is your chance!' But before the invitation to jump overboard for a five-cent was concluded Stewart bolted, amidst the prolonged laughter and jeers of the crowd.

"During the remainder of the trip he kept his room, and when he left the steamer at his own landing two cheers were extended to the man who didn't like music.

"Stewart is very wealthy, but to this day he feels like leaving when music is spoken of."

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"DURING the last political war a certain John Toppin, but who is generally known by the name of Judge Toppin, became a candidate for the office of Coroner of New Castle County, and employed a simple country fellow to distribute his bills. Among other places, he sent him to the county town (New Castle). In due time Tom Wilson returned, and, upon being questioned by his employer, alleged that he had put up a bill in each hotel in the place, naming at the same time the landlords, calling one 'Push's Tavern.' 'Why,' remarked the Judge, 'there is no one of that name that keeps tavern in New Castle!' 'Yes, there is,' replied Tom, 'for I seen his name painted on the door.'"

DR. FOWLER, of Boston, was up in Exeter delivering a lecture on his hobby of a science. Among his audience was Bill Strothers, a wag, who has a habit of stuttering that makes even his dull speeches comical. In the midst of his lecture Dr. Fowler was driving away at his opponents, and exclaimed,

"When doctors differ, who shall decide?"

Pausing emphatically, as if waiting for an answer, Bill broke the silence by crying out,

"L-l-leave it to a m-m-man of s-s-sense!"

The Doctor left off shortly, for the audience evidently preferred to hear Bill's referee.

"THE following inscription is copied from a tombstone in the old burying-ground at Augusta, Maine:

"Here lies, till the general resurrection, William, son of Henry and Tabitha Sewall, who, after nine days' violent seizure of a canker rash, calmly resigned his infant life to the King of Terrors, June 17, 1787, aged five months and seventeen days. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."

"THERE was a public sale of cigars at the auction house of Messrs. Flint, in Front Street. The auc-

tioneer was dwelling on one of the finest lots of 'imported,' and according to custom was passing a brand among the company to allow those who saw proper to judge of the quality by smoking. A man near me, with a florid complexion, curved pose, bright black eyes, and withal rather a respectable representation of the used-up man of the world who had not abused himself much, took two of the last three; the remaining one being handed to me. With the greatest care he wrapped them in a piece of paper, and placed them in the watch-pocket of his vest. I inspected the one I took, cut off the end, and was about reaching for a light when a hand tapped me lightly on the shoulder. Turning, I beheld my red-faced friend smiling very graciously, and holding out his hand he asked, with the utmost politeness,

"Will you allow me to look at that cigar, Sir?"

"Certainly, Sir," I replied, handing it to him.

He examined it very minutely, turning it over and over, placing it occasionally to his nasal organ by way of variety. When my patience was nearly exhausted, and I was about demanding it of him, he reached for a candle, placed the cigar complacently between his lips, and commenced to light and smoke it with the greatest expression of satisfaction I ever saw pictured on a countenance. I must confess I felt somewhat ruffled; but determined to show him that I did not appreciate his 'good joke,' I turned my back to him, and endeavored to devote my attention to the sale. To my astonishment my pleasant neighbor again touched me on the shoulder. I met his gaze with any thing but pleasure depicted on my countenance.

"Sir!" said I.

He smiled, and looking me full in the face all the time, remarked, with a patronizing air that made me almost feel as if I was guilty of rudeness toward him,

"A very fine cigar, Sir. I haven't smoked a

cigar like that in a twelvemonth, Sir. See what a beautiful ash! If I was *buying* cigars that would be the brand for me, Sir.'

"'Yes, Sir,' said I, completely floored. And touching his hat with a 'Good-morning, Sir,' he departed. I hastily inquired of several who he was, but none knew him; and as we can not tell how soon any of us may be 'short' in these war times, I forgive him."

"ONE of my little twins said to me the other day (being not quite three years old), after some dispute with her brother to which I was not listening:

"'Papa, papa! *don't* I wear a toat?"

"'Why, no, daughter; little *boys* wear coats.'

"'Yes, but *I* wear a toat.'

"'What, little girls wear coats!'

"'Yes, papa' (and oh what a twinkle in her little eyes!), '*petti-toats*.' Papa gave in instanter."

"MR. DRAWER.—Some time during the first quarter of the present century it happened that, in that portion of the State of New York known as the Mohawk Valley, there lived a fine old well-to-do Dutch farmer, who took it into his head that at the place near his house where two ways met would be a good place for a tavern, and as he had always more cider and sauer-kraut than he could well get through with in his own family, thought it would be an excellent way of turning the same into money to dispense it, with other appropriate condiments, to such as would no doubt patronize his house.

"The house was built, and himself and wife duly installed as host and hostess.

"Very soon the fame of their house and their fare spread far and wide, and the old gentleman sooner than he expected found himself on the high road to fortune and to fame. His popularity was unbounded, and his opinions on all subjects became the law

in all that section, until at length his neighbors insisted upon his fitness as dispense justice as well as juleps, and accordingly elected him justice of the peace.

"Almost the first business in this line was the issue of a summons in behalf of one of his neighbors and patrons in an action of debt against a person living a few miles away, and who, it may be remarked, was not either a patron of the landlord nor yet one of his constituents. We would not intimate that the decision in the case was at all affected by this fact: our duty is merely that of the historian, and we will proceed with the story.

"On the parties appearing before the Justice he looked sternly at the defendant, and said, 'Sir, I am sorry that we should meet *for the first time* under such painful circumstances. Sir, you are sued.'

"'Why, yes, Sir,' the defendant replied. 'I believe I am; but I shall hope to introduce witnesses who will swear—'

"'Schtup, schtop!' said the Justice. 'I will not have any schweearing in dish court, nor any tam lies neider. Vot did he sue you for if you didn't owe him? I gives shudgment for de blaintiff.'

"Whereupon the Justice left his seat, simply remarking, 'De court ish done; ant I musht quick make dwenty chulips, ordered by de blaintiff just so quick ash the court wash done.'"

In a spirit of profound resignation, and making the best of their troubles, two newly-made widowers met for the first time after their affliction, to console each other. With a deep sigh, one of them said,

"Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with my dear wife, that the last day of my married life was as happy as the first."

"There I am ahead of you, my friend," said the other, "for the last day of mine was happier!"





"THERE seems to be a propensity in all new countries to the use of intoxicating drinks. Kansas was no exception. One of our politicians was found at two o'clock in the morning in front of the hotel addressing the horse-post in the most earnest manner.

"Hullo, Smith," said the discoverer, "what are you about?"

"Hush, don't you see? This is Councilman Brown. I'm arguing with him for a free ferry; he's a little c-corned, and don't say nothing; but I'll talk him over, and it'll be the making of Omaha."

"Captain Smith was not a regular soaker, and when he did take a drop too much disliked to own up. Being caught in this way once, he started, as he said, for home. I saw him take the opposite direction, out into the prairie. I watched his winding course till he was almost lost in the distance, then started after him.

"Where are you going, Captain?" I asked when I had overtaken him.

"Going? I'm going home."

"But this is not the way. There's your house." And I turned him square around, and showed him the light from the window.

"He straightened himself up, and putting on a look of the profoundest gravity, surveyed the position.

"I know that well enough," he said. "I ain't

drunk—not a bit—I know the way; I just deviated a little to smoke out my cigar."

PERHAPS in no place in the world are there greater extremes of society shown than in Kentucky; certainly none more elegant, intelligent, or refined, and perhaps none more crude and uncultivated—though through all there runs the same generous hospitality. And this difference seems to run coincident with the surface of the country. In those beautiful garden spots of Bourbon, Fayette, and Scott counties you may with certainty depend on the finest society in the world. But pass into the hilly white-oak regions of the rivers, and you equally know the people. It has been the custom, time out of mind, for opposing candidates for office to canvass their district in company, and discuss together their issues before the people. In the good regions the candidates discuss principles, but in the white-oak they take other means of convincing or persuading the people. On one occasion two very distinguished opposing candidates offered themselves for Congress from the same district—both since deceased—W. W. Southgate, Whig, and John W. Tibbatts, Democrat. Of course they canvassed together. Both were talented, accomplished, and witty, and both knew well how to please the people. Personally they were friends and relatives. In the intelligent districts they battled like intellectual giants.

In the poor regions they fired wit at each other, and made the people laugh. In one of these places they had been peculiarly happy in their remarks, and the people greatly enjoyed it. When they left, sentiment was about equally divided, and the even cry of "Hurrah, Southgate!" "Hurrah, Tibbatts!" was shouted from the harmonious throats of even parties. Both candidates mounted their horses, and left together for their next appointment; but the people, determined to have a good time, remained to finish the enjoyment with a dance. As the opposing aspirants slowly left the scene of mirth each longed for the finishing touch in moulding political sentiment, and each distrusted the other. When they had gone a mile, Tibbatts discovered he had left something at the meeting, and, asking Southgate to wait for him, rode back. Southgate, distrusting him, waited a while, and then also returned, where his suspicions were verified; for there he found Tibbatts playing the fiddle, and the people dancing. Sentiment was all on one side; it was all "Hurrah for Tibbatts!" He had carried the day. (Both played with equal skill, but Tibbatts only left-handed.) Southgate, mortified at his loss, determined to regain his position. Making his acknowledgments, he told the people that with their leave he would play a second to his brother Tibbatts's delightful music, and with a bow he played his best, and soon divided again the people. Throwing aside his violin, he remarked, he hated fiddling, but by their leave he would join in the dance. In that he had no equal, and soon brought the unanimous "hurrahs" for Southgate. He had triumphed, and Tibbatts was vanquished.

Before filling their next appointment Southgate was taken sick, and Tibbatts, after waiting two weeks, continued his canvass alone. When recovered, Southgate followed. He found his rival had stolen the hearts of the people, and it was an up-hill

business with poor Southgate. In one place, like that mentioned, Tibbatts had pleased them so well—telling stories and jokes, and playing for them—that they utterly refused to hear Southgate. They said Tibbatts was the man for them, that they wanted no better, and Southgate had better go home; they wouldn't vote for him, etc. He told them that Tibbatts was a dear friend and relative of his, and a noble fellow—no better man was to be found (Southgate seems like an honest fellow, said they; let us hear him). "And, fellow-citizens," said Southgate, "if I can't go to Congress without abusing my dear friend Tibbatts, I'll stay at home forever." (Hurrah for Southgate! Good! He ought to go to Congress too.) "Why, fellow-citizens! he is the most talented man in Kentucky; and for accomplishments, he hasn't his equal in the world!" (We know; we heard him; he played for us. Hurrah for Tibbatts!) "But here, my friends, is one thing I can not approve of in my dear brother: he plays better left-handed than most musicians with their right! But if you only heard him right-handed, he would bend the trees with his sweet tones. What I blame in him is, that when he is among nice people whom he likes he plays right-handed; but when he is among ignorant people for whom he has no regard, whom he thinks jackasses, he says any thing is good enough for them, and so he plays for them left-handed!" (What! Why he played left-handed here! Does he mean to insinuate we are ignorant jackasses? D—n Tibbatts; away with him! Southgate is my man! Hurrah for Southgate! etc.) When the election came Tibbatts got but sixteen votes in that precinct.

REV. DR. B—— lately gave this pulpit notice:

"This congregation is respectfully invited to attend the funeral of the only *surviving* son of Mr. Thomas Miller, to-morrow, at two o'clock P.M."



AFTER SUPPER.

"Miss Jones, will you favor me for the next waltz?"
 "I should be most happy, Mr. Brown; but I'm full."

"J. B. M—, a well-known brewer in a small way, near this city," writes a Philadelphia friend, "never studied book-keeping, and has always kept his accounts with his customers in chalk on the back of his shop door. A few days since, while out on business, his wife (careful body), in cleaning up, wiped them all out. He was in great trouble as to what he should do in the dilemma. Says she, 'Can't you remember the most of them? Try if you can't.' He commenced, and put down a number of names with the amounts to each. 'Do you think,' says she, 'you have charged them enough yet?' 'I don't know about the *enough*,' says he; 'but I have put down *better men*, by a long shot, than I had there before.'"

A young lady writes: "Will you allow me to give you the correct version of a story which was spoiled one day by the process of insertion into your Drawer? I ought to know it, for, *pars fui*, I was a part of it; and, by the same token, I 'can't abear to see' the only pun I ever perpetrated come to grief. 'Peduncles,' indeed!

"What is the learned name for the foot-stalks of flowers, Cousin Mary?" asked a young gentleman. "'Peduncles,' was the reply.

"Oh, yes," said he, '*ped-uncles*; I had forgotten what kind of "*uncles*" they are.'

"They are *ped-uncles*," said his cousin; 'but it isn't of much consequence, for only *ped-aunts* call them so!'"

HERE followeth a story for the Drawer, whereof the hero is a four-year-old Iowan.

"Little Owie" was saying his prayers one night during his father's absence, and his mother suggested, at the close, this additional petition: "God bless dear papa, and bring him safe home." "God bless dear papa," the youngster repeated, "and, mamma, why can't papa come home in the stage?" The requisite instructions were given, but were, probably, not fully understood, for, the next night, he added, of his own accord, "God bless dear papa, bring him safe home, and leave the stages behind!"

Two little girls had gone to sleep, as usual, in the same bed. Sarah had pushed and kicked in her sleep till Mary was almost driven out. She called, "Sarah, lie along, you've crowded me clear on to the edge of the bed." Sarah was half asleep, and fretted out, "Can't you stick and hang till morning?"



"Oh yes! It's all very well to say 'Excuse me,' but when a man's covered with ice cream and jelly, and things that won't brush off, and has a partner engaged for the German, it's confounded hard to grin, and say, 'It's no consequence.'"

Fashions for June.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.



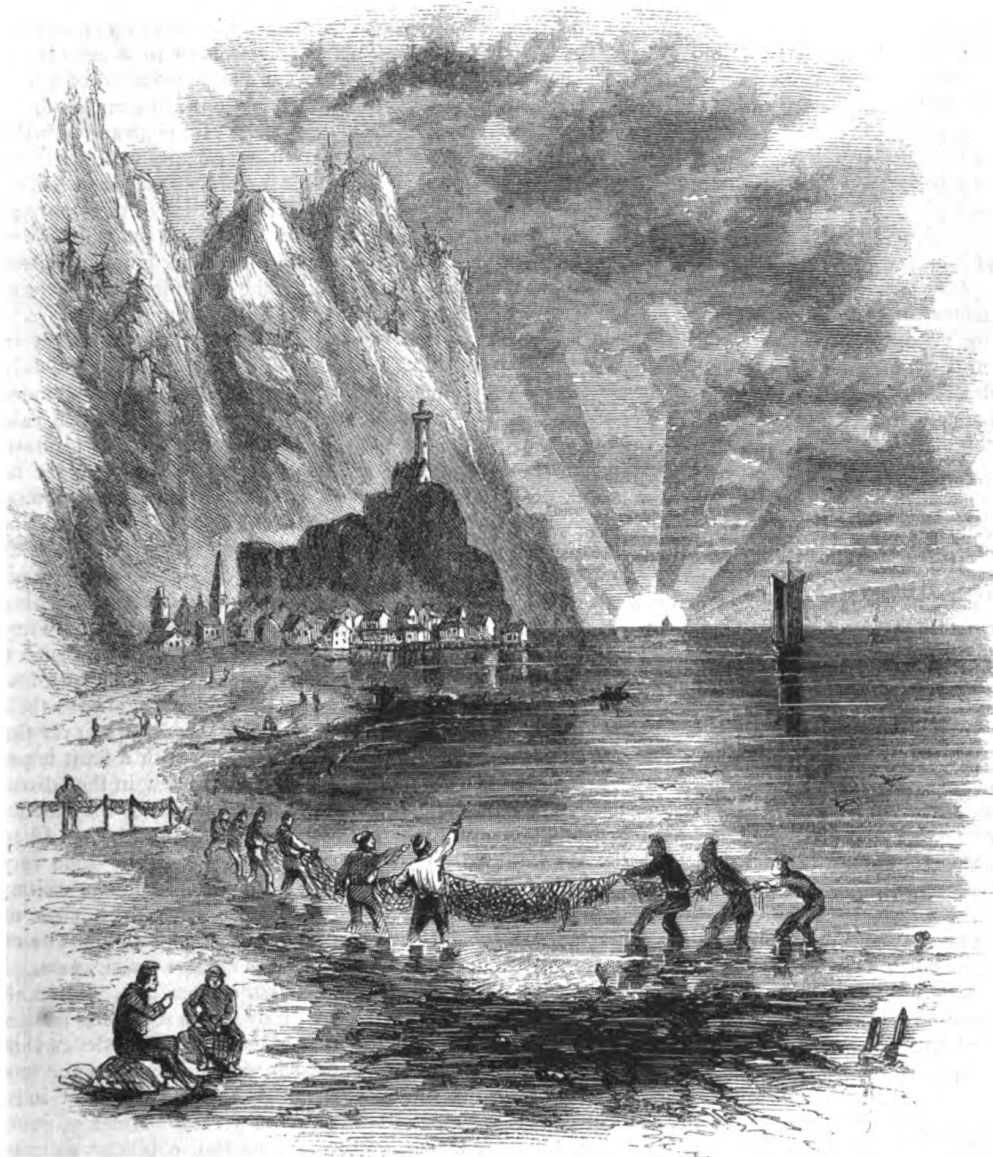
FIGURE 2.—UNDRESS COSTUME.

THE BRIDAL TOILET is quite simple, the chief trimming being composed of a berthe and loops of pearl beads and flowers. The wreath is of orange-flowers, with white moss-rose buds. These are also arranged in clusters on the shoulders and scarf, which is of white taffeta. The dress is also of taffeta.

The principal feature of the UNDRESS COSTUME is the jacket—an article the popularity of which seems to increase instead of diminishing. This is composed of mauve-colored merino, with a *passanterie* of velvet. The lace frill is a marked characteristic of the one which we present.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLVI.—JULY, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



IN NORSELAND.

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH NORWAY.

FIRST PAPER.

NOT on the wings of the wind, or in a balloon, as you may naturally suppose. The title has reference to the hurried and cursory manner of my tour. Of late years, such are the facilities of travel throughout the civilized world, that nothing short of a journey through

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the deserts of Africa, an expedition to the North Pole, or an attempt to reach the moon by a new route, can be regarded as an achievement worthy of particular note, unless it be attended by circumstances of unusual personal interest. To be a lively and entertaining tourist is the highest eminence to which a moderately ambitious man can aspire. Even that is beyond the aim of my present narrative. After twenty years' experience of travel by land and sea, I now frankly admit that the governing motive of my wanderings is to get out of one country and through another with the least possible delay. The incidents and impressions gathered up in the course of such a harum-scarum career are, at best, nothing more than the husks and burs that stick to the coat of a merry vagabond who lies down in a haystack by the road-side to pass the night, and goes whistling on his way in the morning for lack of thought. As such, these rough notes of Norwegian adventure are offered to the reader.

Last year we had the pleasure of a ramble together among the silver mines of Washoe. I don't know how it may be with others, but, for my part, I got enough of that. An agency that deals exclusively in paper, and corresponds on long credits, is not a lucrative investment of time and labor. Failing to dispose of my Washoe stocks in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, I proceeded, in a very depressed state of mind, on a pedestrian tour through Germany, in the hope of being able to walk away from the disappointment. But here again was a new trouble. There is not a state in Germany large enough to hold a man of active disposition. It is utterly impossible for a Californian to "spread out" in such a complicated and thickly-settled country, where every way that he wishes to go is a "VERBOTENER WEG." A few weeks' experience of police regulations, forbidden ways, ceremonies, and restrictions filled my mind with horrible sensations of law and order. I felt like one who was going about on his parole, but liable at any moment to commit some crime against his will. My joints began to creak, and a thick rust was gathering all over me, when, in sheer desperation, I broke away, and made a dash down through France, Spain, and Portugal. A whirl through Algeria restored the circulation of my blood; and during the present summer I refreshed myself by a glance at the steppes of Russia from the Kremlin of Moscow, and disposed of Esthonia and Finland in a couple of weeks. A dreary pilgrimage of eight days through Sweden brought me to Gottenburg, where, for the first time since my arrival in Europe, I really began to enjoy life. Not that Gottenburg is a very lively or fascinating place, for it abounds in abominations and smells of fish, and is inhabited by a race of men whose chief aim in life appears to be directed toward pickled herring, mackerel, and cod-fish. There was much in it, however, to remind me of that home-land on the Pacific for which my troubled heart was pining. A grand fair was going on. All the peasants from the surrounding country

were gathered in, and I met very few of them, at the close of evening, who were not reeling drunk. Besides they chewed tobacco—an additional sign of civilization to which I had long been unaccustomed.

At Gottenburg, in the absence of something better to do, I made up my mind to visit Norway. The steamer from Copenhagen touches on her way to Christiania. She has an unpleasant habit of waking people up in the middle of the night; and I was told that if I wanted to make sure of getting on board I must sit up and watch for her. This is abominable in a mercantile community; but what can be expected of a people whose noblest aspirations are wrapped up in layers of dried cod-fish? By contract with the Kellner at my hotel the difficulty was finally arranged. For the sum of two marks, Swedish currency, he agreed to notify me of the approach of the Copenhagen steamer. I thought he was doing all this solely on my account, but afterward discovered that he had made contracts at a quarter the price with about a dozen others.

It was very late in the night, or very early in the morning, when I was roused up, and duly put on board the steamer. Of the remainder of that night the least said the better. A cabinful of sea-sick passengers is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. When the light of day found its way into our dreary abode of misery I went on deck. The weather was thick, and nothing was to be seen in any direction but a rough, chopping sea and flakes of drifting fog. A few doleful-looking tourists were searching for the land through their opera-glasses. They appeared to be sorry they ever undertook such a stormy and perilous voyage, and evidently had misgivings that they might never again see their native country. Some of them peeped over the bulwarks from time to time, with a faint hope, perhaps, of seeing something new in that direction; but from the singular noises they made, and the convulsive motions of their bodies, I had reason to suspect they were heaving some very heavy sighs at their forlorn fate. The waiters were continually running about with cups of coffee, which served to fortify the stomachs of these hardy adventurers against sea-sickness. I may here mention as a curious fact, that in all my travels I have rarely met a sea-going gentleman who could be induced to acknowledge that he suffered the least inconvenience from the motion of the vessel. A headache, a fit of indigestion, the remains of a recent attack of gout, a long-standing rheumatism, a bilious colic to which he had been subject for years, a sudden and unaccountable shock of vertigo, a disorganized condition of the liver—something, in short, entirely foreign to the known and recognized laws of motion disturbed his equilibrium; but rarely an out-and-out case of sea-sickness. That is a weakness of human nature fortunately confined to the ladies. Indeed, I don't know what the gentler sex would do if it were not for the kindness of Providence in exempting the ruder portion of humanity from this unpleasant accom-



THE STEAMER ENTERING THE FJORD.

paniment of sea-life, only it unfortunately happens that the gentlemen are usually afflicted with some other dire and disabling visitation about the same time.

Toward noon the fog broke away, and we sighted the rocky headlands of the Christiania Fjord. In a few hours more we were steaming our way into this magnificent sheet of water at a dashing rate, and the decks were crowded with a gay and happy company. No more the pangs of despised love, indigestion, gout, and bilious colic disturbed the gentlemen of this lively party; no more the fair ladies of Hamburg and Copenhagen hid themselves away in their state-rooms, and called in vain to their natural protectors for assistance. The sea was smooth; the sun shot forth through the whirling rain-clouds his brightest August beams. All along the shores of the Fjord, the rocky points, jutting abruptly from the water, rose like embattled towers, crowned with a variegated covering of moss, grim and hoary with the wild winds and scathing winters of the north. Beautiful little valleys, ravines, and slopes of woodland of such rich and glittering green opened out to us on either side, as we swept past the headlands, that the vision was dazzled with the profusion and variety of the charms bestowed upon this wilderness of romantic scenery. A group of fishermen's huts, behind a bold and jagged point of rocks—a rude lugger or fishing-smack, manned by a hardy crew of Norskmen, rough and weather-beaten as the ocean monsters of their stormy coast, gliding out of some nook among the rocky

inlets—here the cozy little cottage of some well-to-do sea-captain, half fisher, half farmer, with a gang of white-headed little urchins running out over the cliffs to take a peep at the passing steamer, the frugal matron standing in the door, resplendent in her red woolen petticoat and fanciful head-dress, knitting a pair of stockings, or some such token of love, for her absent lord—there, a pretty little village, with a church, a wharf, and a few store-houses, shrinking back behind the protecting wing of some huge and rugged citadel of rocks, the white cottages glistening pleasantly in the rays of the evening sun, and the smoke curling up peacefully over the surrounding foliage, and floating off till it vanished in the rich glow of the sky—all so calm, so dreamy in colors and outline that the imagination is absolutely bewildered with the varied feast of beauties; such are the characteristic features of this noble sheet of water.

The Christiania Fjord is one of the largest in Norway. Commencing at Frederikstad on the one side and Sandesund on the other, it extends into the interior a distance of seventy or eighty miles, making one of the finest natural harbors in the world. The water is deep, and the shores are almost rock-bound. In many places the navigation is somewhat intricate, owing to the numerous rocky islands and rugged headlands; but the Norwegian pilots are thoroughly experienced in their business, and know every foot of the way as familiarly as they know their own snug little cabins, perched up among the rocks.



THE ISLANDS.

Touching at the picturesque little town of Horten on the left, we discharged some passengers and took in others; after which we proceeded without further incident to the town of Drobak on the right. Here the Fjord is narrow, presenting something the appearance of a river. A group of fortifications on the cliffs protects this passage. The view on leaving Drobak is inexpressibly beautiful. The Fjord widens gradually till it assumes the form of an immense lake, the shores of which rise abruptly from the water, covered with forests of pine. Moss-covered rocks, green wooded islands, and innumerable fishing craft, give variety and animation to the scene. Range upon range of wild and rugged mountains extend back through the dim distance on either side till their vague and fanciful outlines are mingled with the clouds. Nothing can exceed the richness and beauty of the atmospheric tints. A golden glow, mingled with deep shades of purple, illuminates the sky. In the distance the snowy peaks of the vast interior ranges of mountains glisten in the evening sun. The deep green of the foliage which decks the islands and promontories of the Fjord casts its reflected hues upon the surface of the sleeping waters. In the valleys, which from time to time open out as we sweep along on our way, rich yellow fields of grain make a brilliant and striking contrast to the sombre tints of the pine forests in the rear.

It was long after sunset, but still light enough to enjoy all the beauties of the Fjord, when we saw before us the numerous and picturesque villas that adorn the neighborhood of Christiania.

Passing the fine old castle of Aggershuus on the left, we rounded a point and then came in full view of the town and harbor.

Surely there is nothing like this in the whole world, I thought, as I gazed for the first time upon this charming scene. The strange old-fashioned buildings, the castle, the palace on the hill-top, the shipping at the wharves, the gardens on every slope, the varied outlines of the neighboring cliffs and hills, covered with groves and green slopes of rich sward; every nook glimmering with beautiful villas; the whole reflected in the glowing waters that sweep through the maze of islands and headlands in every direction; can there be any thing more beautiful in all the world?

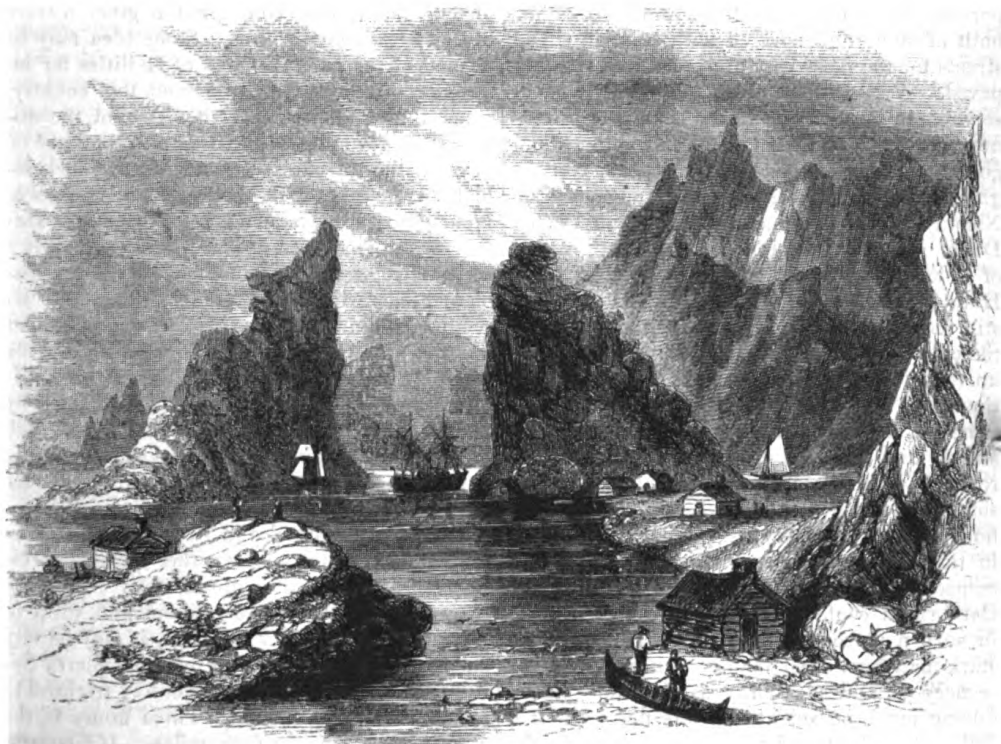
The steamer was soon hauled alongside the wharf, where a crowd of citizens was gathered to see us land. Here again was a scene characteristic of Norway. No hurry, no confusion, no shouting and clamoring for passengers; but all quiet, primitive, and good-humored. How different from a landing at New York or San Francisco! Three or four sturdy hack-drivers stood smoking their pipes, watching the proceedings with an air of philosophical indifference truly refreshing. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and cousins of various parties on board, waved their handkerchiefs and nodded affectionately to their friends and relatives, but kept their enthusiasm within limits till the plank was put out, when they came on board and kissed and hugged every body of their acquaintance in the most affectionate manner. The officers of the customs, good easy souls! also came on board,

books in hand, and made a kind of examination of the baggage. It was neither severe nor formal, and I felt an absolute friendship for the chief officer on account of the jolly manner in which he looked at me, and asked me if I had any thing contraband in my little knapsack. I offered to open it, but with a wave of his hand he chalked a pass upon it and I walked ashore. For the first time in my life I here felt the inconvenience of not being persecuted by porters and hack-drivers. The few who were on hand seemed to be particular friends or relatives of parties on board, and were already engaged. I walked up the queer, grass-grown old streets, looking around in the dim twilight for a hotel; and after stumbling into half a dozen odd-looking shops and store-houses, contrived to make my way to the Hotel Victoria, said to be the best in Christiania.

As it is no part of my purpose to write a book on Christiania, I shall only say that for the next three days I rambled about enjoying all the objects of interest in this quaint northern city—the churches, the museum, the castle, the palace, the ups and downs of the streets, the market-places, wharves, and gardens, and the magic beauties of the neighborhood. There is a plainness and simplicity about the people of Christiania, a good-humor of expression, a kindliness of manner and natural politeness that impressed me very favorably. The society is said to be genial and cultivated. I have no doubt of the fact, though my stay was too short to afford an opportunity of making many acquaintances.

At the Hotel Victoria I met Ole Bull, who

was on a tour through his native land. He sat near me at the *table d'hôte*, and I had an opportunity of noticing the changes which time has made in his appearance. The last time I had seen him was in Columbus, Ohio, in 1844. He was then in the very prime of life, slender and graceful, yet broad of shoulder and powerful of limb; with light straight hair, clear blue eyes, and a healthy northern complexion. He is now quite altered, and I am not sure that I would have recognized him had he not been pointed out to me. In form he is much stouter, though not so erect as he was in former years. His hair is sprinkled with gray. He retains the same noble cast of features, and deep, dreamy, and genial expression of eye as of old, but his complexion is sallow, and his face is marked by lines of care. There is something sad and touching in his manner. I do not know what his misfortunes in America may have to do with his present dejected expression, but he seems to me to be a man who has met with great disappointments in life. Although I sat beside him at the table, and might have claimed acquaintance as one of his most ardent American admirers, I was deterred from speaking to him by something peculiar in his manner—not coldness, for that is not in his nature—but an apparent withdrawal from the outer world into himself. A feeling that it might be intrusive to address him kept me silent. I afterward sent him a few lines, expressing a desire to renew my early acquaintance with him; but he left town while I was absent on an excursion to the Frogner-assen, and, much to my regret, I missed seeing him.



COAST OF NORWAY.



APPROACH TO CHRISTIANIA.

The population of Christiania is something over 40,000, and of late years it has become quite a place of resort for tourists on the way to the interior of Norway. The houses built since the fire of 1858, which destroyed a considerable portion of the town, are large and substantial, built of stone and covered with cement. The streets for the most part are broad and roughly paved. Very little of characteristic style is observable in the costume of the citizens. Plainness of dress, simple and primitive manners, and good-nature, are the leading traits of the Norwegians. Christiania is the modern capital of Norway, and was founded by Christian IV. of Denmark, near the site of the ancient capital of Osloe, which was founded in 1058 by King Harold Haardraade. Some of the old buildings still remain in a state of good preservation; but the chief interest of the city consists in its castle, university, library, and museum of northern antiquities. A traveler from the busy cities of America is struck with the quiet aspect of the streets, and the almost death-like silence that reigns in them after dark. In many places the sidewalks are overgrown with grass, and the houses are green with moss. Stagnation broods in the very atmosphere. Christiania is in all respects the antipodes of San Francisco. A Californian could scarcely endure an existence in such a place for six weeks. He would go stark mad from sheer inanity. Beautiful as the scenery is, and pleasantly as the time passed during my brief sojourn, it was not without a feeling of relief that I took my departure in the cars for Eidsvold.

The railway from Christiania to Eidsvold is the only one yet in operation in Norway. It was a pretty heavy undertaking, considering the rough character of the country and the limited resources of the people; but it was finally completed, and is now considered a great feature in Norwegian civilization. Some idea may be formed of the backwardness of facilities for internal communication throughout this country, when I mention the fact that beyond the distance of forty miles to Eidsvold and the Lake of Mïösen, the traveler is dependent upon such vehicles as he takes with him, unless he chooses to incur the risk of procuring a conveyance at Hammar or Lillehammer. The whole country is a series of rugged mountains, narrow valleys, desolate Fjelds, rivers, and Fjords. There are no regular communications between one point and another on any of the public highways; and the interior districts are supplied with such commodities as they require from the sea-board solely by means of heavy wagons, sledges, boats, and such other primitive modes of transportation as the nature of the country and the season may render most available.

Like every thing else in Norway, the cars on the Eidsvold railway have rather more of a rustic than a metropolitan appearance. They are extremely simple in construction and rural in decoration; and as for the road, it may be very good compared with a trail over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but it is absolutely frightful to travel over it by steam. Three hours is the allowance of time for forty miles. If I remember correctly, we stretched it out to four, on ac-

count of a necessary stoppage on the way, caused by the tumbling down of some rocks from an overhanging cliff. The jolting is enough to dislocate one's vertebrae; and I had a vague feeling all the time during the trip that the locomotive would jump off the track, and dash her brains out against some of the terrible boulders of granite that stood frowning at us on either side as we worried our way along from station to station.

It was nearly dark when we came to a saw-mill by the roadside. The scenery is pretty all the way from Christiania, but not very striking till the train passes the narrow gorge in which the saw-mill is situated, where there is a tunnel of a few hundred feet that penetrates a bluff on the left. Emerging from this we are close upon the charming little village of Eidsvold, one of the loveliest spots in this land of beauty. A few minutes more brought us to the station-house, where the railway ends. Here we found ourselves at a good hotel, picturesquely situated on the bank of the Wörmen, a river flowing from the Mjösen Lake.

At eleven o'clock on a fine Sunday forenoon I took my departure from Eidsvold on board one of the little lake steamers. These vessels are well managed, and not inconveniently arranged, but they are so very small that on particular occasions, when there is an unusual pressure of travelers, it is difficult to find room for a seat. Owing to the facilities afforded by the railway from Christiania, an excursion to Lillehammer is the most popular way of passing a Sunday during the summer months; and this being the height of the season, the crowd was unusually great. It also happened that two hundred soldiers, who had served out their time, were returning to their homes in the interior; so that there was no lack of company on board. If the soldiers were somewhat lively and frolicsome, it was nothing more than natural under the circumstances. A good many were intoxicated—at the idea, perhaps, of getting home once more; and their songs and merry shouts of laughter kept every body in a good humor. I am unable to account for a curious fact, which I may as well mention in this connection. Whenever the authorities of any country through which I chance to travel have occasion to send their troops from one point to another, they invariably send them upon the same boat or in the same railway train upon which I have the fortune to take passage. There must be something military in my appearance, or some natural propensity for bloodshed in my nature, that causes this affinity to exist between us, for it has happened altogether too often to be accidental. The King of Sicily, some years ago, sent a party of troops to keep me company to Palermo. Subsequently the King of Greece favored me with a large military convoy to one of the Greek islands. After that I had an independent supervision of various bodies of Turkish soldiers on board of different vessels within the Turkish dominions. Recently Napoleon III. sent down by the same train of cars, from Paris to Marseilles,

about four hundred of his troops for Algiers. Being detained at Marseilles by some unforeseen circumstance, I had the pleasure of seeing these men shipped off on the first steamer. I took passage in the next. By some extraordinary fatality, for which there is no accounting, there were upward of five hundred additional troops shipped on this vessel. It was a consolation to know that a storm was brewing, and that they would soon be all sea-sick. Before we got out of the Gulf of Lyons I could have slain every man of them with a pocket-knife. It was therefore with a spirit of resignation that I saw the Norwegian soldiers come on board at Eidsvold. Fate had ordained that we should travel together, and it was no use to complain. Besides, I liked their looks. As stalwart, blue-eyed, jovial, and hearty-looking a set of fellows they were as ever I saw in any country—men of far higher intelligence and physical capacity than the average of soldiers in Continental Europe. That these were the right sort of men to fight for their country there could be no doubt. I have rarely seen finer troops any where than those of Norway.

The Mjösen Lake is sixty-three miles in length, extending from Minde to Lillehammer, and varies in width from five to ten miles. The broadest part is opposite to Hamar, nearly at the centre, and not far from the Island of Helgeö. The shores embrace some of the finest farming lands in Norway; and after passing Minde the sloping hill-sides are dotted with pretty little farm-houses, and beautifully variegated with fields and orchards. In many places, so numerous are the cottages of the thrifty farmers hung in this favored region, that they resemble a continuous village, extending for many miles along the hill-sides. There is not much in the natural aspect of the country to attract the lover of bold mountain scenery. The beauties of the shores of Mjösen are of a gentle and pastoral character, and become monotonous after a few hours. Near Hamar, on the right, there are the ruins of an old cathedral, burned and plundered by the Swedes in 1567.

Apart from the ordinary interest of the Mjösen Lake, arising from the quiet pastoral character of its shores, it possessed a peculiar charm to me owing to the fact that, in 1755, when the great earthquake occurred at Lisbon, its waters rose twenty feet, and suddenly retreated. Only a few months previously I had visited the city of Lisbon, and stood upon the very spot where, in six minutes, over sixty thousand souls had been buried beneath the ruins. I was now, so to speak, following up an earthquake.

It was late at night when we arrived at the pretty little town of Lillehammer, at the head of the lake. Leaving the steamer here, I found myself, for the first time, beyond the limits of the English language. A Norwegian with whom I had become acquainted on board the boat was kind enough to walk up town with me and show me the way to the post station, where I had some difficulty in procuring accommodations, owing to the number of recent arrivals.

The town of Lillehammer contains twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, whose principal industry consists in the lumber business. Immense rafts are towed down the lake every day by the returning steamers, and carried by rail from Eidsvold to Christiania. The logs are drifted down the Logen River from the interior, and cut up at Lillehammer and Eidsvold. Such as are designed for spars are dressed and shipped at the latter place. There are many other points on the lake from which supplies of timber are also transferred to Christiania; so that between farming, fishing, and lumbering the inhabitants of this region make out a very comfortable subsistence, and generally own the lands upon which they reside. Many of them are wealthy—for this part of the world.

Lillehammer is prettily situated on an eminence, and consists of log and frame houses, presenting much the appearance of a Western lake village in the United States. The view of the Mjösen and its verdant shores is very fine from the top of the hill. It was ten o'clock at night when I arrived, although the sky was still lighted up with a purple glow from the departed sun. Something of the wonderful scenic beauties of the country were still visible. A party of French tourists, who had come to Norway to make a three days' visit, set off at this late hour to see the torrent which breaks from the side of the mountain, about half a mile beyond the town. I was solicited to join them; but my passion for sight-seeing was rather obscured by the passion of hunger and thirst. At such times I am practical enough to prefer a good supper to the best waterfall in the world. Waterfalls can be postponed. Hunger must be promptly satisfied. Thirst makes one dry. A distant view of falling water is a poor substitute for a glass of good ale. There is no fear that any ordinary cataract will run itself out before morning.

This was my first experience of a post station, and very pleasant I found it. The inns of Norway are plain, cheap, and comfortable; not very elegant in appearance, but as good in all respects as a plain traveler could desire. I had a capital supper at Lillehammer, consisting of beef-steak, eggs, bread, butter, and coffee—enough to satisfy any reasonable man. The rooms are clean, the beds and bedding neat and comfortable; and the charge for supper, lodging, and breakfast not exceeding an average of about fifty cents. At some of the interior stations I was charged only about twenty-five cents, and in no instance was I imposed upon. The innkeepers are so generally obliging and good-natured that there is very little difficulty in getting along with them. A few words always sufficed to make my wants understood, and the greatest kindness and alacrity were invariably shown in supplying them. But I anticipate my journey.

After a pleasant night's rest I arose bright and early; and here being for the first time thrown completely upon my own resources in the way of language, was obliged to have recourse to my vocabulary to get at the means of

asking for breakfast and a horse and cariole. Fancy a lean and hungry man standing before a substantial landlord, trying to spell out a breakfast from his book, in some such way as this:

"Jeg vil Spise [I will eat]!"

"Ya, min Herr!" the landlord politely answers.

"Jeg vil Frokost [I will breakfast]!"

"Ya, min Herr;" and the landlord runs off into a perfect labyrinth of birds, fish, eggs, beef-steak, hot-cakes, and other luxuries, which the inexperienced traveler is vainly attempting to follow up in his book. In despair, he at length calls out:

"Ja! Ja!—that's all right! any thing you say, my fine old gentleman!"

At which the landlord scratches his head, for he doesn't understand precisely what you have selected. Now you take your book and explain, slowly and systematically.

"Kaffee!"

"Ja."

"Egg!"

"Ja."

"Fisk!"

"Ja."

"Smør og Brod!"

Here the landlord is staggered, and scratches his head again. *Smør* he gets a glimmering of, but the bread stuns him. You try it in a dozen different ways—broad, breyd, breed, bröde, braid. At length a light flashes upon his mind. You want bread! Simple as the word is, and though he pronounces it precisely according to one of your own methods, as you suppose, it is difficult to get the peculiar intonation that renders it intelligible.

"Ja!" And thus you lay the foundation of your breakfast; after which, having progressed so far in the language, there is no great difficulty in asking for a "Heste og Cariole" [a horse and cariole].

A little practice in this way soon enables the traveler to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language for the ordinary purposes of communication along the road. With a smattering of the German it comes very readily to one who speaks English, being something of a mixture between these two languages. I was really astonished to find how well I could understand it, and make myself understood, in the course of a few days; though candor obliges me to say that if there is any one thing in the world for which nature never intended me it is a linguist.

I was in hopes of finding at Lillehammer a party of tourists bound over the Dovre Fjeld to Trondhjem, of whom I had heard in Christiania. In this I was disappointed. They had started a few days previously. An omnibus was advertised to run as far as Elstad, some thirty-five miles up the valley of Gudbrandsdalen, which would be so much gained on my route. It seemed, however, that it only ran whenever a sufficient number of passengers offered—so I was obliged to give up that prospect.

Nothing can be more characteristic of Nor-

wegian seclusion from the world than the rude means of inland communication between the principal cities. Here was a public highway between two of the most important sea-ports in the country—Christiania and Trondhjem—without as much as a stage to carry passengers. Every traveler has to depend upon his own vehicle, or upon such rude and casual modes of conveyance as he can find at the stations by the wayside. I asked the reason of this backward state of things, and was informed that the amount of travel is insufficient to support any regular stage line. The season for tourists lasts only about three months, and during the remainder of the year very few strangers have occasion to pass over the roads. In winter—which, of course, lasts very long in this latitude—the whole country is covered with snow, and sledges are altogether used, both for purposes of traveling and the transportation of merchandise from the seaboard. The products of the country—such as logs, spars, and boards—are prepared during these months for rafting down the rivers during the spring floods. Once, as I was told, an interprising Englishman had started a regular stage-line from Christiania to Trondhjem, in consequence of the repeated complaints of the traveling public, who objected to the delays to which they were subject; but he was soon obliged to discontinue it for want of patronage. When travelers had a convenient way of getting over they grumbled at being hurried through, and preferred taking the usual conveyances of the country, which afforded them an opportunity of enjoying the scenery and stopping wherever they pleased. People did not come all the way to Norway, they said, to fly through it without seeing any thing of its wonders and beauties. There was some philosophy in this, as well as a touch of human nature. It reminded me of the Frenchman in Paris who lived to be eighty years of age without ever leaving the city; when the King, for the sake of experiment, positively forbid him from doing so during the remainder of his life. The poor fellow was immediately seized with an inordinate desire to see something of the outside world, and petitioned so hard for the privilege of leaving the city, that the King, unable to resist his importunities, granted him the privilege; after which the man was perfectly satisfied, and remained in Paris to the day of his death.

By reference to a copy of the laws on the subject of post-travel, which I had procured in Christiania from a Mr. Bennet, I discovered that the system is singularly complicated and hazardous, as well as a little curious in some of its details. The stations are situated along the road about every eight or ten miles (counted in Norwegian by so many hours). Nothing that we would call a village is to be seen in any part of the interior, unless the few straggling farm-houses occasionally huddled together with a church in the centre may be considered in that light. The stations usually stand alone, in some isolated spot on the wayside; and consist of a little log or frame tavern, a long shambling

stable, innumerable odds and ends of cribs, store-houses, and outbuildings, forming a kind of court or stable-yard; a rickety medley of old carts and carioles lying about basking in the sun; a number of old white-headed men smoking their pipes, and leathery-faced women on household duties intent, with a score or so of little cotton-headed children running about over the manure pile in the neighborhood of the barn, to keep the pigs company; here and there a strapping lout of a boy swinging on a gate and whistling for his own amusement; while cows, sheep, goats, chickens, and other domestic animals and birds, browse, nibble, and peck all over the yard in such lazy and rural manner as would delight an artist. This is the ordinary Norwegian station.

There is always a good room for the traveler, and plenty of excellent homely fare to eat. At some few places along the route the station-houses aspire to the style and dignity of hotels, but they are not always the best or most comfortable. Then there are "fast" and "slow" stations—so called in the book of laws. At the fast stations the traveler can procure a horse and cariole without delay—fifteen minutes being the legal limit. At the slow stations he must wait till the neighborhood, for a distance of three or four miles perhaps, is searched for a horse—sometimes for both horse and cariole. If he chooses to incur the expense he can send forward a *Forbad*, or notice in advance, requiring horses to be ready at each station at a specified time; but if he is not there according to notice he must pay so much per hour for the delay. A day-book is kept at each of these post-houses, in which the traveler must enter his name, stating the time of his arrival and departure, where he came from, his destination, how many horses he requires, etc. In this formidable book he may also specify any complaint he has to make against the station-holder, boy, horse, cariole, or any body, animal, or thing, that maltreats him, cheats him, or in any way misuses him on the journey; but he must take care to have the inn-keeper or some such disinterested person as a witness in his behalf, so that when the matter comes before the Amtmand, or grand tribunal of justice, it may be fairly considered and disposed of according to law. When the inn-keeper, station-holder, posting-master, alderman, or other proper functionary on the premises, fails to present this book and require the traveler to sign his name in it, he (the ardent violator of laws) is fined; but the traveler need not flatter himself that the rule does not work both ways, for he also is fined if he refuses or intentionally neglects to write his name in the said book. The number of horses to be kept at fast stations is fixed by law, and no traveler is to be detained more than a quarter of an hour, unless in certain cases, when he may be detained half an hour. At a slow station he must not be detained over three hours—such is the utmost stretch of the law. Think of that, ye Gothamites, who complain if you are detained any where



STATION-HOUSE, LOGEN VALLEY.

on the face of the earth three minutes—only detained three hours every eight or ten miles! But for delay occasioned by any insuperable impediment, says the Norwegian law-book—such as a storm at sea, or too great a distance between the inns—no liability is incurred on either side. A Philadelphia lawyer could drive six-and-thirty coaches-and-four, all abreast, through such a law as that, and then leave room enough for a Stockton wagon and mule-team on each side. Who is to judge of the weather or the distance between the inns? When the traveler holds the reins he is responsible for the horse, but when the post-boy does the holding he, the said boy, is the responsible party. Should any post-horse be ill-treated or overdriven, when the traveler holds the reins, so that, in the language of the law, “the station-holder, inn-keeper, or two men at the next station can perceive this to be the case, the traveler shall pay for the injury according to the estimation of these men, and he shall not be allowed to be sent on until the payment is made.” The traveler pays all tolls and ferry charges. “When the road is very hilly, or is in out-of-the-way districts where there are but few horses in proportion to the travel, and the distance between the stations is unusually long, or under other circumstances where the burden on the people obligated to find horses is evidently very oppressive, etc.,” “it may be ordered by the King, after a declaration to that effect has been procured by the authorities, that payment for posting may be reckoned according to a greater distance, in proportion to the circumstances, as far as double the actual distance.”

In addition to all these formidable regulations—against which it seems to me it would be impossible for any ordinary man to contend—the tariff fixes the price of posting for fast and slow stations in towns, and fast and slow stations in the country; the only difficulty being to find where the towns are after you get into them, or to know at what stage of the journey you leave them. The Amtmand, by letter to all the authorities, likewise requires the tariff to be hung conspicuously in all the inns; which tariff, says the law, “is altered according to the rise and fall of provisions.”

When I came to study out all this, and consider the duties and obligations imposed on me as a traveler going a journey of three or four hundred miles; that I was to be subject to contingencies and liabilities depending upon the elements both by land and sea; that serious responsibilities fell upon me if I held the reins of the post-horse, and probably heavy risks of life and limb if the post-boy held them; that the inn-keeper, station-holder, alderman, or two men chosen miscellaneously from the ranks of society, were to judge of damages that might be inflicted upon the horse; that I must register my name in a day-book, and enter formal complaints against the authorities on the way about every ten miles; that the tariff might rise and fall five hundred times during the journey, for aught I knew, according to the rise and fall of provisions or the pleasure of the Amtmand; that conspiracies might be entered into against me to make me pay for all the lame, halt, blind, and spavined horses in the country, and my liberty

restrained in some desolate region of the mountains; that I could not speak a dozen words of the language, and had no other means of personal defense against imposition than a small pen-knife and the natural ferocity of my countenance—when all these considerations occurred to me, I confess they made me hesitate a little before launching out from Lillehammer.

However, the landlord of the post, a jolly and good-natured old gentleman, relieved my apprehensions by providing such a breakfast of coffee, eggs, beef-steak, fish, and bread, that my sunken spirits were soon thoroughly aroused, and I felt equal to any emergency. When I looked out on the bright hill-sides, and saw the sun glistening on the dewy sod, and heard the post-boys in the yard whistling merrily to the horses, I was prepared to face the great Amtmand himself. In a little while the horse and cariole designed for my use were brought up before the door, and the landlord informed me that all was "*fertig*."

Now, was there ever such a vehicle for a full-grown man to travel in? A little thing, with a body like the end of a canoe, perched up on two long shafts, with a pair of wheels in the rear; no springs, and only a few straps of leather for a harness; a board behind for the skydskaarl, or post-boy, to sit upon; and a horse not bigger than a large mountain goat to drag me over the road. It was positively absurd. After enjoying the spectacle for a moment, and making a hurried sketch of it, wondering what manner of man had first contrived such a vehicle, I bounced in, and stretched my legs out on each side, bracing my feet against a pair of iron catches, made expressly for that purpose. Fortunately I am a capital driver. If nature ever intended me for any one profession above all others, it must have been for a stage-driver. I have driven buggies, wagons, and carts in California hundreds of miles, and never yet killed any body. Like the Irishman, I can drive within two inches of a precipice without going over. Usually, however, I let the horse take his own way, which, after all, is the grand secret of skillful driving.

My baggage consisted of a knapsack, containing a few shirts and stockings, a sketch-book and some pencils, and such other trifling nick-nacks as a tourist usually requires in this country. I carried no more outside clothing than what common decency required: a rough hunting coat, a pair of stout cloth pantaloons, and an old pair of boots—which is as much as any traveler needs on a Norwegian tour; though it is highly recommended by an English writer that every traveler should provide himself with two suits of clothes, a Mackintosh, a portable desk, an India-rubber pillow, a few blankets, an opera-glass, a mosquito-net, a thermometer, some dried beef, and a dozen boxes of sardines, besides a stock of white bread and two bottles of English pickles.

With a crack of the whip that must have astonished the landlord and caused him some misgivings for the fate of his horse and cariole,

I took my departure from Lillehammer. About half a mile beyond the town we (the skydskaarl, myself, horse, and cariole) passed the falls—a roaring torrent of water tumbling down from the mountain side on the right. Several extensive saw-mills are located at this point. The piles of lumber outside, and the familiar sounds of the saws and wheels, reminded me of home. The scene was pretty and picturesque, but rather disfigured by the progress of Norwegian civilization. Passing numerous thriving farms in the full season of harvest, the road winding pleasantly along the hill-side to the right, the foaming waters of the Logen deep down in the valley to the left, we at length reached the entrance of the Gudbrandsdalen—that beautiful and fertile valley, which stretches all the way up the course of the Logen to the Dovre Fjeld, a distance of a hundred and sixty-eight miles from Lillehammer. It would be an endless task to undertake a description of the beauties of this valley. From station to station it is a continued panorama of dashing waterfalls, towering mountains, green slopes, pine forests overtopping the cliffs, rich and thriving farms, with innumerable log cottages perched up among the cliffs, and wild and rugged defiles through which the road passes, sometimes overhung by shrubbery for miles at a stretch. Flying along the smoothly-graded highway at a rapid rate; independent of all the world except your horse and boy; the bright sunshine glimmering through the trees; the music of the wild waters falling pleasantly on your ear; each turn of the road opening out something rich, new, and strange; the fresh mountain air invigorating every fibre of your frame; renewed youth and health beginning to glow upon your cheeks; digestion performing its functions without a pang or a hint of remonstrance; kind, genial, open-hearted people wherever you stop—is it not an episode in life worth enjoying? The valley of the Logen must surely be a paradise (in summer) for invalids.

At each station the traveler is furnished with a stunted little boy called the skydskaarl, usually clothed in the cast-off rags of his great-grandfather; his head ornamented by a flaming red night-cap, and his feet either bare or the next thing to it; his hair standing out in every direction like a mop dyed in whitewash and yellow ochre, and his face and hands freckled and sunburned, and not very clean; while his manners are any thing but cultivated. This remarkable boy sits on a board behind the cariole, and drives it back to the station from which it starts. He is regarded somewhat in the light of a high public functionary by his contemporary ragamuffins, having been promoted from the fields or the barn-yard to the honorable position of skydskaarl. His countenance is marked by the lines of premature care and responsibility, but varies in expression according to circumstances. The sum of four cents at the end of an hour's journey gives it an extremely amiable and intelligent cast. Some boys are constitutionally knowing, and have a quick, sharp look; others



STATION BOY.

again are dull and stolid, as naturally happens wherever there is a variety of boys born of different parents. For the most part, they are exceedingly bright and lively little fellows. Mounted on their seat of honor at the back of the cariole, they greatly enliven the way by whistling and singing, and asking questions in their native tongue, which it is sometimes very difficult to answer when one is not familiar with the language.

I had at Moshuus a communicative little boy, who talked to me incessantly all the way to Holmen without ever discovering, so far as I could perceive, that I did not understand a single word he said. Another, after repeated efforts to draw me out, fell into a fit of moody silence, and from that into a profound slumber, which was only broken off toward the end of our journey by an accident. The cariole struck against a stone and tilted him out on the road. He was a good deal surprised, but said nothing.

Another little fellow, not more than six or seven years of age—a pretty fair-haired child—was sent with me over a very wild and broken stage of the journey. He was newly dressed in a suit of gray frieze with brass buttons, and was evidently a shining light at home. On the road a dog ran out from the bushes and barked at us.

The poor little skydskaarl was frantic with terror, and cried so lustily that I had to take him into the cariole, and put him under my legs to keep him from going into fits. He bellowed all the way to the next station, where I endeavored to make the innkeeper understand that it was cruel to send so small a boy on such a hazardous journey. The man laughed, and said, "Ja! he is too little!" which was all I could get out of him. I felt unhappy about this poor child all day.

On another occasion I had a bright, lively little fellow about twelve years of age, who was so pleased to find that I was an American that he stopped every body on the road to tell them this important piece of news; so that it took me about three hours to go a distance of seven or eight miles. There was a light of intelligence in the boy's face that enabled me to comprehend him almost by instinct, and the quickness with which he caught at my half-formed words, and gathered my meaning when I told him of the wonders of California, were really surprising. This boy was a natural genius. He will leave his mountain home some day or other and make a leading citizen of the United States. Already he was eager to dash out upon the world and see some of its novelties and wonders.

At Laurgaard I was favored with a small urchin who must have been modeled upon one of Hogarth's pictures. He was a fixed laugh all over. His mouth, nose, ears, eyes, hair, and chin were all turned up in a broad grin. Even the elbows of his coat and the knees of his trousers were wide open with ill-concealed laughter. He laughed when he saw me, and laughed more than ever when he heard me "*tale Norsk*." There was something uncommonly amusing to this little shaver in the cut of a man's jib who could not speak good Norwegian. All the way up the hill he whistled, sang lively snatches of song, joked with the horse, and when the horse nickered laughed a young horse-laugh to keep him company. It did me good to see the rascal so cheery. I gave him an extra shilling at Braendhangen for his lively spirit, at which he grinned all over wider than ever, put the small change in his pocket, and with his red night-cap in one hand made a dodge of his head at me, as if snapping at a fly, and then held out his spare hand to give me a shake. Of course I shook hands with him.

Shaking hands with small boys, however, is nothing uncommon in Norway. Every boy on the entire route shook hands with me. Whenever I settled the fare the skydskaarl invariably pulled off his cap, or if he had none, gave a pull at the most prominent bunch of hair, and holding forth a flipper, more or less like a lump of raw beef, required me, by all the laws of politeness, to give it a shake. The simplicity with which they did this, and the awkward kindliness of their manner, as they wished me a pleasant trip, always formed an agreeable episode in the day's travel. I have shaken a greater variety of boys' hands in Norway—of every size, kind,

and quality, fat, lean, clean and dirty, dry and wet—than ever I shook all over the world before. Notwithstanding the amount of water in the country, I must have carried away from Trondhjem about a quarter of a pound of the native soil. Between the contortions of body and limb acquired by a brief residence in Paris, the battering out of several hats against my knee in the process of bowing throughout the cities of Germany, and the shaking of various boys' hands on my trip through Norway, I consider that my politeness now qualifies me for any society.

It must not be understood, however, that I was always favored with the society of little boys. At one of the stations, which, for obvious reasons, it would be indiscreet to name, there was no boy visible except the ragamuffin who had accompanied me. He, of course, was obliged to return with the horse and cariole.

Three white-headed old men were sitting on a log near the stable basking in the sun, and gossiping pleasantly about by-gone times or the affairs of state—I could not understand which. Each of these venerable worthies wore a red night-cap, which in this country answers likewise for a day-cap, and smoked a massive wooden pipe. It was a very pleasant picture of rural content. As I approached they nodded a smiling "*God Aften!*" and rose to unharness the horse. An elderly lady, of very neat appearance and pleasing expression, came to the door and bade me a kindly welcome. Then the three old men all began to talk to me together, and when they said what they had to say about the fine weather, and the road, and the quality of the horse, and whatever else came into their antiquated heads, they led the horse off to the stable and proceeded to get me a fresh one. While they were doing that the elderly lady went back into the house and called aloud for some person within. Presently a fine buxom young girl, about seventeen years of age, made her appearance at the door. I flattered myself she wore rather a pleased expression when she saw me; but that might have been the customary cast of her feat-



GOOD-BY—MANY THANKS!

ures, or vanity on my part. At all events there was a glowing bloom in her cheeks, and a penetrating brilliancy in her large blue eyes, wonderfully fascinating to one who had not recently looked upon any thing very attractive in the line of female loveliness. She was certainly a model of rustic beauty—I had rarely seen her equal in any country. Nothing could be more lithe and graceful than her form, which was advantageously set off by a tight bodice and a very scanty petticoat. A pair of red woolen stockings conspicuously displayed the fine contour of her—ankles I suppose is the conventional expression, though I mean a great deal more than that. As she sprang down the steps with a light and elastic bound and took hold of the horse, which by this time the three old men were fumbling at to harness in the cariole, I unconsciously thought of Diana Vernon. She had all the daring grace and delicacy of the Scotch heroine—only in a rustic way. Seizing the horse by the bridle, she backed him up in a jiffy between the shafts of the cariole, and pushing the old gray-heads aside with a merry laugh, proceeded to arrange the harness. Having paid the boy who had come over from the last sta-



NORWEGIAN PEASANT FAMILY.

tion, and put my name and destination in the day-book, according to law, I refreshed myself by a glass of ale, and then came out to see if all was ready. The girl nodded to me smilingly to get in and be off.

I looked around for the boy who was to accompany me. Nobody in the shape of a boy was to be seen. The three old men had returned to their log by the stable, and now sat smoking their pipes and gossiping as usual; and the good-natured old landlady stood smiling and nodding in the door-way. Who was to take charge of the cariole? that was the question. Was I to go alone? Suppose I should miss the road and get lost in some awful wilderness? However, these questions were too much for my limited vocabulary of Norsk on the spur of the moment. So I mounted the cariole, resolved to abide whatever fate Providence might have in store for me. The girl put the reins in my hand and off I started, wondering why these good people left me to travel alone. I thought that they would naturally feel some solicitude about their property. Scarcely was I under way, when, with a bound like a deer, the girl was up

on the cariole behind, hanging on to the back of the seat with both hands. Perfectly aghast with astonishment, I pulled the reins and stopped. "What!" I exclaimed, in the best Norsk I could muster—"is the *Jomfru* going with me?" "*Ja!*" answered the laughing damsel, in a merry, ringing voice—"Ja! Ja! *Jeg vil vise de Veien!*—I will show you the way!"

Here was a predicament! A handsome young girl going to take charge of me through a perfectly wild and unknown country! I turned to the old lady at the door with something of a remonstrating expression, no doubt, for I felt confused and alarmed. How the deuce was I, a solitary and inexperienced traveler from California, to defend myself against such eyes, such blooming cheeks, such honeyed lips and pearly teeth as these—to say nothing of a form all grace and agility, a voice that was the very essence of melody, and the fascinating smiles and blandishments of this wild young creature! It was enough to puzzle and confound any man of ordinary susceptibility, much less one who had a natural terror of the female sex. But I suppose it was all right. The old lady nodded ap-

provingly; and the three old men smoked their pipes, and, touching their red night-caps, bid me—*Farrel! meget god reise!*—a pleasant trip! So without more ado I cracked the whip, and off we started. It was not my fault—that was certain. My conscience was clear of any bad intentions.

We were soon out of sight of the station, and then came a steep hill. While the pony was pulling and tugging with all his might, the girl bounced off, landing like a wood-nymph about six feet in the rear of the cariole; when, with strides that perfectly astonished me, she began to march up the hill, singing a lively Norwegian ditty as she sprang over the ruts and ridges of the road. I halted in amazement. This would never do. Respect for the gentler sex would not permit me to ride up the hill while so lovely a creature was taking it on foot. Governed by those high principles of gallantry, augmented and cultivated by long residence in California, I jumped out of the cariole, and with persuasive eloquence begged the fair damsel to get in and drive up the hill on my account; that I greatly preferred walking; the exercise was congenial—I liked it. At this she looked astonished, if not suspicious. I fancied she was not used to that species of homage. At all events she stoutly declined getting in; and since it was impossible for me to ride under the circumstances, I walked by her side to the top of the hill. A coolness was evidently growing up between us, for she never spoke a word all the way; and I was too busy trying to keep the horse in the middle of the road and save my breath to make any further attempts at conversation.

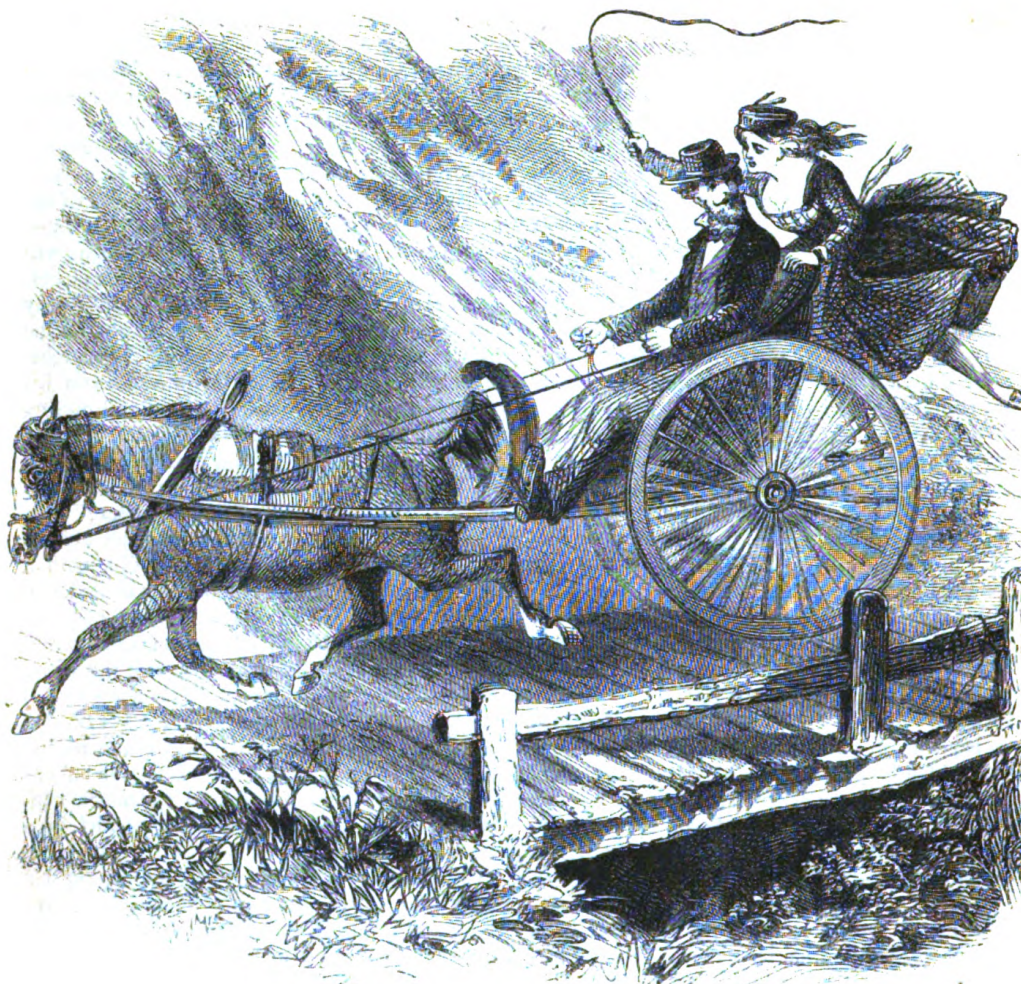
Having at length reached the summit, the girl directed me to take my place, which I did at once with great alacrity. With another active bound she was up behind, holding on as before with both hands to the back of the seat. Then she whistled to the horse in a style he seemed to understand perfectly well; for away he dashed down the hill at a rate of speed that I was certain would very soon result in utter destruction to the whole party. It was awful to think of being pitched out and rolling down the precipice, in the arms perhaps of this dashing young damsel, who being accustomed to the road would doubtless exert herself to save me.

"*Nu! Reise! Reise!*—travel!" cried this extraordinary girl; and away we went—over rocks, into ruts, against roots and bushes; bouncing, springing, splashing, and dashing through mud-holes; down hill and still down; whirling past terrific pits, jagged pinnacles of rock, and yawning gulfs of darkness; through gloomy patches of pine, out again into open spaces, and along the brinks of fearful precipices; over rickety wooden bridges, and through foaming torrents that dashed out over the road—the wild girl clinging fast behind, the little pony flying along madly in front, the cariole creaking and rattling as if going to pieces—myself hanging on to the reins in a perfect agony of doubt whether each moment would not be our last. I declare, on the faith of a traveler, it beat all the dangers

I had hitherto encountered summed up together. Trees whirled by, waterfalls flashed upon my astonished eyes, streaks of sunshine fretted the gloom with a net-work of light that dazzled and confounded me. I could see nothing clearly. There was a horrible jumble in my mind of black rocks and blue eyes, pine forests and flaming red stockings, flying clouds and flying petticoats, the roar of torrents and the ringing voice of the maiden as she cried, "*Flue! Gaae! Reise!*—Fly! Go it! Travel!" Only one thought was uppermost—the fear of being dashed to pieces. Great Heavens, what a fate! If I could only stop this infernal little pony, we might yet be saved! But I dared not attempt it. The slightest pull at the reins would throw him upon his haunches, and cariole and all would go spinning over him into some horrible abyss. All this time the wild damsel behind was getting more and more excited. Now she whistled, now she shouted, "*Skynde pa!*—Faster! faster!" till, fairly carried away by enthusiasm, she begged me to give her the whip, which I did, with a faint attempt at prayer. Again she whistled, and shouted "*Skynde pa!*—Faster! faster!" and then she cracked the most startling and incomprehensible Norwegian melodies with the whip, absolutely stunning my ears, while she shouted "*Gaae! Flue! Reise!*—Go it! Fly! Travel!" Faster and still faster we flew down the frightful hill. The pony caught the infection of enthusiasm, and now broke into a frantic run. "Faster! faster!" shrieked the wild girl in a paroxysm of delight.

By this time I was positively beside myself with terror. No longer able to distinguish the flying trees, waterfalls, and precipices, I closed my eyes, and gasped for breath. Soon the fearful bouncing of the cariole aroused me to something like consciousness. We had struck a rock, and were now spinning along the edge of a mighty abyss on one wheel, the other performing a sort of balancé in the air. I looked ahead, but there was neither shape nor meaning in the country. It was all a wild chaos of destructive elements—trees, precipices, red stockings, and whirling petticoats—toward which we were madly flying.

But there is an end to all troubles upon earth. With thanks to a kind Providence, I at length caught sight of a long stretch of level road. Although there were several short turns to be made before reaching it, there was still hope that it might be gained without any more serious disaster than the breaking of a leg or an arm. Upon such a casualty as that I should have compromised at once. If this extraordinary creature behind would only stop whistling and cracking the whip, and driving the little pony crazy by her inspiring cries, I might yet succeed in steering safely into the level road; but the nearer we approached the bottom of the hill the wilder she became—now actually dancing on the little board with delight, now leaning over to get a cut at the pony's tail with the whip, while she whistled more fiercely than ever, and cried



THE POST-GIRL.

out, from time to time, "*Flue! Gaae! Reise!*" Already the poor little animal was reeking with sweat, and it was a miracle he did not drop dead on the road.

However, by great good fortune, aided by my skill in driving, we made the turns, and in a few minutes more were safely jogging along the level road. Almost breathless, and quite bewildered, I instinctively turned round to see what manner of wild being this girl behind was. If you believe me, she was leaning over my shoulder, shaking her sides laughing at me—her sparkling blue eyes now all ablaze with excitement; her cheeks glowing like peonies; her lips wide apart, displaying the most exquisite set of teeth I ever beheld; while her long golden tresses, bursting from the red handkerchief which served as a sort of crowning glory to her head, floated in wavy ringlets over her shoulders. *Hermosa!* it was enough to thaw an anchorite! She was certainly very pretty—there was no doubt of that; full of life, overflowing with health and vitality, and delighted at the confusion and astonishment of the strange gentleman she had taken in charge.

Can any body tell me what it is that produces such a singular sensation when one looks over his shoulder and discovers the face of a pretty and innocent young girl within a few inches of his own, her beautiful eyes sparkling like a pair of stars, and shooting magic scintillations through and through him, body and soul, while her breath falls like a zephyr upon his cheek? Tell me, ye who deal in metaphysics, what is it? There is certainly a kind of charm in it, against which no mortal man is proof. Though naturally prejudiced against the female sex, and firmly convinced that we could get along in the world much better without them, I was not altogether insensible to beauty in an artistical point of view; otherwise I should never have been able to grace the pages of HARPER with the above likeness of this Norwegian sylph. After all, it must be admitted that they have a way about them which makes us feel overpowered and irresponsible in their presence. Doubtless this fair damsel was unconscious of the damage she was inflicting upon a wayworn and defenseless traveler. Her very innocence was itself her chiefest charm. Either she was the most innocent or

the most designing of her sex. She thought nothing of holding on to my shoulder, and talked as glibly and pleasantly, with her beaming face close to my ear, as if I had been her brother or her cousin, or possibly her uncle, though I did not exactly like to regard it in that point of view. What she was saying I could not conjecture, save by her roguish expression and her merry peals of laughter.

"*Jeg kan ikke tale Norsk!*—I can't speak Norwegian"—was all I could say; at which she laughed more joyously than ever, and rattled off a number of excellent jokes, no doubt at my helpless condition. Indeed, I strongly suspected, from a familiar word here and there, that she was making love to me out of mere sport—though she was guarded enough not to make any intelligible demonstration to that effect. At last I got out my vocabulary, and as we jogged quietly along the road, by catching a word now and then, and making her repeat what she said very slowly, got so far as to construct something of a conversation.

"What is your name, *skøn Jumfru!*" I asked.

"Maria," was the answer.

"A pretty name; and Maria is a very pretty girl."

She tossed her head a little scornfully, as much as to say Maria was not to be fooled by flattery.

"What is *your* name?" said Maria, after a pause.

"Mine? Oh, I have forgotten mine."

"Are you an Englishman?"

"No."

"A Frenchman?"

"No."

"A Dutchman?"

"No—I am an American."

"I like Americans—I don't like Englishmen," said the girl.

"Have you a lover?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to be married to him?"

"Yes, in about six months."

"I wish you joy."

"Thank you!"

At this moment a carriage drawn by two horses hove in sight. It was an English traveling party—an old gentleman and two ladies, evidently his wife and daughter. As they drew near they seemed to be a little perplexed at the singular equipage before them—a small horse, nearly dead and lathered all over with foam, a cariole bespattered with mud; a dashing fine girl behind, with flaunting hair, a short petticoat, and a flaming pair of red stockings; myself in the body of the cariole, covered from head to foot with mire, my beard flying out in every direction, and my hair still standing on end from the effects of recent fright—a very singular spectacle to meet in the middle of a public highway, even in Norway. The road was very narrow at the point of meeting. It became necessary for one of the vehicles to pull up the side of the hill a little in order to allow room for the other

to pass. Being the lighter party as well as under obligations of gallantry, I at once gave way. While endeavoring to make a passage the old gentleman gruffly observed to the public generally,

"What an excessively bad road!"

"Very!" said I.

"Beastly!" growled the Englishman.

"Abominable!" said I.

"Oh, you are an Englishman?" said the elderly lady.

"No, Madam—an American," I answered, with great suavity.

"Oh, an American!" said the young lady, taking out her note-book; "dear me, how very interesting!"

"From California," I added, with a smile of pride.

"How very interesting!" exclaimed the young lady.

"A great country," said I.

"Gray," observed the elderly lady, in an under tone, looking very hard at the girl, who was still standing on the little board at the back of the cariole, and who coolly and saucily surveyed the traveling party—"Gray, is that a Norwegian girl?"

"Yes, Madam; she is my postillion, only she rides behind, according to the Norwegian custom."

"Dear me!" cried the young lady; "how very interesting!"

"And dangerous, too," I observed.

The elderly lady looked puzzled. She was thinking of dangers to which I had no reference.

"Dangerous?" exclaimed the young lady.

"Yes; she came near breaking my neck down that hill;" and here I gave the party a brief synopsis of the adventure.

"Devilish odd!" growled the old Englishman, impatiently. "Good-day, Sir. Come, get up!"

The elderly lady said nothing, but looked suspicious.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young lady as they drove off; "how very—" This was the last I heard, but I suppose she considered it interesting. The whole affair, no doubt, stands fully recorded in her note-book.

The way being now clear, we proceeded on our journey. In a little while the station-house was in sight, and after a few minutes' drive I was obliged to part from my interesting companion. At first I hesitated about proffering the usual fee of four shillings; but upon reflection it occurred to me that I had no right to consider her any thing more than a post-boy. It was worth something extra to travel with one so lively and entertaining, so I handed her double the usual allowance; at which she made a very polite courtesy, and greatly relieved my embarrassment by giving me a hearty shake of the hand and wishing me a pleasant journey. This was the last I saw of my Norwegian Diana. She is a young damsel of great beauty and vivacity, not to say a little wild. I trust she is now happily married to the object of her affections.



THE VENUS OF MILO.

SOCIAL ÆSTHETICS.

STANFORD GREY sat in his library talking with Daniel Tomes. Fast friends for years, these men were yet notably unlike. Grey, though a student, as every thing about him showed, had the air of a man of the world and the manner of society. His very tone of voice, though as natural as the cry of a new-born child (and babies, especially girl babies, soon learn to cry affectedly), told of culture. His face expressed reserve, and was so remarkably free from any look of self-assertion that you might have thought it weak until you found the mild gray eye looking steadily back into yours, and saw, as the mustache curled away from the mouth, how firmly the lips were set together; and then, if you had learned the art to know men, you would see that this man had a strong will, though no excess of energy, and was brimful of courage, though he lacked pugnacity. A temperament this which made its possessor very tolerant of others' opinions, but very tenacious of his own. His dress, though simple and inexpensive, was selected with an eye to harmony of color and becomingness; though this was not noticeable until attention was directed to it. The library in which he sat showed equally that the sense of the beauti-

ful pervaded his life. For although it was plainly his working-room, and a little Russia sewing-case and a cocoa-nut humming-top on a table in one corner gave evidence that it was invaded with impunity by at least one woman and one child, the prints upon the walls, the casts of antique statues standing wherever a nook could be made for them, the combination of rich, low-toned colors throughout the apartment, and the very placing of the books which nearly covered the walls, and which were not shelved hap-hazard, but arranged so that their various hues relieved and set off each the other, all bore evidence to the exacting and never slumbering taste of the occupant.

In Daniel Tomes the observant eye detected at once a singularly well-balanced organization. A head not noticeably large, poised upon a strong, well-rounded neck, springing from broad shoulders, a deep chest, muscular limbs, and a stature little short of six feet, showed a man of vigor and endurance, one sure of long life, if he escaped accident and pestilential poison. His black hair curled closely over his well-rounded head. His lips were full and red; the upper bowed. The lower part of his oval face had a blue tinge, given by his heavy, closely shaven beard; for he wore not even whiskers. His nose neatly approached the Grecian model—a form of the feature remarkably frequent in Americans of pure English blood. It was difficult to see his eyes, because they were covered with spectacles; but they were dark, and had that slight prominence which phrenologists have reason for associating with copious gift of language. The spectacles were worn only to aid short sight; for both he and Grey lacked three or four years of forty; and yet, although Tomes was but a year the older, a certain gravity and staidness of bearing caused Grey always to feel young by the side of his friend, and to look to him for counsel as to an elder brother who had had ten years more experience of life. And yet Grey had one very important experience which Tomes had not; for the former had been married some years, while the latter was a bachelor. Tomes was also plainly either indifferent to or incapable of the sense of beauty, which so penetrated the whole being of Grey. His manner was a strange mixture of shyness and self-confidence; his movements were made with twice as much muscular exertion as was necessary; his voice, though full and rich and strong, was so ill-modulated, except under the influence of that strong excitement which makes almost every man eloquent, that what he said often lost much of its significance and weight; and his dress, although it cost twice as much as Grey's, looked as if it were made up of parts of various suits—which indeed it was; for to him a coat was but a coat, whatever its form, and a waistcoat but a waistcoat, whatever its color, and he wore his wardrobe promiscuously. With all this, he not only seemed, but was a man of mark among his acquaintances. His air was bold, and, when he was roused out of the brown stud-

ies into which he was apt to fall, determined, almost aggressive. He was just and benevolent, but not very considerate of others' feelings. He looked as if he might have counseled Cromwell and fought beside him.

TOMES had been making an argumentative onslaught upon his host, who was recovering himself with "Very true, Tones, but—" when the other broke out—

"'But, but;' there's no 'but' about it. There is no more connection between moral excellence and material beauty than there is between the appetizing inside and the forbidding outside of an oyster. They have nothing to do with each other; no relations of any kind whatever. A cock-pheasant is a handsome bird, and is good to eat; a canvas-back duck is not handsome, but is better; a terrapin is hideous, but is best of all. It is just so with men. Their merit has nothing whatever to do with their appearance; and the least attractive are often the most worthy."

GREY. "Who disputes such truth as that? Not I, certainly. Pray let your man of straw rest without more demolishing."

TOMES. "You may not dispute it by word, but you do by deed. There is not an act that you perform, or an article with which you provide yourself, which is not a silent assertion of the cardinal point of your faith, that the good and the beautiful are coexistent if not the same. Why—Let me see your watch.—There, that's a thing for a man of sense like you to carry, when the only reasonable object you can have in carrying it is the service it can render you; for you carry it concealed, and neither you nor any one else sees it but for the moment when you consult it. A thin, wafer-like gimcrack, that it must cost you a good part of your income to keep in any sort of order. Why not carry something like this?—There, that belonged to my father before me; and it was the best one that money could buy in England. It looks like what it is: substantial, solid, serviceable."

GREY. "Illustration unhappily chosen, O sagest Mentor! For my Jurgensen, with a little care, will run within half a second a day of the true time, the whole year round; while your Tobias—I can see it's a Tobias at this distance—can't be kept within much less than a quarter of a minute by all the attention you and the watch-maker can give it. And besides, O Daniel! you have dugged a pit and fallen into it. For even you are pleased with the beauty of your watch, and praise it."

TOMES. "When? How? I do no such thing."

GREY. "Did you not just now say that your watch looked like what it is—substantial, solid, serviceable? In other words, you attributed to it the beauty of fitness. That beauty gratified you. You were in error as to the excellence of which you regarded it as the exponent; but that mistake does not affect the genuineness of the gratification which was founded upon it, or, I think, its reasonableness. It showed me that

even you (pardon me!) are capable of instruction in the art of making life beautiful; and that you being so capable, all men also are, to a greater or less degree, with very few exceptions. Again pardon me. But I know that you will take no offense."

TOMES. "You are right in that. I can not believe that you could have the intention to offend me; and therefore I should not be offended at any thing that you would say, unless you plainly showed that intention. And, besides, to be offended I must first know with what you mean to charge me. What is this art of making life beautiful at my capacity for learning which you sneer?—well, since you look so deprecatingly, at which you jeer? There's no offense, you know."

GREY. "Let me read again the passage whence our brief discussion started. You acknowledge that Arthur Helps is one of the soundest and healthiest thinkers of the day, though you say he is not remarkably original; and this is what he says in his paper on the 'Art of Living': 'I think it may also be observed that, independently of these errors committed with regard to scientific matters, such as change of air, maintenance of warmth, and the supply of light, there is also a singular inaptitude of means to ends, which prevails generally throughout the human aids and appliances for living—I mean dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture. The causes of this unsuitableness of means to ends lie very deep in human nature, and in the present form of human society. I attribute them chiefly to the imitative nature of the great bulk of mankind, and to the division of labor; which latter practice being carried to a great extent in every civilized state, renders a man expert in his own business, but timid even in judging of what he has not to make but only to use. The result is, I believe, that more than one-half of what we do to procure good is needless or mischievous: in fact, that more than half of the labor of the world is wasted: in savage life, by not knowing what is necessary; in civilized life, by the pursuit of what is needless.' Helps follows his subject out only in its moral aspects, and considers the want of truth, the vanity, shyness, imitation, foolish concern about trifles, want of faithfulness to society, and Puritanical notions, which he rightly regards as hindrances to social culture and improvement. Now, what I call making life beautiful, is the bringing of intellectual refinement and cultivated taste to bear not only upon mere works of literature and art, but upon these very material everyday matters of dress, houses, equipages, and household furniture; so that the world which we make for ourselves may be, if possible, as beautiful as the natural world in which God has placed us."

TOMES. "Perhaps there is no positive harm in that. And yet there may be, by its causing neglect of that which is of more importance. For of what real use is that intellectual refinement upon which you set so high a value? How much better is discipline than culture! Of how

much greater worth to himself and to the world than your gentleman of cultivated tastes is the man who, by physical and mental training, the use of his muscles, the exercise of his faculties, the restraint of his appetites, has acquired vigor, endurance, self-reliance, self-control! Let a man be pure, honorable, and industrious, and what remains for him to do, and of time in which to do it, is of very small importance."

GREY. "You talk as if you were the son of a Stoic father by a Puritan mother, and had inherited the moral and mental traits of both your parents."

TOMES. "Many worse things have been said of me, and few better; but to describe me is not to meet my arguments."

GREY. "Well, then, Zeno Barebones, don't you see, that, after man has provided for his first necessities—food, shelter, and clothing—he must needs set about making the life comfortable that he has made possible; that he will seek first comfort and then pleasure; and that the pleasures which he will seek, next after those which are purely sensual, will be the embellishment of his external life—his person, his clothes, his habitation, his tools, and weapons? And do you not also see that the craving which he thus supplies is just as natural, that is, just as much the inevitable result of his organization, as those to which necessity gave precedence? There is not a savage in any country who does not begin to strive to live handsomely just as soon as he has contrived to live at all; that is, if he is any thing more than a mere animal; and his efforts in this direction are a sure gauge of the degree of his intelligence and even his moral tone."

TOMES. "Your savage is more unfortunately chosen by you than my watch was by me. What do you think of your red man, who makes no provision for the morrow, but supplies his animal needs for the moment as he can, and living in squalor, filth, and discomfort, yet daubs himself with grease and paint, and adorns his head with feathers, his neck with bears' claws, and his girdle with scalps? What of your black barbarian, whose life is a succession of unspeakable abominations, and who embellishes it by blackening his teeth, tattooing his skin, and thrusting a fish-bone or a ring through the gristle of his nose? Either of them will barter his last morsel for a glass bead or a brass button. What can be more manifest than that all this business of the embellishment of life is a mere manifestation of personal vanity—inborn lust of the eye and pride of life, shown by the savage according to his savageness, and by the civilized man according to his civilization?"

GREY. "Certainly the love of the beautiful is common to all men. The savage does manifest this love according to his savageness. When a man rises in the scale of civilization his whole nature rises. You can't go up a ladder piecemeal. The red man's smoky wigwam, the negro's filthy mud hut, the degradation which both inflict upon women, are no surer evidence of

barbarity than the parti-colored face of the one or the perforated nostril of the other."

TOMES. "No surer evidence of barbarity! Grey, what do you mean? Would you place an offense against good taste on a level with oppression of the weaker half of mankind, selfish and cruel addition to the burdens which nature has laid upon it?"

GREY. "I certainly said no surer evidence; and I stand to it. But the certainty of the evidence has nothing to do with the nature of the act. This you know; and so I sha'n't take offense at your exclamations or interrogations, or even refer you to Mrs. Grey as to my comparative estimate of offenses against taste and against the sacredness of her sex.—But to return to our topic. Call this desire to enjoy beauty, and to be a part of that beauty which contributes to the enjoyment of others, the lust of the eye or what you please, you will find it coextensive with the race; and that its reasonable gratification tends to harmonize and to mollify mankind, to sweeten life, and even to invigorate it by giving it the healthy stimulus of variety; that it helps to lift men above debasing pleasures, and to foster the finer social feelings by promoting the higher social enjoyments."

TOMES. "Yes; that sounds very fine. It harmonizes mankind, or womankind, by making them jealous of each other's success in what you call society. It makes women sneer at their dear friends' bonnets, and turn up their noses at their carpets and furniture; or what's worse, daub them—I mean the friends, not the furniture—with slimy, loathsome flattery. It mollifies them by making them envious and covetous. It sweetens life by creating heart-burnings about trifles. It gives a stimulus of variety by making all human creatures, especially women creatures, strive to dress exactly alike; to wit, in the fashion. It promotes high social enjoyments by making people give 'at homes,' at which they crowd their houses with a mob of acquaintances they don't care a button for, and who come only to show their dresses and get their supper, and who succeed only in getting their dresses torn off their backs, and in spilling their suppers in each other's laps."

GREY. "That's the society into which you go, Tomes. I have nothing to do with such vulgar people. But, seriously: granted the truth of your caricatured description, what has the manifestation of vanity, envy, hatred, and vulgarity to do with that which is the mere occasion, as any thing else, even religion, might be the occasion of their exhibition? There is not the least connection in the world between a cultivated taste and the petty and contemptible vices which you have just catalogued with so much gusto."

TOMES. "I'm not so sure of that. At any rate, they are very often found in company together."

GREY. "True; but not oftener than honesty and meanness, kindness and clownishness, sincerity and hardness of heart, hospitality and de-

bauchery, chastity and uncharitableness; and with no more connection with each other than these virtues and these vices have."

Tomes hesitated a moment for a reply; and whether he could have made one which would have satisfied even himself will never be known. For while his host was speaking steps were heard in the hall, and before Tomes had thought what to say, the library door opened slowly, and a clear, soft voice said, "May we come in?" "Certainly," answered Grey, "here's your ancient enemy, Mr. Tomes; now my antagonist and prospective vanquisher." And Mrs. Grey entered, but not alone. She was followed by a fair, brown-haired beauty, Miss Laura Larches, whom Grey greeted with that mingling of deference, admiration, and courtesy with which your man of society tacitly recognizes the claims of an acknowledged belle. Tomes was presented to her, and bowed like a well-sweep. The ladies were attended by Mr. Carleton Key, an exceedingly exquisite person, and manifestly of "very soft society," whom Tomes set down at sight as an egregious ass. All took chairs but Mrs. Grey, who, indulging in her own house and among friends, a woman's liking of a low seat, sank down with a little feminine sigh of satisfaction upon a hassock, where her head and shoulders crowned a vast hemisphere of silk and crinoline.

After customary salutations and inquiries, Grey turned to his wife: "How did the reception go off, Nelly? A brilliant affair, I suppose, as all Mrs. Moulton's affairs are?"

MRS. GREY. "Of course it was. A woman as clever as Mrs. Moulton is don't grow gray and keep beautiful during twenty-five years' devotion to society, with all material means and appliances of success, without having her pick of the whole town, and the tact to put her acquaintances to good use. She asked for you."

GREY. "That of course, too; and was quite desolate—that's the phrase, isn't it?—while you were in hearing, because I wasn't there; and when your back was turned was radiant with delight because some one else—Miss Larches or Mr. Key—was there."

MRS. GREY. "You're an incorrigible creature, Stanford. I'm sure she likes you, and me, too. Must a woman be heartless because she's the fashion? And then you're never tired of admiring her dress, and her black eyes and gray curls."

MISS LARCHES. "I'm sure every body must love dear Mrs. Moulton. She is so elegant, has such charming manners, and is always so kind to every body."

TOMES. "What, Miss Larches, to those who don't deserve kindness?"

MISS LARCHES. "Why yes, Mr. Tomes, because—because—"

MR. KEY. "Because, Mr. Tomes, you know, as Hamlet says, 'Use every man according to his desert, and who should escape whipping?'"

Mrs. Grey's brown eyes flashed merry malice at the astonishment with which Tomes received

this retort from such a quarter—uttered, too, as it was, with a calm evenness of tone which was almost languid.

GREY. "As to Mrs. Moulton she's no more heartless, I suppose, than any other woman, who is as heartless as she. But the best proof of her honesty that I know of, and of her good taste—next to her professed liking for me—is that she was the first woman, in our society at least, to let her curls grow gray in full sight of the world; though it is so becoming that I more than suspect that I must credit her taste much and her honesty nothing. As to you, Nelly, you are married, and so are no longer a magnet to attract young men to her rooms; you are poor, and can't entertain; and so I don't believe she really cares a hair-pin whether she ever sees you again, except in so far as you make one of a passably well-dressed and tolerable well-bred crowd of people that she likes to have around her."

MRS. GREY. "Such is the gallantry of husbands! Laura, take warning. Over the door of the house that a woman enters as a married mistress is written, though she don't see it when she goes in, 'Who enters here leaves all hope—of compliments—behind.'"

MR. KEY. "Quite a woman's idea of the *Inferno*, I should say."

TOMES. "Why should a woman be complimented? Why should any one be complimented? Complimenting is fit amusement for little girls, who take pleasure in making believe. When any one compliments me it makes me angry."

MRS. GREY. "That's the reason you are always so good-humored, Mr. Tomes, isn't it?—except when you're here."

Tomes was used to this from his friend's wife, who, he knew, respected him, and for whom he had a real regard; and so he took it gruffly but kindly. But Grey returned to the charge and broke out, "Nelly, I take back what I said just now. I said you were one of a crowd of passably well-dressed people. It isn't so. You are abominably ill dressed; and so—I beg Miss Larches's pardon—are all women nowadays. See as you sit there with your gown all puffed out around you—you look like one of those Dutch toys that are human creature o' top and ball below, and as if Mr. Key would but give you a gentle touch you would bob back and forth for half an hour. There's not a fold or a line about you that has any of the grace of drapery; and not only so, but not a tint about you, except that orange ribbon, can be rightly called a color. To be passably well dressed you would have to begin by taking off your hoop."

MRS. GREY. "Take off my hoop? Would you have me look like a fright? as slinky as if I had been drawn through a keyhole?"

MISS LARCHES. "Take off her hoop!"

MR. KEY. "Be seen without her hoop? Why, what a guy a woman would look without her hoop? I suppose they do take them off at certain times; but then they are not visible to the naked eye."

TOMES. "Yes, Grey, why take off her hoop? I don't care, you know, to have hoops worn. But worn or not worn, what matter? A woman, I suppose, is not like a barrel, liable to fall into ruins if her hoops are taken off."

GREY. "Yes, I suppose that a woman would really rather be seen with a hole in the heel of her stocking now than without a hoop. Yet ten years ago no woman wore a hoop; and did they then look like frights and guys? How was it with you, Nelly? About that time we were married; and perhaps you were a fright, but people generally didn't think so, whatever my private opinion—of which you knew nothing—might have been."

MISS LARCHES. "But it wasn't the fashion then to wear hoops, Mr. Grey; and to be out of the fashion is to be a fright and a guy. The fashion is always pretty."

GREY. "Is it, Miss Larches? I think that it is true that those who wear the fashions are generally pretty. But as to the fashions themselves, see here. This port-folio contains a collection of prints which shows the fashion of ladies' dresses in Italy, France, and England, for

eight hundred years back. I think that not one in a hundred of them is beautiful, and not more than one in twenty enduring; but I expect you to admire them all."

MISS LARCHES. "Fashions! Why, Mr. Grey, these are caricatures."

MR. KEY. "Certainly some of these ladies look as if they were fearfully and wonderfully made."

GREY. "But they represent veritable cos-



HORNED HEAD-DRESSES.



BALL DRESS:—1810.



HEAD-DRESSES:—1750.



tumes, I can assure you. Those of the last seventy-five years are fashion-plates; the earlier ones portraits."

TOMES. "Portraits, indeed; and yet most of these people had done nothing worthy of the distinction which a portrait implied in their day, except that they did the world the honor of being born to a title and estate."

MRS. GREY. "I am not surprised at your wondering looks, Laura. Not to go far back, look at this ball-dress of 1810—a night-gown—no, it's too scant for a night-gown—a chemise of pink silk."

MR. KEY. "Evidence that women's effort to outstrip each other in dress did not begin in the present generation. Those were probably days of hasty marriages."

MRS. GREY. "Why, Mr. Key?"

MR. KEY. "No need of a man's waiting to see more of a woman than he saw on the first acquaintance."

TOMES. "Surely modest women were never seen in such a gown as that."

GREY. "Yes, our modest and somewhat precise grandmothers. These were the gowns of which Talleyrand said that they began too late and ended too soon. But my dear old Aunt Sarah—you remember her, Nelly?—not a prude to be sure—too truly modest for that; but certainly one of the most decorous as well as the best of women, told me that when she was a girl of seventeen she once, by a sudden little spring, somewhat more vigorous than she meant to make, split her petticoat half-way to the knee. Was she less modest at shy seventeen than when,

in the ample robes as well as with the acquired experience of fifty years later, she told me the story? What is modest in dress depends entirely, up to a certain point, on what is customary. Unconsciousness is modesty's triple shelter against shame. Immodesty may hide as well as expose. Look at this figure covered close from the chin to the instep and the wrist, and at this in a gown (if gown it can be called) so loose at the bust that the pink chemise would blush crimson at it. The first is the dissolute Marguerite of Lorraine; the last, *La belle* Hamilton, no less chaste than beautiful, so that she escaped in the Court of Charles II. the breath of scandal, even from the tongues of envious and eclipsed beauties."

MRS. GREY. "Women have become more modest since then."

MR. KEY. "Or less charitable."

MRS. GREY. "Mr. Key would have us believe that the gallantry of his sex has kept pace with the charity of ours."

MR. KEY. "Exactly. Men are not gallant now—only good-natured. Haven't the time and nervous energy to spare for gallantry. But one is tempted to be out of the fashion at Mrs. Grey's; and so to err a little on the other side for the sake of saving one's reputation from the reproach of old fogyism."

MRS. GREY. "I surrender."

MISS LARCHES. "But, Nelly, do look at these hideous peaked and horned head-dresses! How frightful! how inconvenient! how uncomfortable!"

GREY. "Frightful, inconvenient, and uncomfortable. Is that all? They were the fashion, and that was enough. And besides, how could they be frightful, Miss Larches, for the fashion is always pretty?"



MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE:—1590.



LA BELLE HAMILTON:—1670.

TOMES. "A question which I can put to you with a great deal more propriety than you to Miss Larches. For this is but a manifestation of that craving for the beautiful the satisfaction of which you so strongly insist on."

MISS LARCHES. "Thank you, Mr. Tomes."

GREY. "You forget, Tomes, that I also hold that the instinct must be cultivated; and, above all, that it should be freed from the trammels of servile imitation—that is, of mere fashion. But, ladies, don't confine your criticism to these fourteenth century head-dresses. Look through the costumes of the three succeeding centuries and see how elaborately and hideously the head was deformed, apparently for the sole purpose of having a head look like any thing but a head, and hair like any thing but hair."

MR. KEY. "Perhaps the ladies did it for a difference; as French dames of position and character used to wear a patch of rouge directly under the eyes, because color, real or artificial, could be found naturally distributed on the cheeks of the vulgar and the virtue-less."

GREY. "You have hit upon the very reason. No woman, for instance, could wear her hair dressed in the style of this costume of 1750, unless she was rich enough to do nothing and to command the services of two waiting-maids. Her head-dress is a structure erected with skill and pains, and to be preserved with care. Her hair is drawn violently back from her forehead and piled up on a cushion nine inches high. Its texture is defiled with grease, and its color concealed with flour. She has four formal curls, hanging, like rolls of parchment, from the top of this cushion to below her ear. And o' top of all this are feathers and artificial flowers, and behind, a mass of be-greased, be-powdered hair hanging in a club; the result of the whole being hideous monstrosity, which showed that she could afford to give up two hours a day to this disfigurement of her pretty head."

TOMES. "But she attained her end, which was to please herself and others; and so what matter whether in her way or in yours?"

GREY. "Doubtless: for, as you see, she was beautiful; and, as fashion did not quite require her to flatten her nose and paint her cheeks pea-green, she could not destroy the effect of that which she left in its natural condition. As to her incongruous and monstrous additions to her person, the people she met were used to them; and so she was yet beautiful in spite of them, but not by reason of them. There have been countless similar cases since: there are some now."

MR. KEY. "Miss Larches blushes at that look; but whether with pleasure at the compliment to herself or indignation at the disparagement of her toilet deponent saith not."

GREY. "The first, I trust."

MRS. GREY. "The last, I know. There never was a woman yet who didn't resent a slight to her costume more heartily than she prized a tribute to her beauty. But what could the women have said to each other about their dresses,

between 1575 and 1600, when this was the fashion? Stomachers like wedges, stiff with embroidery and heavy with jewels, and with points that reach half-way from the waist to the ground. Ruffs a quarter of a yard deep and as stiff as buckram. See this portrait of Queen Elizabeth in full dress! What with stomacher, and pointed waist, and farthingale, and spreading ruff, and skirt, covered with ouches and jewels and puckers, she looks like a microscopic view of a hideous flying insect with expanded wings, not at all like a woman."



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

GREY. "And her critic's costume rivals hers in the very peculiarity by which she is most deformed, by which her figure is made most unlike that of a woman—the straight outline of the waist and the rising curve below it, meeting in such a sharp, unnatural angle. If you would see how these lines misrepresent those of nature, look at the Venus of Milo yonder; she is naked to the hips."

MR. KEY. "But the civilized world of modern days has tacitly agreed that woman's figure below the shoulders should be imagined rather than defined. Does Mr. Grey propose to substitute the charming reality of undisguised nature?"

GREY. "We may veil or even conceal nature, as our taste or our notions of propriety dictate; but we can not misrepresent or distort her except at the cost of both beauty and propriety. Look at these full-length portraits of Catherine de Medicis and the Princess Marguerite, daughter of Francis I., of France."

MISS LARCHES. "What dowdies!"

MRS. GREY. "No, not both. Marguerite's dress is pretty in spite of those puffed epaulets upon her shoulders."

MR. KEY. "Strange perversity which sees the



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS:—1550.

dress before the woman! I notice first that the Princess is a beauty, and the Queen a fright."

GREY. "The ladies are right, from their point of view. Those sleeves rising in Catherine's robe above the shoulders are very unsightly, and, in case of the Queen, only complete the expression of the costume, which is a grim and graceless stiffness. The reason of this is that the outline which these sleeves present is directly at variance with that of nature. The peculiar sexual characteristic of this part of woman's figure is the gentle downward curve by which the lines of the shoulder pass into those of the arm. Our knowledge of this enters, consciously or unconsciously, into our judgment of this costume, and we condemn it at once because it is elaborately monstrous. Mr. Key's pretty princess cuts a less hideous figure, because in her case the slope of the shoulder is preserved until the very junction of the arm with the bust; and partly because her bust and waist are defined by her gown with a tolerably near approach to nature, instead of being concealed, as is the case with her royal sister-in-law, by stiff, straight lines, which slant downward on all sides to the ground, making the remorseless instigator of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew look like an enormous extinguisher with a woman's head set on it."

TOMES. "I like the color of Marguerite's dress."

GREY. "Well done, Tomes! You are right.



MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE:—1590.

One great cause of the superiority of her costume is that it presents a contrast of rich color in unbroken masses, while the Queen wears black velvet patched with white satin and elaborately disfigured—ornamented, she would call it—with embroidery, ermine, lace, and jewels."

MISS LARCHES. "It is very ugly."

MRS. GREY. "Hideous."

GREY. "You are very prompt and decided in the condemnation of a costume to which your eyes are unaccustomed; but look at that which you wear, and which I confess that it would be very difficult for you to avoid wearing. Here are two fashion-plates of last month.* Look at that shawled lady. If you did not know that her shoulders are covered with a shawl, and that what surmounts the shawl is a bonnet, you would not suspect the figure to be human. The outlines are just those of a pyramid, slightly rounded at the apex, and nearly as broad across the base as it is high. What is there of woman in such a figure? See, too, this evening full dress."

MR. KEY. "Full enough—at the bottom; but not much dress at the top."

GREY. "Mr. Key will please not interrupt by impertinent observations. This figure brings to mind the enchantments in the stories of the Dark Ages, in which knights were exposed to the allurements of fiends, who are women to the

* This conversation took place in April, 1859.



SHAWL AND LADY:—1850.

breast, and monsters below. From the head as far as half-way down the waist this figure is natural.

MR. KEY. "Under the circumstances, couldn't be otherwise. *Au naturel!* I should call it, except for a little spice of flowers and lace. Looks like a portrait of Madame la Comtesse l'Epine, whose neck begins one inch and a quarter below her shoulder-blades."

MRS. GREY. "You are exact in your scandal, Mr. Key. How do you know?"

MR. KEY. "Measured. Stood ten minutes behind her at Mrs. Moulton's last crush. Calculation very exact. Shoulder-blades sufficiently prominent. Charley Bang, who's in the Coast Survey, said it was a splendid chance for measurement by triangulation."

GREY. "Well, from a point which may be seen, but need not be named, this figure begins to lose all semblance to a woman's shape. It runs inward in a straight line where nature shows a gentle curve (look again at the Venus), and then suddenly its outlines break into a sharp angle, and form a monstrous non-descript figure, which is not only unlike nature, but has no relations whatever with nature. The merest child sees that no such outline can be produced by drapery upon a woman's form, and that there must be an elaborate framework underneath that dome of silk, and that the wo-



man merely supplies the motive power by which it is made to perambulate. A woman in this rig hangs in her skirts like a clapper in a bell; and I never meet one without being tempted to take her up by the neck and ring her."

MR. KEY. "Some women's dresses are worthy of death; but wringing their necks not the pleasantest mode of inflicting the punishment."

MRS. GREY. "No, Mr. Key; men punish women by ringing of another kind."

GREY. "You mean by what Mr. Bull calls 'the halter of Imen.' But this costume is also faulty in two other important points. It is without pure, decided color of any tint, presenting, on the contrary, an agglomeration of patches and blotches of various mongrel hues—"

MRS. GREY. "Hear the man! That exquisite brocade!"

GREY. "—and whatever beauty it might otherwise have had, of either form or color, would be frittered away by the multitudinous and multiform trimmings with which it is bedizened, and it has no girdle."

MRS. GREY. "O sweet Simplicity! There is no goddess but Simplicity, and Stanford Grey is her prophet. What would your Serenity have the poor woman wear? A white muslin gown with a blue sash, and a rose in her hair? That style went out with stage-coaches and gentlemen drunk under the table."

GREY. "And well it might. For if dress be worthy of any attention at all, it demands colors and forms which require taste to be shown in their arrangement and adaptation. Your woman in white and your man in black are secure from an exhibition of bad taste as your silent folk are sure not to exhibit folly or ignorance. They should have blind folk to look at them, as the others deaf folk to hear them."

MISS LARCHES. "Good Mr. Censor, what then shall we do? You have done nothing but find fault and forbid. Is there not in all this collection a single toilet that is positively beautiful, to be text for a sermon on what is right as well as what is wrong?"

GREY. "Certainly. I'll find you the text immediately, and preach the sermon if you desire it. Here, indeed, are two costumes very unlike, and yet both beautiful. The first the fashions of 1812 and thereabout; the second the dress of this peasant girl of Normandy. Look first at the lady of fashion of 1812 in her evening dress, and remark the adaptation of that beautiful gown to all purposes for which a gown is intended."

MISS LARCHES. "Why do you say 'gown,' Mr. Grey, and Mr. Tomes, too? Nobody else does."

GREY. "Tomes does it for old fashion's sake. I because it describes the garment exactly, which no other English word does. 'Dress' is very vague; it is as applicable to a man as to a woman, to a savage as to a civilized man, and it takes in all that is worn from head to foot. 'Robe' is a French mantua-making affectation: in English it means what kings and judges



EVENING DRESS:—1812.

wear. But 'gown' is just the word, and it has been used for centuries as I use it.—Well, this gown of 1812, how completely it clothes the entire figure, and with what a decorous grace, what ease and comfort to the wearer! The entire person is concealed, except the tip of one foot, the hands, the head and throat, and just enough of the bust to reveal the existence of its feminine charms without exposing them; yet how manifestly there is a well-formed, untortured woman enveloped in those tissues! The waist is girdle-marked just at the proper place; neither just beneath the breasts, as was a few years before and after, nor just above the hips, as it has been for many years past, and as it was three hundred years ago. Compare the figure with those on these fashion-plates of the present day. How the lines of one figure tell of health, and grace, and bounteous fullness of life! and how poor, and mean, and man-made the others seem! Those limbs look free as air, and are so; but there is not a woman of the slightest pretensions to fashion nowadays who, when dressed, can clap her hands above her head any more than if she were Queen Elizabeth. Isn't that true?"

MRS. GREY. "No such woman when she is dressed wants to clap her hands above her head.—Take care, Stanford, you'll topple that Venus down upon me!"

Mrs. Grey springs up and raises her arms to catch the statue. The figure is held firmly by Grey's hand; but there is a sound as of rending

and snapping, and Mrs. Grey sits suddenly down, blushing crimson, and looking smile-sheathed daggers at her husband.

GREY. "No woman when she is dressed wants to clap her hands above her head. Now you are only half-dressed—"

MRS. GREY "Stanford!"

GREY. "Don't you call that a *demi-toilet*? Only half-dressed, I say, and yet you are powerless to protect yourself against one of the commonest accidents of life, except at the risk of tearing your clothes off your back, and hardly even at that; for the mantua-maker's shackles may prove too strong for you.—But to return to this costume of 1812. Its chief beauty is a trait in which it differs from the costume of the present day, and of most of those of times past, is, that it has, or seems to have, no form of its own. It is mere clothing for the person who wears it, around whose figure it falls in graceful and easy lines; and as these must change with every motion of the wearer for others, also beautiful, the eye is constantly relieved with varying pleasure. Ample, too, as the gown is, it follows the contour of the figure in front sufficiently to taper gracefully to the feet, touching the floor lightly. A side view would show it trailing very lightly."

TOMES. "Consistent critic! You said these costumes were equally beautiful; and yet, while the gown of the 1812 lady touches the floor, and clings in little wrinkles round her feet, the peasant girl's frock is wider at the bottom than any where else."

GREY. "Daniel, you have come to judgment, and shall presently be answered. Meantime notice another trait of the beauty of the costumes of 1811, 1812, and 1813. They are in one, or two, or, at most, three colors; the gowns, the outer garments, and the bonnets or head-dresses, being severally of one unbroken tint; and the trimming that they have is very moderate in quantity, though rich in quality."

MISS LARCHES. "Why, so it is. I should not have noticed that; and yet our dresses are trimmed so much."

MR. KEY. "Chief use of dresses now to display trimming; chief use of women to display dresses. Therefore—"

MRS. GREY. "Yes, I must admit that nowadays a matron could not use the warning which Shakspeare makes Constance address to Prince Louis—

"—the Devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new, untrimmed bride."

GREY. "Miss Larches's objection is in order. She did not notice the lack of trimming in these costumes because it is not needed to complete the dress or give it character. In a well-designed costume the absence of trimming is never felt, only its presence attracts attention."

TOMES. "But my objection. The Normandy petticoat."

GREY. "Yes, now for my pretty peasant girl. She is not in full holiday costume, perhaps; but she is dressed, as the ladies call it; for though



NORMANDY PEASANT GIRL.

her feet are stockingless, and she carries her shoes in her hand, she is on her way doubtless to some rustic merry-making. Her waist is indicated, but uncompressed. Her shoulders are covered, and she can move her arms at will. In fact, she is entirely at ease in her costume, and unconscious of it, except perhaps for a shy suspicion that it becomes her, or she it."

TOMES. "But how about the expansion and the brevity of that skirt, which cries excelsior to the pink night-gown?"

GREY. "Oh, implacable-upon-the-subject-of-short-petticoats Rhadamanthus, don't you see that your poor victim's arms as well as her legs are bare? And why, if it be the custom, should not one limb be shown as well as the other? That girl's grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers wore skirts of just that length from their childhood to their old age; so why should not she? And the frock is but little shorter than that which good Aunt Sarah split; and do you need assurance of her perfect modesty? As to the expansion of these skirts in comparison with those of 1812, it is inevitable, because they hang but little below the calf of the leg. In both costumes the form of the drapery is determined by the natural lines of the figure, and this is what good taste and common sense demand. In both

these costumes the means of locomotion are visible or indicated. But look at a woman nowadays. From the waist down she is a puzzle of silk and conic sections; a marvelous locomotive machine that moves in a mysterious way."

MR. KEY. "Its wonders to perform."

GREY. "And what a simple and harmonious effect of color is this costume! The frock of a rich, low-toned red, positive and pure; the apron, blue; the enviable little kerchief yellow, well suited to her brunette complexion; and that quaint head-dress of a tender green."

MRS. GREY. "But, Stanford, you man, you—"

GREY. "I admit the truth of the accusation."

MRS. GREY. "—don't you see that it is the women that charm you, not their dresses? These women are, in your horrid man's-phrase, fine creatures; they are rounded, lithe, shapely, and—what I've heard you say Homer calls Briseis."

GREY. "White armed, deep bosomed?"

MRS. GREY. "Such women are beautiful in any costume. But how shall puny, ill-made women wear such costumes without exhibiting all those personal defects which our present fashions conceal? You are cruel in your exactions."

MR. KEY. "Cruel, but unfortunately true, that to be beautiful in any costume a woman must be—beautiful."

GREY. "A profound truth of which most women appear to be entirely ignorant. Color may enhance the beauty of complexion; but to devise a costume which shall make ugly women beautiful is past the ingenuity of all the *modistes* in Paris. What did all the ugly women do between 1811 and 1813? and what those of Normandy for centuries past? Did they look any uglier for their beautiful costume? Ugliness may be covered; but even then it can not always be concealed. And the fashions of the day which you laud as so charitable—as covering such a multitude of sins—do they so kindly veil personal defects? Miss Larches, what is the fashion for evening parties?"

MISS LARCHES. "Why, low neck and short sleeves, of course."

GREY. "And you wouldn't think of going otherwise?"

MISS LARCHES. "Quite impossible! Would you go in a brown frock-coat?"

GREY. "Certainly not."

TOMES. "Why not, Grey? Only because it is not the fashion; and not to be in the fashion is to be a fright and a guy."

THE LADIES. "Good, Mr. Tomes! Served him right! We have him there."

GREY. "Not at all. My brown frock-coat is my working-dress; but an evening party is a festive occasion, for which a festive costume should be worn. If you attack me for wearing such a hideous thing as a dress-coat in conformity to fashion, I admit that I have no defense. But, Mr. Key, you see more of society than Tomes and I together, twice over; what do you find to be the result of this exposure of arms and

busts and shoulders, which fashion inexorably declares shall be full-dress?"

MR. KEY. "Emotions of alternate pity and delight. Former in excess."

GREY. "It can't be otherwise until all women are beautiful. A set fashion, to which all feel bound to conform, rigidly preserves the contrasts of unequal Nature. Were it otherwise, every person might adopt a style suited to his or her peculiarities of person, and in this way mitigate and humor defects, but nothing more; for deformity (which is a matter of degree) can by no device be made beauty."

MRS. GREY. "But, Stanford, there are times when—"

GREY. "There are no times when taste and tact can not drape woman's figure so that it will possess some of the attraction peculiar to her sex. But supposing it were not so, how absurd it is to hide the very humanity of all women, at all times, for the sake of concealing in some women the sign of their perfected womanhood at certain times!"

MR. KEY. "Consequences are certainly sometimes astonishing. Mrs. Flounsir was one of a little party on my yacht only two weeks ago, and yesterday—"



MRS. FLOUNSIK.

MRS. GREY. "She sent you word she couldn't go to-morrow. Well, Laura and I will take her place; although I fear you did not take good care of her."

MR. KEY. "Her fault that I wasn't more solicitous. Kept me in utter ignorance, don't you see?"

MISS LARCHES. "But, Mr. Grey, why not put all these very fine notions of yours about toilet, costume, dress, into an essay—with a beginning, a middle, and an end—that might be a sort of rule of life to us poor women who will go about hankering after heterodox bonnets and

disloyal dresses? Do vouchsafe us some masculine rules to dress by."

GREY. "I've done it already. Indeed I have printed something of the kind before; and it was my proposal to read it, in its new form, to Cato the Censor here, which brought on the discussion between us which your entrance interrupted, and so pleasantly diverted into the desultory chat we have just indulged in."

TOMES. "We have just indulged in! Hear the fellow! He is like Madame de Staël, who, after talking to a newly-introduced man through a whole evening on a stretch, said that she had rarely met a more agreeable or intelligent person. Her host had omitted to tell her that her new acquaintance was dumb."

GREY. "And Tomes is like Sydney Smith, who met Macaulay one morning at one of Rogers's breakfast parties, when the historian was in one of his most brilliant and communicative veins. The wit hardly got a chance to put in a word; so when, as the party were passing from the breakfast-table to the drawing-room, some one said to him, 'What a magnificent colloquist Macaulay is!' he replied, 'Soliloquist, Sir; soliloquist!' The anecdote is not in print, I believe."

MRS. GREY. "How unfortunate that we should have had Sydney Smith's mortification, without the instruction that compensated it."

GREY. "Or the wit that avenged it."

MISS LARCHES. "A truce! a truce! and let us have the essay."

TOMES. "Yes, Grey, the essay. Mrs. Grey will endure it for our sakes; and I will listen in hopes of finding a seam in your armor."

GREY. "I consent, of course."

Grey opened a drawer in his library-table, and taking out a manuscript of a few sheets, read the following:

"ON THE LAWS OF DRESS.

"To dress is to put in order, to make fit for use; and to dress the body is to give it proper covering. To propriety in dress, comfort and decency are first essential; next, fitness to person and condition; last, beauty of form, color, and material. To seek the last first, is to risk the loss of all; for what is neither comfortable, decent, nor suitable, can not be completely beautiful. Comfort and decency require only sufficient covering; and what is sufficient, climate and custom must determine.

"The two principal requisites of dress being easily attainable, the others are almost simultaneously sought; and dress at the outset becomes, among all people, one of those mixed arts which seek the union of the useful and the beautiful, and which thus hold a middle place between mechanic art and fine art. Of these arts dress is the lowest and the least important: the lowest, because the attainment of perfection in it requires only the lowest order of intellectual endowment and culture; the least important, as having neither intellectual nor emotional significance, and so being without aesthetic purpose; but, as an art, having in view only the

temporary sensuous gratification of the eye. Dress, too, is the first decorative art which men attempt to practice; because, as they emerge from the savage state, the acquirement of skill with the distaff, the spindle, the loom, and in dyeing, is the first stage of their advancement. The costumes of half-civilized people—as the shawl of India, the Mexican *poncho*, the Peruvian *rebozo*, the silken fabrics of China, of Persia, and of Turkey—are unsurpassed for beauty of design, richness of fabric, comfort, and convenience. Taste in dress seems also to be so much a mere matter of instinct, that the diffusion of wealth and the comparative cheapness of textile fabrics has caused it to be no longer a criterion of culture, social position, or even appreciation of the beautiful, except as to costume itself.

“Dress has relations to society and to the individual. It indicates the temper of the time and the character of a people. Wanton looseness of habit and of manners reached their extreme together in the time of Charles the Second; the hollow artificiality of society which crumbled into dust at the French Revolution had its counterpart in the costume which vanished with it; and in the fashions of our own day those of women, contrived less to be beautiful than for the exhibition of reckless expenditure; those of men, cheap and sober-hued, there is expressed the lavish and laborious spirit of the times—the right hand gathering only for the left to scatter. Dress has an appreciable effect upon the mental condition of individuals. The man is best suited to his dress, and the dress to the man, when he is not conscious of it. The consciousness of sordid or unpleasantly-peculiar garments depresses even the wise; the consciousness of rich and gaudy raiment will elate the foolish. Excellence in dress is chiefly relative; for its absolute beauty is quite lost if it is not suited to the person and the position of the wearer, and does not sufficiently correspond to the fashion of his time and country to escape remark for eccentricity. So the elements of its completeness are unknown and variable.

“Comfort and decency in dress need not be insisted on; for maxims were not made for idiots. But clothes should not only be comfortable and decent, but seem so. For as to all others but the wearer, what is the difference between shivering and seeming to shiver, sweltering and seeming to swelter?

“Convenience is a kind of comfort; but it relates more to doing than to being. It is the third essential quality to proper dress. Men should not hunt in Spanish cloaks, and do not, nor should women walk the streets in trailing gowns. No beauty of fashion or material in dress can compensate for manifest inconvenience. Gowns opening before produce a pleasanter impression than those which open behind; for we do not see the lady's maid or husband, and there is an intuitive though unconscious knowledge that the former are convenient, the latter inconvenient. So every proper dress

should allow, and seem to allow, the easy performance of all movements natural to the wearer; otherwise it violates the first law of the mixed arts—fitness. Thus children should not be tormented with the toilet, but wear clothes simple in fashion, loose, and inexpensive. It is their right to roll upon the grass and to play in the dirt. Whatever their condition in life, to give them, except upon rare festive occasions, any thing more than clean skins twice a day, and clothes which it will trouble no one to see torn or soiled, is to be vulgarly pretentious, to waste money for the mere sake of showing an ability to waste it.

“Next to convenience is fitness to years and condition in life. Boys and girls who dress like men and women are not less ridiculous, and are far more excusable than old men and women who dress like young ones. In both cases, but especially in the latter, certain failure only exposes folly. All devices to make age look like youth only succeed in depriving age of its peculiar and becoming traits, and leaving it a bloated or a haggard sham. Fixed conditions in life do not exist among us, and are disappearing everywhere with the advance of Christian civilization. Yet various conditions must to a greater or less degree exist here as elsewhere. Not necessarily higher or lower, but different. Entire fitness and conformity of the seen to the unseen requires that this fitness should have outward expression. The philanthropist may note with pleasure in the abandonment of distinctive costume a sign of social progress, and rejoice that it can not be arrested; but its effect upon the beauty, the keeping, and the harmonious variety and contrast of external life is to be deplored.

“In all arts, whether fine art or mixed art, form is the most important element of absolute beauty. So it is in dress. Unbroken, flowing lines are essential to the beauty of dress, which in every part should correspond to the forms of nature, or be in harmony with them. The general outlines of the figure should be indicated at the least, and no others should be substituted for them. Sharply intersecting lines are inharmonious; and fixed angles are monstrous, except where Nature has placed them at the junction of the limbs with the trunk. A garment which flows from the shoulders downward is incomplete without a girdle. A recent fashion of ladies' dress, the upper line of the gown cutting with pitiless straightness across the undulating forms of the shoulders and bust, the *berthe* concealing the union of the arms with the body, and adding with its straight lower edge another discordant line to the costume, its long ungirdled waist piercing with a sharp point a puffed and gathered swell below, is an instance of utter disregard of Nature, and deliberate violation of harmony, and the consequent attainment of discord and absurdity in every particular.

“The girdle is in female dress the most important and the most charming accessory of costume—that which most defines the peculiar beauties of woman's form, and to which the tenderest

associations cling. Its knot has ever had a sweet significance which makes it sacred. What token could a lover receive which he would prize so highly as the girdle whose office he has so often envied? 'That,' cries Waller—

'That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind.

Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.'

Taste tells us that with this cestus the least attractive woman puts on some of Venus's beauty; sentiment forbids her to discard so true a type of her tender power that its mere lengthening makes every man her servant.

"In distinguishing the sexes by form of costume, long and loose gowns are properly assigned to women, for the concealment of certain peculiarities of the female figure, which might be called defects were it not that they adapt it to its proper functions without diminishing its attractiveness. Its centre of gravity is low; its breadth at the hip great; its base narrow; so that its natural movements, unless the action of the hip and knee joints are concealed, are ungraceful. This may be seen in the antics of ballet-dancers, in whom the movements of the arms, bust, and head are graceful and significant, but those of the legs equally without grace or meaning.

"Color is the point of next importance. Colors have harmonies and discords, like sounds, which must be carefully observed in composing costume. Perception of these can not be taught more than perception of harmony in music; but, like that, if possessed at all, it may be developed and perfected. No fine effects of color are to be attained without broad masses of pure and pleasing tints. These, however, may be set off and relieved by trimming of broken and combined colors, as sauces and condiments give zest to viands. But dresses striped, plaided, or checkered are not in accordance with the dictates of pure taste. Parti-colored costumes might well be left to fools; but fools no longer wear a distinctive costume. The three primary and the three secondary colors—red, yellow, and blue, orange, green, and purple—positive in tint but low in tone, afford the best hues for costume, and are inexhaustible in their beautiful combinations. To these may be added white and black, not properly colors, but effective in combination, and the various tints of brown found in nature. But curiously sought-out tints, without distinctive hue, have little beauty which they do not borrow from the fabric to which they are imparted.

"The effect of the absolute beauty of costume which results from form and color may be entirely frittered away by excess of trimming. This, whatever its costliness, is a mere petty accessory to dress; and the use of it, except to define terminal outlines, as a border at a hem, or to soften their impingement upon the flesh, as soft lace at the throat and wrists, is a confession of weakness in the main points of the costume,

or indicates a depraved and trivial taste. When they pretend to beauty in themselves, that beauty, like all other, must be attained by a clearly marked design. Delicacy or richness of fabric will not compensate for the like of this. Not that lace or any other ornamental fabric should imitate exactly the forms of natural objects, but that the conventional forms should be beautiful in themselves and clearly traced in the pattern, as, for instance, in the figures on an India shawl. Akin to trimmings are jewels and all humbler appendages to dress; and if, as common sense would dictate, every part of dress should have a function and perform it, and seem to do so, and should not seem to do that which it does not do, these should be worn only when they serve a useful purpose—as a brooch, a button, a chain, a signet, or a guard-ring; or when they have significance—as a wedding-ring, an epaulet, or an order. But brooch and button must fasten, chain secure, signet bear device, or sink into a pretentious, vulgar sham. So there should be keeping between these articles and their offices. Gold should not be used to secure silver, velvet to shelter linsey-woolsey.

"The human head is the most beautiful and expressive object in nature. At certain times it needs a covering: but in its natural state the less it is decorated the more beautiful it is, and any decoration, whether added to it or made with the hair itself, which distorts its form or is in discord with its outlines, is an abomination.

"Perfumes are no part of dress, but have been made accessory to it from the remotest antiquity. But only a sparing use of the most delicate will free the user from the charge of deliberately contriving to attract attention to the person by addressing the lowest and most sensuous of the senses. Next to no perfume at all, the faint fragrance of roses laid away in drawers, which some women bear about them like sweet memories of faded joys, the scent of lavender, such as Walton tells us filled the chambers of country inns where honest anglers stopped, or of the Cologne water which can not purify Cologne, is to be preferred.

"Dress should be cheerful and enlivening in its general expression; but for adults not inconsistent with earnestness and dignity of character. There is a radical and absurd incongruity between the real condition and the outward seeming of a man or woman who knows and enters into the duties, the joys, and the sorrows of life, and who is clad in a trivial, grotesque, or extravagant costume.

"These, then, are the requisites to dress: comfort, decency, convenience, fitness, beauty of form and color, simplicity, genuineness, harmony with Nature and with itself."

When Grey had finished his essay there was dead silence for a while. The ladies looked puzzled, Mr. Key imperturbable; but presently Tomes broke out:

"I'm sorry for it, Grey, but I can't help saying, that though your essay is a clever bit of writ-

ing for you, it's small business for a man to be criticising people's clothes and laying down rules by which folk may make themselves look pretty."

GREY. "And yet the greatest of modern philosophers, whom you so reverence—Bacon—wrote essays on Beauty, on Deformity, on Gardens, Buildings, on Ceremonies, and even on Masques; and the statesman whom you most admire—Burke—wrote a volume upon the Beautiful; and Cousin, one of the leading metaphysicians of our day, has devoted himself to like lucubrations, and not having the fear of Daniel Tomes before his eyes, has dared to maintain that the beautiful and the good are but different manifestations of the same excellence."

TOMES. "Well enough that for a Frenchman and a metaphysician. But Bacon, in his very essay on Beauty, says that 'Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set;' and that it is not generally found 'that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.'"

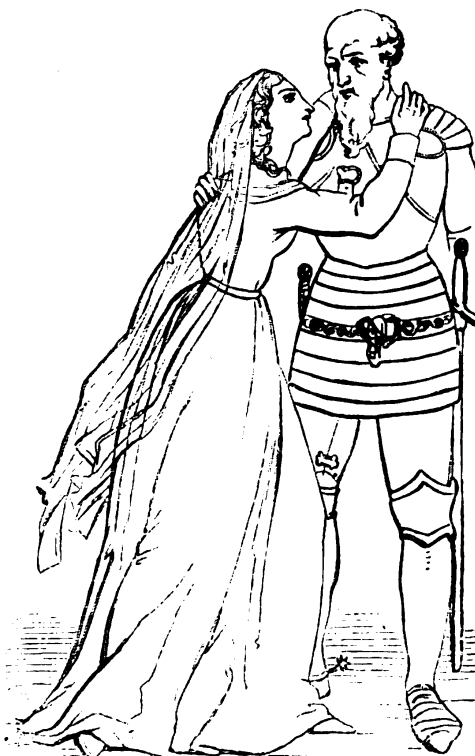
GREY. "You forget that he also says, 'And surely Virtue is best in a body that is comely.'"

MRS. GREY. "The essay was all very fine, and doubtless very true, as well as sententious and profound. But hark you, Mr. Wiseman, to something not dreamed of in your philosophy! We women dress, not to be simple, genuine, harmonious, and all that sort of thing, or even, though you think we do, to please you men, but to brave each other's criticism. And so when the time comes to get our Fall things, Laura and I will wear what is the fashion, in spite of you and your rudiments and elements."

GREY. "I am yet sane, and so have no notion that any woman in her senses is going to deviate from the prevailing mode of dress toward such remote points as grace, simplicity, and nature."

MR. KEY. "Martyrdom without glory. Don't believe that one of the female saints was out of the fashion. A woman will submit to be torn in pieces by wild beasts; but what is that to wearing an unfashionable bonnet? Surprised, Mr. Grey, though; you said nothing about the beautiful costumes which early martyrs must have worn: graceful costumes of Greece and Rome."

GREY. "Nothing more beautiful could be devised. But those costumes are quite out of the question in temperate and cold climates, and among people whose women walk much abroad. Those costumes were suited to men who lived under serene skies, and women who kept constantly indoors. The fashions of France and England from 1795 to 1805 were the result of a headlong recoil toward classic simplicity. The fashion of 1812 owes its grace chiefly to a discreet adaptation of Greek style of drapery to the climate and habits of civilized Europe. But here are five volumes full of beautiful costumes for men and women: Frank Howard's 'Spirit of Shakspeare's Plays.' Few of the compositions have much other merit, but they are all rich in that. See this figure: could comfort, convenience, grace, propriety, and conformity to nature be more completely united?"



LADY PERCY AND NORTHUMBRELAND.

TOMES. "But one part of the essay surprised me much, even from you. For the mere sake of picturesque variety you would brand callings and conditions with a distinctive costume, and so perpetuate the degradation of labor, the segregation of professions, and set up again one of the barriers between man and man. You should have sought your audience on the banks of the Ganges, not on those of the Hudson. This uniformity of costume is the great outward and visible sign of present political equality, and of social equality which is to come."

GREY. "Your democratic zeal makes you forget that the essay recognizes the significance of this uniformity in dress, and deplores it only on the score of the beauty and fitness of external life. Between human progress and variety of costume who could hesitate? But I have thought that uniformity of costume might be not a logical consequence of political equality and diffused intelligence, but the fruit of vanity and petty pride, and at variance with the very democracy from which it seems to spring. For the man who takes pains not to show any mark of his calling contemns it openly; and so does not this endeavor of every man to dress like every other man degrade labor and demoralize the laborer? Our very maid-servants—who trotted over their native bogs shoeless, stockingless, bonnetless, and who work day and night for a few dollars a month—spend all of the wages that the poor creatures don't give to their priests or their families, in hoops, flounced silk dresses, and high-colored bonnets for Sunday wearing."

MRS. GREY. "Do you grudge the poor girls their holiday and their holiday dress?"

GREY. "Far from it. Let us all make life as bright as may be with holidays and holiday dresses. But what has that to do with our all dressing alike? When I meet a French nursery-maid with her white-capped, bonnetless head, a respect for her mingles with my admiration of her head-dress. But when I see other women in the same condition of life flaunting past her in bonnets which are cheap and vulgar imitations of those their mistresses wear, I respect as little as I admire. Why should all men on certain occasions get into dress-coats and stove-pipe hats?—habits so hideous in themselves that he must unmistakably be a man bred to wearing them, if not a fine-looking and distinguished man, who can don them without detriment to his personal appearance."

MR. KEY. "Very reason why every free and enlightened American citizen will sacrifice comfort and his last dollar to exercise his right to wear them. Can't help, either, deciding in his favor. For your idea of a proper costume, Mr. Grey, seems to be a blue, red, or yellow bolster-case drawn down over the head, with a hole in the middle of the closed end for the head, two at the corners for the arms, and a cord about the waist."

GREY. "I don't scout your pattern so much as you expected. Worse costumes in every respect have been often worn. See this beautiful figure of Heloise: the immortal priestess of self-sacrificing love shows a costume which conforms almost exactly to your description."



HELOISE:—ABOUT 1150.

TOMES. "Your bringing up the poets to your aid reminded me that the greatest of them is

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against you as to the importance of richness in dress. What say you to Shakespeare's 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy?'"

GREY. "That it is not Shakespeare's advice, but that of a wily, worldly-minded old courtier to his son, at a time when to get on at court and among people of condition a man had need to be richly dressed. That need has passed away. We do not know what Shakespeare thought upon the subject, or what he would have made a Polonius say, had he lived nowadays. But we know that Horace's *simplex munditiis*—neat simplicity, Nelly—was the expression of his personal admiration."

MRS. GREY. "Yes, the poets are always raving about neat simplicity, or something else that's not the fashion. I suppose they sustain you in your condemnation of perfumes too."

TOMES. "There I'm with Grey, and the poets too, I think."

MRS. GREY. "What say you, Mr. Key?"

MR. KEY. "Always distrust a woman steeped in perfumes upon the very point as to which she seeks to impress me favorably."

TOMES. "At least, Grey [turning to him]. Plantus says, '*Mulier recte olet ubi nihil olet*;' which you may translate for the ladies, if you choose."

GREY [As if to himself and Tomes].

"Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound."

MRS. GREY. "What's that you're having all to yourselves there?"

GREY. "Only a few lines from one of Rare Ben's daintiest songs."

MRS. GREY. "What do poets know about dress, even when they are poetesses? Look at your friend, the authoress of the 'Willow Wreath,' which she wrote for no other earthly reason that I can see than that her name happened to be Ophelia. What a spook that woman is!"

MR. KEY. "Glad to know at last what that word means. Spook—something lean, long-necked, and ugly, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow at once, and some that are not in the rainbow besides; with a wreath on its head, and cork-screw curls hanging down its back. Something to be approached by men, if at all, with distant and awful respect, and by women with secret exultation."

MISS LARCHES. "In a word, Mr. Key, a spook is a fright; and every ill-dressed woman is a fright."

Here a neat, fresh-looking maid-servant entered, and said, "Please, Ma'am, dinner is served;" and after the expression of a little astonishment at the length of the conference, Mr. Key and Tomes, in answer to an invitation to stop, pleaded engagements, and left Miss Larches to discuss them with her host and hostess over the dinner-table, where plans were laid for future discussions of other departments of Social Æsthetics.

SURRY COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

TRAVELERS note the almost perfect uniformity of the American people in dress, manners, and speech. Within 300 miles of London or Paris there are more variations than can be found from Portland to San Francisco. There are, however, among us some secluded regions, the inhabitants of which present marked peculiarities. Among these is Surry County, up among the Blue Mountains, in the north-western corner of North Carolina. It is a sterile region, with long, cold winters. It was peopled mainly by emigrants from "Old Fudginny," by those who did not profess to belong to "the first families" of the State, and who brought with them and retained all the peculiarities of their homes. An esteemed Alabama clergyman, "who was raised thar," and who under his boyish sobriquet of "Skitt" veils the name of one of the first families of Virginia, has published a clever book, setting forth some of the peculiarities of this primitive people.* It is one of the half dozen clever books of American character and humor, deserving to rank with Judge Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes."

The people are almost wholly agricultural; there are two-thirds as many farms as houses, and less than one slave to a family. In education it probably ranks lowest of any county in the United States. By the census of 1850 it appears that almost one-third of the adult males, and more than half of the females were unable to read and write. They are in blissful ignorance of the latest fashions, making their own garments, material and all. When "Skitt" revisited them, after many years' absence, in 1857, he found "sacks" and "joseys" in full vogue.

Almost the only opportunity which the young men had of seeing any thing of the world beyond was when, in the autumn, a party would harness up their teams and carry their spare produce to the nearest town, some days' journey off. They would camp out at night, and as lucifer-matches had not yet reached them, they were obliged to trust for fire to a brand bor-



THE WINDSOR CHAIR.

rowed from the nearest house. Such a party once encamped near a fine dwelling, and dispatched one of their number to borrow a brand. He was courteously received by the good lady, who made him sit down in a parlor furnished, to his view, most gorgeously, with a carpet and half a dozen "Windsor chairs." When he returned he described his adventure to his companions:

"I tell you, boys, with my dirty britches I sot right smack in one o' the finest *Weasler chairs* you uver seen in all yer borned days, and my big, mud-bustin, pis-ant-killin' shoes on thar fine carpet looked like two great big Injun coonoos. I'll be poxed ef I knowed how to hold my hands nur feet."

Although uneducated, in the usual acceptance of the term—preferring a rifle and shot-pouch, and, we are sorry to say, an article

* *Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters*. By "SKITT, who was raised thar." Illustrated by JOHN M'LENAN. Harper and Brothers, Publishers.



"GOOD-MORNIN', LADIES."

which they appropriately name "knock-me-stiff" to reading—they are a very clever folk, as their friend "Skitt" shows, and especially on the alert against, as they phrased it, "having the rig put on 'em." Dick Snow was one of the best of them; a fine, manly fellow, with a countenance which bespoke honesty, frankness, decision, and fun. He was "well off," and although he could not read, had a wife who ranked as A. No. 1, and was visited by all the "quality" of the region. Among these were the two pretty daughters of Mesheck Franklin, "the Congressman." One night, when retiring, they bade him "good-night." He did not understand this; but concluded that it was some "rig," which he determined to repay. So he rose early in the morning and stationed himself at the foot of the stairs; and as the ladies appeared, rushed out, exclaiming:

"Good-mornin' at ye, ladies! I's fast anuff

for you this time. Now I'll quit ye, as we's even. You *got* me last night; I's got ye this mornin'."

Odd characters abound in such a community. Foremost among those commemorated by "Skitt" is "Uncle Davy Lane," a tall, heavy, lazy-looking old fellow, whose specialty was telling hunting stories. He was never seen without his "Bucksmasher"—a rough-looking rifle of his own make, for he was a sort of gunsmith; and when once seated would pour out a continuous stream of adventures, most of which had happened to himself, though a few of them he had "hearn." He had certainly never heard of Baron Munchausen, though many of his stories are vastly like those of that veracious narrator; as, for instance, the following about "Pigeon Shooting," which we give in his own words, slightly abridged:

"I mounted old Nip, and moseyed off fur the pigeon-roost. I 'ruv thar 'bout two hours by the sun, and frum that blessed hour till chock dark the heavens was dark with 'um comin' inter the roost. It is unconceivable to tell the number on 'um, which it were so great. Bein' a man that has a character fur truth, I won't say how many there was. Thar was a mighty heap uv saplins fur 'um to roost in, which they would allers light on the biggest trees fust, then pitch down on the little uns ter roost. Now jist at dark I thort I'd commence smashin' 'um; so I hitched old Nip to the limb

uv a tree with a monstrous strong bridle—a good hitchin' place, I thort. I commenced blazin' away at the pigeons like thunder and lightnin'; which they'd light on big trees thick as bees, bend the trees to the yeth like they'd been lead.

"By hokey! I shot so fast, and so long, and so often, I het old Tower so hot that I shot six inches off uv the muzzle uv the old slut. I seen it were no use to shoot the old critter clean away, which I mout have some use fur agin; so I jist quit burnin' powder and flingin' shot arter I'd killed 'bout a thousand on 'um, fur sure. Arter I'd picked up as many on 'um as my wallets would hold, I looked fur old Nip right smack whar I'd hitched him, but he were, like King Saul's asses, nowhar to be found. I looked a consid'able spell next to the yeth, but, bless you, honey! I mout as well a sarched fur a needle in a haystack. At last I looked up inter a tree 'bout forty foot high, and thar he war swingin' to a limb, danglin' 'bout 'tween the heavens and the yeth like a rabbit on a snare-pole."

"How come him up thar, Uncle Davy?"

"Why, I hitched him to the limb uv a big tree bent to the yeth with pigeons, you num-skull, and when they riz the tree went up, and old Nip with it, fur sure."

"But how did you get him down?" said a listener.

"That's nuther here nor thar; I got him down, and that's 'nuff fur sich pukes as you ter know."

Uncle Davy's exploits with deer were numerous and wonderful. Among them was a Munchausenism about an old buck which he had shot with a peach-stone in default of a bullet; and a few years after he saw the animal again with a fine peach-tree loaded with fruit growing from his shoulders. But we must satisfy ourselves with the following:

"I tuck the sunny side uv the Sugar Loaf. I kep' my eyes skinned all the way up, but nuver seen any thing tell I got nairly to the top, when up jumped one uv the poxtakedest biggest old bucks you uver seen. He dashed round the mounting faster nur a shootin' star ur lightnin'. But, howsomever, I blazed away at him, but he were goin' so fast round the Loaf, and the bullet goin' strait forrard, I missed him. Ev'ry day fur a week I went to that spot, allers jumped him up in ten steps uv the same place, would fire away, but allers missed him, as jist norated.

"I felt that my credit as a marksman, and uv old Buck-smasher was gittin' mighty under repair. I didn't like to be outgeneraled in any sich a way by any sich a critter. I could smash bucks anywhar and any time, but that sassy rascal I couldn't tech a har on him. He were a perfect dar-devil. One whole night I didn't sleep a wink—didn't bolt my eyes—fixin' up my plan. Next mornin' I went right smack inter my blacksmith shop, tuck my hammer, and bent old Buck-smasher jist to suit the mounting, so that when the pesky old buck started round the mounting the bullet mout take the twist with him.

"I loadened up, and moseyed off to try the 'speriment. I 'ruv at the spot, and up he jumped, hoisted his tail like a kite, kicked up his heels in a banterin' manner, fur he'd outdone me so often he'd got raal sassy. I lammed away at him, and away he went round the mounting, and the bullet arter him—so good a man, and so good a boy. I stood chock still. Presently round they come like a streak uv sunshine, both buck and bullit, bullit singin' out, 'Whar is it? whar is it?' 'Go it, my fellers,' says I, and away they went round the Loaf like a Blue Ridge storm. Afore you could crack yer finger they was around agin, bucklety-whet. Jist as they got agin me, bullit throwed him."



THE PIGEON-ROOST.

But Uncle Davy came out strongest in his snake stories. Once, when out blackberrying, he felt something at his bare legs. For half an hour he paid no attention to it, supposing it was the briars. Looking down at last, he found that it was "the biggest rattlesnake that uver was seen or hearn tell on—would a filled a washin' tub to the brim. There he were peggin' away at my feet and legs like he were the hongriest critter on yeth." The upshot was that "I moseyed home at an orful rate: it's no use to say how fast I did run, fur nobody would b'leeve it." Reaching home, he swallowed seven pails of milk and two gallons of whisky, and was never the worse.—We must let him tell at length his wonderful adventure with the "Horn-Snake."

"I was not thinkin' about sarpunts, when, by Zucks! I cum right plum upon one uv the curioussest snakes I uver seen in all my borned days. There it lay on the side uv a steep presserpis, at full length, ten foot long, its tail strait out, right up the pres-



THE HORN-SNAKE.

serpis, head big as a sasser, right toards me, eyes red as forked lightnin', lickin' out his forked tongue, and I could no more move than the Ball Rock on Fisher's Peak. But when I seen the stinger in his tail, six inches long and sharp as a needle, stickin' out like a cock's spur, I thought I'd drapped in my tracks. I jumped forty foot down the mounting, and dashed behind a big white oak five foot in diamatur. The snake he cotched the eend uv his tail in his mouth, he did, and come rollin' down the mounting arter me jist like a hoop, and jist as I landed behind the tree he struck t'other side with his stinger, and stuve it up, clean to his tail, smack in the tree. He were fast.

"Of all the hissin' and blowin' that uver you hearn sense you seen daylight, it tuck the lead. Ef there'd a bin forty-nine forges all a-blowin' at once, it couldn't a beat it. He rared and charged, lapped round the tree, spread his mouf and grinned at me orful, puked and spit quarts an' quarts of green pisen at me, an' made the ar stink with his nasty breath. I seen thar were no time to lose; I cotched up old Bucksmasher from whar I'd dashed him down, and

tried to shoot the tarnil thing; but he kep' sich a movin' about and sich a splutteration that I couldn't git a bead at his head, for I know'd it warn't wuth while to shoot him any whar else. So I kep' my distance tell he wore hisself out, then I put a ball right between his eyes, and he gin up the ghost.

"Soon as he were dead I happened to look up inter the tree, and what do you think? Why, Sir, it were dead as a herrin'; all the leaves was wilted like a fire had gone through its branches.

"I left the old feller with his stinger in the tree, thinkin' it were the best place fur him, and moseyed home, 'tarmined not to go out agin soon. Now folks may talk as they please 'bout there bein' no sich things as horn-snakes, but what I've seen I've seen, and what I've jist norated is true as the third uv Mathy. I mout add that I passed that tree three weeks arterward, and the leaves and the whole tree was dead as a door-nail."

We have already noted the fondness of the people for "knock-em-stiff." Thereby hangs a good story told by "Skitt." The great occasions of the region were the militia musters held at "Shipp's Muster Ground," between "Big and Little Fisher's Rivers" which give the name to the book. These musters were held in May and November, and all the militia were put through the tactics before the "old Revolutionaries" who survived. These old "Lutionaries," "Nigger Josh Easley," who sold "gingy cakes," and "Hamp Hudson," who kept a "still-house" running all the year, were the chief attractions

of these musters. Hamp had a dog named "Famus," known through all the country. It happened, on a time not long before one of these musters, that Famus fell into one of his master's mash-tubs and was drowned. The rumor ran through all the country that Hamp had distilled the mash in which the dog "was drowned, and was gwine to carry it to the May muster to sell." The report created a powerful sensation, and when muster-day came there was a general determination not to drink a "drap uv Hamp's nasty old Famus lickier." Among the foremost of those who were "down" on Hamp and his liquor was Uncle Jimmy Smith, a lipping old veteran who had been at the storming of Stony Point. "I tell you, boyith," he said, "you can do ath you pleath; but old Jimmy Smith—old Stony Point—ain't a-gwine to tech it." Nigger Josh sold his cakes, and was jubilant; but not a man approached Hamp's stand, and his casks remained untapped. It was a dolorous

muster-day. Human nature could endure it no longer, and Uncle Jimmy Smith was the first to break the spell. His speech ran thus:

"Well, boyith, I don't know tho well about thith matter. Maybe we've accused thith feller, Hamp, wrongfully. He hath al-lers been a clever feller, and ith a pity ef he ith innercent uv thith charge. The fact ith, boyith, it's mighty dull, dry times; nuthin's a-gwine on right. Boyith, you are free men. I fout for your freedom. I thay, boyith, you can do ath you pleath, but ath fur me, old Stony Pint Jimmy Smith, *Famus or no Famus, I must take a little.*"

Jimmy took a little; all took a little; and most took more than a little. The consequences were skinned noses, gouged eyes, and bruised heads. And so ended a famous day in the annals of Shipp's Muster Grounds.

In his gallery of notabilities "Skitt" gives place to John Senter, a cross-grained, crabbed old fellow, who, with Hollin his wife, and a large family, occupied a little cabin near the head of Fisher's River. Personally he seems to have been remarkable chiefly as the inventor of a sort of wooden-soled shoes, which he wore for quite thirty years, when he did not go barefoot. The bottoms were made of dog-wood, an inch and a half thick, studded with iron nails; the vamps of hog-skin, kept soft by 'possum grease; the quarters were of cow-hide. Then there were leggings of buckskin tacked to the quarters, that came up the leg, to keep out the snow in winter, and to ward off snakes in summer, when he went out hunting. Every thing, from bottoms to nails, was of his own manufacture, for he "wouldn't buy nothin' out'n the stores." When, after an absence of many years, "Skitt" paid a visit to his old home, he was desirous of procuring one of these shoes as a memorial. After infinite diplomacy he succeeded; and the shoe, labeled "A Fisher's River Dancing Pump," is now the principal curiosity in the library of "The East Alabama Baptist Female College, Tuskegee, Alabama."

We give place to John Senter chiefly for the sake of describing a wedding which took place in his cabin. He had a son Sol, a poor dwarfish fellow, who had been afflicted with a white swelling, which had left him with a stiffened right leg. He had fixed his affections upon



THE WEDDING.

Sally Spencer, whose left leg had been broken, leaving her equally lame. The story of the wedding shall be told, in an abridged form, by Bob Snipes, another character of the region:

"I was a workin' fur 'Squire Freeman one flinderin hot day, and who should I see but Sol Senter come hop-a-kickin' over the plowed yeth, throwin' his lame leg around like a reep-hook. Says he:

"'Squire, I's come to swap work with you. Times is so hard, and I want's to work a day or two fur you to go as fur as dad's to marry me. I won't ax you to go as fur as Sally's house, which you know is three miles above dad's; but jist go to dad's, and I'll go and fetch Sally down thar. It shall never be said that Sol Senter got 'Squire Freeman to marry him fur nothin,' and it mout be swappin' work mout do jist as well."

The good-natured 'Squire consented; and Sol wrought like a hero, paying in advance his marriage fee. The day for the wedding was ap-

Uncle Billy, who was a Baptist in good and regular standing, made up his mind that he had a "call" to preach. His brethren thought otherwise; but some of the young fellows encouraged him to hold forth. He followed their advice, and drew crowds for a while. Among his encouragers was one Jim Blevins, who used to "put up" the simple old man in subjects and matter. One evening before meeting Jim told Uncle Billy of a terrible sight which he had just seen, and urged him to make it the subject of warning to the people. The preacher complied; and here follows a report of the sermon, omitting the "doctrinal part."

"Sinner, you'd better 'pent! Danger abroad! Look out, I tell ye. Skin yer eyes good. Open yer ears wide. Listen, that you may hear. Your blood mout be 'quered o' me. O my soul!—Jim Blevins went on Fisher's Peak this mornin', and what did he see? He seen a flyin' snake—drefful critter—twelve foot long, stinger 'bout a foot long, eyes red like balls o' fire, lookin' fust this way, then 't'other, to see what he could see, and a-squallin' wusser nur a painter—O sinner, 'pent!—'pent, I tell you, else yer a gone sucker. For sartin and for sure, ef he pops his stinger inter you, yer gone world 'thout eend.

"But, sinner, flyin' snakes is mighty bad; bad as they is, howsomever, 'tain't nothin' to what Jim Blevins seen arter that. Jim, soon as the flyin' snake went out'n sight, he run over back o' Fisher's Peak, and—O my soul!—what did he see? A yahoo, sinner—a yahoo! Jim hid, and it past along close by, and it was high as a house, horns ten foot long, mouf big as a hog'shead—'pent, sinner, 'pent! It run by Jim, hollerin' 'yahoo! yahoo!' louder nur cannon at the battle o' Guilford Court House, whar 'Wallis was fout by Greene. Jim says the way he kills folks—sinner, 'pent!—he gits you on his horns, he tossee up—he tossee up, jist like trouncin' a bull-frog, till life clean gone—'pent, sinner, 'pent!—then he'll take you in his mouf, and he'll lick you down like a hongry bar does a piece o' honey-comb, as Jim Blevins says. Sinner, I've warned you; I'm clare o' yer blood. Ef that flyin' snake or that yahoo gits you, you can't blame me fur it. No, don't blame the old man nur Jim Blevins."

The above discourse came to the ears of Uncle Billy's church, and they "called in his gift." With one more clerical story which "Skitt" tells of his own denomination, the Baptists, we take leave of Surry County. A man by the name of Walker felt himself moved to preach, and looked out earnestly for some "call" from on high. One day he retired to a thick grove to "wrestle" with the subject. While there, a donkey who happened to be near by set up a most outrageous braying. To Walker's excited imagination these dulcet sounds were an angel's voice, and were transformed into articulate words, conveying the long-sought "call." He went forthwith to his church, and demanded a license, when the following dialogue took place between him and his pastor; the result being that the validity of the call was recognized, and Brother Walker was duly appointed to the ministry:

"PASTOR. Do you believe, Brother Walker, that you were called of God to preach, 'as was Aaron?"

"WALKER. Most sartinly I does.

"PASTOR. Give the Church, that is, the brutherin', the proof.

"WALKER. I was mightily diffikilted and troubled on the subject, and I was detarmined to go inter the woods and wrestle it out.

"PASTOR. That's it, Brother Walker.

"WALKER. And while there wastlin', Jacob-like, I hearn one ov the curiousest voices I uver hearn in all my borned days.

"PASTOR. You are on the right track, Brother Walker. Go on with your noration.

"WALKER. I couldn't tell for the life ov me whether the voice was up in the air ur down in the sky, it sounded so curious.

"PASTOR. Poor creetur! how he was diffikilted. Go on to norate, Brother Walker. How did it appear to sound unto you?

"WALKER. Why, this a-way: 'Waw-waw-ker—waw-waw-ker! Go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach-ee, go preach-ah, go preach-uh, go preach-ah-ee-uh-ah-ee.'

"PASTOR. Brutherin' and sisters, that's the right sort of a call. Enough said, Brother Walker. That's none ov yer college calls, nor money calls. No doctor ov divinity uver got sich a call as that. Brother Walker must have license, fur sartin and fur sure."

WRECKED AND RESCUED.

IT was a dark night of December, 1790, and the clock in the study of Rev. Isaac Hepworth, the clergyman of a New England seacoast town, had already struck the hour of twelve, when that divine finished and laid within his desk the sermon on which he had been too busily engaged to note the lapse of time.

Late as was the hour, the Rev. Isaac did not immediately retire to sleep, choosing rather to rest his weary brain and relax his constrained muscles beside the cheerful fire. So, throwing on another log, he wheeled round his study chair, settled himself comfortably therein, and placed his slippered feet upon the fender.

"A-h! This is comfort!" murmured the Rev. Isaac Hepworth, neatly folding the skirts of his dressing-gown across his knees.

Some fifteen minutes of intense quiet passed, and the clergyman, succumbing to the united temptations of fire, chair, and weariness, was dropping into a luxurious doze when he was suddenly and thoroughly aroused by a low tap upon his study window.

Springing to his feet a little nervously, Mr. Hepworth drew aside the curtain and peered out. A man's face, dimly visible in the darkness, was pressed close to the glass, and met the clergyman's astonished gaze with a reassuring nod.

"Oh, Jarvis, is it you? Wait, and I'll let you in."

Jarvis nodded again, and, falling back into the gloom, went round to the door, which Mr. Hepworth had opened very quietly, that he might not disturb his sleeping household.

"Well, Jarvis, what's the matter?" asked he, anxiously, when the two were shut into the snug little study.

"Why, something very queer's the matter,

Sir, and I'm right glad I found you up, for, according to my reckoning, the fewer that's let into it the better; and as soon as I see the lights in these winders, I said to myself, 'There, there won't be no need for Miss Hodson's knowing nothing about it.'

"About what, Jarvis?" asked Mr. Hepworth, mildly, as his sexton paused to enjoy the satisfaction of a vulgar man who possesses a secret which he intends and yet grudges to impart.

"Well, Sir, it wan't more than half an hour ago, and I was snug in bed sleeping as sound as any babe, when my wife she nudges me, and says she,

"John,' says she, 'there's some one a knocking at our door.'

"Pho! go to sleep, woman, and don't be disturbing me with your silly dreams,' says I; for I didn't like to be woke up, Sir; and I was just a going off agin, when sure enough I heard a kind of softly knock on my front door, sounding just as if some one wanted to wake us up, and yet hated to make a noise.

"Well, I jumped up and h'isted the window.

"Who's there?' says I.

"A friend,' says a man's voice, though I couldn't see no one 'cause of the dark.

"Hain't you got no name?' asks I, kind of sharp, for it's a main cold night, Sir, and I wan't overly comfortable.

"That's of no consequence. I want to speak with you, if you're the sexton of Mr. Hepworth's church, and you shall be paid handsomely for the trouble of dressing and coming down,' says the voice.

"Well, Sir, I considered that it wan't no ways Christianly not to hear what a feller-creter had to say, ef he wanted to say it bad enough to come out sech a night; and so says I,

"Hold on, and I'll come down soon's I've put on my trowers.'

"So I shet the winder, and though my wife she wan't no ways willing, and took on consid'able for fear 'twas a plan to rob and murder, or else a ghost, I bade her hold her tongue, and down I went, and jest stopping in the entry to say over a prayer and a verse, I ondid the door and held up my candle to the face of the man that stood outside.

"He was young and no ways frightful to look upon, and he says right off,

"That's right, my friend,' and he put this 'ere piece of money in my hand [showing a golden guinea]; and says he,

"Now, I want you to come right along to the church, and open the door for me and my companion to go in, and then you must summon the clergyman to perform a marriage ceremony.'

"Why, Sir,' says I, 'ef so be's you want to be married, why can't you go to the tavern and wait till morning; or ef suckumstances is sech as you can't wait, go to the minister's own house and be married in his study. Folks here don't never go to the meeting-house sech times, and more'n all, it's as cold and colder there than 'tis outer doors.'

"Upon that, Sir, the man he got kind of impatient, and says he,

"Friend, it ain't advice I want of you but service.' And with that he put inter my hand this other piece of money."

And the sexton complacently displayed a second guinea.

"Well, Sir, upon that I considered, as I didn't know any thing onlawful in a man's being married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night, ef so be as he was a mind to, and the minister was a mind to marry him, so says I,

"Well, Mister, you wait outside till I get my lantern, and I'll show you the way to the meeting-house and let you in, and then I'll go and tell the minister about it, and ef so be as he's a mind to come, why he will; and ef he ain't a mind to, why he won't.'

"Has he a wife?' says the man next.

"No, he hain't,' says I.

"Have you a wife, then, goodman?' says he.

"Yes, I have,' says I. 'And a good wife, too. It's she that was the widdler Jones, and darter to old Samwel Rubbles of this town.'

"I was a going on, when the man he broke right in.

"Can you persuade her to rise and accompany us to the church?' says he.

"Lord, Sirs,' says I, right out (for which I hope I'll be forgiven), 'what upon earth ken you want o' her?'

"My companion, the young lady that is to be my wife, should have the support of a woman's presence at such a time; and besides that, it is necessary to have two witnesses to the marriage,' says the man.

"Wa'al, I don't know jest what to say,' says I, kind o' considering, and, Sir, that man he slips this other piece o' money inter my hand." And from his dexter pocket the venal sexton extracted a third guinea, and added it, with a humorous air of innocent astonishment, to the two already in his right hand.

"And then you went and called your wife?" suggested Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

"Why, yes, Sir. I considered that it *was* hard for a young woman to go and be married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night and no women folks about; and I conceited that Marthy like enough would take a notion to go, and be kind of riley ef I didn't give her the chance; and more'n all, I heerd her jest then call my name mighty softly over the balusters. So says I, 'Wa'al, I'll go sec,' says I; and I shet to the door and went up stairs, and there was Marthy dressing herself faster'n ever I see her before, and all fer hurrying me off to get you."

"And were the strangers all this time out in the biting cold?" asked Mr. Hepworth, reprov- ingly.

"Why, yes, Sir. I thought 'twas safest so, for we never know what shape Satan may come in to destroy us, and I felt more kind o' easy to keep 'em outside. Marthy, when she got dressed, she went down and asked 'em in, but it wan't no wish of mine, nor she didn't stop to ask my

leave. Women folks is dreadful kind o' head-strong sometimes, Sir, though I 'spose you hain't never had no call to find it out," said the sexton, sighing.

"And these strangers, where are they now?" asked the clergyman, who, already cloaked and hatted, stood with the door in his hand waiting for his companion to precede him.

"In the meeting-house," said Mr. Jarvis, taking the hint, and passing out. "They wouldn't come in noways; but when I went out, the man he told us both to get inter a kerridge he had out in the road, and there was the young woman all curled away in one corner a crying; and the driver he druv right straight to the meeting-house as ef he'd been there afore. So I onlocked the door and lit a candle, and left 'em all there while I came to tell you, Sir."

"You would have done better, friend, in putting the end of your story nearer to the beginning," said the clergyman, a little indignantly. "We might have relieved the discomfort and anxiety of these poor people half an hour ago if you had been less diffuse in your narrative."

To this reproof John Jarvis listened in respectful though puzzled silence—a silence lasting until the two approached a bare, bleak, uncomely edifice—the universal type of the New England meeting-house of seventy years ago. A feeble light shone through the uncovered windows, and, pushing open the door, Mr. Hepworth stepped inside, not without a shiver at the deadly cold far more insupportable than the keen but living air without.

The bridal party (strange misnomer) were seated in a pew near the upper end of the church, and rising, as the quick step of the clergyman sounded hollowly up the uncarpeted aisle, they stood ready to receive him.

Foremost was a man of about thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and of gentlemanly bearing. Behind him followed the sturdy helpmate of John Jarvis, tenderly supporting a girlish figure with veiled face, whose stifled sobs attested her agitation.

"Mr. Hepworth, I believe," said the stranger, in a voice harmonizing well with his appearance.

"That is my name," said the clergyman, mildly. "Can I render you any service consistent with my duty, Sir?"

"The greatest. I wish to be married at once to this young lady. We are to sail for Europe on the morning tide. A boat now waits to convey us on board, and our passage is taken as man and wife. Our right to that position rests now with you."

"But you will surely tell me, Sir, the cause of this very unusual manner of proceeding? Are the young lady's parents aware of the step she has taken?"

"They are not, Sir," returned the stranger, firmly. "Her only parent, a father, is, on the contrary, bitterly opposed to my claims, and would force his daughter into another marriage as abhorrent to her feelings as to humanity.

She is of age to decide for herself, but has not the courage to openly maintain her rights in presence of her father. She has chosen me, and no power on earth shall prevent her from becoming my wife. If you refuse to perform the ceremony, we must embark unwedded, to the scandal of all who may hereafter hear the tale, and trust to have our marriage solemnized upon the other side the water."

"That were, indeed, a scandal!" ejaculated the clergyman, with horror.

"And yet to that extremity shall we be driven unless you will at once make us man and wife," said the stranger, coolly, as he drew out his watch and held it in the dim light of the candles. "It is now hard upon half past one. At two we are to take boat."

Mr. Hepworth turned to the bride.

"Daughter," said he, softly. "Have you considered what you do?"

"Yes, Sir. I hope I shall be forgiven," sobbed the girl.

"And is it your resolve, should I decline to solemnize so strange a marriage, to follow this man across the sea unwedded, at the imminent peril of your fair fame here, and eternal happiness hereafter?" asked the minister, solemnly.

The sobs became convulsive in their strength, but presently the timid voice again whispered,

"Yes, Sir. But you will not refuse—oh, will you?"

Mr. Hepworth walked nervously up and down the open space before the pulpit, and then returning to the group said, impressively,

"I will not refuse my ministration here; for if your avowals are an earnest of your intentions, I shall, by refusal, tempt you to a deeper sin than disobedience: but I warn you both, and especially you," turning to the bridegroom, "who, as the stronger and more responsible party, should bear the greater blame, that God's blessing rests not on those who seek it while openly violating His commands; and of these obedience to parents ranks next to obedience to Himself."

"Enough, Sir. We are not to be dissuaded from our purpose," replied the bridegroom, haughtily: adding more persuasively after a momentary pause: "And even by your own precept we are justified; for in choosing each other, and in resisting those who would separate us, we feel to be obeying the voice of God, even in opposition to that of a parent."

Mr. Hepworth to this argument opposed only a gesture of deprecation, and immediately took his place in front of the pulpit. As silently the others ranged themselves before him.

"Will you uncover your face, daughter?" asked the clergyman, kindly, as the bride showed no inclination to raise the veil behind which she had hitherto sheltered. Now, however, she immediately removed it, and the eyes of all her companions centred upon her face—those of the clergyman with benevolent scrutiny, of the Jarvises with broad curiosity, of her bridegroom with tender and sympathizing love.

It was a lovely face—pale now and disfigured

by weeping, but undeniably beautiful, and, as Mr. Hepworth said to himself, not wanting in a latent strength such as the trials in the new path on which she now was entering might speedily render needful.

"Your name, my dear?" asked he, after a moment's attentive observation.

"Hope Murray," said the girl, faintly, a soft color stealing into her cheek beneath the gaze of all those eyes.

"And yours, Sir?"

"Miles Tresethen," said the stranger, meeting with unblenching gaze the look of severest scrutiny with which Mr. Hepworth turned from that fair childish face to that of the man who, as he had inly decided, had tempted her to her present rebellious disobedience. And yet Mr. Hepworth's growing anger paused, and even retrograded, as he met those clear, fearless eyes, noted the noble if proud bearing of the handsome head—came, though unconsciously, under the powerful influence of that presence.

"Judge not that ye be not judged," flashed through the clergyman's mind, and with a little sigh, he said, quietly,

"Take each other by the right hand." And in a few moments thereafter he gravely kissed the bride, saying, "May you be as happy, my dear, as an old man's wish can make you; and may your fault be forgiven you as freely as I would forgive, did it rest with me to do so!"

For an instant the girl clung about his neck as if he had been indeed her father, and then turned to her husband.

"We could not help it," said she, simply. "We loved each other so, and we were so unhappy."

"Good-by, Sir," said Tresethen, extending his hand, and grasping warmly that of the clergyman. "Accept my thanks—our thanks, for the sacrifice you have made to-night of prejudice to necessity. Never doubt that, on sober second thought, conscience will acquit you of all wrong."

"Can you speak as boldly for yourself?" asked Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

The bridegroom paused. The bride uplifted to his her tear-stained face.

"Before God I believe that I have done right," said Tresethen, solemnly; and the clergyman added nothing more except, "God bless you!" as he parted at the church-door with the new-married couple.

"And here's another piece of money he give me as we came down the aisle behind you and the young woman," said John Jarvis, while the minister and he stood upon the steep steps of the meeting-house, listening to the quick rattle of the wheels whirling down the stony road toward the water; "and he said I was to come right along, and take the kerridge and hosses when they left 'em (that's his servant a-driving, Sir), and fetch 'em to you, and put 'em at your disposal, he said, Sir."

"At my disposal, Jarvis!"

"Yes, Sir. Give 'em to you, you know, Sir."

"But I do not wish for them, Jarvis. I can

not take them—indeed I will not. Go at once to the landing, and tell Mr. Tresethen that it is out of the question for me to accept his present, and ask what other disposal shall be made of the property."

Sexton Jarvis sped away, while his dame turned silently homeward, as did Mr. Hepworth, his brain whirling with the excitement of the two last hours.

As he reached the house he paused, and waited some moments without, although the rich red firelight streamed invitingly from the study window, and the night was bitterly cold.

But the rattle of distant wheels had reached his ear, and he stood patiently waiting until John Jarvis carefully checked the handsome horses close beside their reluctant owner.

"He won't take no for an answer," said the sexton, importantly. "And when I says, says I, 'Tan't no use. The minister says he can't nor he sha'n't take 'em;' he says, says he, 'Tell him they are his. He may use them himself, or sell them and give their price to the poor, but I have no more control over them.'"

"And is he gone?" asked Mr. Hepworth, anxiously.

"Yes, Sir. There was a boat waiting at the wharf (though the ship she belongs to must have run in sence dark. There wan't none in the harbor at dayli't down), and they was aboard when I come—that is, the man and his wife. The one that druv stood holding the horses till I came, and then he chucked the reins inter my hand and jumped inter the boat. The sailors pushed off, and in a minute more I couldn't hev told that there'd ever ben any sech doin's ef it hadn't ben for the hosses and kerridge. What's to be done with 'em, Sir?"

"Why, we must put them in my little stable for to-night," said Mr. Hepworth, reluctantly. "And if there is really no owner for them but myself, I shall follow the suggestion of this strange young man, and sell them for the benefit of the poor of this parish. God knows they need relief."

Two days elapsed, and again Mr. Hepworth sat alone beside his study fire, this time in the daylight, thinking of the strange event so lately transpired, and anxiously pondering his own share therein, when a loud knock at the front door attracted his attention, and presently a stranger was ushered into the study.

This was a tall, stout man of middle life, with scowling brows, sanguine complexion, and a choleric expression, whether habitual or temporary Mr. Hepworth found it impossible to determine.

"You're Mr. Hepworth?" began the stranger, as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"Yes, Sir. Will you sit down?" said the clergyman, mildly.

"No, I won't. I want to know if you married my girl to that d—d scoundrel of an Englishman, who's carried her off."

"Sir, I shall answer no questions until you remember the decent respect you owe to my

cloth, if you choose to lay aside higher obligations," said the clergyman, severely.

"Well, well, beg your pardon, Sir, and all that; but it's enough to make a man swear. You have not told me yet whether you married them."

"I married Miles Tresethen and Hope Murray two nights ago, in the parish meeting-house of this town," said the minister, quietly.

"And by— Well, I an't going to swear, but what right had you to do so?"

"I did so because both parties assured me that Miss Murray was of age, that she chose to marry Mr. Tresethen in preference to any one else, and that they should certainly embark within half an hour in a vessel then awaiting them, married or unmarried. Should you have preferred so equivocal a position as that for your daughter, Mr. Murray?"

"What was the name of that vessel?" asked the angry man, waiving reply to the clergyman's question with an impatient gesture.

"I do not know, Sir."

"Perdition take them! I'll have 'em yet. I'll sail to-night—I know a ship. I'll be in England as soon as they, and I'll have her back if I kill that villain first. Disobedient jade—worthless trollop—"

"Mr. Murray, I must request you to leave my study and my house," exclaimed the mild Hepworth, with unwonted energy, as the pale, sweet face of Hope Murray rose to his memory from amidst this sea of angry words and epithets.

"But I tell you, Sir, that my life was bound up in that girl, and now she's gone. I should die if I couldn't swear!" exclaimed the father, with vehement simplicity. "I had such plans for her—I had such a match in view. She'd have been the first lady in the States in time. And now to go off with that miserable fellow—an Englishman too!"

"What are your objections to Mr. Tresethen, may I ask? I judged him very favorably in our brief interview," said Mr. Hepworth, pitying the genuine sorrow visible through all the offensive manner of the man.

"Why, Sir, his father was a Tory and a refugee. He came here a young man and made a fortune, then, when our troubles broke out, and I and others left all our own concerns and took up arms to fight for our freedom and our liberty, this miserable Englishman quietly transferred his ill-gotten gains to his own country, and skulked off after them. Then, with the devil's own luck (your pardon once more, Sir), he inherited a fine estate and lived in luxury, while our brave fellows, Sir, were eating their own shoes at Valley Forge, and tracking the snow with their bloody feet as they marched on without 'em. Then, when the war's all over, and matters settled down again, back comes this fellow, this Miles, who had been left in England for his education while his father was living here, to inquire after some landed property that the old fellow couldn't carry with him when he ran away, and was afraid to sell. My girl met

him, Sir, fell head over heels in love with him, and forgot her duty, her home, and her old father to run after him to the ends of the earth. But he sha'n't have her—he sha'n't keep her. I told 'em both, when they came asking my consent and all that, I never would consent—never, to my dying day, nor I won't."

"But if Mr. Miles Tresethen was educated in England, and never lived in this country at all, surely he need not share the odium of his father's desertion," suggested Mr. Hepworth.

"Well, perhaps not, but at any rate he's an Englishman, and we've had enough of Englishmen. I hate 'em, from the king upon his throne down to the meanest soldier in his army. We've all given our strength, and our hearts, and some of us our lives to getting rid of 'em, and clearing 'em out of the country, and now do you think I'm going to give my only child to one of 'em? Not I, Sir. I'll have her back. I'll get her divorced. I'll undo the knot you was so foolish as to tie, Sir. I'll have justice, and I'll have my girl."

And his anger having regained its full heat, temporarily checked by the calm presence of the clergyman, Mr. Murray was rushing indignantly from the room when he was checked by his host, who recounting briefly the incidents connected with the carriage and horses, requested that he would take them and dispose of them as he would.

But at this request the ire of the injured father reached its height; and with vehement protestations that horses, carriage, Englishman, and all should go to a very unpleasant place before he meddled with them, he slammed out of the house, leaving Mr. Hepworth to recover at his leisure from the horrified consternation into which he had been thrown.

Out on the wild Atlantic a hunted ship flew before the howling storm that rushed madly after. All day and all night and all another day the trembling quarry had sped on, and now at sunset of the second day the storm seemed gathering fresh strength, as if resolved at once to end the conflict by one overpowering effort.

It was the *Roebuck*, the ship on which James Murray had hastily embarked in pursuit of his daughter and her English husband; and as he now at nightfall came on deck and looked anxiously about, marking the fiercer gloom of sea and sky, the disordered ship and sullen crew, he remembered again the warning he had received just before sailing against trusting himself at sea with such a captain and such a crew; and, after the fashion of angry men, he cursed anew the cause of his present peril.

"If it hadn't been for that d—d Englishman," said he, "I should not have been here. And where is Hope—poor child!—and if she is lost, who will be her murderer? Who but that villain that tempted her away? I'll have his heart's-blood yet—trust me but I will!"

"Well, Mr. Murray, what did you see on deck?" asked a husky voice, as that gentleman

painfully descended the companion-ladder into the cabin.

"I saw every thing except the Captain," returned Murray, gruffly, casting a scowling glance at the bottle and tumbler sliding about upon the table.

"Ha, ha! that's meant for me, eh? Well, I'm just going up, though I don't know what in thunder to do when I get there, except what's been done already. Won't ye have a glass, Mr. Murray?"

"No, Sir!" returned the passenger, sternly. "If we are all to be swept into eternity before morning, as I expect, I for one will go like a man, and not like a brute."

"H-m! Surly devil! Go on deck to get rid of you, if nothing else," muttered the Captain, as he climbed the steep steps with more than usual difficulty.

Mr. Murray, after watching his clumsy movements with an expression of angry disgust until he had disappeared on deck, entered his own state-room, changed his dress, put his papers and money into an oilskin belt girt about his body, tied on his excellent life-preserver, and wrapping a heavy cloak about him, ascended in his turn to the deck.

The hour that had elapsed since his previous visit had wrought no material change. Perhaps through the intense blackness of the night the monotonous sweep of the wind sounded more fearfully; perhaps the leaping waves snatched more hungrily at their prey in the sheltering darkness; perhaps the doomed ship groaned more audibly and intelligibly; at least these things seemed so to the passenger, who now clung to the main shrouds and threw piercing glances hither and thither through the night. Sheltered beneath the windward bulwark crouched the Captain with his chief mate, their position only to be determined by their voices as they shouted an occasional order to the men, who sometimes sullenly obeyed, sometimes in the darkness contented themselves with muttering that it was impossible. At last a man came staggering aft with the request, or rather demand, from his comrades for the key of the spirit-room. It was received with an oath of denial, and the man sullenly withdrew; but the demand had aroused the officers to a sense of their imminent peril, as the storm had failed to do.

The Captain, rising with difficulty to his feet, began to make his way toward the hatch, intending to descend and broach the casks, well knowing, drunkard as he was, that if once the men gained access to them his shadow of control over them was lost, and with it all hope for the ship and those in it. As he passed Murray the latter said, indignantly,

"Why don't you have lanterns placed in the rigging, and send that look-out man back to his duty? He has left it to plot mutiny with his comrades there on the fore-castle. We shall all be murdered next, if you don't show some authority."

To this perhaps unwise but very natural reproof the angry skipper retorted with a string of oaths and coarse abuse, bidding his passenger attend to his own concerns, and expressing a hope that, in case of mutiny, he might become the first victim.

Mr. Murray turned contemptuously from him, and again fixed his eyes and his attention upon the dense mass of blackness ahead, into which the hunted ship was wildly plunging, trembling at every leap.

As Murray's attention again became fixed upon the night, he was aware of a new sound added to the wild swirl of winds and waves. A heavy rushing sound—a hissing of the waters as they parted perforce before some swift-advancing object—a shrieking of the wind as it tore through the shrouds, not only above his head but beyond in the black unknown. Murray fixed his straining eyes upon the point whence these sounds approached. Yes, a great black mass, shapeless and ominous as terror itself, bore down upon them, the seething waves and shrieking wind singing jubilee over the destruction in its path. On it came—there was no more doubt.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Murray. "Helmsman! mate! bestir yourselves! Ahoy! ahoy there!"

The wind snatched the words from his lips, rent them to fragments, and flung them scoffingly back upon him. It was barely that those in his own ship heard him, and then the mate, staggering to his feet, gazed blankly at the doom impending so closely over them a full minute before he shouted to the helmsman through his trumpet,

"Port there! port, you villain! port, you dog!"

It was too late. Before the man could obey the order fully, before the leaping ship could be put off her course, before one-tenth of that ship's crew knew that Death had laid his hand upon their garments, and claimed them for his own, the blow had fallen. The unknown ship, swerving slightly, as those on board her discovered too late the obstacle in their path, and vainly strove to evade it, came crashing down upon the *Roebuck*, amidst a wild confusion of sea and wind, of human shrieks and cries and oaths, of splintering wood and falling masts. Then, carried on by her fearful impetus, the stranger, cutting through the doomed *Roebuck*, passed on into the blackness, with no power, had she the inclination, to render assistance to her victims.

Seizing a spar that mercifully would have dealt him a death-blow, James Murray found himself floating in the water, surrounded on every side by drowning men and fragments of the shattered vessel. Clinging to his spar, he struggled to maintain his head above the blinding waves that sought to bury him while yet quick in the grave beneath his feet, and he succeeded.

The storm soon scattered the few survivors of the wreck who had not at once been drowned; and when at last the morning broke, and Murray, raising himself as well as he was able upon

the spar, looked despairingly about him, no trace remained of ship or company—nothing but the wild waste of waters, stretching far away to where on the horizon line the great waves reared their crests upon the sullen sky.

"Worse than death—worse a thousand times!" groaned the desolate survivor; and for a moment he was tempted to release himself from spar and life-preserver, and sink at once, escaping thus the torturing hours lying between him and the almost inevitable end. But in the powerful organization of the man vitality was strong and deeply seated; and after his first weak terror at the gloomy prospect, James Murray summoned his strength, and resolved to die, if die he must, when no farther efforts of his own could sustain him.

Hunger and thirst were now his greatest foes. Against the former he was fortified for a while by some bread and meat which he had placed in his pocket before coming on deck, thinking it possible that the crew might suddenly take to the boats without adequate preparation, and determining in such a case neither to be left behind, nor to die of starvation should the winds and waves allow a boat to live. But this food, saturated as it was with salt-water, would only increase the fearful thirst already tormenting him—a surer and a crueller foe to life than any hunger—and so Murray reflected, with a shudder. Still he resolved to neglect no means of preserving life, even though it must be in torture, and tying together his cravat and handkerchief, he passed them about his body, and firmly secured himself to the spar. This left both his hands at liberty, and gave him greater ease of position.

Extracting from his water-filled pocket a bit of the meat, he ate it hungrily, and could have cried at finding the bread a mere mass of saline pulp, entirely inedible. Somewhat refreshed by this slight nourishment, the lonely man looked once more about him, scanning the horizon with anxious scrutiny if haply a white-winged vessel might be on its way to rescue him. But the only comfort that could be gathered from all the untold miles of sea and sky around and above him was the hope that the storm was over. Surely the clouds were thinner and more broken; the rain had ceased; the fitful wind did not so incessantly lash the waves into more furious sweeps. Toward noon a watery sun shone for a moment through rifts of sullen cloud, was overwhelmed, but struggled out again with fuller rays, and from that gained steadily upon the clouds, until at setting he flashed out a broad banner of victorious rays far across the unquiet sea, still throbbing fiercely with its late emotion.

Still no hope, no rescue for James Murray. Every hour of that December day had stolen somewhat from the vigor that upheld him. His limbs were numb, although he tried to keep the blood alive in them by active motion. His teeth chattered, his eyes grew dim, a sick dizziness at his brain made sea and sky swim before his sight;

in his ears grew a drowsy song as of the sirens calling to him from beneath the waves.

"I can not live till morning; and oh, my child!—" No anger now, only yearning love and bitterest sorrow. In that dreary trial the heart of the worldly man was learning the lessons that prosperity had never taught. Again he said:

"I hope she will never know how her poor father died; I hope she will be happy all her life. I wish she knew that I forgave her before I died. Poor dear, I said hard things to her that night before she left me. I would give all my slender chance of life to take them back. Why should she not choose for herself, as I did in my youth? Cruel and tyrannical! *She* did not say it, though. That poor little note she left for me had no such words as those in it. I tore it, and stamped upon the pieces before I burned them. God forgive me! Did her mother see me do that, I wonder. Fifteen years ago since Mary died, and she bid me to be father and mother both to that poor child. Have I done it? O God, let me live! Save me from this death, that I may make amends for the wrong I had sworn to do!"

He raised himself from the water as far as he might, and gazed once more on all around with a piteous earnestness such as no care for mere life had brought into that hard face.

Nothing but sea and sky, cloud and wave. Only there, on the horizon line, what is that? A wave leaping higher than its fellows? No, for it does not sink and rise as the waves do. It can not be a ship, it is so low in the water; there are no masts to be traced on that golden back-ground of the sunset clouds. A boat, perhaps; if so, are there men in it? Will it cross his path? Can he attract their notice?

A wild flutter of hope and desire thrill through the soul and body of that man, struggling so vehemently for life, and he begins with all the little strength at his command to swim toward the distant haven of his hope. But before he has made the least perceptible progress, before he has resolved one of all those doubts as to the nature of the object he so wildly strives to gain, heavy darkness shuts down upon him and it. It is no longer possible to distinguish the least trace of the boat, if such it was, and with a bitter groan James Murray ceases his efforts and sinks down upon the spar in listless inaction.

"It will be gone by morning," said he, "or I shall be dead."

But morning dawned, and he was not dead. Very weak and exhausted indeed, unable to swim or to make any other motion, but still alive, still conscious of that little link holding him to this lower world, still anxious for the sunrise, that he might with his dying eyes sweep the wide horizon line before he closed them forever.

So faint and weak he was he could not bring himself at once to make the exertion of rising on the spar that he might take that last look. It was not till the warm sunlight fell upon his face that he gathered his energies and feebly rose.

Oh, God is good! It is close upon him, drift-

ing slowly down across his very path. No boat, indeed, but the dimasted hulk of a vessel, its bows shattered and sunk, but its stern high and safe above the water, and human figures looking down from it curiously upon him.

He raised his arm and feebly waved it; as feebly shouted a reply to the hail that met his dull ears, and then the song of the siren shut out all other sound, a thick darkness closed his eyes, and he had fainted.

An hour after, when James Murray unclosed those heavy eyes, he stared incredulously into the face bending so tenderly over him, and moved uneasily within the arms that folded themselves about him. But he could not shake off the dream.

"Hope?" whispered he, incredulously.

"Yes, dear, dearest father, it is indeed your own wicked child, to whom God has kindly given time and space to ask your forgiveness."

The father feebly closed his eyes without reply—it was all so strange. It was so little while since he had longed to live that he might ask her forgiveness.

A man's voice spoke next:

"Let me pour some more of this brandy between his lips, dearest. You should not have spoken yet of such matters."

"I could not help it, Miles. I have so longed to say it. But see, he is getting better surely; see the color in his lips. Oh, father dear, open your eyes once more!"

James Murray did not resist that appeal, but opening his eyes, fixed them more lovingly upon his daughter's face than she remembered him ever to have done before.

Tears rushed into her own, but she restrained them at a look from her husband, and only stooped to kiss her father's cheek.

"It was Miles who saved you," whispered she, after a moment. "He leaped in and drew you to the vessel."

"Where is he now—Miles?" asked Mr. Murray, feebly.

"Here. Oh, darling father, you forgive us both—I see that you do!" And then the tears would come, and did.

"And now, Sir, if you are strong enough I will take you down to the cabin and put you in a berth," said Tresethen, presently. "We have the after-part of the ship at our command, and may be very comfortable here for a long time if the fair weather holds."

"Wait a while and I'll go down myself. I'm too heavy for any one to carry."

"I think not, Sir, if I may try." And the broad-shouldered young Englishman, raising his reluctant burden from the deck, carried him carefully down the steep steps, and after stripping off his wet and almost frozen clothes, placed him carefully in a berth and covered him deep with blankets.

"Now, if you will take a good long sleep, Sir," said he, cheerily, "I think you'll wake up all right, and Hope will have some hot tea ready for you."

Mr. Murray did not answer, but went to sleep with a queer smile upon his lips. To think that this should be the end of all the threats and curses he had heaped upon the head of that young man!

Hope was ready with the tea, and before night her father was nearer to being "all right" than could have been expected after the severe exposure he had undergone.

The next day he was able to sit up and hear the story of the *Tresethen's* voyage and present position. He was not surprised at learning that this very hulk on which they now found themselves was the remains of the destroyer of the *Roebuck*. That shock, so fatal to the smaller vessel, was not harmless to the larger. Her bows were badly stove, and shortly after the collision a cry was raised that the ship was sinking, and must immediately be deserted. With the selfishness of terror the crew seized upon the boats and refused to allow the passengers a place. The Captain, after exerting alike uselessly his authority and his powers of persuasion, declared finally that unless the passengers were taken he himself would remain behind.

"So much the better!" cried the brutal boat-swain as he pushed off the overloaded boat, which was immediately hidden by the darkness. The three, thus abandoned, sat down quietly upon the quarter-deck and waited for their death. It did not come, and in the morning they perceived, that, having settled to a certain depth, the ship would sink no farther, at least toward the stern. The cabin and cabin stores were thus saved to them, insuring shelter and subsistence so long as the hulk should float in its present position. A quantity of charcoal stored in an empty storeroom promised the comfort of fire, and in all, except the uncertainty of permanent safety, their situation might be as agreeable and comfortable as it had been during the first days of their voyage. But a few more hours brought yet another shock to convince them that no man may calculate in what form his last hour shall meet him.

The Captain, whose great weakness was a love of gain, had mentioned several times that a great deal of money might be collected from the seamen's chests in the fore-castle, if we could get at them, as the sailors had, according to custom, received their wages for the outward voyage upon the day of sailing.

The next morning after the shipwreck he had been heard to quietly leave the cabin at an early hour and ascend the companion-way. Some time after, Tresethen, going up to join him, was startled at finding only his coat lying upon the deck. The Captain was never seen again; and the two survivors could only surmise that he (being a bold and skillful swimmer) had dived into the fore-castle to try to recover the treasure hidden there, and had either become entangled in the wreck, or struck his head in the descent so as to stun himself. At any rate the sea never gave up this one of its many secrets, and Tresethen and his bride remained alone, until, by almost a miracle, James Murray was brought to join them.

A week was passed away, and, spite of all the perils of their position—spite of their uncertain future—Hope thought and said that it was the happiest week of all her life. Her father having once made up his mind to forgive and like her husband, did it so heartily that his daughter sometimes smiled merrily at finding her own opinions and arguments peremptorily set aside in favor of Tresethen's, and in noticing the honest admiration in the face of the older man, when his new son argued eloquently and firmly, although respectfully, with Murray's unreasoning prejudice against England and Englishmen.

Tresethen, too, beginning with a mere feeling of compassion and forbearance, grew to feel a real affection for Hope's father—to regard him with that complacent fondness one always feels for a person he has won over from opposition to amity.

But these pleasant days were drawing to a close. Hope, awaking one night from uneasy dreams, was startled by hearing the splash of water close to the edge of her berth, and putting out her hand, dipped it into the ice-cold element stealing so treacherously upon her sleep. Rousing hastily her husband and father, and procuring a light, her terrible suspicions were soon confirmed. The wreck was settling. They must at once abandon the cabins, and trust themselves to the shelterless deck. Hastily gathering what food was at hand, and snatching some clothing from the beds, the fugitives fled from the cruel foe, steadily if slowly pursuing them.

The first effort of both men was to shelter as much as possible the delicate girl so dear to both; but when Hope was wrapped closely in shawls and blankets, and seated between them upon the deck, there seemed no more to be done but to wait resignedly, till that creeping, sliding water, whose warning splash sounded every moment nearer, should at last reach and overwhelm them.

"What should be the cause of this sudden change?" asked Mr. Murray, breaking with an effort the painful silence.

"Captain Jones told me," said Tresethen, "the reason the vessel did not sink at once was that he had caused a bulkhead, as nearly airtight as he could get it, to be placed across some portion of the hold, thinking that, in case of just such a disaster as befell us, this confined body of air would, as it actually did, buoy up the stern and prevent the wreck from sinking. In the first moments after the collision he supposed that his experiment had failed, and did not mention it to us until several hours of safety had reassured him. I suppose this partition must now have given way at some point, so as slowly to admit the water. Probably it was just beneath our feet last night, while we sat so cheerfully talking over our future plans before separating for the night."

"Dreadful!" murmured Hope, hiding her face upon her husband's breast.

"Well, I don't know, daughter and son," said James Murray, after a little pause. "It don't strike me that we've been so hardly dealt with

after all. It would have been worse if I had died floating on that spar, and you had gone down when your shipmates did, and neither of us had ever said the words we have said since. It would have been worse, even if you had got safely to England and lived out your lives, with the weight on your consciences of having started wrong; while I, a poor, miserable, lonely old man, had staid in America cursing and swearing at my disobedient children."

"Oh, father!"

"Well, I did girl, and so that Mr. Hepworth will tell you—would have told you, I may as well say. No, children, I think, on the whole, Almighty God has done full as much for us as we any way deserve, considering we none of us have kept straight to the mark; and I for one have wandered off far enough. Now, son and daughter, don't you agree with me that we shall all go off into eternity the happier and the better for this last week we've spent together?"

"Indeed I do, Sir," said Miles, solemnly; and Hope, sobbing on her father's neck, answered him with quivering kisses.

"I know I haven't lived what the ministers call a godly life," said James Murray again, after a little thought. "But I hope I've been sorry first or last for all the wrong I've done; and I've heard it read that such as repented were to be forgiven. I don't know yet. We all shall soon. Hope, child, can't you say over one of those prayers I used to hear your mother teaching you in the old times?"

Controlling her own emotion with quiet womanly strength, Hope, after a little pause, repeated in her clear, low voice the simplest and the greatest of all petitions, the Lord's own prayer.

When she had done, no more was said for a long while. Each one took counsel with his own heart, and silently set his house in order for the mighty visitor who stood close without the door. At last Tresethen said, quietly,

"The day is dawning."

All eyes turned eastward and watched silently while the sun rose through a glory of purple and golden clouds and came to look at them. Presently his light and warmth revived their chilled frames, and, creeping closer together, they divided the food they had brought with them in their hasty flight. It was not much, not more than would last one day; but as all thought, though none said, it was very unlikely that another sunrise should find them in need of earthly food.

The bright winter day passed on. The air, though keen, was not insupportably cold, and the little party were well provided with wrappings of various sorts, and exerted themselves, from time to time, to take such exercise as the limits of the deck, now very nearly level with the water, would allow. But here again the waters stayed. For what reason they could not tell, but from an hour before sunset the settling of the wreck was suspended, and faint human hopes and longings came creeping back to the

three hearts that thought to have done with them forever.

Darkness fell, and the father slept, his head upon his daughter's lap. She, gathered to her husband's breast, neither spoke nor moved, and though her blue eyes did not close her spirit seemed far away. Tresethen, strong and manful, warded off as yet the subtle attacks of cold and hunger, watching sleeplessly the starry horizon, hoping, longing to see there the dim outline of a sail.

The long night passed, the morning broke. Hope quietly arousing herself drew forth the remnant of her yesterday's food and tried to slip a portion into her father's mouth that he might unconsciously swallow it. But Murray awaking suddenly detected the pious fraud, and smiling feebly, said,

"No, no, child; life is young and full of promise for you—keep it while you may. My race is run."

"Will you not take it, father? Indeed I do not want it."

"No, Hope; positively no."

"Then you must, Miles. You are the strongest of us all. Eat, and you may yet be saved."

"Do you think, my wife, that I would live so?" asked Tresethen, reproachfully. "What charm remains on earth for me, that I should take the morsel from your lips and watch you die of hunger in my arms? Eat this morsel yourself, my darling, if you love me!"

"No, Miles, I can not—I will not. Indeed, I think it would choke me were I to attempt it."

"Then we will divide it in three parts, and each agree to eat his own share for the sake of the others."

"I will try," said Hope, faintly; and James Murray, sitting upright, could not restrain the hungry glare of his hollow eyes as he seized the portion offered him by Tresethen. Hope—her husband's eye upon her—swallowed with difficulty her own morsel, watching in her turn Tresethen, who, making a very good pretense at eating, quietly hid his untasted food, reserving it for Hope.

Again the sun rose and looked pityingly down upon the forlorn group clinging to that sinking wreck.

The three watched it steadily.

"Hope! Mr. Murray! what is that? There, close under the sun—you can hardly see it for the light! Is it—can it be?—it is, a sail!"

"You're right, boy; it is surely a sail!" cried the father, rising excitedly to his feet.

Hope did not speak, but her dim eyes turned to Miles with a look of unspeakable thankfulness.

It was indeed a sail—a homeward-bound merchantman, sweeping gayly on before a strong east wind, directly in the path of the sinking hulk.

Every moment as it passed brought her nearer, and brought back life and hope to those three, so lately resigned to die.

Nearer and nearer, till the fluttering ensign

of distress held aloft by Tresethen was acknowledged from her decks; near and nearer, till she gracefully rounded to, and a boat was manned and lowered. Then, as it came leaping on across the waters, how those hungry eyes watched lest it should suddenly be swallowed up; lest it should not, after all, be meant for them; lest they should die some sudden death before it reached them. And then, when it was come—when rough hands, but tender hearts, helped them aboard with many a word of pity and of wonder—then how the truth of their safety in very deed came crowding in upon their hearts, till even Tresethen turned away his face, while Hope and Murray sobbed aloud.

All honor to that captain and that crew, Englishmen every one! All honor to the underlying good of human nature in its roughest form! How many ways it found to prove itself in the days before that merchantman dropped her anchor in Boston harbor! How affectionately Tresethen and Murray and Hope herself grasped the hard hands of those sailors as they parted from them at the wharf! How tenderly they ever recalled their faces and their names; and how gladly, years after, they ministered to the wants of one of them who, sick and poor, sent to ask their charity!

And so Miles and Hope came home to the roof whence they had stolen a while before; and that angry father, who had pursued them with such threats of vengeance, welcomed them there as one welcomes all that makes life dear; and when the year came round, and there was a baby to be christened, none but Mr. Hepworth should bestow that benediction on its little head, and sanction with his presence the merry dinner afterward which Mr. Murray gave, as he told every one, in honor of "My grandson, Sir, Miles Tresethen, Junior!"

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

WITH Humboldt terminated an important period in the history of science. Gay-Lussac, Laplace, Arago, and Cuvier, who were with him the master minds whose unwearied labors served so largely to advance its boundaries that those who immediately followed them found themselves in possession of an advance point never before gained in a single epoch, had one after the other been snatched away by death, and left him the sole (or nearly the sole, for the venerable Biot was then still living) representative of this great era. At last Humboldt, at the age of ninety, died in 1859; and those who had listened to the teachings of this great school of philosophers were left in possession of the great depository they had labored with such assiduity to enrich. Nor were the immediate recipients of this legacy of knowledge laggard in assuming the labors of their predecessors. Owen, Liebig, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and Agassiz constitute the master spirits of another epoch whose cycle has not yet been completed, but whose discoveries and contributions, as already establish-

ed, clearly demonstrate that it will fall but little behind the great scientific age that preceded it.

Of these, one of the most industrious as well as one of the most successful prosecutors of original scientific researches is Agassiz. He is of French origin, but a native of Switzerland, having been born in Motier, in the Canton of Fribourg, in 1807. He had scarcely completed his preparatory studies when he was appointed Professor of Natural History in the University of Neufchatel, which position he continued to occupy until his departure for the United States in 1846.

It is a remarkable fact that Guyot, whom Ritter declared to be one of his best pupils, and who was Professor of Physical Geography in the University of Neufchatel; Matile, the Professor of History in the same institution; and Agassiz, should, after many years' conjoint labor as colleagues, find themselves residents of the United States, and professors of various schools in this country. It is pleasant to say that a warm friendship, begun in youth and continued through the varying shades of manhood, still subsists between these early associates.

In 1833 Agassiz began the publication of his great work on "Fossil Fishes," in five quarto volumes, accompanied by about four hundred folio plates, comprising the figures and descriptions of nearly one thousand specimens of fossil fishes. This work at once won the admiration of all the savans of Europe, and established for him a reputation which he has since so honorably maintained.

Born in the midst of those wonderful and majestic creations which tower up on every side in the lofty pinnacles and deep ravines of the Swiss Alps, his attention was early directed to an explanation of their phenomena. Every one knows that the deep valleys of these mountainous regions contain immense rivers denominated glaciers, as those of the Aar and Chamouni, whose waters are constantly frozen, and which gradually flow down to empty themselves into the Rhone with a motion so imperceptible that its progress is only determined by fixing points that may be permanent upon the icy current and contiguous shore, and at intervals of several months noticing the distance which those objects on the ice have receded from those on the bank of the stream. Hugri, who had placed a cabin on the Aar in 1827, found that in 1830 it had moved about 110 yards downward. Agassiz, in 1840, by fixing the position of the rock on the Aar, which he denominated "Hôtel des Neufchâtelais," found that its motion was at the rate of 243 feet each year; at which rate of progress the frozen stream would finally flow from the lakes, whence it was collected to the Rhone, at an average rate of one mile in about twenty-two years.

But the phenomena of motion, however interesting, was of far less importance, as a question of large generalization, than what is known as "the glacial theory," which Agassiz announced in a paper read before the Helvetic Society of Natural History in 1837, which was a

remarkable advance in geological discoveries. It may be well to state that a few years since two theories were advocated to account for all the changes that had taken place on the surface of the globe. One of these, known as the Wernerian theory from its author, ascribed all these changes to the action of water. The other, known as the Huttonian theory, attributed them with equal force to the effect of fire. The action of both fire and water are so manifest upon the surface of the globe, that although each theory had many warm and able advocates, yet the great majority of the scientific world were disposed not to place implicit confidence in either, although attributing to each a great share in these effects. While discussions were going on in regard to which had the greatest agency in shaping the outer or external crust of the earth into the mountains and valleys that now diversify its surface, Agassiz, by his close and searching observations on the glaciers, attempted to show that water had exercised an influence in the arrangement of the visible parts of the earth as it now presents itself in a form heretofore never thought of.

"The appearance of the Alps," says Agassiz, in the promulgation of this theory, "the result of the greatest convulsion which has modified the surface of our globe, found its surface covered with ice, at least from the North Pole to the Mediterranean and Caspian seas." From the effects produced by the motion of this great icy covering in scratches upon the rocks, not only in the Alps, where the glaciers are seen at this day, but in Norway and Scotland, and, still later, on the American continent, he inferred that the whole surface had been subjected to the action of this ice movement, which had left enduring traces of its progress in the inscriptions it had surely although rudely traced on the adjacent rocks in its passage downward to what now form the beds of the ocean and great seas.

This glacial theory presupposes that this globe, which we inhabit with such conscious security, and which in its arrangement in the great solar circle is so disposed as to give a due proportion of dryness and moisture, and heat and cold to its various parts, so as to fit them for the abode of man and those animals which exist with him, was at least north of the Mediterranean at a day no farther distant than that which witnessed the upheaval of the Alps, entirely enveloped in one dense and unyielding investiture of ice; that the whole of the North American continent was at that time subjected to a degree of cold so intense as to destroy every species of animal life and every particle of vegetation; and that with a restoration of this part of the earth's surface to a sufficient degree of heat—for it appears to have previously possessed an elevated temperature far more tropical than it now enjoys—it came forth from its icy investiture bleak and barren, and entirely devoid of animate existence. While it is true that these very original and ingenious speculations have not as yet obtained general acceptance, it is nevertheless certain that

such geologists as Buckland and Lyell in England, and Professor Hitchcock in the United States, have either adopted in whole or in part the theory as established by the facts upon which they have been enabled to generalize. Professor Hitchcock has found in the New England States evidences of striation of rocks which go far toward the establishment of this theory; and I may add, that I have likewise seen in the mountain gorges of Western Maryland similar striations which it seems scarcely possible to account for on any other supposition.

But whether this theory be true or not, yet the deductions of Agassiz on the glacial movements form very important contributions to science, and are both exact and interesting. It is, however, rather as a naturalist than a physicist that Agassiz has gained his greatest reputation; and when, at the suggestion of Humboldt, he was requested by the King of Prussia to visit the United States in order to investigate its fossil remains, it was rather as the author of the elaborate work on "Fossil Fishes," than as the promulgator of a new physical theory of the earth's perturbations, that he was warmly welcomed by scientific men.

He arrived in the United States in 1846, accompanied by Count Portalis, who, as an attaché to the Coast Survey, has since contributed to the pages of its reports much exact information connected with this important branch of the public service. Agassiz had, while in Europe, received an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and soon after his arrival in Boston he was introduced in this manner to the public as a lecturer on Natural History. Possessing great natural powers as a public speaker, with a reasonably fair acquaintance with the English language, and ardent enthusiasm for the subject he was engaged in delineating, it is not remarkable that his lectures should have been exceedingly popular, or that his audiences should have filled to overflowing the edifice in which they were delivered.

He originally contemplated a tarry of two years in the United States, and was provided by the Prussian Government with funds for this object; but soon after his arrival he met with Professor Bache, who not only tendered to him the use of the vessels engaged in the Coast Survey for the purpose of prosecuting his researches, but employed him on the special service of examining the formation of the Florida Reefs. This piece of good fortune determined him to remain an indefinite period in the United States, in which he found a vast and hitherto nearly unexplored field for research in the department of natural history, to which he particularly devoted his attention. This resolve was finally made a permanent one by his appointment to the Professorship of Zoology and Geology in the Lawrence Scientific School, then just established. He has since become a permanent resident of Cambridge, has associated himself by marriage with a Boston lady, and drawn around him a circle of home associations which promise to pos-

sess sufficient power to retain him hereafter in his adopted country.

My acquaintance with Agassiz began at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Providence in 1855. This meeting was remarkable for the circumstance that the plan and organization of the Dudley Observatory was there arranged and prosecuted chiefly by Dr. Armsby of Albany, with such zeal that when the Association assembled at Albany the following year the whole arrangement was so far developed that its organization was inducted by an able address by Edward Everett.

At Providence the harmony of the meeting was for a time disturbed by a rival faction, which was somewhat jealous of the mode in which the appointments were made by those who were intrusted with the management of the Association. One of the most effective and conciliatory speakers on this occasion was Agassiz, who by his tact succeeded in a great degree in restoring harmony, upon the very eve of what promised to be an unpleasant if not irreconcilable discord which threatened the very existence of the Association.

During the week appropriated to the meetings of the Association I frequently met him at the dinner parties and evening receptions given by the citizens to the members. Agassiz, who was at that time somewhat under fifty years of age, possessed a remarkably fine personal appearance, and a physique which, while not overburdened with flesh, exhibited much power of endurance. Among the eminent savans assembled on this occasion, including Pierce of Harvard, Alexander of Princeton, Olmsted of Yale, Henry of the Smithsonian, Bache of the Coast Survey, Henry and William B. Rogers, and Sir William Logan, Agassiz had unquestionably the finest head and the most strikingly intellectual countenance. He was indeed not only a highly intellectual person in appearance, but a very handsome man, and withal was possessed of the blandest and most engaging manners.

The topics usually discussed at the social reunions were of a scientific character. On one occasion the party invited to dinner had assembled with the single exception of Agassiz. While waiting his coming the conversation turned upon the characteristics of the toad, and called forth a difference of opinion, which upon his arrival was referred to him for settlement.

"Yes," replied Agassiz, in answer to the appeal, "on my way hither I saw a toad jumping in the path before me, and put him in my pocket for future examination. Here he is:" and to the surprise of the party he drew forth a living specimen of the object under discussion, and placing him in the palm of his hand commenced a dissertation upon its peculiarities and habits with as perfect nonchalance as if he had been invited thither for the express purpose. It is needless to say that the party listened with the utmost attention to his explanations, and relinquished the subject on the announcement that the dinner waited their attendance, in all proba-

bility better acquainted with the habits of this unobtrusive yet very useful being than they ever would have been but for this accidental circumstance.

On this occasion Agassiz was the chief talker, for two reasons: first, because he talked admirably; and, second, because each of the other guests desired most to hear him. He never speaks for effect—at least it so impressed me, not only on this but frequent other occasions where we have chanced to meet—but from the fullness of his heart. He enters with great warmth into the subject that engages his attention, and is happy to find one whom he can interest in it; and thus, while carrying learned men far beyond the boundaries of their own knowledge in the topic of which he is master, he appears perfectly unconscious of any superiority over those with whom he is conversing. He tells what he has to say, either in private conversation or in public, with great earnestness, and listens with respectful attention to what is told him by others.

Agassiz occupies, as a summer retreat, a cottage on one of the boldest and most weather-beaten cliffs on the promontory of Nahant. From this spot he can look out upon the ocean as it stretches uninterruptedly away toward the continent of Europe, and be lulled to sleep by the ceaseless surging of its waves upon the rocky shore. While I was at Nahant a few years since he was away at Cambridge, busily employed in the arrangement of the Zoological Museum which he has since developed in such an admirable manner and in such gigantic proportions. We met, however, at the railway station at Lynn, where I left the cars in order to visit Prescott. He appeared jaded, and was far from the possession of his ordinary good health. He had not attended the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science the previous year, and upon my calling his attention to the circumstance, he replied that for some time he had not been well.

I remarked that, during the summer months at least, I had expected to find him at Nahant, where he might procure a stock of health to enable him to prosecute his labors with more energy during the remainder of the year.

"You are right," he replied, "you are right: but with the resolve not to come to town during the summer, I find that I am so much interested in the classification of my Museum that I have spent nearly the whole summer there."

I expressed the hope that, on his present visit to Nahant, he would find it sufficiently attractive to wean him for a few weeks at least from his dearly loved fossil remains, and be induced to snuff the fresh air from the ocean, instead of that exhaled from the musty preparations of a cabinet of natural history in the process of preparation; and thus we parted, I must confess upon my part, with the most serious misgivings as to his capability long to continue the laborious task he was imposing upon himself in the arrangement of his Museum, and the preparation of his "Contributions to the Natural History of the

United States," which at that time, as now, occupied a large share of his attention.

I was therefore agreeably surprised in meeting him at Newport on the occasion of the re-assembling of the Scientific Association at that place in August, 1860, to find that every trace of bodily ailment had passed away, and that he appeared as fresh and vigorous as I had ever seen him. He had the year previous paid a visit to Switzerland, where his mother, venerable with years but erect and dignified in carriage, as well as his sister, Madame Françillon, and her children reside.

Professor Silliman, in his last visit to Europe, bore a note of introduction from Agassiz to his mother and sister, and paid them a visit at Lausanne, a Swiss town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, where they resided. He first met with Madame Françillon Agassiz, who, according to the custom, bears her maiden name as well as that of her husband's, where the family occupies a prominent position in society. He found this lady, who appeared with a smiling face, brilliant black eyes, and the softened features of her brother, surrounded by a beautiful group of children seven in number. She extended to him and his daughter a cordial welcome, and in the frankest manner had spread for their reception a welcome board, on which a finely flavored cup of tea—a great fondness for which is one of the Professor's weaknesses—carried his thoughts back to his New England home and his own table, around which Agassiz and himself had spent many a pleasant hour.

Although the evening was rainy it did not deter Agassiz's sister from accompanying her new friends to her mother's, to whom their coming had been announced by her little son, who was the bearer of the introductory note from Agassiz. She had mislaid her spectacles and could not read the note, but she said that when her grandson told her that two American gentlemen, accompanied by a lady, were coming in a few minutes, she felt assured that they were the friends of her son Louis. When Professor Silliman explained their intimacy; that he had often been a guest in his family; that he knew his interesting American wife; and when he still further gave a friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart which fourscore years had failed to chill.

Agassiz had made such progress in the arrangement of his Museum as to make a description of his plans a subject of interest to the scientific world, and he was invited to give to the Association a general view of its arrangement. It is the custom of the Association, after a short time spent in general business, to divide into sections for the reading and discussing of scientific papers. On the occasion referred to, both sections adjourned in order to enable all the members to listen to Agassiz, and long before

he made his appearance every available place was occupied by members or visitors at Newport; for this was the height of the season at this fashionable watering-place, and its gay visitors were in attendance in large numbers.

The meetings of the Association were held at the State House—a venerable building familiar to the visitors of Newport, whose associations are connected with some of the most stirring events in our national history; and the room occupied on this occasion was the great State-chamber, from whose frames looked out the commanding portraits of many of those distinguished men, who, on more than one trying occasion, had made these walls echo back their masterly and impassioned eloquence.

Agassiz gracefully acknowledged the compliment extended to him; and after a brief and apposite allusion to the historic character of the edifice, at once began his explanation of the arrangement of the Museum, which, with the "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States"—which is a part of his plan—may be considered the crowning work of his life. This Museum is a conception of the grandest kind, and is intended not only to represent the present state of knowledge of Natural History, but its future development for a long period. The visitor on entering finds himself in an apartment which serves the purpose of an ante-room, in which is arranged a general classification of all the subjects to which the whole is appropriated. This room is intended as a general introduction to Natural History, in which the earlier or more rudimentary stages of its progress can be traced before the student enters into the exact details found in their appropriate departments within. On more than one occasion, while Agassiz was eloquently describing his vast plan, I felt amazed that Boston should be the only city in the Union capable of developing so noble a foundation; and asked myself over and over again why New York, whose men of wealth exceeded in numbers those of any other city on the continent, should not by private benefaction endeavor to cope with its New England rival. Here is a comparatively small town, the commercial capital of one of the most sterile sections of the country, possessing a Review which for half a century has been a model of literary excellence; an institution of learning which, during the same period, has stood at the head of its class; and a scientific school and a museum of natural history of which the whole nation have good reason to be proud; and a director of its cabinet of natural history whom kings and emperors have in vain sought, by the most brilliant offers, to entice from his simple republican home to do honor to their proud capitals. Among these offers the most tempting are those of Professor of Natural Sciences in the University of Göttingen, to fill the post so ably occupied by Blumenbach; and the director of the "Jardin des Plantes" in Paris, which is certainly the most enviable situation a man of science could occupy. During the recent visit of Prince Jerome to the

United States he called on Agassiz while in Boston, and, in the name of his royal cousin, renewed this latter offer, which had already been twice tendered to him by the Emperor. Yet up to this period he has never hesitated as to his objects of life, and the situation he seeks to occupy.

Mere pecuniary compensation seems to have had but little influence with Agassiz, who has always looked to this source only as a means to accomplish great ends. While a youth, as a student of medicine at Zurich and afterward at Munich, where he became the intimate friend of Oken the zoologist, Martins the botanist, Schelling the philosopher, and Dollinger the founder of the school of modern physiology, he was sustained by a small income allowed by his father, which was entirely withdrawn upon his receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

He had, while a student, made, under his able masters, much progress in Natural History, and especially in the fresh-water fish of Europe, of which he had elaborately drawn a large number of specimens. His ardent desire to prosecute these studies in Paris was fortunately gratified by a singular, and what might be called an almost providential, circumstance. Mr. Christinat, a clergyman and friend of his father's, chanced to come into possession of a small sum of money, which he immediately offered to his young friend to enable him to prosecute his studies. Agassiz accepted the offer and went to Paris, where he became acquainted with Arago, Humboldt, Cuvier, and the other distinguished savans, who were assembled from all parts of Europe in this great centre of scientific intelligence. Cuvier, to whom he showed his drawings, was so much impressed with the proficiency he had already made in this department that he at once offered to him his own collections, and at the same time received him as a warm friend into his family circle.

The means, however, furnished by Mr. Christinat proved inadequate to sustain him until he should have completed his studies, and he was about to return home with a sorrowful heart when he met Professor Mitscherlich, who was then on a visit to Paris, who observed his sorrowful mood and kindly asked him the cause of his depressed feelings.

"I told him," said Agassiz, "that I had to go, for I had nothing left. I was then," he said, "but twenty-four years of age, and had no more means to meet my expenses."

The next morning, as he was seated at breakfast in front of the yard of the hotel where he lived, he saw the servant of Humboldt approach, who handed him a letter with the remark that it required no answer, and immediately left. The letter was couched in these words:

"MY FRIEND,—I hear that you intend leaving Paris in consequence of some embarrassment. This shall not be. I wish you to remain here so long as the object for which you came is not accomplished. I inclose you a check for £50. It is a loan which you may repay when you can."

With the means thus generously furnished he did remain and complete the course of investi-

gation he had contemplated. Years after, when Agassiz found himself in a situation to repay this loan, he wrote to Humboldt, asking for the privilege to remain forever in his debt, satisfied that it would be more in accordance with his feelings than to recover the money he had lent. That Agassiz was correct in his judgment is evident not only from the circumstance that their relations always continued to be of the most friendly character, but because Agassiz's visit to America was made with means supplied by the Prussian Government at the suggestion of Humboldt, with which his influence on all matters of science was supreme.

This instance of Humboldt's generosity was not a solitary one.

"What he has done for me," said Agassiz, "I know he has done for many others, in silence and unknown to the world. He may be said, especially in his later years, to have been the friend of every cultivated man, wishing to lose no opportunity to do all the good of which he was capable; for he had a degree of benevolence and generosity that was unbounded."

These intimate personal relations gave him an excellent opportunity of forming a judgment of Humboldt's character. "He was brought up," he said, "in connection with courtiers and men in high positions in life. He was no doubt imbued with the prejudices of his caste. He was a nobleman of high descent; and yet the friend of kings was a bosom friend of Arago; and he was the man who could, after his return from America, refuse the highest position at the court of Berlin—that of Secretaryship of Public Instruction—preferring to live in Paris in a modest way in the society of those illustrious men who then made Paris the centre of intellectual culture."

Of his writings he says: "There is a fullness and richness of expression and substantial power which is most remarkable. He has aimed to present what nature has presented to him. You see his works, page after page running into volumes without divisions into chapters or heads of any sort; and so conspicuous is this peculiarity of style in his compositions that I well remember hearing Arago say: 'Humboldt, you don't know how to write a book. You write without end; but that is not a book. It is a picture without a frame.'"

"Such an expression," he added, "from one scientific man to another, without giving offense, could only come from a man as intimately associated as Arago was with Humboldt. Each understood the other, and held his intellectual attainments in the highest estimation."

While Agassiz was engaged in obtaining evidences in corroboration of his glacial theory he visited Great Britain, and was the guest of the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Egerton, afterward Earl of Ellesmere. He was warmly welcomed by Sir Roderic Murchison, Lyell, Buckland, Owen, and other scientific men, and every facility was afforded for a thorough investigation. In Scotland he met with Hugh Miller, who

showed him a portion of a crustacea found in the old red sandstone. The specimen was not only new to Agassiz, but apparently so small a part of the whole as to preclude the possibility of developing its true character, and yet Agassiz sketched out with so much certainty its shape as to find credence not only with the geologist but with the naturalist. He had not, it is true, the same means of verifying his opinion that was given to Professor Owen—who, from a single bone, described the true skeleton of the bird to which it belonged, and which, with the entire skeleton afterward obtained, is now one of the greatest curiosities in the British Museum—but sufficient to establish its true position among ancient fossils.

While Agassiz was at Charleston, South Carolina, he announced his remarkable and original views concerning the diversity of the human race, which has probably more than any other subject enunciated by him given rise to a widespread and frequently profitless discussion. The theory of Agassiz in respect to the origin of the human race is, that like all other organized beings it could not have originated in single individuals, but must have been created in that numeric harmony which is characteristic of each species. He was first led to this conclusion from the observation of the local habits of animals and plants, each occupying its own geographical position although frequently possessed of the power of extensive migration.

This doctrine was warmly opposed, more especially by divines, on the ground that it directly impugned the Biblical account of the origin of man as detailed in the first part of the book of Genesis. Among the ablest opponents of this theory were the Rev. Dr. Bachman—a very able divine and a distinguished naturalist, to whom Audubon is much indebted for suggestions in relation to the contents of his valuable work—and the Rev. Dr. Smyth, both of whom were residents of Charleston, and each the author of a work intended to controvert Agassiz's theory.

Both of these volumes were handed to me by the Rev. Dr. Morris—an able entomologist and the librarian of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore—about the time of their publication, some ten years since. A perusal of them failed to satisfy me of the inconsistency of such a theory as was attributed to Agassiz. I soon afterward read his own statement of his views, as published in the *Christian Examiner* for 1850; and am free to say that I do not discover in them any facts inconsistent with the Mosaic account, or which tend in the least by their admission to shake my own religious belief. Agassiz's teachings, so far from leading to skepticism tend directly to the contemplation of a Supreme Being as the great first cause, and supporter of the order and harmony of the universe.

"The geographical distribution of organized beings," said Agassiz, "displays more fully the direct intervention of a Supreme Intelligence than any other adaptation of the physical world."

"The great difficulty," he added, "in the

whole of this subject, as a matter of pure scientific inquiry, is that it is looked at as the result of absolute changes from such means as we are already acquainted with. Now there will be no scientific evidence of God's working in nature until naturalists shall have shown *that the whole creation is the expression of a thought, and not the product of physical agents.*"

Surely this is not the language of one who has failed to discover the hand of God in the great works of the creation. In regard to the unity or diversity of the human race, he says: "All the statements of the Bible have reference either to the general unity which we all acknowledge among men, as well as their diversity, or to the genealogy of one particular race, the history of which is more fully recorded in Genesis. But there is nowhere any mention of those physical differences characteristic of the colored races of men, such as the Mongolians and negroes, which may be quoted as evidence that the sacred writers considered them as descended from a common stock. Have we not, on the contrary, the distinct assertion that the Ethiopian can not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots?"

"When I was a medical student in the University of Heidelberg in 1826," said Agassiz, "I obtained a sight of a stuffed skin of a gar-pike in the Museum of Carlsruhe. I instantly became satisfied that this genus stood alone in the class of fishes, and that we could not by any possibility associate it with any of the types of living fishes, nor succeed in finding any among living types fairly to associate it with."

This single circumstance, apparently trivial in itself, produced a deep impression upon the mind of Agassiz, and gradually led him to adopt the views in regard to classification he has enunciated in his works and adopted in his Museum at Cambridge. "To the gar-pike, standing alone and isolated among all living beings," he declares, "I am indebted for my escape from all fanciful attempts at symmetrical classifications."

This remarkable fish, which is only found in the waters of the temperate portion of the North American continent, was first made known to naturalists by Catesby, who published a figure and short account of it in his "Natural History of South Carolina."

At a somewhat later period, when Agassiz's attention was directed to fossil fishes, he was particularly struck not only with the great difference in the characters of the class of fishes in the early geological age, as compared with those now existing, but with the marked similarity between these ancient inhabitants of the earth and the gar-pike. It is, in fact, the living representative of those species whose former existence is made known to us by the impressions they have left in the rocks formed during the period of their annihilation, and although now isolated in the present creation, yet it had once many and diverse living representatives all over Europe, as well as in Asia and America.

The inference from these facts is, that North

America was a vast continent long before the other portions of the globe underwent those physical changes that have given to them their present structure, and at the same time destroyed their former animal and vegetable life. Hence, so far from being denominated the New World, it should, so far as its physical structure goes, be called the Old; because it is in North America alone that the naturalist finds a country which has remained undisturbed from the period when the ancient representatives of the gar-pike peopled its waters, while in all others these changes have been so great as to exclude such forms from the animals suited to them.

The gar-pike (*Lepidosteus*) is one of the swiftest fishes with which naturalists are acquainted. "He darts," says Agassiz, "like an arrow through the waters, and the facility with which he overcomes rapids, even the rapids of the Niagara, shows that the Falls of St. Marys would be no natural barrier to him if there were no natural causes to keep him within the limits in which he is found; and which extend from Lake Michigan, St. Clair, and Mud Lake, through Lakes Erie and Ontario, down to the St. Lawrence and its outlet to the sea, in which he does not venture far, though he does not altogether avoid brackish and salt water."

Yet, notwithstanding this very extensive distribution of the gar-pike in the waters of the contiguous lakes, he has never been found in Lake Superior, and is presumed by Agassiz not to inhabit it.

This remarkable location of both animals and vegetables within certain circumscribed boundaries is one of the most interesting facts developed by the study of Natural History, and comes with particular significance in its application to the study of these phenomena on this continent. The questions whether the wild bear of the Northern States is identical with the one found in similar countries in Europe, and presents the changes that characterize him, from the peculiar circumstances by which he is surrounded; or, whether the many birds that inhabit the North American forests are derived from a similar stock in Europe, or were created within the limits in which they are now found; or, still more, whether the alligator, the snapping turtle, and the rattlesnake, which are only to be found in America, derived their origin from a country in which their species is now extinct, can only be determined by that sort of careful scrutiny which such minds as those of Agassiz are enabled to bestow upon the subject.

The habits of Agassiz are essentially those of a hard student. He is an early riser, and is seldom absent from his Museum after nine o'clock in the morning. In early life it was his custom to devote the greater part of the night to writing, and he seldom retired before two or three o'clock in the morning. Of late, however, the failure of his eyesight has rendered an interdiction of night labor a matter of absolute necessity: and perhaps fortunately so; because in the ardor of his pursuits he gives but alight attention to his

bodily health, and might easily have shattered even his hardy constitution.

There is probably no scientific man of his age who is moved by less disinterested motives in the performance of his duty than Agassiz. With the brilliant offers of place and preferment open to him from abroad, he is content to labor in his self-allotted task without for a moment being diverted from the chief object that engrosses his

attention. "I feel," he says, "that the task allotted to me is the development of the Natural History of this continent. Here I am not trammelled by the forms which others have prescribed, and which, to some extent, I must follow, in Europe, but am free to make my own selection and arrangement. Both as to the object and the mode of its performance I am satisfied that America, and not Europe, is my field and my home."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE LOVES AND HOPES OF ALBERT FITZALLEN.

FELIX GRAHAM, when he left poor Mary Snow, did not go on immediately to the doctor's shop. He had made up his mind that Mary Snow should never be his wife, and therefore considered it wise to lose no time in making such arrangements as might be necessary both for his release and for hers. But, nevertheless, he had not the heart to go about the work the moment that he left her. He passed by the apothecary's, and looking in saw a young man working sedulously at a pestle. If Albert Fitzallen were fit to be her husband and willing to be so, poor as he was himself, he would still make some pecuniary sacrifice by which he might quiet his own conscience and make Mary's marriage possible. He still had a sum of £1200 belonging to him, that being all his remaining capital; and the half of that he would give to Mary as her dower. So in two days he returned, and again looking in at the doctor's shop, again saw the young man at his work.

"Yes, Sir, my name is Albert Fitzallen," said the medical aspirant, coming round the counter. There was no one else in the shop, and Felix hardly knew how to accost him on so momentous a subject, while he was still in charge of all that store of medicine, and liable to be called away at any moment to relieve the ailments of Clapham. Albert Fitzallen was a pale-faced, light-haired youth, with an incipient mustache, with his hair parted in equal divisions over his forehead, with elaborate shirt-cuffs elaborately turned back, and with a white apron tied round him so that he might pursue his vocation without injury to his nether garments. His face, however, was not bad, nor mean, and had there not been about him a little air of pretension, assumed perhaps to carry off the combined apron and beard, Felix would have regarded him altogether with favorable eyes.

"Is it in the medical way?" asked Fitzallen, when Graham suggested that he should step out with him for a few minutes. Graham explained that it was not in the medical way—that it was in a way altogether of a private nature; and then the young man, pulling off his apron and wiping his hands on a thoroughly medicated towel, invoked the master of the establishment

from an inner room, and in a few minutes Mary Snow's two lovers were walking together, side by side, along the causeway.

"I believe you know Miss Snow," said Felix, rushing at once into the middle of all those delicate circumstances.

Albert Fitzallen drew himself up, and declared that he had that honor.

"I also know her," said Felix. "My name is Felix Graham—"

"Oh, Sir, very well," said Albert. The street in which they were standing was desolate, and the young man was able to assume a look of decided hostility without encountering any other eyes than those of his rival. "If you have any thing to say to me, Sir, I am quite prepared to listen to you—to listen to you, and to answer you. I have heard your name mentioned by Miss Snow." And Albert Fitzallen stood his ground as though he were at once going to cover himself with his pistol arm.

"Yes, I know you have. Mary has told me what has passed between you. You may regard me, Mr. Fitzallen, as Mary's best and surest friend."

"I know you have been a friend to her; I am aware of that. But, Mr. Graham, if you will allow me to say so, friendship is one thing, and the warm love of a devoted bosom is another."

"Quite so," said Felix.

"A woman's heart is a treasure not to be bought by any efforts of friendship," said Fitzallen.

"I fully agree with you there," said Graham.

"Far be it from me to make any boast," continued the other, "or even to hint that I have gained a place in that lady's affections. I know my own position too well, and say proudly that I am existing only on hope." Here, to show his pride, he hit himself with his closed fist on his shirt-front. "But, Mr. Graham, I am free to declare, even in your presence, though you may be her best and surest friend"—and there was not wanting, from the tone of his voice, a strong flavor of scorn as he repeated these words—"that I do exist on hope, let your claims be what they will. If you desire to make such hope on my part a cause of quarrel, I have nothing to say against it." And then he twirled all that he could twirl of that incipient mustache.

"By no means," said Graham.

"Oh, very well," said Fitzallen. "Then we understand that the arena of love is open to us both. I do not fail to appreciate the immense advantages which you enjoy in this struggle." And then Fitzallen looked up into Graham's ugly face, and thought of his own appearance in the looking-glass.

"What I want to know is this," said Felix. "If you marry Mary Snow, what means have you of maintaining her? Would your mother receive her into her house? I presume you are not a partner in that shop; but would it be possible to get you in as a partner, supposing Mary were to marry you and had a little money as her fortune?"

"Eh!" said Albert, dropping his look of pride, allowing his hand to fall from his lips, and standing still before his companion with his mouth wide open.

"Of course you mean honestly by dear Mary."

"Oh, Sir, yes, on the honor of a gentleman. My intentions, Sir, are —. Mr. Graham, I love that young lady with a devotion of heart that—that—that— Then you don't mean to marry her yourself; eh, Mr. Graham?"

"No, Mr. Fitzallen, I do not. And now, if you will so far confide in me, we will talk over your prospects."

"Oh, very well. I'm sure you are very kind. But Miss Snow did tell me—"

"Yes, I know she did, and she was quite right. But as you said just now, a woman's heart can not be bought by friendship. I have not been a bad friend to Mary, but I had no right to expect that I could win her love in that way. Whether or no you may be able to succeed, I will not say, but I have abandoned the pursuit." In all which Graham intended to be exceedingly honest, but was, in truth, rather hypocritical.

"Then the course is open to me," said Fitzallen.

"Yes, the course is open," answered Graham.

"But the race has still to be run. Don't you think that Miss Snow is of her nature very—very cold?"

Felix remembered the one kiss beneath the lamp-post—the one kiss given and received. He remembered also that Mary's acquaintance with the gentleman must necessarily have been short; and he made no answer to this question. But he made a comparison. What would Madeline have said and done had he attempted such an iniquity? And he thought of her flashing eyes and terrible scorn, of the utter indignation of all the Staveley family, and of the wretched abyss into which the offender would have fallen.

He brought back the subject at once to the young man's means, to his mother, and to the doctor's shop; and though he learned nothing that was very promising, neither did he learn any thing that was the reverse. Albert Fitzallen did not ride a very high horse when he learned that his supposed rival was so anxious to assist him. He was quite willing to be guided

by Graham, and, in that matter of the proposed partnership, was sure that old Balsam, the owner of the business, would be glad to take a sum of money down. "He has a son of his own," said Albert, "but he don't take to it at all. He's gone into wine and spirits; but he don't sell half as much as he drinks."

Felix then proposed that he should call on Mrs. Fitzallen, and to this Albert gave a blushing consent. "Mother has heard of it," said Albert, "but I don't exactly know how." Perhaps Mrs. Fitzallen was as attentive as Mrs. Thomas had been to stray documents packed away in odd places. "And I suppose I may call on—on—Mary?" asked the lover, as Graham took his leave. But Felix could give no authority for this, and explained that Mrs. Thomas might be found to be a dragon still guarding the Hesperides. Would it not be better to wait till Mary's father had been informed? And then, if all things went well, he might prosecute the affair in due form and as an acknowledged lover.

All this was very nice, and as it was quite unexpected Fitzallen could not but regard himself as a fortunate young man. He had never contemplated the possibility of Mary Snow being an heiress. And when his mother had spoken to him of the hopelessness of his passion, had suggested that he might perhaps marry his Mary in five or six years. Now the dearest wish of his heart was brought close within his reach, and he must have been a happy man. But yet, though this certainly was so, nevertheless there was a feeling of coldness about his love, and almost of disappointment as he again took his place behind the counter. The sorrows of Lydia in the play when she finds that her passion meets with general approbation are very absurd, but nevertheless are quite true to nature. Lovers would be great losers if the path of love were always to run smooth. Under such a dispensation, indeed, there would probably be no lovers. The matter would be too tame. Albert did not probably bethink himself of a becoming disguise, as did Lydia—of an amiable ladder of ropes, of a conscious moon, or a Scotch parson; but he did feel, in some undefined manner, that the romance of his life had been taken away from him. Five minutes under a lamp-post with Mary Snow was sweeter to him than the promise of a whole bevy of evenings spent in the same society, with all the comforts of his mother's drawing-room around him. Ah yes, dear readers—my male readers, of course, I mean—were not those minutes under the lamp-post always very pleasant?

But Graham encountered none of this feeling when he discussed the same subject with Albert's mother. She was sufficiently alive to the material view of the matter, and knew how much of a man's married happiness depends on his supplies of bread-and-butter. Six hundred pounds! Mr. Graham was very kind—very kind indeed. She hadn't a word to say against Mary Snow. She had seen her, and thought her very pretty and modest looking. Albert was certainly warmly attached to the young

lady. Of that she was quite certain. And she would say this of Albert—that a better-disposed young man did not exist any where. He came home quite regular to his meals, and spent ten hours a day behind the counter in Mr. Balsam's shop—ten hours a day, Sundays included, which Mrs. Fitzallen regarded as a great drawback to the medical line—as should I also, most undoubtedly. But six hundred pounds would make a great difference. Mrs. Fitzallen little doubted but that sum would tempt Mr. Balsam into a partnership, or perhaps the five hundred, leaving one hundred for furniture. In such a case Albert would spend his Sundays at home, of course. After that, so much having been settled, Felix Graham got into an omnibus and took himself back to his own chambers.

So far was so good. This idea of a model wife had already become a very expensive idea, and in winding it up to its natural conclusion poor Graham was willing to spend almost every shilling that he could call his own. But there was still another difficulty in his way. What would Snow père say? Snow père was, he knew, a man with whom dealings would be more difficult than with Albert Fitzallen. And then, seeing that he had already promised to give his remaining possessions to Albert Fitzallen, with what could he bribe Snow père to abandon that natural ambition to have a barrister for his son-in-law? In these days, too, Snow père had derogated even from the position in which Graham had first known him, and had become but little better than a drunken, begging impostor. What a father-in-law to have had! And then Felix Graham thought of Judge Staveley.

He sent, however, to the engraver, and the man was not long in obeying the summons. In latter days Graham had not seen him frequently, having bestowed his alms through Mary, and was shocked at the unmistakable evidence of the gin-shop which the man's appearance and voice betrayed. How dreadful to the sight are those watery eyes; that red, uneven, pimpled nose; those fallen cheeks; and that hanging, slobbered mouth! Look at the uncombed hair, the beard half shorn, the weak, impotent gait of the man, and the tattered raiment, all eloquent of gin! You would fain hold your nose when he comes nigh you, he carries with him so foul an evidence of his only and his hourly indulgence. You would do so, had you not still a respect for his feelings, which he himself has entirely forgotten to maintain. How terrible is that absolute loss of all personal dignity which the drunkard is obliged to undergo! And then his voice! Every tone has been formed by gin, and tells of the havoc which the compound has made within his throat. I do not know whether such a man as this is not the vilest thing which grovels on God's earth. There are women whom we affect to scorn with the full power of our contempt; but I doubt whether any woman sinks to a depth so low as that. She also may be a drunkard, and as such may more nearly move our pity and

affect our hearts, but I do not think she ever becomes so nauseous a thing as the man that has abandoned all the hopes of life for gin. You can still touch her; ay, and if the task be in one's way, can touch her gently, striving to bring her back to decency. But the other! Well, one should be willing to touch him too, to make that attempt of bringing back upon him also. I can only say that the task is both nauseous and unpromising. Look at him as he stands there before the foul, reeking, sloppy bar, with the glass in his hand, which he has just emptied. See the grimace with which he puts it down, as though the dram had been almost too unpalatable. It is the last touch of hypocrisy with which he attempts to cover the offense; as though he were to say, "I do it for my stomach's sake; but you know how I abhor it." Then he skulks sullenly away, speaking a word to no one, shuffling with his feet, shaking himself in his foul rags, pressing himself into a heap—as though striving to drive the warmth of the spirit into his extremities! And there he stands lounging at the corner of the street, till his short patience is exhausted, and he returns with his last penny for the other glass. When that has been swallowed the policeman is his guardian.

Reader, such as you and I have come to that, when abandoned by the respect which a man owes to himself. May God in his mercy watch over us and protect us both!

Such a man was Snow père as he stood before Graham in his chambers in the Temple. He could not ask him to sit down, so he himself stood up as he talked to him. At first the man was civil, twirling his old hat about, and shifting from one foot to the other; very civil, and also somewhat timid, for he knew that he was half drunk at the moment. But when he began to ascertain what was Graham's object in sending for him, and to understand that the gentleman before him did not propose to himself the honor of being his son-in-law, then his civility left him, and, drunk as he was, he spoke out his mind with sufficient freedom.

"You mean to say, Mr. Graham"—and under the effect of gin he turned the name into Gorm—"that you are going to throw that young girl over?"

"I mean to say no such thing. I shall do for her all that is in my power. And if that is not as much as she deserves, it will, at any rate, be more than you deserve for her."

"And you won't marry her?"

"No, I shall not marry her. Nor does she wish it. I trust that she will be engaged, with my full approbation—"

"And what the deuce, Sir, is your full approbation to me? Whose child is she, I should like to know? Look here, Mr. Gorm; perhaps you forget that you wrote me this letter when I allowed you to have the charge of that young girl?" And he took out from his breast a very greasy pocket-book, and displayed to Felix his own much-worn letter—holding it, however, at a distance, so that it should not be torn from his

hands by any sudden raid. "Do you think, Sir, I would have given up my child if I didn't know she was to be married respectable? My child is as dear to me as another man's."

"I hope she is. And you are a very lucky fellow to have her so well provided for. I've told you all I've got to say, and now you may go."

"Mr. Gorm!"

"I've nothing more to say; and if I had, I would not say it to you now. Your child shall be taken care of."

"That's what I call pretty cool on the part of any gen'lman. And you're to break your word—a regular breach of promise, and nothing ain't to come of it! I'll tell you what, Mr. Gorm, you'll find that something will come of it. What do you think I took this letter for?"

"You took it, I hope, for Mary's protection."

"And by — she shall be protected."

"She shall, undoubtedly; but I fear not by you. For the present I will protect her; and I hope that soon a husband will do so who will love her. Now, Mr. Snow, I've told you all I've got to say, and I must trouble you to leave me."

Nevertheless there were many more words between them before Graham could find himself alone in his chambers. Though Snow père might be a thought tipsy—a sheet or so in the wind, as folks say, he was not more tipsy than was customary with him, and knew pretty well what he was about. "And what am I to do with myself, Mr. Gorm?" he asked in a sniveling voice, when the idea began to strike him that it might perhaps be held by the courts of law that his intended son-in-law was doing well by his daughter.

"Work," said Graham, turning upon him sharply and almost fiercely.

"That's all very well. It's very well to say 'Work!'"

"You'll find it well to do it, too. Work, and don't drink. You hardly think, I suppose, that if I had married your daughter I should have found myself obliged to support you in idleness?"

"It would have been a great comfort in my old age to have had a daughter's house to go to," said Snow, naïvely, and now reduced to lachrymose distress.

But when he found that Felix would do nothing for him; that he would not on the present occasion lend him a sovereign, or even half a crown, he again became indignant and paternal, and in this state of mind was turned out of the room.

"Heaven and earth!" said Felix to himself, clenching his hands and striking the table with both of them at the same moment. That was the man with whom he had proposed to link himself in the closest ties of family connection. Albert Fitzallen did not know Mr. Snow; but it might be a question whether it would not be Graham's duty to introduce them to each other.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MISS STAVELEY DECLINES TO EAT MINCED VEAL.

THE house at Noningsby was now very quiet. All the visitors had gone, including even the Arbuthnots. Felix Graham and Sophia Furnival, that terrible pair of guests, had relieved Mrs. Staveley of their presence; but, alas! the mischief they had done remained behind them. The house was very quiet, for Augustus and the judge were up in town during the greater part of the week, and Madeline and her mother were alone. The judge was to come back to Noningsby but once before he commenced the circuit which was to terminate at Alston; and it seemed to be acknowledged now on all sides that nothing more of importance was to be done or said in that locality until after Lady Mason's trial.

It may be imagined that poor Madeline was not very happy. Felix had gone away, having made no sign, and she knew that her mother rejoiced that he had so gone. She never accused her mother of cruelty, even within her own heart. She seemed to realize to herself the assurance that a marriage with the man she loved was a happiness which she had no right to expect. She knew that her father was rich. She was aware that in all probability her own fortune would be considerable. She was quite sure that Felix Graham was clever and fit to make his way through the world. And yet she did not think it hard that she should be separated from him. She acknowledged from the very first that he was not the sort of man whom she ought to have loved, and therefore she was prepared to submit.

It was, no doubt, the fact that Felix Graham had never whispered to her a word of love, and that therefore, on that ground, she had no excuse for hope. But had that been all, she would not have despaired. Had that been all, she might have doubted, but her doubt would have been strongly mingled with the sweetness of hope. He had never whispered a syllable of love, but she had heard the tone of his voice as she spoke a word to him at his chamber door; she had seen his eyes as they fell on her when he was lifted into the carriage; she had felt the tremor of his touch on that evening when she walked up to him across the drawing-room and shook hands with him. Such a girl as Madeline Staveley does not analyze her feelings on such a matter, and then draw her conclusions. But a conclusion is drawn; the mind does receive an impression; and the conclusion and impression are as true as though they had been reached by the aid of logical reasoning. Had the match been such as her mother would have approved, she would have had a hope as to Felix Graham's love—strong enough for happiness.

As it was, there was no use in hoping; and therefore she resolved—having gone through much logical reasoning on this head—that by her all ideas of love must be abandoned. As regarded herself, she must be content to rest by her mother's side as a flower ungathered. That

she could marry no man without the approval of her father and mother was a thing to her quite certain; but it was, at any rate, as certain that she could marry no man without her own approval. Felix Graham was beyond her reach. That verdict she herself pronounced, and to it she submitted. But Peregrine Orme was still more distant from her; Peregrine Orme, or any other of the curled darlings who might come that way playing the part of a suitor. She knew what she owed to her mother, but she also knew her own privileges.

There was nothing said on the subject between the mother and child during three days. Lady Staveley was more than ordinarily affectionate to her daughter, and in that way made known the thoughts which were oppressing her; but she did so in no other way. All this Madeline understood, and thanked her mother with the sweetest smiles and the most constant companionship. Nor was she, even now, absolutely unhappy or wretchedly miserable; as under such circumstances would be the case with many girls. She knew all that she was prepared to abandon, but she understood also how much remained to her. Her life was her own, and with her life the energy to use it. Her soul was free. And her heart, though burdened with love, could endure its load without sinking. Let him go forth on his career. She would remain in the shade, and be contented while she watched it.

So strictly wise and philosophically serene had Madeline become within a few days of Graham's departure, that she snubbed poor Mrs. Baker, when that good-natured and sharp-witted housekeeper said a word or two in praise of her late patient.

"We are very lonely, ain't we, Miss, without Mr. Graham to look after?" said Mrs. Baker.

"I am sure we are all very glad that he has so far recovered as to be able to be moved."

"That's in course—though I still say that he went before he ought. He was such a nice gentleman. Where there's one better there's twenty worse; and as full of cleverness as an egg's full of meat." In answer to which Madeline said nothing.

"At any rate, Miss Madeline, you ought to say a word for him," continued Mrs. Baker; "for he used to worship the sound of your voice. I've known him to lie there and listen, listen, listen, for your very footfall."

"How can you talk such stuff, Mrs. Baker? You have never known any thing of the kind; and even if he had, how could you know it? You should not talk such nonsense to me, and I beg you won't again." Then she went away, and began to read a paper about sick people written by Florence Nightingale.

But it was by no means Lady Staveley's desire that her daughter should take to the Florence Nightingale line of life. The charities of Noningsby were done on a large scale, in a quiet, handsome, methodical manner, and were regarded by the mistress of the mansion as a very material part of her life's duty; but she would

have been driven distracted had she been told that a daughter of hers was about to devote herself exclusively to charity. Her ideas of general religion were the same. Morning and evening prayers, church twice on Sundays, attendance at the Lord's table at any rate once a month, were to herself—and in her estimation for her own family—essentials of life. And they had on her their practical effects. She was not given to backbiting—though, when stirred by any motive near to her own belongings, she would say an ill-natured word or two. She was mild and forbearing to her inferiors. Her hand was open to the poor. She was devoted to her husband and her children. In no respect was she self-seeking or self-indulgent. But, nevertheless, she appreciated thoroughly the comforts of a good income—for herself and for her children. She liked to see nice-dressed and nice-mannered people about her, preferring those whose fathers and mothers were nice before them. She liked to go about in her own carriage, comfortably. She liked the feeling that her husband was a judge, and that he and she were therefore above other lawyers and other lawyers' wives. She would not like to have seen Mrs. Furnival walk out of a room before her, nor perhaps to see Sophia Furnival when married take precedence of her own married daughter. She liked to live in a large place like Noningsby, and preferred country society to that of the neighboring town.

It will be said that I have drawn an impossible character, and depicted a woman who served both God and Mammon. To this accusation I will not plead, but will ask my accusers whether in their life's travail they have met no such ladies as Lady Staveley?

But such as she was, whether good or bad, she had no desire whatever that her daughter should withdraw herself from the world, and give up to sick women what was meant for mankind. Her idea of a woman's duties comprehended the birth, bringing up, education, and settlement in life of children, also due attendance upon a husband, with a close regard to his special taste in cookery. There was her granddaughter Marian. She was already thinking what sort of a wife she would make, and what commencements of education would best fit her to be a good mother. It is hardly too much to say that Marian's future children were already a subject of care to her. Such being her disposition, it was by no means matter of joy to her when she found that Madeline was laying out for herself little ways of life, tending in some slight degree to the monastic. Nothing was said about it, but she fancied that Madeline had doffed a ribbon or two in her usual evening attire. That she read during certain fixed hours in the morning was very manifest. As to that daily afternoon service at four o'clock—she had very often attended that, and it was hardly worthy of remark that she now went to it every day. But there seemed at this time to be a monotonous regularity about her visits to the poor, which

told to Lady Staveley's mind—she hardly knew what tale. She herself visited the poor, seeing some of them almost daily. If it was foul weather they came to her, and if it was fair weather she went to them. But Madeline, without saying a word to any one, had adopted a plan of going out exactly at the same hour with exactly the same object, in all sorts of weather. All this made Lady Staveley uneasy; and then, by way of counterpoise, she talked of balls, and offered Madeline *carte blanche* as to a new dress for that special one which would grace the as-sizes. "I don't think I shall go," said Madeline; and thus Lady Staveley became really unhappy. Would not Felix Graham be better than no son-in-law? When some one had once very strongly praised Florence Nightingale in Lady Staveley's presence, she had stoutly declared her opinion that it was a young woman's duty to get married. For myself, I am inclined to agree with her. Then came the second Friday after Graham's departure, and Lady Staveley observed, as she and her daughter sat at dinner alone, that Madeline would eat nothing but potatoes and sea-kale. "My dear, you will be ill if you don't eat some meat."

"Oh no, I shall not," said Madeline, with her prettiest smile.

"But you always used to like minced veal."

"So I do, but I won't have any to-day, mamma, thank you."

Then Lady Staveley resolved that she would tell the judge that Felix Graham, bad as he might be, might come there if he pleased. Even Felix Graham would be better than no son-in-law at all.

On the following day, the Saturday, the judge came down with Augustus, to spend his last Sunday at home before the beginning of his circuit, and some little conversation respecting Felix Graham did take place between him and his wife.

"If they are both really fond of each other they had better marry," said the judge, curtly.

"But it is terrible to think of their having no income," said his wife.

"We must get them an income. You'll find that Graham will fall on his legs at last."

"He's a very long time before he begins to use them," said Lady Staveley. "And then you know The Cleeve is such a nice property, and Mr. Orme is—"

"But, my love, it seems that she does not like Mr. Orme."

"No, she doesn't," said the poor mother, in a tone of voice that was very lachrymose. "But if she would only wait she might like him—might she not now? He is such a very handsome young man."

"If you ask me, I don't think his beauty will do it."

"I don't suppose she cares for that sort of thing," said Lady Staveley, almost crying. "But I'm sure of this, if she were to go and make a nun of herself it would break my heart—it would indeed. I should never hold up my head again."

What could Lady Staveley's idea have been of the sorrows of some other mothers, whose daughters throw themselves away after a different fashion?

After lunch on Sunday the judge asked his daughter to walk with him, and on that occasion the second church service was abandoned. She got on her bonnet and gloves, her walking-boots and winter shawl, and putting her arm happily and comfortably within his, started for what she knew would be a long walk.

"We'll get as far as the bottom of Cleeve Hill," said the judge.

Now the bottom of Cleeve Hill, by the path across the fields and the common, was five miles from Noningsly.

"Oh, as for that, I'll walk to the top if you like," said Madeline.

"If you do, my dear, you'll have to go up alone," said the judge. And so they started.

There was a crisp, sharp enjoyment attached to a long walk with her father which Madeline always loved, and on the present occasion she was willing to be very happy; but as she started, with her arm beneath his, she feared she knew not what. She had a secret, and her father might touch upon it; she had a sore, though it was not an unwholesome, festering sore, and her father might probe the wound. There was, therefore, the slightest shade of hypocrisy in the alacrity with which she prepared herself, and in the pleasant tone of her voice as she walked down the avenue toward the gate.

But by the time that they had gone a mile, when their feet had left the road and were pressing the grassy field-path, there was no longer any hypocrisy in her happiness. Madeline believed that no human being could talk as did her father, and on this occasion he came out with his freshest thoughts and his brightest wit. Nor did he, by any means, have the talk all to himself. The delight of Judge Staveley's conversation consisted chiefly in that—that though he might bring on to the carpet all the wit and all the information going, he rarely uttered much beyond his own share of words. And now they talked of pictures and politics—of the new gallery that was not to be built at Charing Cross, and the great onslaught which was not to end in the dismissal of Ministers. And then they got to books—to novels, new poetry, magazines, essays, and reviews; and with the slightest touch of pleasant sarcasm the judge passed sentence on the latest efforts of his literary contemporaries. And thus at last they settled down on a certain paper which had lately appeared in a certain Quarterly—a paper on a grave subject, which had been much discussed—and the judge on a sudden stayed his hand and spared his railery. "You have not heard, I suppose, who wrote that?" said he. No; Madeline had not heard. She would much like to know. When young people begin their world of reading there is nothing so pleasant to them as knowing the little secrets of literature: who wrote this and that, of which folk are then talking; who man-



FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

ages this periodical, and puts the salt and pepper into those reviews.' The judge always knew these events of the inner literary world, and would communicate them freely to Madeline as they walked. No; there was no longer the slightest touch of hypocrisy in her pleasant manner and eager voice as she answered, "No, papa,

I have not heard. Was it Mr. So-and-so?" and she named an ephemeral literary giant of the day. "No," said the judge, "it was not So-and-so; but yet you might guess, as you know the gentleman." Then the slight shade of hypocrisy came upon her again in a moment. "She couldn't guess," she said; "she didn't

know." But as she thus spoke the tone of her voice was altered. "That article," said the judge, "was written by Felix Graham. It is uncommonly clever, and yet there are a great many people who abuse it."

And now all conversation was stopped. Poor Madeline, who had been so ready with her questions, so eager with her answers, so communicative and so inquiring, was stricken dumb on the instant. She had ceased for some time to lean upon his arm, and therefore he could not feel her hand tremble; and he was too generous and too kind to look into her face; but he knew that he had touched the fibres of her heart, and that all her presence of mind had for the moment fled from her. Of course such was the case, and of course he knew it. Had he not brought her out there that they might be alone together when he subjected her to the violence of this shower-bath?

"Yes," he continued, "that was written by our friend Graham. Do you remember, Madeline, the conversation which you and I had about him in the library some time since?"

"Yes," she said, "she remembered it."

"And so do I," said the judge, "and have thought much about it since. A very clever fellow is Felix Graham. There can be no doubt of that."

"Is he?" said Madeline.

I am inclined to think that the judge also had lost something of his presence of mind, or, at least, of his usual power of conversation. He had brought his daughter out there with the express purpose of saying to her a special word or two; he had beat very wide about the bush with the view of mentioning a certain name; and now that his daughter was there, and the name had been mentioned, it seemed that he hardly knew how to proceed.

"Yes, he is clever enough," repeated the judge, "clever enough; and of high principles and an honest purpose. The fault which people find with him is this—that he is not practical. He won't take the world as he finds it. If he can mend it, well and good; we all ought to do something to mend it; but while we are mending it we must live in it."

"Yes, we must live in it," said Madeline, who hardly knew at the moment whether it would be better to live or die in it. Had her father remarked that they must all take wings and fly to heaven, she would have assented.

Then the judge walked on a few paces in silence, bethinking himself that he might as well speak out at once the words which he had to say. "Madeline, my darling," said he, "have you the courage to tell me openly what you think of Felix Graham?"

"What I think of him, papa?"

"Yes, my child. It may be that you are in some difficulty at this moment, and that I can help you. It may be that your heart is sadder than it would be if you knew all my thoughts and wishes respecting you, and all your mother's. I have never had many secrets from my

children, Madeline, and I should be pleased now if you could see into my mind and know all my thoughts and wishes as they regard you."

"Dear papa!"

"To see you happy—you and Augustus and Isabella—that is now our happiness; not to see you rich or great. High position and a plentiful income are great blessings in this world, so that they be achieved without a stain. But even in this world they are not the greatest blessings. There are things much sweeter than them." As he said this, Madeline did not attempt to answer him, but she put her arm once more within his, and clung to his side.

"Money and rank are only good, if every step by which they are gained be good also. I should never blush to see my girl the wife of a poor man whom she loved; but I should be stricken to the core of my heart if I knew that she had become the wife of a rich man whom she did not love."

"Papa!" she said, clinging to him. She had meant to assure him that that sorrow should never be his, but she could not get beyond the one word.

"If you love this man, let him come," said the judge, carried by his feelings somewhat beyond the point to which he had intended to go. "I know no harm of him. I know nothing but good of him. If you are sure of your own heart, let it be so. He shall be to me as another son—to me and to your mother. Tell me, Madeline, shall it be so?"

She was sure enough of her own heart; but how was she to be sure of that other heart? "It shall be so," said her father. But a man could not be turned into a lover and a husband because she and her father agreed to desire it—not even if her mother would join in that wish. She had confessed to her mother that she loved this man, and the confession had been repeated to her father. But she had never expressed even a hope that she was loved in return. "But he has never spoken to me, papa," she said, whispering the words ever so softly lest the winds should carry them.

"No; I know he has never spoken to you," said the judge. "He told me so himself. I like him the better for that."

So then there had been other communications made besides that which she had made to her mother. Mr. Graham had spoken to her father, and had spoken to him about her. In what way had he done this, and how had he spoken? What had been his object, and when had it been done? Had she been indiscreet, and allowed him to read her secret? And then a horrid thought came across her mind. Was he to come there and offer her his hand because he pitied and was sorry for her? The Friday fastings and the evening church and the sick visits would be better far than that. She could not, however, muster courage to ask her father any question as to that interview between him and Mr. Graham.

"Well, my love," he said, "I know it is im-

pertinent to ask a young lady to speak on such a subject; but fathers are impertinent. Be frank with me. I have told you what I think, and your mamma agrees with me. Young Mr. Orme would have been her favorite—"

"Oh, papa, that is impossible!"

"So I perceive, my dear, and therefore we will say no more about it. I only mention his name because I want you to understand that you may speak to your mamma quite openly on the subject. He is a fine young fellow, is Peregrine Orme."

"I'm sure he is, papa."

"But that is no reason you should marry him if you don't like him."

"I could never like him—in that way."

"Very well, my dear. There is an end of that, and I'm sorry for him. I think that if I had been a young man at The Cleeve, I should have done just the same. And now let us decide this important question. When Master Graham's ribs, arms, and collar-bones are a little stronger, shall we ask him to come back to Noningsby?"

"If you please, papa."

"Very well, we'll have him here for the assize week. Poor fellow! he'll have a hard job of work on hand just then, and won't have much time for philandering. With Chaffanbrass to watch him on his own side, and Leatherham on the other, I don't envy him his position. I almost think I should keep my arm in the sling till the assizes were over, by way of exciting a little pity."

"Is Mr. Graham going to defend Lady Mason?"

"To help to do so, my dear."

"But, papa, she is innocent; don't you feel sure of that?"

The judge was not quite so sure as he had been once. However, he said nothing of his doubts to Madeline. "Mr. Graham's task on that account will only be the more trying if it becomes difficult to establish her innocence."

"Poor lady!" said Madeline. "You won't be the judge; will you, papa?"

"No, certainly not. I would have preferred to have gone any other circuit than to have presided in a case affecting so near a neighbor, and I may almost say a friend. Baron Maltby will sit in that court."

"And will Mr. Graham have to do much, papa?"

"It will be an occasion of very great anxiety to him, no doubt." And then they began to return home—Madeline forming a little plan in her mind by which Mr. Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass were to fail absolutely in making out that lady's innocence, but the fact was to be established to the satisfaction of the whole court, and of all the world, by the judicious energy of Felix Graham.

On their homeward journey the judge again spoke of pictures and books, of failures and successes, and Madeline listened to him gratefully. But she did not again take much part in the conversation. She could not now express a

very fluent opinion on any subject, and, to tell the truth, could have been well satisfied to have been left entirely to her own thoughts. But just before they came out again upon the road her father stopped her and asked a direct question.

"Tell me, Madeline, are you happy now?"

"Yes, papa."

"That is right. And what you are to understand is this: Mr. Graham will now be privileged by your mother and me to address you. He has already asked my permission to do so, and I told him that I must consider the matter before I either gave it or withheld it. I shall now give him that permission." Whereupon Madeline made her answer by a slight pressure upon his arm.

"But you may be sure of this, my dear; I shall be very discreet, and commit you to nothing. If he should choose to ask you any question, you will be at liberty to give him any answer that you may think fit." But Madeline at once confessed to herself that no such liberty remained to her. If Mr. Graham should choose to ask her a certain question, it would be in her power to give him only one answer. Had he been kept away, had her father told her that such a marriage might not be, she would not have broken her heart. She had already told herself that, under such circumstances, she could live, and still live, contented. But now—now if the siege were made, the town would have to capitulate at the first shot. Was it not an understood thing that the governor had been recommended by the king to give up the keys as soon as they were asked for?

"You will tell your mamma of this, my dear," said the judge, as they were entering their own gate.

"Yes," said Madeline. But she felt that, in this matter, her father was more surely her friend than her mother. And indeed she could understand her mother's opposition to poor Felix much better than her father's acquiescence.

"Do, my dear. What is any thing to us in this world if we are not all happy together? She thinks that you have become sad, and she must know that you are so no longer."

"But I have not been sad, papa," said Madeline, thinking with some pride of her past heroism.

When they reached the hall door she had one more question to ask; but she could not look in her father's face as she asked,

"Papa, is that review you were speaking of here at Noningsby?"

"You will find it on my study table; but remember, Madeline, I don't above half go along with him."

The judge went into his study before dinner, and found that the review had been taken.

CHAPTER LIX.

NO SURRENDER.

SIR PEREGRINE ORME had gone up to London, had had his interview with Mr. Round,

and had failed. He had then returned home, and hardly a word on the subject had been spoken between him and Mrs. Orme. Indeed, little or nothing was now said between them as to Lady Mason or the trial. What was the use of speaking on a subject that was in every way the cause of so much misery? He had made up his mind that it was no longer possible for him to take any active step in the matter. He had become bail for her appearance in court, and that was the last trifling act of friendship which he could show her. How was it any longer possible that he could befriend her? He could not speak up on her behalf with eager voice, and strong indignation against her enemies, as had formerly been his practice. He could give her no counsel. His counsel would have taught her to abandon the property in the first instance, let the result be what it might. He had made his little effort in that direction by seeing the attorney, and his little effort had been useless. It was quite clear to him that there was nothing further for him to do—nothing further for him, who but a week or two since was so actively putting himself forward and letting the world know that he was Lady Mason's champion.

Would he have to go into court as a witness? His mind was troubled much in his endeavor to answer that question. He had been her great friend. For years he had been her nearest neighbor. His daughter-in-law still clung to her. She had lived at his house. She had been chosen to be his wife. Who could speak to her character if he could not do so? And yet, what could he say if so called on? Mr. Furnival, Mr. Chaffanbrass—all those who would have the selection of the witnesses, believing themselves in their client's innocence, as no doubt they did, would of course imagine that he believed in it also. Could he tell them that it would not be in his power to utter a single word in her favor?

In these days Mrs. Orme went daily to the Farm. Indeed, she never missed a day from that on which Lady Mason left The Cleeve up to the time of the trial. It seemed to Sir Peregrine that his daughter's affection for this woman had grown with the knowledge of her guilt; but, as I have said before, no discussion on the matter now took place between them. Mrs. Orme would generally take some opportunity of saying that she had been at Orley Farm; but that was all.

Sir Peregrine during this time never left the house once except for morning service on Sundays. He hung his hat up on its accustomed peg when he returned from that ill-omened visit to Mr. Round, and did not move it for days, ay, for weeks, except on Sunday mornings. At first his groom would come to him, suggesting to him that he should ride, and the woodman would speak to him about the young coppices; but after a few days they gave up their efforts. His grandson also strove to take him out, speaking to him more earnestly than the servants

would do; but it was of no avail. Peregrine, indeed, gave up the attempt sooner, for to him his grandfather did in some sort confess his own weakness. "I have had a blow," said he; "Peregrine, I have had a blow. I am too old to bear up against it—too old and too weak." Peregrine knew that he alluded in some way to that proposed marriage, but he was quite in the dark as to the manner in which his grandfather had been affected by it.

"People think nothing of that now, Sir," said he, groping in the dark as he strove to administer consolation.

"People will think of it—and I think of it. But never mind, my boy. I have lived my life, and am contented with it. I have lived my life, and have great joy that such as you are left behind to take my place. If I had really injured you I should have broken my heart—have broken my heart."

Peregrine of course assured him that let what would come to him the pride which he had in his grandfather would always support him. "I don't know any body else that I could be so proud of," said Peregrine; "for nobody else that I see thinks so much about other people. And I always was, even when I didn't seem to think much about it—always."

Poor Peregrine! Circumstances had somewhat altered him since that day, now not more than six months ago, in which he had pledged himself to abandon the delights of Cowcross Street. As long as there was a hope for him with Madeline Staveley all this might be very well. He preferred Madeline to Cowcross Street with all its delights. But when there should be no longer any hope—and indeed, as things went now, there was but little ground for hoping—what then? Might it not be that his trial had come on him too early in life, and that he would solace himself in his disappointment, if not with Carrot Bob, with companionships and pursuits which would be as objectionable, and perhaps more expensive?

On three or four occasions his grandfather asked him how things were going at Noningsby, striving to interest himself in something as to which the outlook was not altogether dismal, and by degrees learned—not exactly all the truth—but as much of the truth as Peregrine knew.

"Do as she tells you," said the grandfather, referring to Lady Staveley's last words.

"I suppose I must," said Peregrine, sadly. "There's nothing else for it. But if there's any thing that I hate in this world it's waiting."

"You are both very young," said his grandfather.

"Yes; we are what people call young, I suppose. But I don't understand all that. Why isn't a fellow to be happy when he's young as well as when he's old?"

Sir Peregrine did not answer him, but no doubt thought that he might alter his opinion in a few years. There is great doubt as to what may be the most enviable time of life with a

man. I am inclined to think that it is at that period when his children have all been born but have not yet begun to go astray or to vex him with disappointment; when his own pecuniary prospects are settled, and he knows pretty well what his tether will allow him; when the appetite is still good and the digestive organs at their full power; when he has ceased to care as to the length of his girdle, and before the doctor warns him against solid breakfasts and port-wine after dinner; when his affectations are over and his infirmities have not yet come upon him; while he can still walk his ten miles, and feel some little pride in being able to do so; while he has still nerve to ride his horse to hounds, and can look with some scorn on the ignorance of younger men who have hardly yet learned that noble art. As regards men, this, I think, is the happiest time of life; but who shall answer the question as regards women? In this respect their lot is more liable to disappointment. With the choicest flowers that blow the sweetest aroma of their perfection lasts but for a moment. The hour that sees them at their fullest glory sees also the beginning of their fall.

On one morning before the trial Sir Peregrine rang his bell and requested that Mr. Peregrine might be asked to come to him. Mr. Peregrine was out at the moment, and did not make his appearance much before dark, but the baronet had fully resolved upon having this interview, and ordered that the dinner should be put back for half an hour. "Tell Mrs. Orme, with my compliments," he said, "that if it does not put her to inconvenience we will not dine till seven." It put Mrs. Orme to no inconvenience; but I am inclined to agree with the cook, who remarked that the compliments ought to have been sent to her.

"Sit down, Peregrine," he said, when his grandson entered his room with his thick boots and muddy gaiters. "I have been thinking of something."

"I and Samson have been cutting down trees all day," said Peregrine. "You've no conception how the water lies down in the bottom there; and there's a fall every yard down to the river. It's a sin not to drain it."

"Any sins of that kind, my boy, shall lie on your own head for the future. I will wash my hands of them."

"Then I'll go to work at once," said Peregrine, not quite understanding his grandfather.

"You must go to work on more than that, Peregrine." And then the old man paused. "You must not think that I am doing this because I am unhappy for the hour, or that I shall repent it when the moment has gone by."

"Doing what?" asked Peregrine.

"I have thought much of it, and I know that I am right. I can not get out as I used to do, and do not care to meet people about business."

"I never knew you more clear-headed in my life, Sir."

"Well, perhaps not. We'll say nothing about that. What I intend to do is this: to give up the property into your hands at Lady-day. You shall be master of The Cleeve from that time forth."

"Sir?"

"The truth is, you desire employment, and I don't. The property is small, and therefore wants the more looking after. I have never had a regular land steward, but have seen to that myself. If you'll take my advice you'll do the same. There is no better employment for a gentleman. So now, my boy, you may go to work and drain wherever you like. About the Crutchley bottom I have no doubt you're right. I don't know why it has been neglected." These last words the baronet uttered in a weak, melancholy tone, asking, as it were, forgiveness for his fault; whereas he had spoken out the purport of his great resolution with a clear, strong voice, as though the saying of the words pleased him well.

"I could not hear of such a thing as that," said his grandson, after a short pause.

"But you have heard it, Perry, and you may be quite sure that I should not have named it had I not fully resolved upon it. I have been thinking of it for days, and have quite made up my mind. You won't turn me out of the house, I know."

"All the same. I will not hear of it," said the young man, stoutly.

"Peregrine!"

"I know very well what it all means, Sir, and I am not at all astonished. You have wished to do something out of sheer goodness of heart, and you have been balked."

"We will not talk about that, Peregrine."

"But I must say a few words about it. All that has made you unhappy, and—and—and—" He wanted to explain that his grandfather was ashamed of his baffled attempt, and for that reason was cowed and down at heart at the present moment; but that in the three or four months when this trial would be over and the wonder passed away, all that would be forgotten, and he would be again as well as ever. But Peregrine, though he understood all this, was hardly able to express himself.

"My boy," said the old man, "I know very well what you mean. What you say is partly true, and partly not quite true. Some day, perhaps, when we are sitting here together over the fire, I shall be better able to talk over all this; but not now, Perry. God has been very good to me, and given me so much that I will not repine at this sorrow. I have lived my life, and am content."

"Oh yes, of course all that's true enough. And if God should choose that you should die, you know, or I either, some people would be sorry, but we shouldn't complain ourselves. But what I say is this: you should never give up as long as you live. There's a sort of feeling about it which I can't explain. One should always say to one's self, No surrender." And Pere-



THE TWO PEREGRINES.

grine, as he spoke, stood up from his chair, thrust his hands into his trowsers-pockets, and shook his head.

Sir Peregrine smiled as he answered him. "But, Perry, my boy, we can't always say that. When the heart, and the spirit, and the body

have all surrendered, why should the voice tell a foolish falsehood?"

"But it shouldn't be a falsehood," said Peregrine. "Nobody should ever knock under of his own accord."

"You are quite right there, my boy; you are

quite right there. Stick to that yourself. But remember that you are not to knock under to any of your enemies. The worst that you will meet with are folly, and vice, and extravagance."

"That's of course," said Peregrine, by no means wishing on the present occasion to bring under discussion his future contests with any such enemies as those now named by his grandfather.

"And now suppose you dress for dinner," said the baronet. "I've got ahead of you there, you see. What I've told you to-day I have already told your mother."

"I'm sure she doesn't think you right."

"If she thinks me wrong she is too kind and well-behaved to say so—which is more than I can say for her son. Your mother, Perry, never told me that I was wrong yet, though she has had many occasions—too many, too many. But come, go and dress for dinner."

"You are wrong in this, Sir, if ever you were wrong in your life," said Peregrine, leaving the room. His grandfather did not answer him again, but followed him out of the door, and walked briskly across the hall into the drawing-room.

"There's Peregrine been lecturing me about draining," he said to his daughter-in-law, striving to speak in a half-bantering tone of voice, as though things were going well with him.

"Lecturing you!" said Mrs. Orme.

"And he's right, too. There's nothing like it. He'll make a better farmer, I take it, than Lucius Mason. You'll live to see him know the value of an acre of land as well as any man in the county. It's the very thing that he's fit for. He'll do better with the property than ever I did."

There was something beautiful in the effort which the old man was making when watched by the eyes of one who knew him as well as did his daughter-in-law. She knew him, and understood all the workings of his mind, and the deep sorrow of his heart. In very truth the star of his life was going out darkly under a cloud; but he was battling against his sorrow and shame—not that he might be rid of them himself, but that others might not have to share them. That doctrine of "No surrender" was strong within his bosom, and he understood the motto in a finer sense than that in which his grandson had used it. He would not tell them that his heart was broken—not if he could help it. He would not display his wound if it might be in his power to hide it. He would not confess that lands, and houses, and seigniorial functions were no longer of value in his eyes. As far as might be possible he would bear his own load till that and the memory of his last folly might be hidden together in the grave.

But he knew that he was no longer fit for a man's work, and that it would be well that he should abandon it. He had made a terrible mistake. In his old age he had gambled for a large stake, and had lost it all. He had ventured to love—to increase the small number of

those who were nearest and dearest to him, to add one to those whom he regarded as best and purest—and he had been terribly deceived. He had for many years almost worshiped the one lady who had sat at his table, and now in his old age he had asked her to share her place of honor with another. What that other was need not now be told. And the world knew that this woman was to have been his wife! He had boasted loudly that he would give her that place and those rights. He had ventured his all upon her innocence and her purity. He had ventured his all—and he had lost.

I do not say that on this account there was any need that he should be stricken to the ground—that it behooved him, as a man of high feeling, to be broken-hearted. He would have been a greater man had he possessed the power to bear up against all this, and to go forth to the world bearing his burden bravely on his shoulders. But Sir Peregrine Orme was not a great man, and possessed few or none of the elements of greatness. He was a man of a singularly pure mind, and endowed with a strong feeling of chivalry. It had been every thing to him to be spoken of by the world as a man free from reproach—who had lived with clean hands and with clean people around him. All manner of delinquencies he could forgive in his dependents which did not tell of absolute baseness; but it would have half-killed him had he ever learned that those he loved had become false or fraudulent. When his grandson had come to trouble about the rats he had acted, not over-cleverly, a certain amount of paternal anger; but had Peregrine broken his promise to him, no acting would have been necessary. It may therefore be imagined what were now his feelings as to Lady Mason.

Her he could forgive for deceiving him. He had told his daughter-in-law that he would forgive her; and it was a thing done. But he could not forgive himself in that he had been deceived. He could not forgive himself for having mingled with the sweet current of his Edith's life the foul waters of that criminal tragedy. He could not now bid her desert Lady Mason; for was it not true that the woman's wickedness was known to them two, through her resolve not to injure those who had befriended her? But all this made the matter worse rather than better to him. It is all very well to say, "No surrender;" but when the load placed upon the back is too heavy to be borne, the back must break or bend beneath it.

His load was too heavy to be borne, and therefore he said to himself that he would put it down. He would not again see Lord Alston and the old friends of former days. He would attend no more at the magistrates' bench, but would send his grandson out into his place. For the few days that remained to him in this world he might be well contented to abandon the turmoils and troubles of life. "It will not be for long," he said to himself, over and over again. And then he would sit in his arm-chair for hours,

intending to turn his mind to such solemn thoughts as might befit a dying man. But as he sat there he would still think of Lady Mason. He would remember her as she had leaned against his breast on that day that he kissed her; and then he would remember her as she was when she spoke those horrid words to him—"Yes; I did it; at night, when I was alone." And this was the woman whom he had loved! This was the woman whom he still loved—if all the truth might be confessed.

His grandson, though he read much of his grandfather's mind, had failed to read it all. He did not know how often Sir Peregrine repeated to himself those words, "No surrender," or how gallantly he strove to live up to them. Lands and money and seats of honor he would surrender, as a man surrenders his tools when he has done his work; but his tone of feeling and his principle he would not surrender, though the maintenance of them should crush him with their weight. The woman had been very vile, desperately false, wicked beyond belief, with premeditated villainy, for years and years—and this was the woman whom he had wished to make the bosom companion of his latter days!

"Samson is happy now, I suppose, that he has got the axe in his hand," he said to his grandson.

"Pretty well for that, Sir, I think."

"That man will cut down every tree about the place if you'll let him." And in that way he strove to talk about the affairs of the property.

CHAPTER LX.

WHAT REBEKAH DID FOR HER SON.

EVERY day Mrs. Orme went up to Orley Farm and sat for two hours with Lady Mason. We may say that there was now no longer any secret between them, and that she whose life had been so innocent, so pure, and so good, could look into the inmost heart and soul of that other woman whose career had been supported by the proceeds of one terrible life-long iniquity. And now, by degrees, Lady Mason would begin to plead for herself, or, rather, to put in a plea for the deed she had done, acknowledging, however, that she, the doer of it, had fallen almost below forgiveness through the crime. "Was he not his son as much as that other one; and had I not deserved of him that he should do this thing for me?" And again, "Never once did I ask of him any favor for myself from the day that I gave myself to him, because he had been good to my father and mother. Up to the very hour of his death I never asked him to spend a shilling on my own account. But I asked him to do this thing for his child; and when at last he refused me, I told him that I myself would cause it to be done."

"You told him so?"

"I did; and I think that he believed me. He knew that I was one who would act up to

my word. I told him that Orley Farm should belong to our babe."

"And what did he say?"

"He bade me beware of my soul. My answer was very terrible, and I will not shock you with it. Ah me! it is easy to talk of repentance, but repentance will not come with a word."

In these days Mrs. Orme became gradually aware that hitherto she had comprehended but little of Lady Mason's character. There was a power of endurance about her, and a courage that was almost awful to the mind of the weaker, softer, and better woman. Lady Mason, during her sojourn at The Cleeve, had seemed almost to sink under her misfortune; nor had there been any hypocrisy, any pretense in her apparent misery. She had been very wretched; as wretched a human creature, we may say, as any crawling God's earth at that time. But she had borne her load, and, bearing it, had gone about her work, still striving with desperate courage as the ground on which she trod continued to give way beneath her feet, inch by inch. They had known and pitied her misery; they had loved her for misery—as it is in the nature of such people to do; but they had little known how great had been the cause for it. They had sympathized with the female weakness which had succumbed when there was hardly any necessity for succumbing. Had they then known all, they would have wondered at the strength which made a struggle possible under such circumstances.

Even now she would not yield. I have said that there had been no hypocrisy in her misery during those weeks last past; and I have said so truly. But there had perhaps been some pretenses, some acting of a part, some almost necessary pretense as to her weakness. Was she not bound to account to those around her for her great sorrow? And was it not above all things needful that she should enlist their sympathy and obtain their aid? She had been obliged to cry to them for help, though obliged also to confess that there was little reason for such crying. "I am a woman, and weak," she had said, "and therefore can not walk alone, now that the way is stony." But what had been the truth with her? How would she have cried, had it been possible for her to utter the sharp cry of her heart? The waters had been closing over her head, and she had clutched at a hand to save her; but the owner of that hand might not know how imminent, how close was the danger.

But in these days, as she sat in her own room with Mrs. Orme, the owner of that hand might know every thing. The secret had been told, and there was no longer need for pretense. As she could now expose to view the whole load of her wretchedness, so also could she make known the strength that was still left for endurance. And these two women who had become endeared to each other under such terrible circumstances, came together at these meetings with more of the equality of friendship than had ever existed at The Cleeve. It may seem strange that it

should be so—strange that the acknowledged forger of her husband's will should be able to maintain a better claim for equal friendship than the lady who was believed to be innocent and true! But it was so. Now she stood on true ground; now, as she sat there with Mrs. Orme, she could speak from her heart, pouring forth the real workings of her mind. From Mrs. Orme she had no longer aught to fear; nor from Sir Peregrine. Every thing was known to them, and she could now tell of every incident of her crime with an outspoken boldness that in itself was incompatible with the humble bearing of an inferior in the presence of one above her.

And she did still hope. The one point to be gained was this: that her son, her only son, the child on whose behalf this crime had been committed, should never know her shame, or live to be disgraced by her guilt. If she could be punished, she would say, and he left in ignorance of her punishment, she would not care what indignities they might heap upon her. She had heard of penal servitude, of years, terribly long, passed in all the misery of vile companionship; of solitary confinement, and the dull madness which it engenders; of all the terrors of a life spent under circumstances bearable only by the uneducated, the rude, and the vile. But all this was as nothing to her compared with the loss of honor to her son. "I should live," she would say, "but he would die. You can not ask me to become his murderer!"

It was on this point that they differed always. Mrs. Orme would have had her confess every thing to Lucius, and strove to make her understand that if he were so told, the blow would fall less heavily than it would do if the knowledge came to him from her conviction at the trial. But the mother would not bring herself to believe that it was absolutely necessary that he should ever know it. "There was the property! Yes; but let the trial come, and if she were acquitted, then let some arrangement be made about that. The lawyers might find out some cause why it should be surrendered." But Mrs. Orme feared that if the trial were over, and the criminal saved from justice, the property would not be surrendered. And then how would that wish of repentance be possible? After all, was not that the one thing necessary?

I will not say that Mrs. Orme in these days ever regretted that her sympathy and friendship had been thus bestowed, but she frequently acknowledged to herself that the position was too difficult for her. There was no one whose assistance she could ask; for she felt that she could not in this matter ask counsel from Sir Peregrine. She herself was good, and pure, and straight-minded, and simple in her perception of right and wrong; but Lady Mason was greater than she in force of character—a stronger woman in every way, endowed with more force of will, with more power of mind, with greater energy, and a swifter flow of words. Sometimes she almost thought it would be better that she should stay away from Orley Farm;

but then she had promised to be true to her wretched friend, and the mother's solicitude for her son still softened the mother's heart.

In these days, till the evening came, Lucius Mason never made his way into his mother's sitting-room, which, indeed, was the drawing-room of the house—and he and Mrs. Orme, as a rule, hardly ever met each other. If he saw her as she entered or left the place, he would lift his hat to her and pass by without speaking. He was not admitted to those councils of his mother's, and would not submit to ask after his mother's welfare or to inquire as to her affairs from a stranger. On no other subject was it possible that he should now speak to the daily visitor and the only visitor at Orley Farm. All this Mrs. Orme understood, and saw that the young man was alone and comfortless. He passed his hours below, in his own room, and twice a day his mother found him in the parlor, and then they sat through their silent, miserable meals. She would then leave him, always saying some soft words of motherly love, and putting her hand either upon his shoulder or his arm. On such occasions he was never rough to her, but he would never respond to her caress. She had ill-treated him, preferring in her trouble the assistance of a stranger to his assistance. She would ask him neither for his money nor his counsel, and as she had thus chosen to stand aloof from him, he also would stand aloof from her. Not for always—as he said to himself over and over again; for his heart misgave him when he saw the lines of care so plainly written on his mother's brow. Not for always should it be so. The day of the trial would soon be present, and the day of the trial would soon be over; then again would they be friends. Poor young man! Unfortunate young man!

Mrs. Orme saw all this, and to her it was very terrible. What would be the world to her if her boy should frown at her, and look black when she caressed him? And she thought that it was the fault of the mother rather than of the son; as indeed was not all that wretchedness the mother's fault? But then again, there was the one great difficulty. How could any step be taken in the right direction till the whole truth had been confessed to him?

The two women were sitting together in that up stairs room, and the day of the trial was now not a full week distant from them, when Mrs. Orme again tried to persuade the mother to intrust her son with the burden of all her misery. On the preceding day Mr. Solomon Aram had been down at Orley Farm, and had been with Lady Mason for an hour.

"He knows the truth!" Lady Mason had said to her friend. "I am sure of that."

"But did he ask you?"

"Oh no, he did not ask me that. He asked of little things that happened at the time; but from his manner I am sure he knows it all. He says that I shall escape."

"Did he say escape?"

"No; not that word, but it was the same

thing. He spoke to Lucius, for I saw them on the lawn together."

"You do not know what he said to him?"

"No; for Lucius would not speak to me, and I could not ask him." And then they both were silent, for Mrs. Orme was thinking how she could bring about that matter that was so near her heart. Lady Mason was seated in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, in which she now passed nearly all her time. The table was by her side, but she rarely turned herself to it. She sat leaning with her elbow on her arm, supporting her face with her hand; and opposite to her, so close that she might look into her face and watch every movement of her eyes, sat Mrs. Orme—intent upon that one thing, that the woman before her should be brought to repent the evil she had done.

"And you have not spoken to Lucius?"

"No," she answered. "No more than I have told you. What could I say to him about the man?"

"Not about Mr. Aram. It might not be necessary to speak of him. He has his work to do; and I suppose that he must do it in his own way?"

"Yes; he must do it in his own way. Lucius would not understand."

"Unless you told him every thing, of course he could not understand."

"That is impossible."

"No, Lady Mason, it is not impossible. Dear Lady Mason, do not turn from me in that way. It is for your sake, because I love you, that I press you to do this. If he knew it all—"

"Could you tell your son such a tale?" said Lady Mason, turning upon her sharply, and speaking almost with an air of anger.

Mrs. Orme was for a moment silenced, for she could not at once bring herself to conceive it possible that she could be so circumstanced. But at last she answered. "Yes," she said, "I think I could, if—" And then she paused.

"If you had done such a deed! Ah, you do not know, for the doing of it would be impossible to you. You can never understand what was my childhood, and how my young years were passed. I never loved any thing but him—that is, till I knew you, and—and—" But instead of finishing her sentence she pointed down toward The Cleeve. "How, then, can I tell him? Mrs. Orme, I would let them pull me to pieces, bit by bit, if in that way I could save him."

"Not in that way," said Mrs. Orme; "not in that way."

But Lady Mason went on pouring forth the pent-up feelings of her bosom, not regarding the faint words of her companion. "Till he lay in my arms I had loved nothing. From my earliest years I had been taught to love money, wealth, and property; but as to myself the teachings had never come home to me. When they bade me marry the old man because he was rich, I obeyed them—not caring for his riches, but knowing that it behooved me to relieve them of

the burden of my support. He was kinder to me than they had been, and I did for him the best I could. But his money and his wealth were little to me. He told me over and over again that when he died I should have the means to live, and that was enough. I would not pretend to him that I cared for the grandeur of his children who despised me. But then came my baby, and the world was all altered for me. What could I do for the only thing that I had ever called my own? Money and riches they had told me were every thing."

"But they had told you wrong," said Mrs. Orme, as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"They had told me falsely. I had heard nothing but falsehoods from my youth upward," she answered, fiercely. "For myself I had not cared for these things; but why should not he have money and riches and land? His father had them to give over and above what had already made those sons and daughters so rich and proud. Why should not this other child also be his father's heir? Was he not as well born as they? was he not as fair a child? What did Rebekah do, Mrs. Orme? Did she not do worse; and did it not all go well with her? Why should my boy be an Ishmael? Why should I be treated as the bondwoman, and see my little one perish of thirst in this world's wilderness?"

"No Saviour had lived and died for the world in those days," said Mrs. Orme.

"And no Saviour had lived and died for me," said the wretched woman, almost shrieking in her despair. The lines of her face were terrible to be seen as she thus spoke, and an agony of anguish loaded her brow, upon which Mrs. Orme was frightened to look. She fell on her knees before the wretched woman, and taking her by both her hands strove all she could to find some comfort for her.

"Ah, do not say so. Do not say that. Whatever may come, that misery—that worst of miseries need not oppress you. If that indeed were true!"

"It was true; and how should it be otherwise?"

"But now, now. It need not be true now. Lady Mason, for your soul's sake say that it is so now."

"Mrs. Orme," she said, speaking with a singular quiescence of tone after the violence of her last words, "it seems to me that I care more for his soul than for my own. For myself I can bear even that. But if he were a cast-away—"

I will not attempt to report the words that passed between them for the next half hour, for they concerned a matter which I may not dare to handle too closely in such pages as these. But Mrs. Orme still knelt there at her feet, pressing Lady Mason's hands, pressing against her knees, as with all the eagerness of true affection she endeavored to bring her to a frame of mind that would admit of some comfort. But it all ended in this: Let every thing be told to

Lucius, so that the first step back to honesty might be taken, and then let them trust to Him whose mercy can ever temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

But, as Lady Mason had once said to herself, repentance will not come with a word. "I can not tell him," she said at last. "It is a thing impossible. I should die at his feet before the words were spoken."

"I will do it for you," said Mrs. Orme, offering from pure charity to take upon herself a task perhaps as heavy as any that a human creature could perform. "I will tell him."

"No, no!" screamed Lady Mason, taking Mrs. Orme by both her arms as she spoke. "You will not do so: say that you will not. Remember your promise to me. Remember why it is that you know it all yourself."

"I will not, surely, unless you bid me," said Mrs. Orme.

"No, no; I do not bid you. Mind, I do not bid you. I will not have it done. Better any thing than that, while it may yet be avoided. I have your promise; have I not?"

"Oh yes; of course I should not do it unless you told me." And then, after some further short stay, during which but little was said, Mrs. Orme got up to go.

"You will come to me to-morrow," said Lady Mason.

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Orme.

"Because I feared that I had offended you."

"Oh no; I will take no offense from you."

"You should not, for you know what I have to bear. You know, and no one else knows. Sir Peregrine does not know. He can not understand. But you know and understand it all. And, Mrs. Orme, what you do now will be counted to you for great treasure—for very great treasure. You are better than the Samaritan, for he went on his way. But you will stay till the last. Yes; I know you will stay." And the poor creature kissed her only friend—kissed her hands and her forehead and her breast. Then Mrs. Orme went without speaking, for her heart was full, and the words would not come to her; but as she went she said to herself that she would stay till the last.

Standing alone on the steps before the front-door she found Lucius Mason all alone, and some feeling moved her to speak a word to him as she passed. "I hope all this does not trouble you much, Mr. Mason," she said, offering her hand to him. She felt that her words were hypocritical as she was speaking them; but under such circumstances what else could she say to him?

"Well, Mrs. Orme, such an episode in one's family history does give one some trouble. I am unhappy—very unhappy; but not too much so to thank you for your most unusual kindness to my poor mother." And then, having been so far encouraged by her speaking to him, he accompanied her round the house on to the lawn, from whence a path led away through a

shrubbery on to the road which would take her by the village of Coldharbor to The Cleeve.

"Mr. Mason," she said, as they walked for a few steps together before the house, "do not suppose that I presume to interfere between you and your mother."

"You have a right to interfere now," he said.

"But I think you might comfort her if you would be more with her. Would it not be better if you could talk freely together about all this?"

"It would be better," he said; "but I fear that that is no longer possible. When this trial is over, and the world knows that she is innocent; when people shall see how cruelly she has been used—"

Mrs. Orme might not tell the truth to him, but she could with difficulty bear to hear him dwell thus confidently on hopes which were so false. "The future is in the hands of God, Mr. Mason; but for the present—"

"The present and the future are both in His hands, Mrs. Orme. I know my mother's innocence, and would have done a son's part toward establishing it, but she would not allow me. All this will soon be over now, and then, I trust, she and I will once again understand each other. Till then I doubt whether I should be wise to interfere. Good-morning, Mrs. Orme; and pray believe that I appreciate at its full worth all that you are doing for her." Then he again lifted his hat and left her.

Lady Mason from her window saw them as they walked together, and her heart for a moment misgave her. Could it be that her friend was treacherous to her? Was it possible that even now she was telling every thing that she had sworn that she would not tell? Why were they two together, seeing that they passed each other day by day without intercourse? And so she watched with anxious eyes till they parted, and then she saw that Lucius stood idly on the terrace swinging his stick as he looked down the hill toward the orchard below him. He would not have stood thus calmly had he already heard his mother's shame. This she knew; and having laid aside her immediate fears she retreated back to her chair. No; she would not tell him: at any rate till the trial should be over.

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

"I HOPE you will give the scoundrels of the Hartford Convention their just deserts."—"I hope you will do justice to the patriotic members of the Hartford Convention." Such are the opposing injunctions given in letters recently received by the writer concerning a History of the War of 1812 from two correspondents who were young and ardent politicians fifty years ago. They are strangers to each other, and live four hundred miles apart. They have each borne, during that long half century, in the midst of the ever-changing scenes of political life, the deep impressions made upon their minds in young manhood by the opinions prevalent when the

second war for Independence was drawing to a close. They represent the opposing political parties of that period—Federalists and Democrats. One party regarded the Hartford Convention as a conclave of wise and devoted patriots; the other party regarded it as a nest of traitors. We of to-day may look back upon those scenes of tumult without passion, and with vision unobscured by the smoke and dust of contending factions. These have long since been cleared away by the sweeping wings of Time, and acts and actors appear in full proportions and perfect features in the mirror of historic truth. Let us see what that mirror reflects concerning the Hartford Convention, its origin and its motives.

From the beginning the interests of different sections of the new Republic were diverse, and, to the common and more narrow view, conflicting. The bleak hills of New England, on which snows lay a third of the year, and whose fertile valleys were far inferior in area to the hills and the mountains, were not so inviting to the hand of labor as the gently-rolling plains and broad savannas south of the Potomac and the Roanoke, nor promised half so generous returns for the expenditure of toil. The hardy New Englanders, reared among mountain winds, on which a pabulum of physical vigor and purity always floats, and inspired by rugged and ever-varying scenery, which gives lasting stimulus to the brain, were restless and active; and while many delved in the stingy soil many others went out upon the ocean, from every creek and estuary and harbor, in search of wealth and enjoyment. They became a commercial people, and cherished Manufactures, the godmother of Commerce.

The soft climate and generous soil of the South enticed labor by truthful promises of large reward. The songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the delicious dreamy loveliness of nature in earth and sky, made it a paradise wherein no serpent was visible. But the tempter was there. Idleness, with its siren voice, called Labor away to the intoxications of Ease and fatal Indulgence. The sinews of Industry were palsied by the charm, and the European was soon made to dread the drudgery of the field. The African came to his relief. He took the hoe and the seed from the white man's hand, and made the fields blossom more beautiful than ever. The "dominant race" gladly accepted the relation of master and slave. The tobacco and rice of the South were more remunerative than the wheat and flax of the North, in proportion to the intelligent labor bestowed on their cultivation, and the master was content. Soon came the Cotton Plant, like a beautiful white fairy, from other lands, with wealth-bearing pinions and the mien of a king. The planters received the stranger with joy. Labor and capital were in their hands, and the theatre for their employment was in the fertile fields around them. They cared nothing for the ocean except as a highway for the new monarch, nor for ships except as vehicles for his majesty. The inhabit-

ants below the Potomac and the Roanoke became an agricultural people. Over all that region the brain of the white man planned and the sinews of the negro executed.

In the North the "dominant race" labored; in the South it merely governed.

The industrial pursuits of each section were distinct in character, but, rightly considered, were wedded in interest. But political jealousies, arising from the conflicts between National and State sovereignty, caused a conflict of interests; and from the beginning the idea was prevalent that one section was endeavoring to control the National Government for the promotion of its own interests at the expense of those of the other. Virginia charged such motives upon New England until Jefferson, the great expounder of her political dogmas, was seated in the Presidential chair, when New England retorted in kind. During the first quarter of the present century, while the three successive Presidents were Virginians, commercial New England was politically opposed to the National Administration, supposed to be managed in the interest of the agricultural South; and in the great arena of political combat—the National Congress—these industries formed the chief topic for debate, crimination and recrimination, in connection with certain political ideas held in common by the opposing parties respectively with England and France. These two nations were waging a tremendous war against each other. The opponents of the Administration were the *Federal* party, who, during the presidencies of Washington and Adams, sympathized with England as the exponent and champion of law and order. The Administration party were Republicans or Democrats, who, with Jefferson as their leader, sympathized with France, during that time, as the champion of popular liberty and the enemy of tyrants. Hence the Democrats were called the "French party," and the Federalists the "English party." These were political watchwords down to the close of the war of 1812.

In 1806 the conflict for power between England and France was fearful, and each party soon aimed tremendous blows at the other, unmindful of the fact that they fell as destructively upon neutral nations. By a British Order in Council, issued in May of that year, the whole coast of Europe, from Brest in France to the mouth of the Elbe in Germany—a line six hundred miles in extent—was declared to be in a state of blockade, and neutral vessels were prohibited entering any of the ports on that coast. This was a measure which had been resorted to by England twice before for starving France. She was then Mistress of the Seas; and she used her power regardless of right or justice.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, retaliated. From the imperial camp at Berlin, in November following, he issued a Decree declaring all the British islands in a state of blockade. This was followed in January by a British Order in Council, which forbade neutral vessels trading from

one port to another of France or her allies, or which was in possession of her armies, or of any country from which British vessels were excluded. This was followed in December by another Decree, issued by Napoleon from his "Royal Palace at Milan," which declared all vessels bound to or sailing from England, or which had submitted to English search, to be subject to capture and condemnation. Thus, by really "paper blockades" (for neither party had ships sufficient to enforce the Orders and Decrees), the commerce of the world was suddenly paralyzed. That of the United States, which for some years had been very lucrative, was utterly prostrated. England was most blamed, because she inaugurated the iniquitous measures against the interests of neutrals; but toward both nations the Americans felt the greatest indignation.

Negotiations were immediately opened with both belligerent governments for the removal of these disastrous restrictions upon commerce. But all peaceful efforts were made in vain. Napoleon was determined to make the Americans his allies, if possible; and England, with her usual domineering spirit, was equally determined to punish all who might in any way favor her deadly enemy. An English publicist, employed by the Government to present an excuse to the world for conduct which she knew to be indefensible by the law of nations, declared that the neutral commerce of the Americans, by which France was benefited, was "war in disguise." Making this sophistry her defensive plea, England proceeded to destroy that commerce.

Negotiations having failed, the United States Government resolved to try the effects of non-intercourse, used so potently during the days preceding the Revolution. At about the same time when the Milan Decree was issued the President of the United States recommended to Congress the laying of an Embargo, universal in extent and unlimited in duration. The Administration party were in a large majority in the National Congress, and a most stringent Embargo was put in operation. It bound the coasting trade and the land intercourse between the States and the neighboring British colonies. What little vitality American commerce had preserved was by this measure totally destroyed, and a large portion of the community, especially in the Eastern States, were instantly thrown out of employment and reduced to distress.

The Embargo created intense excitement throughout the country, especially in New England. The Federal party took a bold stand against it as an Administration measure, and mercantile communities vehemently denounced it as cruel and positively unnecessary. During two years that the Embargo or other restrictive measures were in force it was evaded and defied. It was denounced in town meetings as tyrannical; and New England magistrates refused to enforce its provisions, because the law was unconstitutional. The Sovereignty of the States was

invoked to interfere; and in some instances partisan and personal feeling was so strong that men openly defended the course of Great Britain as just and necessary—"essential to her existence." Threats of disunion and secession were heard from several quarters; and so general and open was the opposition to the administrators of the National Government by the leaders of the Federal party in New England, that the impression went abroad that the Eastern States were ready to leave the Union, and form a separate and independent government. "Look, Sir"—said Dewitt Clinton, in the Senate of New York, in February, 1809—"Look, Sir, at the storm which is gathering in the East. Its clouds are black, heavy, and portentous. Look at the resolves of several of the towns, and even of the capital of Massachusetts. Observe the disorganizing, Jacobinical, seditious, and traitorous spirit which pervades them. The Legislatures of the different States are invited to array themselves against the General Government. The very men who, a few years ago, were the strenuous advocates for smiting down the State governments, for a strong National Executive that would maintain the Union of the States—for an energetic, absorbing National Government—are now the warm partisans of State supremacy. The resolutions of Boston are more seditious and reprehensible than any that were passed at the time of the Whisky Insurrection of Pennsylvania." Others sounded alarm notes, and suspicions of positive disloyalty on the part of New England were felt throughout the Union.

At this juncture a secret agent was sent to Boston from the representative of the British Government in Canada, to watch the course of political events there, sound the leading Federalists as to their willingness, in the event of a separation, to make a connection with Great Britain, and to do all in his power to foment greater discord between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union. He remained there several weeks, but saw no reason for avowing his true character to any one, not even to the British consul. At length he became convinced that he could not serve his employer as he had expected. "Weak men," he said, "are sure to temporize when great events call upon them for decision." His mission was speedily ended by recall. Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington, to the disappointment of his Government, made arrangements for the settlement of disputes between the United States and Great Britain, which caused the President to proclaim the Embargo to be at an end. This silenced the opposition. Their disunion schemes, if they ever had any, were left without present excuse; and in his wrathful disappointment, the Secretary of the Governor-General of Canada wrote to the British spy: "I am cruelly out of spirits at the idea of England truckling to such a debased and accursed Government as that of the United States." Once again the secret machinations of the ruling powers of England to destroy

the American Government were frustrated, as they ever will be.

England repudiated the peaceful and just arrangements made by Mr. Erskine, and commercial restrictions were again imposed by the Government of the United States. The old party animosities were revived in all their vigor, and in the spring of 1812 a new cause for mutual exasperation and for suspicion of the loyalty of New England appeared. Hitherto the mission of the British spy had been unknown in the United States. He failed to get his promised reward in Canada, and after waiting a long time in vain he went to England with certificates of his fidelity as a spy. He was received with the greatest favor into aristocratic circles. He was admitted to membership in the *PITT CLUB* without the formality of an election; and he had free entrance to exclusive circles so long as his money lasted. But when that failed, and he became a suppliant at the feet of Lord Liverpool for the reward of his faithfulness, he was coolly referred back to the successor of his employer in Canada. The spy (John Henry) was exasperated. He sailed for Boston instead of for Quebec, and laid the whole secrets of his mission at the feet of the President of the United States for a handsome consideration. Preparations for declaring war against Great Britain were then maturing. These disclosures would greatly aid the war party and confound the opposition; so the President published them to the world, saying, in his message to Congress: "They prove that at a recent period, while the United States, notwithstanding the wrongs sustained by them, ceased not to observe the laws of peace and neutrality toward Great Britain, and in the midst of peace and amicable profession and negotiations on the part of the British Government, through its public minister here, a secret agent of that Government was employed in certain States, more especially at the seat of the government of Massachusetts, in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the nation, and in intrigues with the disaffected, for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws, and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union and forcing the Eastern part thereof into a political connection with Great Britain."

A most profound sensation was produced by these disclosures throughout the country. The old suspicions of New England disloyalty were intensified, and the Administration party and all who were in favor of war made the most of the excitement. That most was but little. The fact remains that the British Government had been treacherously endeavoring to destroy the Union while professing friendship, but investigation led to no discovery of a shadow of proof that any American in New England or elsewhere had been a party to the shameful scheme.

War was declared in June, 1812, by a vote, in the House of Representatives, of 79 against 49. Of the 79 votes Pennsylvania and the States south of it gave 62. In the Senate the majority

and geographical character of the vote were about the same. It was essentially a Southern measure. New England complained. War put her commerce in jeopardy, while it threatened no great harm to the planter. War was declared because American commerce and sailors' rights were injured by Great Britain, but by that portion of the Union, South and West, where commerce and sailors' rights were almost practically unknown. "The war," says a late writer (Edwin Williams), "may be said to have been a measure of the South and West to take care of the interests of the North, much against the will of the latter."

Before and after the declaration of war the Federalists, especially in New England, vehemently opposed it. It could not be denied that the Americans had just cause for the measure. England, the old oppressor, was again before them with her frowns and superciliousness. Her complicity in the destruction of American commerce, and her persistence in the nefarious practice of impressing American seamen into the British service, were a sufficient justification for an independent nation to seek redress by an appeal to arms.

But New England was more exposed to desolation and more inviting to invasion than any other section of the country. The war was with a powerful maritime nation, whose privateers would soon sweep the coast marine of New England from the sea, and whose ships-of-the-line might lay the sea-port towns in ashes from Fairfield to Castine. The people of New England were peaceful and opposed to war; their representatives in Congress had voted against the war; then why should they give it support and countenance?

The war had been declared only after long-suffering and patient attempts to procure redress without a resort to arms. A majority of the people of the republic were in favor of this method of vindicating their national honor and independence; and the representatives of that majority had made the declaration. It was therefore unpatriotic to cast obstacles in the way. Yet it was done with fearful effect. The more desperate opponents of the war and of the Administration—politicians whom true patriots despised—formed a "Peace party," avowedly for the purpose of embarrassing the Government, and compelling it to make peace with Great Britain on any terms. They controlled the press extensively, and through it they operated powerfully upon the public mind. They decried national victories, and magnified those of the British. They were professional alarmists. They used every exertion to destroy the public credit. They discouraged Government loans, promoted smuggling, and in every conceivable way gave "aid and comfort to the enemy" without performing overt acts of treason.

Many of the clergy and magistrates arrayed themselves against the Government. Disunion was openly advocated. "The Union has been long since virtually dissolved," said the rector

of Trinity Church, Boston, "and it is full time that this part of the disunited States should take care of itself." "If at the command of wicked rulers," said the pastor of the church at Medford, "they undertake an unjust war, each man who volunteers his services in such a cause, or loans his money for its support, or by his conversation, his writings, or any other mode of influence encourages its prosecution, that man is an accomplice in the wickedness, loads his conscience with the blackest crimes, brings the guilt of blood upon his soul, and in the sight of God and His law is a murderer." "The Israelites became weary of yielding the fruit of their labor to pamper their splendid tyrants," said a Doctor of Divinity at Byfield. "They left their political woes. They separated. Where is our Moses?" And when the brave soldiers of the West had fallen at the Raisin and the Thames, in conflict with the savages of the forest brought against them by the British, this same D.D. said, exultingly, "Those Western States, which have been violent for this abominable war of murder—those States which have thirsted for blood—God has given them blood to drink! Their men have fallen. Their lamentations are deep and loud."

Thus spoke the pulpit here and there, while magistrates and public officers set the Government at defiance. Three of the New England Governors refused to respond to the call of the President for militia, appealing to the Constitution and the "reserved rights" of the States for justification. The use of the jails of Massachusetts for British prisoners was refused; and in many ways New England stood in an attitude of half-rebellion against the National Government during a greater portion of the war. They argued that the Divine law of self-preservation was superior to all human law; and then pointed to the fact, with much force, that the militia of New England, especially of the portion bordering on the sea, were needed for the defense of their coast.

In the autumn of 1814, when the war had been prosecuted for more than two years, and the utter prostration of business had produced wide-spread distress, especially in New England—when the banks of the country had suspended specie payments, and the Government was bankrupt, clamors for peace became more tumultuous than ever. Negotiations for peace were already in progress at Ghent in Belgium; but the unfair demands and denials of Great Britain gave very little promise of satisfactory results. That haughty power would not consent to make peace except on very humiliating terms for the Americans; and yet there were those who could not value national independence, or comprehend their duty to posterity, who thought that peace would be cheaply purchased even on such terms. While the Legislature of New York pronounced the terms proposed by the British "extravagant and disgraceful," and that of Virginia called them "arrogant and insulting," the New England Legislatures had no word of condemnation.

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The National Government, meanwhile, was putting forth all its strength in the prosecution of the war, and in the autumn of 1814 measures were adopted for filling the ranks of the existing army to the full amount of 62,000 men, and the creation of an additional regular force of 40,000, to be locally employed for the defense of the frontier and sea-coast, the whole number to be raised by conscription or draft. This brought matters to a crisis in New England. In some of the other States the matter of local defenses had been left almost wholly to the discretion of their respective Governors. But the President, made suspicious of the loyalty of the New England people by the manifestations of opposition to the General Government which had appeared there for several years preceding, insisted upon the exclusive control of all military movements there. Because the Massachusetts militia had not been placed under General Dearborn's orders, the Secretary of State, in an official letter to Governor Strong, refused to pay the expenses of defending Massachusetts against the common enemy. Similar action for similar cause had been had in Connecticut. Great discontent followed; and a clamor was immediately raised that New England was abandoned to the enemy by the National Government. A joint Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature reported that, in the position in which that State stood, no choice was left her between submission to the enemy, which was not to be thought of, and the appropriation to her own defense of those revenues derived from her people, but which the General Government had hitherto thought proper to expend elsewhere. This was a covert threat of independent action on the part of New England. The Committee then proceeded to recommend "a conference between those States, the affinity of whose interests is closest, and whose habits of intercourse, from local and other causes, are most frequent, to the end that, by a comparison of their sentiments and views, some mode of defense suited to the circumstances and exigencies of those States, and measures for accelerating the return of prosperity may be devised; and also to enable the delegates from those States, should they deem it expedient, to lay the foundation of a radical reform in the national compact, by inviting to a future Convention a deputation from all the States in the Union."

The Democratic members of the Massachusetts Legislature vehemently assailed this report and its recommendations. They denounced it as a disguised movement to prepare the way for a dissolution of the Union. The protests of the minority were of no avail. The report of the Committee was adopted by a vote of three to one; and as the country was in a state of great alarm, owing to the recent destruction of the National capital by the enemy, and the prospect of a more vigorous prosecution of the war along the coast from the Chesapeake to the Penobscot, immediate action followed. A circular force was addressed by the Massachusetts Legislature to

to the Governors of the other New England States, inviting the appointment of delegates to meet in Convention at an early day, "to deliberate upon the dangers to which the Eastern section of the Union is exposed by the course of the war, and which there is too much reason to believe will thicken round them in its progress; and to devise, if practicable, means of security and defense which may be consistent with the preservation of their resources from total ruin, and adapted to their local situation, mutual relations, and habits, and not repugnant to their obligations as members of the Union." They also proposed a consideration of some amendments to the Constitution on the subject of slave representation, that might secure to the New England States equal advantages with others. "This Legislature," said the circular, "is content, for its justification, to repose on the purity of its own motives, and upon the *known attachment of its constituents to the National Union*, and to the rights and independence of their country."

The proposition of Massachusetts was acceded to, and a convention of delegates representing the New England States was appointed to be held at Hartford, in Connecticut, on the 15th of December. This movement created much alarm at the seat of Government, more especially because at about the same time the Legislature of Massachusetts appropriated a million of dollars toward the support of ten thousand men to relieve the militia in service, and to be, like that militia, exclusively under State control. All sorts of wild rumors and suggestions were put afloat, and the accusations of plottings and treasons made against the Federal party, from the alleged monarchical schemes of Hamilton to the failure of John Henry, were spread before the excited public mind in the most startling colors. A new organization called "Washington Benevolent Societies," nominally for charitable purposes, but really with political aims, distinguished the Federalists at this time and drew upon them the most vigilant suspicions. President Madison, naturally timid, was greatly harassed by fears of sedition and disunion, and the extreme doctrines of State rights which he had put forth by resolutions of the Virginia Legislature in 1798, for a political purpose, now assumed a fearful ghostly shape in New England garb. The Democratic press in all parts of the country exhibited real or feigned alarm; and the thoughts of millions were turned toward Hartford, a small commercial town of only four thousand inhabitants, on the memorable day appointed for the assembling of that mysterious Convention.

On Thursday morning, the 15th of December, 1815, the famous Hartford Convention commenced its sessions. Twenty-six delegates were present: namely, George Cabot, Nathan Dane, William Prescott, Harrison Gray Otis, Timothy in felow, Joshua Thomas, Samuel Sumner Wilde, Of the yman, Stephen Longfellow, Jun., Dan-south of i, Hodijah Baylies, and George Bliss,

from *Massachusetts*; Chauncey Goodrich, John Treadwell, James Hillhouse, Zephaniah Swift, Nathaniel Smith, Calvin Goddard, and Roger Minot Sherman, from *Connecticut*; Daniel Lyman, Samuel Ward, Edward Manton, and Benjamin Hazard, from *Rhode Island*; Benjamin West, and Mills Olcott, from *New Hampshire*; and William Hall, Jun., from *Vermont*. George Cabot of Boston was chosen President of the Convention, and Theodore Dwight of Hartford was appointed Secretary. The sessions of the Convention continued three weeks, and were held with closed doors. Major (afterward General) Jesup, a young Kentuckian, was then stationed with his regiment at Hartford. He had been ordered there nominally for the purpose of recruiting for the regular army, but really under instructions, no doubt, to watch the movements of the supposed traitorous conclave. It was believed that with this force at hand, and New York troops under the vigilant Governor Tompkins at supporting distance, any sudden rebellious manifestation might be suppressed.

The doubt, perplexity, and alarm created by this Convention were heightened by the tone of the Federal newspapers in New England, and especially in Boston, during its sittings. Writers in those papers, who were evidently disunionists, seemed apprehensive that the delegates were too conservative, and would not take the high and independent stand which the crisis demanded. They called loudly for relief; and throughout all their essays a desire for a withdrawal from the Union and a separate peace with England was plainly manifested. The Byfield Doctor of Divinity already alluded to had said in the pulpit: "New England, if invaded, would be obliged to defend herself. Do you not thus owe it to your children, and owe it to your God, to make peace for yourselves?" And this suggestion of his appeal became the text for many a lay sermon that heightened the suspicion of New England loyalty in the public mind, and fixed upon the Hartford Convention a stigma which, in the lapse of half a century, has not been entirely removed.

Day after day the Convention proceeded in its work with closed doors. Its session was opened every morning with prayer by Hartford clergymen, among whom the Rev. Dr. Strong was the most prominent. On the second day a committee appointed to inquire "what subjects will be proper to be considered by the Convention? and to report such propositions for that purpose," submitted the following as proper topics for their consideration: "The powers claimed by the Executive of the United States to determine, conclusively, in respect to calling out the militia of the States into the service of the United States; and the dividing the United States into military districts, with an officer of the army in each thereof, with discretionary authority from the Executive of the United States to call for the militia to be under the command of such officer. The refusal of the Executive of the United States to supply or pay the militia of certain

States, called out for their defense, on the grounds of their not having been called out under the authority of the United States, or not having been, by the Executive of the State, put under the command of the commander over the military district. The failure of the Government of the United States to supply and pay the militia of the States, by them admitted to have been in the United States service. The Report of the Secretary of War to Congress on filling the ranks of the army, together with a bill or act on that subject. A bill before Congress, providing for classifying and drafting the militia. The expenditure of the revenue of the nation in offensive operations on the neighboring provinces of the enemy. The failure of the Government of the United States to provide for the common defense; and the consequent obligations, necessity, and burdens devolved on the separate States to defend themselves—together with the mode and the ways and means in their power for accomplishing the object." Such was the work which the Convention, at the outset, proposed for itself.

On the 20th, a committee appointed for the purpose reported "a general project of such measures" as might be proper for the Convention to adopt. On the 24th, after receiving a communication from several citizens belonging to the county of Washington, in the State of New York, they adopted a report that it would be expedient for the Convention to "prepare a general statement of the unconstitutional attempts of the Executive Government of the United States to infringe upon the rights of the individual States in regard to the militia, and of the still more alarming claims to infringe on the rights of the States manifested in the letter of the Secretary of War," etc., and to recommend to the Legislatures of the States the adoption of the most effectual and decisive measures to protect the militia and the States from the usurpations contained in these proceedings. Also to prepare a statement concerning the general subject of State defenses, and to recommend an earnest application to the National Government for an arrangement with the States by which they would be allowed to retain a portion of the taxes levied by Congress, to be devoted to the expenses of self-defense, and for the reimbursement of money already expended by them for such purpose. They also proposed, by amendments to the Constitution, to accomplish the following results: 1. The restriction of the power of Congress to declare and make war. 2. A restraint of the exercise of unlimited power by Congress to make new States and admit them into the Union. 3. A restraint of the powers of Congress in laying embargoes and restrictions on commerce. 4. A stipulation that a President of the United States shall not be elected from the same State two consecutive terms; and, 5. That the same person shall not be elected President a second time. 6. That alterations be made concerning slave representation and taxation.

On the 4th of January, 1815, a Report with

Resolutions, to be laid before the Legislatures of the respective States represented in the Convention, was adopted; and the next morning, at nine o'clock, after prayer by Dr. Strong, the Convention finally adjourned. The Report, moderate but firm, able in construction, and forcible though heretical in arguments and conclusions, was immediately published and extensively circulated throughout the country. It exhibited the ring of the metal of the protest of the minority of the Twelfth Congress against the declaration of war, written chiefly by the now venerable Josiah Quincy of Boston, the last survivor of that Congress. It was read with the greatest avidity. It disappointed the expectations of the ultra-Federalists and the suspicious Democrats. The few disunionists of New England found in it no promises of a separation; and the Administration party perceived in it no signs of sedition or treason. It presented a concise view of the current and past policy of the Government, and summed up the sentiments of the Convention in the following resolutions, which were recommended for adoption to the State Legislatures:

"*Resolved*, That it be and hereby is recommended to the Legislatures of the several States represented in this Convention to adopt all such measures as may be necessary effectually to protect the citizens of said States from the operation and effects of all acts which have been or may be passed by the Congress of the United States, which shall contain provisions subjecting the militia or other citizens to forcible drafts, conscriptions, or impressments, not authorized by the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That it be and hereby is recommended to the said Legislatures to authorize an immediate and earnest application to be made to the Government of the United States, requesting their consent to some arrangement whereby the said States may, separately or in concert, be empowered to assume upon themselves the defense of their territory against the enemy; and a reasonable portion of the taxes collected within said States may be paid into the respective treasuries thereof, and appropriated to the payment of the balance due said States, and to the future defense of the same. The amount so paid into the said treasuries to be credited, and the disbursements made as aforesaid to be charged, to the United States.

"*Resolved*, That it be and it hereby is recommended to the Legislatures of the aforesaid States to pass laws (where it has not already been done) authorizing the Governors or Commanders-in-chief of their militia, to make detachments of the same, or to form voluntary corps, as shall be most convenient and conformable to their Constitutions, and to cause the same to be well armed, equipped, and disciplined, and held in readiness for service; and, upon the request of the Governor of either of the other States, to employ the whole of such detachments or corps, as well as the regular force of the State, or such part thereof as may be re-

quired, and can be spared consistently with the safety of the State, in assisting the State making such request, to repel any invasion thereof which shall be made or attempted by the public enemy."

There were other resolutions, but they referred to amendments of the Constitution already alluded to. The most that can be said against the resolutions just quoted is, that they abandon the doctrine of a consolidated nation formed by the ratification of the Constitution by the people, for which the Washingtonian Federalists so strenuously contended, and are deeply tinged with the fatal heresy of State supremacy, or, at least, State independence, which has produced fearful effects in our day.

It was resolved that, should the proposed application to Congress be fruitless, and the existing circumstances seem to warrant, a Committee appointed for the purpose should call another Convention to meet in Boston in June following. This contingency did not occur. The Legislatures of Massachusetts and Connecticut accepted the report, and appointed commissioners to go to Washington to lay the proposed arrangement as to taxes before Congress; a proposition in the form of a request, but, under the circumstances, with the *spirit* of a demand. Peace came at this moment, with her insignia of reconciliation, and by a sweep of her wand all disputes raised by the presence of war were instantly hushed.

When the Hartford Convention adjourned on the 5th of January the opinion was prevalent that another Convention would be held. On that account the injunction of secrecy was not removed, and the journal of the Convention was sealed and placed in the hands of the President. Because it was not published conjecture invented many reasons, all unfavorable to the movement and the participants in it. It was asserted by the opposite party that treasonable schemes were proposed in the Convention, and the names of members were given as the authors of them. Some went so far as to describe the manner in which they were received, debated, and disposed of. The members of the Convention took no steps to refute the many charges against them. The journal was placed in the office of the Secretary of the State of Massachusetts in the autumn of 1819, where it might be read by all who chose to peruse it. It was accompanied by the following certificate: "I, George Cabot, late President of the Convention assembled at Hartford on the fifteenth day of December, 1814, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is the original and only journal of the proceedings of that Convention; and that the twenty-seven written pages which compose it, and the printed report, comprise a faithful and complete record of all the motions, resolutions, votes, and proceedings of that Convention. And I do further certify, that this journal has been constantly in my exclusive custody from the time of the adjournment of the Convention to the delivery of it into the office of the Secretary of this Commonwealth."

The journal was afterward published in pamphlets and newspapers. Its freedom from all treasonable or even seditious features (unless we regard the belief in the political heresy of State supremacy to be such) would immediately destroy the political capital created by the mystery that had enshrouded it, so it was immediately asserted and widely believed, in the face of the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Cabot, that the obnoxious parts of it—the demon hoofs and horns of treason—had been suppressed in the publication. For long years that Convention remained a by-word and a reproach to the Federal party and other organizations that succeeded it. Even the testimony in a court of justice, under oath, of a man so universally esteemed as Roger Minot Sherman, when he said, in 1831—"I believe I know their proceedings perfectly, and that every measure, done or proposed, has been published to the world"—could not remove the prejudice concerning that Convention, its aims and its doings, which unscrupulous politicians were ever ready to foster. Even now, the Hartford Convention is associated in the minds of many with the Nullification movements in South Carolina in 1832-33, and the rampant treason in arms in the Slave States in 1861-62. It is surprising to see the writer of a current history of this rebellion use the following language—"Well would it have been for the country—for the lately seceded States—if the loyal people of the cotton-growing Commonwealths had crushed their disloyal leaders, as the New Englanders crushed out the treason hatched by the Hartford Disunion Convention!"

He who will take pains to inquire, without prejudice, will be satisfied that the twenty-six eminent men who composed the Hartford Convention were as wise as loyal and patriotic as the average of the legislators and politicians of that day or since. They represented the conservative sentiment of discontented New England during a season of great trial.

THE UNSIGNED RECEIPT.

THE year before I retired from practice I had, among the young gentlemen who read law under my direction, one whose name was Edward Marsh. He was quite clever and assiduous. His father had been a client of mine for many years, and, previous to his insolvency, a very profitable one. From regard for him, and in consideration of his altered circumstances, I declined to accept the customary fee for directing his son's studies. Young Marsh is now practicing law in one of our Western States, where he is quite distinguished. I am told that they talk of him for a judgeship, although he has only been four years at the bar. He has ability, doubtless, and learning, probably; but at the outset of my legal career they did not place boys on the bench. The profession is going to the dogs, and the judiciary along with it.

However, I did not commence an essay upon the bench and bar. I intended to tell the story

of a case in which this young Marsh figured a little, though not so prominently as others.

I came into the case in this way. I had been engaged in court all day in a very fatiguing suit, and merely visited my office to obtain some papers that I wished to examine at home at my leisure. While I was at my secretary there came a tap at the door, and on bidding the intruder enter Marsh came in.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but I would like to have a little conversation with you."

"Very good. Go on."

"I wish, as a favor to me, you would undertake the case of Evans."

"I do not wish to; I have declined already. How will it serve you?"

"Why, you see, Sir, I and Kitty—that is, Kitty and I—"

He paused, in embarrassment, and I turned in some surprise.

"Pray, who is Kitty, Mr. Marsh?"

"Miss Kitty Evans."

"Oh, I see," I rejoined, laughing. "Kitty is our daughter, and you want me to take up the case of the father-in-law elect."

"Why, you see, Sir, the rest of the bar share your aversion to the case; and he prefers you, at any rate. If you would take it at my instance it would be of service to me."

Under the circumstances I reconsidered my refusal, and told Marsh to send Kitty's father to me on the following day. The lover departed in high spirits.

This Evans was a real-estate agent and rent collector, who had acquired some money by his profession. He was indefatigable in dunning delinquent tenants, and sufficiently prompt in paying over the proceeds, so that he had a number of patrons. But he had not the best reputation along with this. He was regarded as a rather slippery fellow. The little intercourse I had had with him had satisfied me he was not a desirable client—the impression on my mind was adverse to his fairness and honesty, and I shunned him.

The particular case in which he desired my services was as follows:

Among the patrons of Evans had been a wealthy man named Clarence Preston. The collections made for him during one quarter had amounted to eighteen hundred and twenty dollars, which had been paid over, less the five per cent. commission, in the presence of Preston's attorney. Evans took a receipt, but went away leaving it on his patron's table. He called to get it on the following morning, but was astounded to learn that Mr. Preston had been attacked by apoplexy about two hours after he had left the house and died at midnight. Mr. Van Buren, the attorney, had placed his seal on all the papers of the deceased. When the executor took charge Evans renewed his application for the receipt. Mr. Schermerhorn, the executor, made search accordingly, and found a paper partly answering Evans's description, but

differing in one important particular. It recited and acknowledged the payment of seventeen hundred and twenty-nine dollars; but it was without signature. Evans then went to the attorney as a witness, but, to his consternation, the latter denied that any money had been paid, or receipt given therefor, in his presence. The executor, under these circumstances, brought suit to recover the rents collected, and claimed eighteen hundred and sixty-five dollars as due to the estate.

When Evans called on me, according to appointment, I questioned him closely.

"Are you sure," I asked, "that the receipt had been signed when you left?"

"Positively. There was no blotting-paper, and I let it lie for a few minutes on the table to dry, and that is how I came, engrossed with the conversation we had, to forget it."

"Did Mr. Schermerhorn show you the unsigned receipt?"

"Yes. It was the same I had written. I knew it by my own handwriting, and by a couple of specks in the paper. I had neglected to bring my receipt-book with me, and wrote the receipt on a loose piece of paper lying on the table."

"Might it not have been an unsigned duplicate?"

"No; I only prepared one for Preston to sign."

"Were there any marks showing an erasure of the signature?"

"Not the slightest that I could see, and I held it up to the light. There is the mystery. The place where the signature had been was apparently plain, white paper."

"Have you the number and description of the notes you paid?"

"A description of one only—not its letter or number. That was a hundred-dollar bill on the Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia. It had on its back the initials of the tenant—John Y. Carter—from whom I received it. The other notes were those of the Shoe and Leather Bank, with which I deposit. A private mark of my own was also on the Philadelphia note."

"Well," I said, "in accepting your case I am bound to believe your statement; but a court and jury are not, and will not be likely to do so. You will have probably to pay the money in the end, and it would be as well to do it without the expense and trouble of a suit."

"I don't intend to pay money twice; at least not if I can help it," said Evans. "Something may turn up in the mean while. Fight them."

"Very well. As I have agreed to take the case in hand, fight them we will; but you have neither force nor material for a contest. It is simply your story against evidence oral and written."

I knew Mr. Schermerhorn, the sole executor, very well. He lived in the same block that I did, and I determined to drop in on him after dinner, and discuss the matter in a friendly way. It was quite unprofessional to do this, of course; but the whole case was exceptional.

I found Schermerhorn to be frank and communicative.

"It is a matter of personal indifference to me," said he, "and if it looked even fair, I should make a mere show of opposition. But I don't believe a single word of Evans's story. Between ourselves, your client is at a very silly and unprofitable piece of roguery. He is too sharp a fellow to have left a receipt behind him, even if he took one upon a loose piece of paper. But that isn't his way. He would have brought his receipt-book. The claim is an after-thought on hearing of Preston's sudden death."

"But," I suggested, "how does it happen then that the receipt, even if unsigned, was found among Preston's papers?"

"That is not easily accounted for, but it might be. Evans might have left it then, intending to pay the money, but neglecting it, or might have left it before. At all events it proves nothing for you. For there is Van Buren—an upright man of unimpeachable character—who is ready to swear that no money was paid that night, and no receipt passed. He was with Preston when Evans came in, and remained with him after he went, until he was attacked with the apopleptic fit. You won't gainsay his evidence?"

"I am not so sure of that."

"Not so sure! Why, man, you can only do it on the supposition that Van Buren himself pocketed the money, and then blew the signature away—for it shows no mark of an erasure. That would be absurd."

"Impossible, possibly, but not impossible, and so not absurd."

"Yes, absurd!" he rejoined. "For why not destroy the receipt when the money was taken?"

I felt the force of this. I was worsted in the encounter, and withdrew with the conviction that my case was desperate. Before I left, I said:

"I am instructed, and must make what defense I can. Will you have the receipt at trial, or put me to the trouble of compelling its production?"

"No need of process. The receipt, as you call it, will be in court; but it is useless to you, as you will say yourself whenever you see it."

Time slipped away. I should have nearly forgotten the case, until it had gone through its routine, took its place on the calendar, and had its day fixed. But Marsh kept it before me, always having discovered, weekly or oftener, some important point, which amounted to nothing, or conceived some apt suggestion, which turned out to be of no value. I understood and overlooked this meddling, on account of its object. It gave him pretexts for more frequent visits to Evans's pretty daughter.

I was no longer young, but I looked on a lover's expedients with a forgiving eye.

The day of trial came. The plaintiff, who had very able counsel, was ready; and so was I, for defendant, though I could see very little chance of success.

The plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Demarest, opened with a succinct statement. The defendant had collected rents to the amount of eighteen hundred and sixty-five dollars, as the agent of Clarence Preston, now deceased. He had neglected and refused to pay these over, and for this sum, now due the estate, suit was brought.

The leases were brought in to show the amount of rents, and these I admitted to save time. The tenants were brought forward with their receipts to prove the amounts were actually paid to Evans, except in one instance where a tenant was out of town. There his clerk was sworn, who witnessed the payment and the signing of the receipt by Evans—it was for three hundred dollars. On cross-examination he admitted that he did not see the amount to count it, that was actually paid; but saw his employer pay money in gold to Evans, and brought the receipt-book himself, for Evans to sign a receipt, which he, the clerk, had written for three hundred. He had been instructed to write one for that amount in the hearing of Evans.

The plaintiff rested his case, and I opened for the defense. My statement was what the reader expects; but we denied having received so much, as we had allowed one tenant, the one whose clerk had testified, forty-five dollars for taxes, water-rents, and assessments. Deducting this, and our commission, the sum was seventeen hundred and twenty-nine dollars, which we had paid over.

The new law, just then going into effect, allowed a party to be examined in his own behalf, and I put Evans on the stand. He testified to the state of facts already laid before the reader, and mentioned, at my instance, the kind of money received, and the fact that one bill was not bankable, but he had taken it, subject to Preston's approval. Before going to Preston's house, he drew from the Shoe and Leather Bank the amount required, excepting the hundred-dollar bill named, having deposited the rents there, from time to time, as he received them.

A sharp cross-examination now commenced.

"Now, Sir," said the opposite counsel, "you have stated that a receipt was signed on a loose piece of paper. Who drew that receipt up?"

"I did."

"It was entirely in your handwriting then?"

"Yes, Sir, all except the signature."

"How many such receipts did you write?"

"Only one."

"Are you positive of that?"

"Quite positive."

The counsel here produced a manuscript. It was the blank receipt found by Schermerhorn. He showed it to Evans, so folded that the place for the signature was concealed.

"Did you ever see that paper before?"

"Yes, Sir—twice. Once when Mr. Preston signed it, and once since, when Mr. Schermerhorn showed it to me."

"When Mr. Preston signed it. You believe Mr. Preston's signature is attached to it, then?"

"No, Sir; because I have seen it since without a signature. But it *was* there."

"Could you not have been mistaken?"

"No, Sir. I wrote the body of that receipt, and saw Mr. Preston sign it. There was no blotting-paper on the table, and I let it lie there to dry. That was how I came to forget it."

"Who was present when the receipt was given?"

"Mr. Van Buren yonder."

"Do you think he saw the money paid?"

"Certainly. He spoke in such a way that he must have seen it."

"Will you detail that conversation?"

"Substantially. I said to Mr. Preston that Barnes, one of the tenants, had paid me in uncurrent money—that hundred-dollar bill on a Philadelphia Bank. Van Buren said, 'It is so small a shave, Preston, that you can stand it.' Mr. Preston laughed, and took the money."

"And you positively swear that such a conversation substantially took place on that occasion?"

"I do."

"Now, Sir, let me put a hypothetical case to you, and ask you if it be not possible that it might have occurred. Might you not have written this receipt, and then have felt disinclined to pay at the moment? Did you not, in fact, excuse yourself from paying on the ground of dilatoriness on the part of tenants?"

"No, Sir!" returned Evans, indignantly. "I paid, as I have stated, and I took that receipt."

"But that receipt has no signature."

"I know it, and I can't account for it. But it had. That is certainly the one I wrote, and which Mr. Preston afterward signed in my presence. I particularly identify it by two flaws or specks in the paper which I noticed as I wrote the receipt for signature, and which are there now."

"You have an excellent memory," said Demarest, dryly. "You bank at the Shoe and Leather?"

"Yes."

"Are you not in the habit of paying your collections over in a check drawn to the order of parties?"

"Yes, Sir; but Mr. Preston always seemed to prefer that I should bring money."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, not in words."

"This, then, was an isolated instance?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" returned the counsel. "You can stand aside, Sir."

Evans still lingered on the stand. The jury-men looked carelessly around the court-room. Some fidgeted in their seats, others yawned. They had evidently made up their minds, and adversely to us. I was too well-read in jury nature not to perceive it.

"Are you through, Sir?" said the judge to me.

"Yes, Sir." But here an idea struck me.

"Stay a moment, Mr. Evans. It is possible

that on closer examination some of your testimony may lead to an explanation of one or two doubtful points. Let me have that receipt."

It was handed me.

"Are you sure, Sir, as to the mode of signature? Is it not possible that it was signed in lead pencil?"

"Not at all leading that question," suggested Demarest; but I would not hear the implied objection.

"No, Sir," persisted Evans. "It was signed with ink, and that is why I left it on the table to dry."

I looked at the paper carefully. I could find no traces of signature by the eye; but on passing the end of my little finger over the spot where the signature should have been, I thought I could detect a slight roughness. I mentioned this, and suggested that if we had a magnifying glass such as engravers use we might discover whether there had been any erasure.

"Send for one, then, by all means," said the judge. "I am disposed to allow all the latitude admissible in the case."

I at once dispatched Marsh to the shop of a noted optician, a client of mine, just up Broadway, for a lens.

"In the mean while," continued the judge, "to economize time, suppose you go on with your other witnesses."

"We rest here," I replied, "reserving the farther examination of this paper."

The plaintiff's counsel now called Van Buren to the stand to rebut. This was a summary of his testimony:

He had visited his client, Preston, on the third of November, the evening in question. While they were conversing Evans was announced. He came in, and after some preliminary remarks sat down and wrote a receipt, which he believed was the one produced. After he had done so he said that the tenants had not all paid up, but as he expected the remainder on the next day he would wait and make one payment of it. To this Mr. Preston acceded, and after some indifferent remarks Evans left. Van Buren sat on, continuing the conversation. When Mr. Preston was attacked with apoplexy, the lawyer alarmed the house. A doctor came, but could do nothing effectual for the relief of the patient. When the latter died Van Buren gathered the papers on the table, and thrust them in a long, narrow drawer in the secretary, which, with the rest, he sealed. He believed this receipt was among them, but he did not examine particularly. He sealed the papers because he had drawn up Mr. Preston's will, and knew that it contained a recommendation to the executor to continue him (Van Buren) in the service of the estate. As to the conversation detailed by Evans it never took place. He saw no such note as described, no money paid at all, and no receipt signed by Preston. His testimony was clear, prompt, and decided. It seemed conclusive.

The executor next took the stand, and identi-

fled the blank receipt as one he had found in the narrow drawer along with other papers. Mr. Van Buren was present when the seals were broken. There was no other receipt. No such sum of money, nor any notes answering the description, had been found in the house, nor on the person of Mr. Preston.

The cross-examination of both these witnesses was ineffectual in varying their several statements.

The case rested. Marsh did not return, but the optician came himself with a small glass, and an envelope directed to me. I opened the latter. It contained a hundred-dollar bill and a slip of paper, on which was written:

"Examine the bearer about the inclosed. Delay the case until my return. I am off to Jersey City for an important witness. Hurrah for success and Kitty!"

I smiled at the closing words, examined the bank-bill, and held my peace. I then made a close and tedious scrutiny of the receipt with the magnifier.

"Well, Mr. Latitat," said the judge, impatiently, "what do you make out?"

"I find traces of a signature, your Honor," was my reply. "The ink has been skillfully and carefully removed, I think; but the signature has been written with a steel pen, and the strokes have indented the paper."

The receipt and glass were passed, firstly to the opposite counsel, then to the jury, and, finally, to the judge. During the examination I conferred with the optician apart.

His story was clear and brief.

When Marsh came for the glass he recognized him, having seen him at my office, and he said to him,

"I owe Mr. Latitat a hundred dollars and an apology for not having sent it before. I have a Philadelphia note here—good but not current—if he will take that."

Marsh was on the *qui vive* for Philadelphia bills, and with some remark about lawyers' fees not being always paid in current funds, took the note in his hand. To his surprise it was on the Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, and on its back were the initials—"J. Y. C."

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"From the Jersey City Bank," was the reply.

Marsh explained the case briefly to the optician, who promised to go into court with the note, while the young man would endeavor to get the proper bank officer there as quickly as possible.

There was not a certain connection in the evidence as yet; but it strengthened our case, nevertheless.

The receipt and glass came back to me. The jury were evidently satisfied that there had been a signature; but whether that was Preston's or not was an open question. The counsel for the plaintiff, after a short conference with Van Buren, intimated that the writing apparently erased was by the same hand that had written the body of the receipt.

Evans sprang to his feet at this imputation in great excitement; but I calmed him. I then asked permission to reopen the case on the part of the defense, as testimony of the utmost importance had unexpectedly been found. The opposite counsel demurred. I was as prosy as possible in reply, so as to gain more time. The judge grew impatient again, and cut me off.

"That will do, Mr. Latitat. In a case involving character—and where there is manifest perjury somewhere—there can be no hesitation. Produce your witness."

I recalled Evans, who identified the note as one he had paid Mr. Preston, not only by the initials of the tenant, but by his own, in minute letters, and in red ink, with the date appended, which he had made on its receipt on the face of the note, and which would escape notice except upon close inspection.

When the optician took the stand I turned to look for Van Buren, but that worthy gentleman had left the court-room. The note was promptly identified as one paid out on a check at the Jersey City Bank.

"Is that all?" asked Demarest, maliciously, for he thought I had shot my bolt. The jury, which had begun to sympathize with us, looked their disappointment.

I felt annoyed. Marsh had not returned, and I hastily began to think of some plan to delay matters until he brought in the witness. In my embarrassment I took up the receipt which lay on the table, and happening to turn it in such a way that the light fell upon it, at an acute angle, I saw something that startled me.

Before I had time to announce my discovery, and comment upon it, Marsh touched me, and whispered in my ear. I turned. His face was jubilant in the extreme.

"If it please the court," I said, "we have not quite done. There is another witness. I propose to examine the receiving teller of the Jersey City Bank."

The teller was placed on the stand. He identified the note—his own private mark having been placed on it. He had received it, as it was current in that bank, though not in New York. It should, however, have been sent on in the Philadelphia package in making the exchange. It must have been paid out inadvertently.

"Do you know," I inquired, "from whom you received it?"

"Yes, Sir. It was deposited, along with sixteen hundred dollars in New York funds, on the fifth of November last by Aleyn Van Buren."

Before the sensation had subsided I made another communication which heightened it.

"Now," said I, "if the court and jury will examine this receipt by holding it at an angle to the light, thus"—and I set the example—"they will see a dark line which the ink and the acids that removed it make by contrast with the surrounding smooth surface of the paper; and they can make out, rather plainly, the signature of Clarence Preston."

The examination verified my statement.

One of the jury now arose and addressed the court.

"I am an analytical chemist by profession," said he. "If that signature was originally written in ink, and erased by acid, I think I can restore it if you will send to the nearest druggist's for the means."

Marsh took a slip of paper on which the chemist wrote an order, and soon returned with a vial and a sponge.

Amidst intense excitement, which manifested itself by profound stillness, the jurymen poured some of the colorless liquid from the vial on the sponge. He then drew the latter over the spot

that showed traces of writing. At once, distinctly enough, but blurred and blotted by the manipulation, there appeared, in a faint, blue-black color, the name of Clarence Preston.

We took our verdict without farther opposition; and judge, jury, counsel, and plaintiff shook hands with Evans, and congratulated him on his vindicated reputation. The business that from that day flowed in on Evans made his fortune. He was grateful to all concerned, particularly to Marsh, who married Miss Kitty the week following his own admission to the bar. As for Van Buren he left town, and his present whereabouts it is impossible to determine.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XII.

MONTHS slipped by; the trees in Burton Crescent had long been all bare; the summer cries of itinerant vegetable dealers and flower sellers had vanished out of the quiet street. The three sisters almost missed them, sitting in that one dull parlor from morning till night, in the intense solitude of people who, having neither heart nor money to spend in gayeties, live forlorn in London lodgings, and knowing nobody, have nobody to visit, nobody to visit them.

Except Mr. Ascott, who still called, and occasionally staid to tea. The hospitalities, however, were all on their side. The first entertainment—to which Selina insisted upon going, and Johanna thought Hilary and Ascott had better go too—was splendid enough, but they were the only ladies present; and though Mr. Ascott did the honors with great magnificence, putting Miss Selina at the head of his table, where she looked exceedingly well, still the sisters agreed it was better that all further invitations to Russell Square should be declined. Miss Selina herself said it would be more dignified and decorous.

Other visitors they had none. Ascott never offered to bring any of his friends; and gradually they saw very little of him. He was frequently out, especially at meal times, so that his aunts gave up the struggle to make the humble dinners better and more to his liking, and would even have hesitated to take the money which he was understood to pay for his board, had he ever offered it, which he did not. Yet still whenever he did happen to remain with them a day, or an evening, he was good and affectionate, and always entertained them with descriptions of all he would do as soon as he got into practice.

Meantime they kept house as economically as possible upon the little ready money they had, hoping that more would come in—that Hilary would get pupils.

But Hilary never did. To any body who

knows London this will not be surprising. The wonder was in the Misses Leaf being so simple as to imagine that a young country lady, settling herself in lodgings in an obscure metropolitan street, without friends or introduction, could ever expect such a thing. Nothing but her own daring, and the irrepressible well-spring of hope that was in her healthy youth, could have sustained her in what, ten years after, would have appeared to her, as it certainly was, downright insanity. But Heaven takes care of the mad, the righteously and unselfishly mad, and Heaven took care of poor Hilary.

The hundred labors she went through—weariness of body and travail of soul, the risks she ran, the pitfalls she escaped—what need to record here? Many have recorded the like, many more have known them, and acknowledged that when such histories are reproduced in books how utterly imagination fades before reality. Hilary never looked back upon that time herself without a shuddering wonder how she could have dared all and gone through all. Possibly she never could, but for the sweet old face, growing older yet sweeter every day, which smiled upon her the minute she opened the door of that dull parlor, and made even No. 15 look like home.

When she told, sometimes gayly, sometimes with burning, bursting tears, the tale of her day's efforts and day's failures, it was always comfort to feel Johanna's hand on her hair, Johanna's voice whispering over her, "Never mind, my child, all will come right in time. All happens for good."

And the face, withered and worn, yet calm as a summer sea, full of the "peace which passeth all understanding," was a living comment on the truth of these words.

Another comfort Hilary had—Elizabeth. During her long days of absence, wandering from one end of London to the other, after advertisements that she had answered, or governess institutions that she had applied to, the domestic affairs fell almost entirely into the hands of Elizabeth. It was she who bought in, and kept

a jealous eye, not unneeded, over provisions; she who cooked and waited, and sometimes even put a helping hand, coarse, but willing, into the family sewing and mending. This had now become so vital a necessity that it was fortunate Miss Leaf had no other occupation, and Miss Selina no other entertainment, than stitch, stitch, stitch, at the ever-beginning, never-ending wardrobe wants which assail decent poverty every where, especially in London.

"Clothes seem to wear out frightfully fast," said Hilary one day, when she was putting on her oldest gown, to suit a damp, foggy day, when the streets were slippery with the mud of settled rain.

"I saw such beautiful merino dresses in a shop in Southampton Row," insinuated Elizabeth; but her mistress shook her head.

"No, no; my old black silk will do capitally, and I can easily put on two shawls. Nobody knows me; and people may wear what they like in London. Don't look so grave, Elizabeth. What does it signify if I can but keep myself warm? Now, run away."

Elizabeth obeyed, but shortly reappeared with a bundle—a large, old-fashioned, thick shawl.

"Mother gave it me; her mistress gave it her; but we've never worn it, and never shall. If only you didn't mind putting it on, just this once—this terrible soaking day!"

The scarlet face, the entreating tones—there was no resisting them. One natural pang Hilary felt—that in her sharp poverty she had fallen so low as to be indebted to her servant, and then she too blushed, less for shame at accepting the kindness than for her own pride that could not at once receive it as such.

"Thank you, Elizabeth," she said, gravely and gently, and let herself be wrapped in the thick shawl. Its gorgeous reds and yellows would, she knew, make her noticeable, even though "people might wear any thing in London." Still, she put it on with a good grace; and all through her peregrinations that day it warmed, not only her shoulders, but her heart.

Coming home, she paused wistfully before a glittering shoe-shop—her poor little feet were so soaked and cold. Could she possibly afford a new pair of boots? It was not a matter of vanity—she had passed that. She did not care now how ugly and shabby looked the "wee feet" that had once been praised; but she felt it might be a matter of health and prudence. Suppose she caught cold—fell ill—died:—died, leaving Johanna to struggle alone—died before Robert Lyon came home. Both thoughts struck sharp. She was too young still, or had not suffered enough, calmly to think of death and dying.

"It will do no harm to inquire the price. I might stop it out in omnibuses."

For this was the way every new article of dress had to be procured—"stopping it out" of something else.

After trying several pairs—with a fierce, bitter blush at a small hole which the day's walking had worn in her well-darned stockings, and

which she was sure the shopman saw, as well as an old lady who sat opposite—Hilary bought the stoutest and plainest of boots. The bill overstepped her purse by sixpence, but she promised that sum on delivery, and paid the rest. She had got into a nervous horror of letting any account stand over for a single day.

Look tenderly, reader, on this picture of struggles so small, of sufferings so uninteresting and mean. I paint it not because it is original, but because it is so awfully true. Thousands of women, well-born, well-reared, know it to be true—burned into them by the cruel conflict of their youth; happy they if it ended in their youth, while mind and body had still enough vitality and elasticity to endure! I paint it, because it accounts for the accusation sometimes made—especially by men—that women are naturally "stingy." Possibly so: but in many instances may it not have been this petty struggle with petty wants, this pitiful calculating of penny against penny, how best to save here and spend there, which narrows a woman's nature in spite of herself? It sometimes takes years of comparative ease and freedom from pecuniary cares to counteract the grinding, lowering effects of a youth of poverty.

And I paint this picture, too, literally, and not on its picturesque side—if, indeed, poverty has a picturesque side—in order to show another side which it really has—high, heroic, made up of dauntless endurance, self-sacrifice, and self-control. Also to indicate that blessing which narrow circumstances alone bestow, the habit of looking more to the realities than to the shows of things, and of finding pleasure in enjoyments mental rather than sensuous, inward rather than external. When people can truly recognize this they cease either to be afraid or ashamed of poverty.

Hilary was not ashamed—not even now, when hers smote sharper and harder than it had ever done at Stowbury. She felt it a sore thing enough; but it never humiliated nor angered her. Either she was too proud or not proud enough; but her low estate always seemed to her too simply external a thing to affect her relations with the world outside. She never thought of being annoyed with the shopkeeper, who, though he trusted her with the sixpence, carefully took down her name and address: still less to suspecting the old lady opposite, who sat and listened to the transaction—apparently a well-to-do customer, clad in a rich black silk and handsome sable furs—of looking down upon her and despising her. She herself never despised any body, except for wickedness.

So she waited contentedly, neither thinking of herself, nor of what others thought of her; but with her mind quietly occupied by the two thoughts, which in any brief space of rest always recurred, calming down all annoyances, and raising her above the level of petty pains—Johanna, and Robert Lyon. Under the influence of these her tired face grew composed, and there was a wishful, far-away, fond look in her

eyes, which made it not wonderful that the said old lady—apparently an acute old soul in her way—should watch her, as we do occasionally watch strangers in whom we have become suddenly interested.

There is no accounting for these interests, or to the events to which they give rise. Sometimes they are pooh-pooh-ed as "romantic," "unnatural," "like a bit in a novel;" and yet they are facts continually occurring, especially to people of quick intuition, observation, and sympathy. Nay, even the most ordinary people have known or heard of such, resulting in mysterious, life-long loves; firm friendships; strange yet often wonderful happy marriages; sudden revolutions of fortune and destiny: things utterly unaccountable for, except by the belief in the unscrutable Providence which

"Shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

When Hilary left the shop she was startled by a voice at her elbow.

"I beg your pardon, but if your way lies up Southampton Row, would you object to give an old woman a share of that capital umbrella of yours?"

"With pleasure," Hilary answered, though the oddness of the request amused her. And it was granted really with pleasure; for the old lady spoke with those "accents of the mountain tongue" which this foolish Hilary never recognized without a thrill at the heart.

"Maybe you think an old woman ought to take a cab, and not be intruding upon strangers; but I am hale and hearty, and being only a street's length from my own door, I dislike to waste unnecessary shillings."

"Certainly," acquiesced Hilary, with a half sigh: shillings were only too precious to her.

"I saw you in the boot-shop, and you seemed the sort of young lady who would do a kindness to an old body like me; so I said to myself, 'I'll ask her.'"

"I am glad you did." Poor girl! she felt unconsciously pleased at finding herself still able to show a kindness to any body.

They walked on and on—it was certainly a long street's length—to the stranger's door, and it took Hilary a good way round from hers; but she said nothing of this, concluding, of course, that her companion was unaware of where she lived—in which she was mistaken. They stopped at last before a respectable house near Brunswick Square, bearing a brass plate, with the words "Miss Balquidder."

"That is my name, and very much obliged to you, my dear. How it rains! Ye're just droukit."

Hilary smiled and shook her damp shawl. "I shall take no harm. I am used to go out in all weathers."

"Are you a governess?" The question was so direct and kindly, that it hardly seemed an impertinence.

"Yes; but I have no pupils, and fear I shall never get any."

"Why not?"

"I suppose, because I know nobody here. It seems so very hard to get teaching in London. But I beg your pardon."

"I beg yours," said Miss Balquidder—not without a certain dignity—"for asking questions of a stranger. But I was once a stranger here myself, and had a 'sair fecht,' as we say in Scotland, before I could earn even my daily bread. Though I wasn't a governess, still I know pretty well what the sort of life is, and if I had daughters who must work for their bread, the one thing I would urge upon them should be—'Never become a governess.'"

"Indeed. For what reason?"

"I'll not tell you now, my dear, standing with all your wet clothes on; but as I said, if you will do me the favor to call—"

"Thank you!" said Hilary, not sufficiently initiated in London caution to dread making a new acquaintance. Besides, she liked the rough-hewn, good-natured face; and the Scotch accent was sweet to her ear.

Yet when she reached home she was half shy of telling her sisters the engagement she had made. Selina was extremely shocked, and considered it quite necessary that the London Directory—the nearest clergyman—or, perhaps Mr. Ascott, who, living in the parish, must know—should be consulted as to Miss Balquidder's respectability.

"She has much more reason to question ours," recollected Hilary, with some amusement; "for I never told her my name or address. She does not know a single thing about me."

Which fact, arguing the matter energetically two days after, the young lady might not have been so sure of, could she have penetrated the ceiling overhead. In truth, Miss Balquidder, a prudent person, who never did things by halves, and, like most truly generous people, was cautious even in her extremest fits of generosity, at that very moment was sitting in Mrs. Jones's first floor, deliberately discovering every single thing possible to be learned about the Leaf family.

Nevertheless, owing to Selina's indignant pertinacity, Hilary's own hesitation, and a dim hope of a pupil which rose up and faded like the rest, the possible acquaintance lay dormant for two or three weeks: till, alas! the fabulous wolf actually came to the door; and the sisters, after paying their week's rent, looked aghast at one another, not knowing where in the wide world the next week's rent was to come from.

"Thank God, we don't owe any thing! not a penny," gasped Hilary.

"No; there is comfort in that," said Johanna. And the expression of her folded hands and upward face was not despairing, even though that of the poor widow, when her barrel of meal was gone, and her cuse of oil spent, would hardly have been sadder.

"I am sure we have wasted nothing, and cheated nobody—surely God will help us."

"I know He will, my child."

And the two sisters, elder and younger, kissed one another, cried a little, and then sat down to consider what was to be done.

Ascott must be told how things were with them. Hitherto they had not troubled him much with their affairs: indeed, he was so little at home. And, after some private consultation, both Johanna and Hilary decided that it was wisest to let the lad come and go as he liked; not attempting—as he once indignantly expressed it—“to tie him to their apron-strings.” For instinctively these maiden ladies felt that with men, and, above all, young men, the only way to bind the wandering heart was to leave it free, except by trying their utmost that home should be always a pleasant home.

It was touching to see their efforts, when Ascott came in of evenings, to enliven for his sake the dull parlor at No. 15. How Johanna put away her mending, and Selina ceased to grumble, and Hilary began her lively chat, that never failed to brighten and amuse the household. Her nephew even sometimes acknowledged that wherever he went, he met nobody so “clever” as Aunt Hilary.

So, presuming upon her influence with him, on this night, after the rest were gone to bed, she—being always the boldest to do any unpleasant thing—said to him,

“Ascott, how are your business affairs progressing? When do you think you will be able to get into practice?”

“Oh, presently. There's no hurry.”

“I am not so sure of that. Do you know, my dear boy”—and she opened her purse, which contained a few shillings—“this is all the money we have in the world.”

“Nonsense,” said Ascott, laughing. “I beg your pardon,” he added, seeing it was with her no laughing matter; “but I am so accustomed to be hard up that I don't seem to care. It always comes right somehow—at least with me.”

“How?”

“Oh, I don't exactly know; but it does. Don't fret, Aunt Hilary. I'll lend you a pound or two.”

She drew back. These poor, proud, fond women, who, if their boy, instead of a fine gentleman, had been a helpless invalid, would have tended him, worked for him, nay, begged for him—cheerfully, oh, how cheerfully! wanting nothing in the whole world but his love—they could not ask him for his money. Even now, offered thus, Hilary felt as if to take it would be intolerable.

Still the thing must be done.

“I wish, Ascott”—and she nerved herself to say what somebody *ought* to say to him—“I wish you would not lend but pay us the pound a week you said you could so easily spare.”

“To be sure I will. What a thoughtless fellow I have been! But—but—I fancied you would have asked me if you wanted it. Never mind, you'll get it all in a lump. Let me see—how much will it come to? You are the best head

going for arithmetic, Aunt Hilary. Do reckon it all up?”

She did so; and the sum total made Ascott open his eyes wide.

“Upon my soul I had no idea it was so much. I'm very sorry, but I seem fairly cleaned out this quarter—only a few sovereigns left to keep the mill going. You shall have them, or half of them, and I'll owe you the rest. Here!”

He emptied on the table, without counting, four or five pounds. Hilary took two, asking him gravely “If he was sure he could spare so much? She did not wish to inconvenience him.”

“Oh, not at all; and I wouldn't mind if it did; you have been good aunts to me.”

He kissed her, with a sudden fit of compunction, and bade her good-night, looking as if he did not care to be “bothered” any more.

Hilary retired, more sad, more hopeless about him than if he had slammed the door in her face, or scolded her like a trooper. Had he met her seriousness in the same spirit, even though it had been a sullen or angry spirit—and little as she said he must have felt—she wished him to feel—that his aunts were displeased with him; but that utterly unimpressible light-heartedness of his—there was no doing any thing with it. There was, so to speak, “no catching hold” of Ascott. He meant no harm. She repeated over and over again that the lad meant no harm. He had no evil ways; was always pleasant, good-natured, and affectionate, in his own careless fashion; but was no more to be relied on than a straw that every wind blows hither and thither; or, to use a common simile, a butterfly that never sees any thing farther than the nearest flower. His was, in short, the pleasure-loving temperament, not positively sinful or sensual, but still holding pleasure as the greatest good; and regarding what deeper natures call “duty,” and find therein their strong-hold and consolation, as a mere bugbear, or a sentimental theory, or an impossible folly.

Poor lad! and he had the world to fight with; how would it use him? Even if no heavy sorrows for himself or others smote him, his handsome face would have to grow old, his strong frame to meet sickness—death. How would he do it? That is the thought which always recurs. What is the end of such men as these? Alas! the answer would come from hospital wards, alms-houses and work-houses, debtors' prisons and lunatic asylums.

To apprehensions like this—except the last, happily it was as yet too far off—Hilary had been slowly and sadly arriving about Ascott for weeks past; and her conversation with him to-night seemed to make them darken down upon her with added gloom. As she went up stairs she set her lips together hard.

“I see there is nobody to do any thing except me. But I must not tell Johanna.”

She lay long awake, planning every conceivable scheme for saving money; till at length, her wits sharpened by the desperation of the circumstances, there flashed upon her an idea that came

out of a talk she had had with Elizabeth that morning. True, it was a perfectly new and untried chance—and a mere chance; still it was right to overlook nothing. She would not have ventured to tell Selina of it for the world, and even to Johanna, she only said—finding her as wakeful as herself—said it in a careless manner, as if it had relation to nothing, and she expected nothing from it—

"I think, as I have nothing else to do, I will go and see Miss Balquidder to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS BALQUIDDER'S house was a handsome one, handsomely furnished, and a neat little maid-servant showed Hilary at once into the dining-parlor, where the mistress sat before a business-like writing-table, covered with letters, papers, etc., all arranged with that careful order in disorder which indicates, even in the smallest things, the possession of an accurate, methodical mind, than which there are few greater possessions, either to its owner or to the world at large.

Miss Balquidder was not a personable woman; she had never been so even in youth; and age had told its tale upon those large, strong features—"thoroughly Scotch features," they would have been called by those who think all Scotchwomen are necessarily big, raw-boned, and ugly; and have never seen that wonderfully noble beauty—not prettiness, but actual beauty in its highest physical as well as spiritual development—which is not seldom found across the Tweed.

But while there was nothing lovely, there was nothing unpleasant or uncomely in Miss Balquidder. Her large figure, in its plain black silk dress; her neat white cap, from under which peeped the little round curls of flaxen hair, neither gray nor snowy, but real "lint-white locks" still; and her good-humored, motherly look—motherly rather than old-maidish—gave an impression which may be best described by the word "comfortable." She was a "comfortable" woman. She had that quality—too rare, alas! in all people, and rarest in women going solitary down the hill of life—of being able, out of the deep content of her own nature, to make other people the same.

Hilary was cheered in spite of herself; it always conveys hope to the young, when in sore trouble, if they see the old looking happy.

"Welcome, my dear! I was afraid you had forgotten your promise."

"Oh no," said Hilary, responding heartily to the hearty clasp of a hand large as a man's, but soft as a woman's.

"Why did you not come sooner?"

More than one possible excuse flashed through Hilary's mind, but she was too honest to give it. She gave none at all. Nor did she like to leave the impression that this was merely a visit, when she knew she had only come from secondary and personal motives.

"May I tell you why I came to day? Because I want advice and help, and I think you can give it, from something I heard about you yesterday."

"Indeed! From whom?"

"In rather a roundabout way; from Mrs. Jones, who told our maid-servant."

"The same girl I met on the staircase at your house? I beg your pardon, but I know where you live, Miss Leaf; your landlady happens to be an acquaintance of mine."

"So she said; and she told our Elizabeth that you were a rich and benevolent woman, who took a great interest in helping other women; not in money"—blushing scarlet at the idea—"I don't mean that, but in procuring them work. I want work—oh! so terribly. If you only knew—"

"Sit down, my dear;" for Hilary was trembling much, her voice breaking, and her eyes filling, in spite of all her self-command.

Miss Balquidder—who seemed accustomed to wait upon herself—went out of the room, and returned with cake and glasses; then she took the wine from the side-board, poured some out for herself and Hilary, and began to talk.

"It is nearly my luncheon-time, and I am a great friend to regular eating and drinking. I never let any thing interfere with my own meals, or other folks' either, if I can help it. I would as soon expect that fire to keep itself up without coals, as my mind to go on working if I don't look after my body. You understand? You seem to have good health, Miss Leaf. I hope you are a prudent girl, and take care of it."

"I think I do;" and Hilary smiled. "At any rate my sister does for me, and also Elizabeth."

"Ah, I liked the look of that girl. If families did but know that the most useful patent of respectability they can carry about with them is their maid-servant! That is how I always judge my new acquaintances."

"There's reason in it too," said Hilary, amused and drawn out of herself by the frank manner and the cordial voice—I use the adjective advisedly: none the less sweet because its good terse English had a decided Scotch accent, with here and there a Scotch word. Also there was about Miss Balquidder a certain dry humor essentially Scotch—neither Irish "wit" nor English "fun," but Scotch humor; a little ponderous perhaps, yet sparkling; like the sparkles from a large lump of coal, red-warm at the heart, and capable of warming a whole household. As many a time it had warmed the little household at Stowbury—for Robert Lyon had it in perfection. Like a waft as from old times, it made Hilary at once feel at home with Miss Balquidder.

Equally, Miss Balquidder might have seen something in this girl's patient, heroic, forlorn youth which reminded her of her own. Unreasoning as these sudden attractions appear, there is often a hidden something beneath which in reality makes them both natural and proba-

ble, as was the case here. In half an hour these two women were sitting talking like old friends; and Hilary had explained her present position, needs, and desires. They ended in the one cry—familiar to how many thousands more of helpless young women!—"I want work!"

Miss Balquidder listened thoughtfully. Not that it was a new story—alas! she heard it every day; but there was something new in the telling of it; such extreme directness and simplicity, such utter want of either false pride or false shame. No asking of favors, and yet no shrinking from well-meant kindness; the poor woman speaking freely to the rich one, recognizing the common womanhood of both, and never supposing for an instant that mere money or position could make any difference between them.

The story ended, both turned, as was the character of both, to the practical application of it—what it was exactly that Hilary needed, and what Miss Balquidder could supply.

The latter said, after a turn or two up and down the room, with her hands behind her—the only masculine trick she had—

"My dear, before going further, I ought to tell you one thing—I am not a lady."

Hilary looked at her in no little bewilderment.

"That is," explained Miss Balquidder, laughing, "not an educated gentlewoman like you. I made my money myself—in trade. I kept an outfitter's shop."

"You must have kept it uncommonly well," was the involuntary reply, which, in its extreme honesty and *naïveté*, was perhaps the best thing that Hilary could have said.

"Well, perhaps I did," and Miss Balquidder laughed her hearty laugh, betraying one of her few weaknesses—a consciousness of her own capabilities as a woman of business, and a pleasure at her own deserved success.

"Therefore, you see, I can not help you as a governess. Perhaps I would not if I could, for, so far as I see, a good clearance of one half the governesses into honest trades would be for their own benefit, and greatly to the benefit of the other half. But that's not my affair. I only meddle with things I understand. Miss Leaf, would you be ashamed of keeping a shop?"

It is no reflection upon Hilary to confess that this point-blank question startled her. Her bringing up had been strictly among the professional class; and in the provinces sharper than even in London is drawn the line between the richest tradesman who "keeps a shop," and the poorest lawyer, doctor, or clergyman who ever starved in decent gentility. It had been often a struggle for Hilary Leaf's girlish pride to have to teach A B C to little boys and girls whose parents stood behind counters; but as she grew older she grew wiser, and intercourse with Robert Lyon had taught her much. She never forgot one day, when Selina asked him something about his grandfather or great-grandfather, and he answered quickly, smiling, "Well, I suppose I had one, but I really never heard." Nevertheless it

takes long to conquer entirely the class prejudices of years, nay, more, of generations. In spite of her will Hilary felt herself wince, and the color rush all over her face, at Miss Balquidder's question.

"Take time to answer, and speak out, my dear. Don't be afraid. You'll not offend me."

The kindly cheerful tone made Hilary recover her balance immediately.

"I never thought of it before; the possibility of such a thing did not occur to me; but I hope I should not be ashamed of any honest work for which I was competent. Only—to serve in a shop—to wait upon strangers—I am so horribly shy of strangers." And again the sensitive color rushed in a perfect tide over cheeks and forehead.

Miss Balquidder looked, half amused, compassionately at her.

"No, my dear, you would not make a good shop-woman, at least there are many who are better fitted for it than you; and it is my maxim that people should try to find out, and to do, only that which they are best fitted for. If they did we might not have so many cases of proud despair and ambitious failure in the world. It looks very grand and interesting sometimes to try and do what you can't do, and then tear your hair, and think the world has ill-used you—very grand, but very silly; when all the while, perhaps, there is something else you can do thoroughly well; and the world will be exceedingly obliged to you for doing it, and *not* doing the other thing. As doubtless the world was to me, when, instead of being a mediocre musician, as I once wished to be—it's true, my dear—I took to keeping one of the best ladies' outfitting warehouses in London."

While she talked her companion had quite recovered herself, and Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, what I will tell more briefly, if less graphically, than the good Scotchwoman, who, like all who have had a hard struggle in their youth, liked a little to dilate upon it in easy old age.

Hard as it was, however, it had ended early, for at fifty she found herself a woman of independent property, without kith or kin, still active, energetic, and capable of enjoying life. She applied her mind to find out what she could best do with herself and her money.

"I might have bought a landed estate to be inherited by—nobody; or a house in Belgravia, and an opera-box, to be shared by—nobody. We all have our pet luxuries; none of these were exactly mine."

"No," assented Hilary, somewhat abstractedly. She was thinking—if *she* could make a fortune, and—and give it away!—if, by any means, any honorable, upright heart could be made to understand that it did not signify, in reality, which side the money came from; that it sometimes showed deeper, the very deepest attachment, when a proud, poor man had self-respect and courage enough to say to a woman, "I love you, and I will marry you; I

am not such a coward as to be afraid of your gold."

But, oh! what a ridiculous dream!—and she sat there, the penniless Hilary Leaf, listening to Miss Balquidder, the rich lady, whose life seemed so easy. For the moment, perhaps, her own appeared hard. But she had hope, and she was young. She knew nothing of the years and years that had had to be lived through before those kind eyes looked as clear and cloudless as now; before the voice had gained the sweet evenness of tone which she liked to listen to, and felt that it made her quiet and "good," almost like Johanna's.

"You see, my dear," said Miss Balquidder, "when one has no duties, one must just make them; when we have nobody to care for us, we must take to caring for every body. I suppose"—here a slight pause indicated that this life, like all women's lives, had had its tale, now long, long told—"I suppose I was not meant to be a wife; but I am quite certain I was meant to be a mother. And"—with her peculiar, bright, humorous look—"you'd be astonished, Miss Leaf, if you knew what lots of 'children' I have in all parts of the world."

Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, that finding, from her own experience, how great was the number, and how sore the trial, of young women who nowadays are obliged to work—obliged to forget that there is such a thing as the blessed privilege of being worked for—she had set herself, in her small way, to try and help them. Her pet project was to induce educated women to quit the genteel starvation of governessships for some good trade, thereby bringing higher intelligence into a class which needed, not the elevation of the work itself, which was comparatively easy and refined, but of the workers. She had therefore invested sum after sum of her capital in setting up various small shops in the environs of London, in her own former line, and others—stationers, lace-shops, etc.—trades which could be well carried on by women. Into the management of these she put as many young girls as she could find really fitted for it, or willing to learn, paying them regular salaries, large or small, according to their deserts.

"Fair work, fair pay; not one penny more or less; I never do it; it would not be honest. I overlook each business myself, and it is carried on in my name. Sometimes it brings me in a little profit; sometimes not. Of course," she added, smiling, "I would rather have profits than losses; still, I balance one against the other, and it leaves me generally a small interest for my money—two or three per cent., which is all I care about. Thus, you see, I and my young people make a fair bargain on both sides; it's no charity. I don't believe in charity."

"No," said Hilary, feeling her spirit rise. She was yet young enough, yet enough unworn by the fight to feel the deliciousness of work—honest work for honest pay. "I think I could

do it," she added. "I think, with a little practice, I really could keep a shop."

"At all events, perhaps you could do what I find more difficult to get done, and well done, for it requires a far higher class of women than generally apply: you could keep the accounts of a shop; you should be the head, and it would be easy to find the hands. Let me see; there is a young lady, she has managed my stationer's business at Kensington these two years, and now she is going to be married. Are you good at figures; do you understand book-keeping?"

And suddenly changing into the woman of business, and one who was evidently quite accustomed both to arrange and command, Miss Balquidder put Hilary through a sort of extempore arithmetical catechism, from which she came off with flying colors.

"I only wish there were more like you. I wish there were more young ladies brought up like—"

"Like boys!" said Hilary, laughing, "for I always used to say that was my case."

"No, I never desire to see young women made into men." And Miss Balquidder seemed a little scandalized. "But I do wish girls were taught fewer accomplishments, and more reading, writing, and arithmetic; were made as accurate, orderly, and able to help themselves as boys are. But to business. Will you take the management of my stationer's shop?"

Hilary's breath came hard and fast. Much as she had longed for work, to get this sort of work—to keep a stationer's shop! What would her sisters say? what would *he* say? But she dared not think of that just now.

"How much should I be able to earn, do you think?"

Miss Balquidder considered a moment, and then said, rather shortly, for it was not exactly acting on her own principles; she knew the pay was above the work. "I will give you a hundred a year."

A hundred a year! actually certain, and over and above any other income. It seemed a fortune to poor Hilary.

"Will you give me a day or two to think about it and consult my sisters?"

She spoke quietly, but Miss Balquidder could see how agitated she was; how she evidently struggled with many feelings that would be best struggled with alone. The good old lady rose.

"Take your own time, my dear; I will keep the situation open for you for one week from this date. And now I must send you away, for I have a great deal to do."

They parted, quite like friends; and Hilary went out, walking quickly, feeling neither the wind nor the rain. Yet when she reached No. 15 she could not bring herself to enter, but took another turn or two round the Crescent, trying to be quite sure of her own mind before she opened the matter to her sisters. And there was one little battle to be fought which the sisters did not know.

It was perhaps foolish, seeing she did not belong to him in any open way, and he had no external right over her life or her actions, that she should go back and back to the question, "What would Robert Lyon say?"

He knew she earned her daily bread; sometimes this had seemed to vex and annoy him, but it must be done; and when a thing was inevitable, it was not Mr. Lyon's way to say much about it. But being a governess was an accredited and customary mode of a young lady's earning her livelihood. This was different. If he should think it too public, too unfeminine: he had such a horror of a woman's being any thing but a woman, as strong and brave as she could, but in a womanly way; doing any thing, however painful, that she was obliged to do, but never out of choice or bravado, or the excitement of stepping out of her own sphere into man's. Would Robert Lyon think less of her, Hilary, because she had to learn to take care of herself, to protect herself, and to act in so many ways for herself, contrary to the natural and right order of things? That old order—God forbid it should ever change!—which ordained that the women should be "keepers at home;" happy rulers of that happy little world, which seemed as far off as the next world from this poor Hilary.

"What if he should look down upon me? What if he should return and find me different from what he expected?" And bitter tears burned in her eyes, as she walked rapidly and passionately along the deserted street. Then a revulsion came.

"No; love is worth nothing that is not worth every thing, and to be trusted through every thing. If he *could* forget me—*could* love any one better than me—me myself, no matter what I was—ugly or pretty, old or young, rich or poor—I would not care for his love. It would not be worth my having; I'd let it go. Robert, though it broke my heart, I'd let you go."

Her eyes flashed; her poor little hand clenched itself under her shawl; and then, as a half reproach, she heard in fancy the steady loving voice—which could have calmed her wildest paroxysm of passion and pain—"You must trust me, Hilary."

Yes, he was a man to be trusted. No doubt very much like other men, and by no means such a hero to the world at large as this fond girl made him out to be; but Robert Lyon had, with all people, and under all circumstances, the character of reliability. He had also—you might read it in his face—a quality equally rare, faithfulness. Not merely sincerity, but faithfulness; the power of conceiving one clear purpose, or one strong love—in unity is strength—and of not only keeping true to it at the time, but of holding fast to it with a single-minded persistency that never even takes in the idea of voluntary change, as long as persistency is right or possible.

"Robert, Robert!" sobbed this forlorn girl, as

if slowly waking up to a sense of her forlornness, and of the almost universal fickleness, not actual falseness, but fickleness, which prevails in the world and among mankind. "O Robert, be faithful! faithful to yourself—faithful to me!"

DOWN IN THE GLEN AT IDLEWILD.

THE red moon, like a golden grape,
Hangs slowly ripening in the sky,
And o'er the helmets of the hills
Like plumes the summer lightnings fly.
The solemn pine-trees stoop above
The brook, that, like a sleeping child,
Lies babbling of its simple dreams
Down in the glen at Idlewild.

The red mill in the distance sleeps—
The old mill that, when winter comes,
Wakes to a wild spasmodic life,
And through the rocky channel hums.
And starry-flowered water-plants,
With myriad eyes of moistened light,
Peep coyly from their sheltered nooks,
The shy companions of the night.

But brighter than the starry flowers
There shine a maiden's lustrous eyes;
And yellower shines her yellow hair
Than the full moon that floods the skies.
As where the waters kiss the cliff
She waits for him, the pearl of men;
And idly plucks the ivy leaves,
And listens, and then waits again.

She waits to hear the well-known call,
The echoes of the agile foot,
The bursting of the lacing boughs,
The cracking of the fragile root—
But ah! the path is steep and dark,
The jagged rocks lie far below;
And Heaven must help the wight who slips
Up where those treacherous mosses grow.

At last he comes! she hears his step—
But ah! what means that fearsome crash?
Down the steep cliff a dark shape falls—
From rock to rock she sees it dash.
Was it for this you waited long,
O loving heart! O hapless child!
Dead at her feet her lover lies
Down in the glen at Idlewild!

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

NEC PLENA CRUORIS HIRUDO.

THE reading of this precious letter filled Philip's friend with an inward indignation which it was very hard to control or disguise. It is no pleasant task to tell a gentleman that his father is a rogue. Old Firmin would have been hanged a few years earlier for practices like these. As you talk with a very great scoundrel, or with a madman, has not the respected reader sometimes reflected, with a grim self-humiliation, how the fellow is of our own kind; and *homo est*? Let us, dearly beloved, who are outside—I mean outside the hulks or the asylum—be thankful that we have to pay a barber for snipping our hair, and are intrusted with the choice of the cut of our own jerkins. As poor Philip read his father's letter my thought was: "And I can remember the soft white hand of that scoundrel, which has just been forging his own son's name, putting sovereigns into my own palm when I was a school-boy." I always liked that man: but the story is not *de me*—it regards Philip.

"You won't pay this bill?" Philip's friend indignantly said, then.

"What can I do?" says poor Phil, shaking a sad head.

"You are not worth five hundred pounds in the world," remarks the friend.

"Who ever said I was? I am worth this bill: or my credit is," answers the victim.

"If you pay this, he will draw more."

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"I dare say he will:" that Firmin admits.

"And he will continue to draw, as long as there is a drop of blood to be had out of you."

"Yes," owns poor Philip, putting a finger to his lip. He thought I might be about to speak. His artless wife and mine were conversing at that moment upon the respective merits of some sweet chintzes which they had seen at Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, and which were so cheap and pleasant, and lively to look at! Really those drawing-room curtains would cost scarcely any thing! Our Regulus, you see, before stepping into his torture-tub, was smiling on his friends, and talking upholstery with a cheerful, smirking countenance. On chintz, or some other household errand, the ladies went prattling off: but there was no care, save for husband and children, in Charlotte's poor little innocent heart just then.

"Nice to hear her talking about sweet drawing-room chintzes, isn't it?" says Philip. "Shall we try Shoolbred's, or the other shop?" And then he laughs. It was not a very lively laugh.

"You mean that you are determined, then, on—"

"On acknowledging my signature? Of course," says Philip, "if ever it is presented to me, I would own it." And having formed and announced this resolution, I knew my stubborn friend too well to think that he ever would shirk it.

The most exasperating part of the matter was, that however generously Philip's friends might be disposed toward him, they could not in this case give him a helping hand. The doctor would draw more bills, and more. As sure as Philip supplied, the parent would ask; and that devouring dragon of a doctor had stomach enough for the blood of all of us, were we inclined to give it. In fact, Philip saw as much, and owned every thing with his usual candor. "I see what is going on in your mind, old boy!" the poor fellow said, "as well as if you spoke. You mean that I am helpless and irreclaimable, and doomed to hopeless ruin. So it would seem. A man can't escape his fate, friend, and my father has made mine for me. If I manage to struggle through the payment of this bill, of course he will draw another. My only chance of escape is, that he should succeed in some of his speculations. As he is always gambling, there may be some luck for him one day or another. He won't benefit me, then. That is not his way. If he makes a *coup*, he will keep the money or spend it. He won't give me any. But he will not draw upon me as he does now, or send forth fancy imitations of the filial autograph. It is a blessing to have such a father, isn't it? I say. Pen, as I think from whom I am descended, and look at your spoons, I am astonished I have not put any of them in my pocket. You leave me

in the room with 'em quite unprotected. I say, it is quite affecting the way in which you and your dear wife have confidence in me." And with a bitter execration at his fate, the poor fellow pauses for a moment in his lament.

His father was his fate, he seemed to think, and there were no means of averting it. "You remember that picture of Abraham and Isaac in the doctor's study in Old Parr Street?" he would say. "My patriarch has tied me up, and had the knife in me repeatedly. He does not sacrifice me at one operation; but there will be a final one some day, and I shall bleed no more. It's gay and amusing, isn't it? Especially when one has a wife and children." I, for my part, felt so indignant that I was minded to advertise in the papers that all acceptances drawn in Philip's name were forgeries; and let his father take the consequences of his own act. But the consequences would have been life imprisonment for the old man, and almost as much disgrace and ruin for the young one as were actually impending. He pointed out this clearly enough; nor could we altogether gainsay his dismal logic. It was better, at any rate, to meet this bill and give the doctor warning for the future. Well, perhaps it was; only suppose the doctor should take the warning in good part, accept the rebuke with perfect meekness, and at an early opportunity commit another forgery? To this Philip replied, that no man could resist his fate: that he had always expected his own doom through his father: that when the elder went to America he thought possibly the charm was broken; "but you see it is not," groaned Philip, "and my father's emissaries reach me, and I am still under the spell." The bearer of *the bow-string*, we know, was on his way, and would deliver his grim message ere long.

Having frequently succeeded in extorting money from Dr. Firmin, Mr. Tufton Hunt thought he could not do better than follow his banker across the Atlantic; and we need not describe the annoyance and rage of the doctor on finding this black care still behind his back. He had not much to give; indeed the sum which he took away with him, and of which he robbed his son and his other creditors, was but small; but Hunt was bent upon having a portion of this; and, of course, hinted that, if the doctor refused, he would carry to the New York press the particulars of Firmin's early career and latest defalcations. Mr. Hunt had been under the gallery of the House of Commons half a dozen times, and knew our public men by sight. In the course of a pretty long and disreputable career he had learned anecdotes regarding members of the aristocracy, turf-men, and the like; and he offered to sell this precious knowledge of his to more than one American paper, as other amiable exiles from our country have done. But Hunt was too old, and his stories too stale for the New York public. They dated from George IV., and the boxing and coaching times. He found but little market for his wares; and the tipsy parson reeled from tavern to bar, only

the object of scorn to younger reprobates who despised his old-fashioned stories, and could top them with blackguardism of a much more modern date.

After some two years' sojourn in the United States, this worthy felt the passionate longing to revisit his native country which generous hearts often experience, and made his way from Liverpool to London; and when in London directed his steps to the house of the Little Sister, of which he expected to find Philip still an inmate. Although Hunt had been once kicked out of the premises, he felt little shame now about re-entering them. He had that in his pocket which would insure him respectful behavior from Philip. What were the circumstances under which that forged bill was obtained? Was it a speculation between Hunt and Philip's father? Did Hunt suggest that, to screen the elder Firmin from disgrace and ruin, Philip would assuredly take the bill up? That a forged signature was, in fact, a better document than a genuine acceptance? We shall never know the truth regarding this transaction now. We have but the statements of the two parties concerned; and as both of them, I grieve to say, are entirely unworthy of credit, we must remain in ignorance regarding this matter. Perhaps Hunt forged Philip's acceptance; perhaps his unhappy father wrote it: perhaps the doctor's story that the paper was extorted from him was true, perhaps false. What matters? Both the men have passed away from among us, and will write and speak no more lies.

Caroline was absent from home when Hunt paid his first visit after his return from America. Her servant described the man and his appearance. Mrs. Brandon felt sure that Hunt was her visitor, and foreboded no good to Philip from the parson's arrival. In former days we have seen how the Little Sister had found favor in the eyes of this man. The besotted creature, shunned of men, stained with crime, drink, debt, had still no little vanity in his composition, and gave himself airs in the tavern parlors which he frequented. Because he had been at the University thirty years ago, his idea was that he was superior to ordinary men who had not had the benefit of an education at Oxford or Cambridge; and that the "snobs," as he called them, respected him. He would assume grandiose airs in talking to a tradesman ever so wealthy; speak to such a man by his surname; and deem that he honored him by his patronage and conversation. The Little Sister's grammar, I have told you, was not good; her poor little *h's* were sadly irregular. A letter was a painful task to her. She knew how ill she performed it, and that she was forever making blunders.

She would invent a thousand funny little pleas and excuses for her faults of writing. With all the blunders of spelling, her little letters had a pathos which somehow brought tears into the eyes. The Rev. Mr. Hunt believed himself to be this woman's superior. He thought his University education gave him a claim upon her re-

spect, and draped himself and swaggered before her and others in his dingy college gown. He had paraded his Master of Arts degree in many thousand tavern parlors, where his Greek and learning had got him a kind of respect. He patronized landlords, and strutted by hostesses' bars with a vinous leer or a tipsy solemnity. He must have been very far gone and debased indeed when he could still think that he was any living man's better; he, who ought to have waited on the waiters, and blacked boots's own shoes. When he had reached a certain stage of liquor he commonly began to brag about the University, and recite the titles of his friends of early days. Never was kicking more righteously administered than that which Philip once bestowed on this miscreant. The fellow took to the gutter as naturally as to his bed, Firmin used to say, and vowed that the washing there was a novelty which did him good.

Brandon soon found that her surmises were correct regarding her nameless visitor. Next day, as she was watering some little flowers in her window, she looked from it into the street, where she saw the shambling parson leering up at her. When she saw him he took off his greasy hat and made her a bow. At the moment she saw him she felt that he was come upon some errand hostile to Philip. She knew he meant mischief as he looked up with that sodden face, those bloodshot eyes, those unshorn, grinning lips.

She might have been inclined to faint, or disposed to scream, or to hide herself from the man, the sight of whom she loathed. She did not faint, or hide herself, or cry out: but she instantly nodded her head and smiled in the most engaging manner on that unwelcome, dingy stranger. She went to her door; she opened it (though her heart beat so that you might have heard it, as she told her friend afterward). She stood there a moment archly smiling at him, and she beckoned him into her house with a little gesture of welcome. "Law bless us" (these, I have reason to believe, were her very words)—"Law bless us, Mr. Hunt, where ever have you been this ever so long?" And a smiling face looked at him resolutely from under a neat cap and fresh ribbon. Why, I know some women can smile and look at ease when they sit down in a dentist's chair.

"Law bless me, Mr. Hunt," then says the artless creature, "who ever would have thought of seeing you, I do declare!" And she makes a nice cheery little courtesy, and looks quite gay, pleased, and pretty; and so did Judith look gay, no doubt, and smile, and prattle before Holofernes; and then of course she said, "Won't you step in?" And then Hunt swaggered up the steps of the house, and entered the little parlor, into which the kind reader has often been conducted, with its neat little ornaments, its pictures, its glistening corner cupboard, and its well-scrubbed, shining furniture.

"How is the captain?" asks the man (alone in the company of this Little Sister the fellow's

own heart began to beat, and his bloodshot eyes to glisten).

He had not heard about poor Pa? "That shows how long you have been away!" Mrs. Brandon remarks, and mentions the date of her father's fatal illness. Yes: she was alone now, and had to care for herself; and straightway, I have no doubt, Mrs. Brandon asked Mr. Hunt: whether he would "take" any thing. Indeed, that good little woman was forever pressing her friends to "take" something, and would have thought the laws of hospitality violated unless she had made this offer.

Hunt was never known to refuse a proposal of this sort. He *would* take a taste of something—of something warm. He had had fever and ague at New York, and the malady hung about him. Mrs. Brandon was straightway very much interested to hear about Mr. Hunt's complaint, and knew that a comfortable glass was very efficacious in removing threatening fever. Her nimble, neat little hands mixed him a cup. He could not but see what a trim little housekeeper she was. "Ah, Mrs. Brandon, if I had had such a kind friend watching over me, I should not be such a wreck as I am!" he sighed. He must have advanced to a second, nay, a third glass, when he sighed and became sentimental regarding his own unhappy condition; and Brandon owned to her friends afterward that she made those glasses very strong.

Having "taken something" in considerable quantities, then Hunt condescended to ask how his hostess was getting on, and how were her lodgers? How she was getting on? Brandon drew the most cheerful picture of herself and her circumstances. The apartments let well, and were never empty. Thanks to good Dr. Goodenough and other friends, she had as much professional occupation as she could desire. Since *you know who* has left the country, she said, her mind had been ever so much easier. As long as he was near she never felt secure. But he was gone, and bad luck go with him! said this vindictive Little Sister.

"Was his son still lodging up stairs?" asked Mr. Hunt.

On this, what does Mrs. Brandon do but begin a most angry attack upon Philip and his family. *He* lodge there? No, thank goodness! She had had enough of him and his wife, with her airs and graces, and the children crying all night, and the furniture spoiled, and the bills not even paid! "I wanted him to think that me and Philip was friends no longer; and Heaven forgive me for telling stories! I know this fellow means no good to Philip; and before long I will know *what* he means, that I will," she vowed.

For on the very day when Mr. Hunt paid her a visit, Mrs. Brandon came to see Philip's friends, and acquaint them with Hunt's arrival. We could not be sure that he was the bearer of the forged bill with which poor Philip was threatened. As yet Hunt had made no allusion to it. But, though we are far from sanctioning deceit

or hypocrisy, we own that we were not *very* angry with the Little Sister for employing dissimulation in the present instance, and inducing Hunt to believe that she was by no means an accomplice of Philip. If Philip's wife pardoned her, ought his friends to be less forgiving? To do right, you know you must not do wrong; though I own this was one of the cases in which I am inclined not to deal very hardly with the well-meaning little criminal.

Now Charlotte had to pardon (and for this fault, if not for some others, Charlotte did most heartily pardon) our little friend, for this reason, that Brandon most wantonly maligned her. When Hunt asked what sort of wife Philip had married? Mrs. Brandon declared that Mrs. Philip was a pert, odious little thing; that she gave herself airs, neglected her children, bullied her husband, and what not; and, finally, Brandon vowed that she disliked Charlotte, and was very glad to get her out of the house: and that Philip was not the same Philip since he married her, and that *he* gave himself airs, and was rude, and in all things led by his wife; and to get rid of them was a good riddance.

Hunt gracefully suggested that quarrels between landladies and tenants were not unusual; that lodgers sometimes did not pay their rent punctually; at others were unreasonably anxious about the consumption of their groceries, liquors, and so forth; and little Brandon, who, rather than steal a pennyworth from her Philip, would have cut her hand off, laughed at her guest's joke, and pretended to be amused with his knowing hints that she was a rogue. There was not a word he said but she received it with a gracious acquiescence: she might shudder inwardly at the leering familiarity of the odious tipsy wretch, but she gave no outward sign of disgust or fear. She allowed him to talk as much as he would in hopes that he would come to a subject which deeply interested her. She asked about the doctor and what he was doing, and whether it was likely that he would ever be able to pay back any of that money which he had taken from his son? And she spoke with an indifferent tone, pretending to be very busy over some work at which she was stitching.

"Oh, you are still hankering after him!" says the chaplain, winking a bloodshot eye.

"Hankering after that old man! What should I care for him? As if he haven't done me harm enough already!" cries poor Caroline.

"Yes. But women don't dislike a man the worse for a little ill-usage," suggests Hunt. No doubt the fellow had made his own experiments on woman's fidelity.

"Well, I suppose," says Brandon, with a toss of her head, "women may get tired as well as men, mayn't they? I found out that man, and wearied of him years and years ago. Another little drop out of the green bottle, Mr. Hunt! It's very good for ague-fever, and keeps the cold fit off wonderful!"

And Hunt drank, and he talked a little more—much more: and he gave his opinion of the

elder Firmin, and spoke of his chances of success, and of his rage for speculations, and doubted whether he would ever be able to lift his head again—though he might, he might still. He was in the country where, if ever a man could retrieve himself, he had a chance. And Philip was giving himself airs, was he? He was always an arrogant chap, that Mr. Philip. And he had left her house? and was gone ever so long? and where did he live now?

Then I am sorry to say Mrs. Brandon asked, how should *she* know where Philip lived now? She believed it was near Gray's Inn, or Lincoln's Inn, or somewhere; and she was for turning the conversation away from this subject altogether: and sought to do so by many lively remarks and ingenious little artifices which I can imagine, but which she only in part acknowledged to me—for you must know that as soon as her visitor took leave—to turn into the "Admiral Byng" public house, and renew acquaintance with the worthies assembled in the parlor of that tavern, Mrs. Brandon ran away to a cab, drove in it to Philip's house in Milman Street, where only Mrs. Philip was at home—and after a *banale* conversation with her, which puzzled Charlotte not a little, for Brandon would not say on what errand she came, and never mentioned Hunt's arrival and visit to her—the Little Sister made her way to another cab, and presently made her appearance at the house of Philip's friends in Queen Square. And here she informed me how Hunt had arrived, and how she was sure he meant no good to Philip, and how she had told certain—certain stories which were not founded in fact—to Mr. Hunt; for the telling of which fibs I am not about to endeavor to excuse her.

Though the interesting clergyman had not said one word regarding that bill of which Philip's father had warned him, we believed that the document was in Hunt's possession, and that it would be produced in due season. We happened to know where Philip dined, and sent him word to come to us.

"What can he mean?" the people asked at the table—a bachelors' table at the Temple (for Philip's good wife actually encouraged him to go abroad from time to time, and make merry with his friends). "What can this mean?" and they read out the scrap of paper which he had cast down as he was summoned away.

Philip's correspondent wrote: "Dear Philip, —I believe the BEARER OF THE BOW-STRING has arrived; and has been with the L. S. this very day."

The L. S.? the bearer of the bow-string? Not one of the bachelors dining in Parchment Buildings could read the riddle. Only after receiving the scrap of paper Philip had jumped up and left the room; and a friend of ours, a sly wag, and Don Juan of Pump Court, offered to take odds that there was a lady in the case.

At the hasty little council which was convened at our house on the receipt of the news, the Little Sister, whose instinct had not betrayed her, was made acquainted with the precise nature of

the danger which menaced Philip; and exhibited a fine hearty wrath when she heard how he proposed to meet the enemy. He had a certain sum in hand. He would borrow more of his friends who knew that he was an honest man. This bill he would meet whatever might come; and avert at least this disgrace from his father.

What? Give in to those rogues? Leave his children to starve, and his poor wife to turn drudge and house-servant, who was not fit for any thing but a fine lady? (There was no love lost, you see, between these two ladies, who both loved Mr. Philip.) It was a sin and a shame! Mrs. Brandon averred, and declared she thought Philip had been a man of more spirit. Philip's friend has before stated his own private sentiments regarding the calamity which menaced Firmin. To pay this bill was to bring a dozen more down upon him. Philip might as well resist now as at a later day. Such, in fact, was the opinion given by the reader's very humble servant at command.

My wife, on the other hand, took Philip's side. She was very much moved at his announcement that he would forgive his father this once at least, and endeavor to cover his sin.

"As you hope to be forgiven yourself, dear Philip, I am sure you are doing right," Laura said; "I am sure Charlotte will think so."

"Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte!" interposes the Little Sister, rather peevishly; "of course Mrs. Philip thinks whatever her husband tells her!"

"In his own time of trial Philip has been met with wonderful succor and kindness," Laura urged. "See how one thing after another has contributed to help him! When he wanted, there were friends always at his need. If he wants again, I am sure my husband and I will share with him. (I may have made a wry face at this; for with the best feelings toward a man, and that kind of thing, you know it is not always convenient to be lending him five or six hundred pounds without security.) "My dear husband and I will share with him," goes on Mrs. Laura; "won't we, Arthur? Yes, Brandon, that we will. Be sure Charlotte and the children shall not want because Philip covers his father's wrong and hides it from the world. God bless you, dear friend!" And what does this woman do next, and before her husband's face? Actually she goes up to Philip; she takes his hand—and— Well, what took place before my own eyes I do not choose to write down.

"She's encouraging him to ruin the children for the sake of that—that wicked old brute!" cries Mrs. Brandon. "It's enough to provoke a saint, it is!" And she seizes up her bonnet from the table and claps it on her head, and walks out of our room in a little tempest of wrath.

My wife, clasping her hands, whispers a few words, which say: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us."

"Yes," says Philip, very much moved. "It is the Divine order. You are right, dear Laura. I have had a weary time; and a terrible gloom

of doubt and sadness over my mind while I have been debating this matter, and before I had determined to do as you would have me. But a great weight is off my heart since I have been enabled to see what my conduct should be. What hundreds of struggling men as well as myself have met with losses and faced them! I will pay this bill, and I will warn the drawer to—to spare me for the future."

Now that the Little Sister had gone away in her fit of indignation, you see I was left in a minority in the council of war, and the opposition was quite too strong for me. I began to be of the majority's opinion. I dare say I am not the only gentleman who has been led round by a woman. We men of great strength of mind very frequently are. Yes: my wife convinced me with passages from her text-book, admitting of no contradiction according to her judgment, that Philip's duty was to forgive his father.

"And how lucky it was we did not buy the chintzes that day!" says Laura, with a laugh. "Do you know there were two which were so pretty that Charlotte could not make up her mind which of the two she would take?"

Philip roared out one of his laughs which made the windows shake. He was in great spirits. For a man who was going to ruin himself he was in the most enviable good-humor. Did Charlotte know about this—this claim which was impending over him? No. It might make her anxious, poor little thing! Philip had not told her. He had thought of concealing the matter from her. What need was there to disturb her rest, poor innocent child? You see, we all treated Mrs. Charlotte more or less like a child. Philip played with her. J. J., the painter, coaxed and dandled her, so to speak. The Little Sister loved her, but certainly with a love that was not respectful; and Charlotte took every body's good-will with a pleasant meekness and sweet smiling content. It was not for Laura to give advice to man and wife (as if the woman was not always giving lectures to Philip and his young wife!); but in the present instance she thought Mrs. Philip certainly ought to know what Philip's real situation was; what danger was menacing; "and how admirable, and right, and Christian—and you will have your reward for it, dear Philip!" interjects the enthusiastic lady—"your conduct has been!"

When we came, as we straightway did in a cab, to Charlotte's house, to expound the matter to her, goodness bless us! she was not shocked, or anxious, or frightened at all. Mrs. Brandon had just been with her, and told her of what was happening, and she had said, "Of course, Philip ought to help his father; and Brandon had gone away quite in a tantrum of anger, and had really been quite rude; and she should not pardon her, only she knew how dearly the Little Sister loved Philip; and of course they must help Dr. Firmin; and what dreadful, dreadful distress he must have been in to do as he did! But he had warned Philip, you know," and so forth. "And as for the chintzes, Laura, why

I suppose we must go on with the old shabby covers. You know they will do very well till next year." This was the way in which Mrs. Charlotte received the news which Philip had concealed from her, lest it should terrify her. As if a loving woman was ever very much frightened at being called upon to share her husband's misfortune!

As for the little case of forgery, I don't believe the young person could ever be got to see the heinous nature of Dr. Firmin's offense. The desperate little logician seemed rather to pity the father than the son in the business. "How dreadfully pressed he must have been when he did it, poor man!" she said. "To be sure he ought not to have done it at all; but think of his necessity! That is what I said to Brandon. Now, there's little Philip's cake in the cupboard which you brought him. Now suppose papa was very hungry, and went and took some without asking Philly, he wouldn't be so very wrong, I think, would he? A child is glad enough to give for his father, isn't he? And when I said this to Brandon, she was so rude and violent, I really have no patience with her! And she forgets that I am a lady, and" etc., etc. So it appeared the Little Sister had made a desperate attempt to bring over Charlotte to her side, was still minded to rescue Philip in spite of himself, and had gone off in wrath at her defeat.

We looked to the doctor's letters and ascertained the date of the bill. It had crossed the water, and would be at Philip's door in a very few days. Had Hunt brought it? The rascal would have it presented through some regular channel, no doubt; and Philip and all of us totted up ways and means, and strove to make the slender figures look as big as possible, as the thrifty housewife puts a patch here and a darn there, and cuts a little slice out of this old garment, so as to make the poor little frock serve for winter wear. We had so much at the banker's. A friend might help with a little advance. We would fairly ask a loan from the *Review*. We were in a scrape, but we would meet it. And so with resolute hearts we would prepare to receive the Bearer of the Bow-string.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEARER OF THE BOW-STRING.

THE poor Little Sister trudged away from Milman Street, exasperated with Philip, with Philip's wife, and with the determination of the pair to accept the hopeless ruin impending over them. "Three hundred and eighty-six pounds four and threepence," she thought, "to pay for that wicked old villain! It is more than poor Philip is worth, with all his savings and his little sticks of furniture. I know what he will do: he will borrow of the money-lenders, and give those bills, and renew them, and end by ruin. When he have paid this bill that old villain will forge another, and that precious wife of his will



tell him to pay that, I suppose; and those little darlings will be begging for bread, unless they come and eat mine, to which—God bless them!—they are always welcome." She calculated—it was a sum not difficult to reckon—the amount of her own little store of saved ready money. To pay four hundred pounds out of such an income as Philip's, she felt, was an attempt vain and impossible. "And he mustn't have my poor little stocking now," she argued; "they will want that presently when their pride is broken down, as it will be, and my darlings are hungering for their dinner!" Revolving this dismal matter in her mind, and scarce knowing where to go for comfort and counsel, she made her way to her good friend, Dr. Goodenough, and found that worthy man, who had always a welcome for his Little Sister.

She found Goodenough alone in his great dining-room, taking a very slender meal, after visiting his hospital and his fifty patients, among whom I think there were more poor than rich: and the good sleepy doctor woke up with a vengeance when he heard his little nurse's news, and fired off a volley of angry language against Philip and his scoundrel of a father; "which it was a comfort to hear him," little Brandon told us afterward. Then Goodenough trotted out of the dining-room into the adjoining library and consulting-room, whither his old friend followed him. Then he pulled out a bunch of keys and opened a secretaire, from which he took a parchment-covered volume, on which *J. Goodenough, Esq., M.D.*, was written in a fine legible hand—and which, in fact, was a banker's book. The inspection of the MS. volume in question must have pleased the worthy physician, for a grin came over his venerable features, and he straightway drew out of the desk a slim volume of gray paper, on each page of which were inscribed the highly respectable names of Messrs. Stumpy and

Rowdy and Co., of Lombard Street, Bankers. On a slip of gray paper the doctor wrote a prescription for a draught, *statim sumendus*—(a draught—mark my pleasantry)—which he handed over to his little friend.

"There, you little fool!" said he. "The father is a rascal, but the boy is a fine fellow; and you, you little silly thing, I must help in this business myself, or you will go and ruin yourself, I know you will! Offer this to the fellow for his bill. Or, stay! How much money is there in the house? Perhaps the sight of notes and gold will tempt him more than a check." And the doctor emptied his pockets of all the fees which happened to be therein—I don't know how many fees of shining shillings and sovereigns, neatly wrapped up in paper; and he emptied a drawer in which there was more silver and gold; and he trotted up to his bedroom, and came panting presently down stairs with a fat little pocket-book, containing a bundle of notes, and, with one thing or another, he made up a sum of—I won't mention what; but this sum of money, I say, he thrust into the Little Sister's hand, and said, "Try the fellow with this, Little Sister, and see if you can get the bill from him. Don't say it's my money; or the scoundrel will be for having twenty shillings in the pound. Say it's yours, and there's no more where that came from; and coax him, and wheedle him, and tell him plenty of lies, my dear. It won't break your heart to do that. What an immortal scoundrel Brummell Firmin is, to be sure! Though, by-the-way, in two more cases at the hospital I have tried that—" And here the doctor went off into a professional conversation with his favorite nurse, which I could not presume to repeat to any non-medical man.

The Little Sister bade God bless Doctor Good-enough, and wiped her glistening eyes with her handkerchief, and put away the notes and gold with a trembling little hand, and trudged off with a lightsome step and a happy heart. Arrived at Tottenham Court Road, she thought, shall I go home, or shall I go to poor Mrs. Philip and take her this money? No. Their talk that very day had not been pleasant: words, very like high words, had passed between them, and our Little Sister had to own to herself that she had been rather rude in her late colloquy with Charlotte. And she was a proud Little Sister: at least she did not care for to own that she had been hasty or disrespectful in her conduct to *that* young woman. She had too much spirit for that. Have we ever said that our little friend was exempt from the prejudices and vanities of this wicked world? Well, to rescue Philip, to secure the fatal bill, to go with it to Charlotte, and say, "There, Mrs. Philip, there's your husband's liberty." It would be a rare triumph, that it would! And Philip would promise, on his honor, that this should be the last and only bill he would pay for that wretched old father. With these happy thoughts swelling in her little heart, Mrs. Brandon made her way

to the familiar house in Thornhaugh Street, and would have a little bit of supper, so she would. And laid her own little cloth; and set forth her little forks and spoons, which were as bright as rubbing could make them; and I am authorized to state that her repast consisted of two nice little lamb-chops, which she purchased from her neighbor Mr. Chump, in Tottenham Court Road, after a pleasant little conversation with that gentleman and his good lady. And, with her bit of supper, after a day's work, our little friend would sometimes indulge in a glass—a little glass—of something comfortable. The case-bottle was in the cupboard, out of which her poor Pa had been wont to mix his tumblers for many a long day. So, having prepared it with her own hands, down she sat to her little meal, tired and happy; and as she thought of the occurrences of the day, and of the rescue which had come so opportunely to her beloved Philip and his children, I am sure she said a grace before her meat.

Her candles being lighted and her blind up, any one in the street could see that her chamber was occupied; and at about ten o'clock at night there came a heavy step clinking along the pavement, the sound of which, I have no doubt, made the Little Sister start a little. The heavy foot paused before her window, and presently clattered up the steps of her door. Then, as her bell rang, I consider it is most probable that her cheek flushed a little. She went to her hall door and opened it herself. "Lor, is it you, Mr. Hunt! Well, I never! that is, I thought you might come. Really, now"—and with the moonlight behind him, the dingy Hunt swaggered in.

"How comfortable you looked at your little table!" says Hunt, with his hat over his eye.

"Won't you step in and set down to it, and take something?" asks the smiling hostess.

Of course, Hunt would take something. And the greasy hat is taken off his head with a flourish, and he struts into the poor Little Sister's little room, pulling a wisp of grizzling hair and endeavoring to assume a careless, fashionable look. The dingy hand had seized the case-bottle in a moment. "What! you do a little in this way, do you?" he says, and winks amiably at Mrs. Brandon and the bottle. She takes ever so little, she owns; and reminds him of days which he must remember, when she had a wine-glass out of poor Pa's tumbler. A bright little kettle is singing on the fire—will not Mr. Hunt mix a glass for himself? She takes a bright beaker from the corner-cupboard, which is near her, with her keys hanging from it.

"Oh ho! that's where we keep the ginnums, is it?" says the grateful Hunt, with a laugh.

"My papa always kep it there," says Caroline, meekly. And while her back is turned to fetch a canister from the cupboard, she knows that the astute Mr. Hunt has taken the opportunity to fill a good large measure from the square bottle. "Make yourself welcome," says the Little Sister, in her gay, artless way; "there's more where that came from!" And Hunt drinks

his hostess's health: and she bows to him, and smiles, and sips a little from her own glass; and the little lady looks quite pretty, and rosy, and bright. Her cheeks are like apples, her figure is trim and graceful, and always attired in the neatest-fitting gown. By the comfortable light of the candles on her sparkling tables you scarce see the silver lines in her light hair, or the marks which time has made round her eyes. Hunt's gaze on her with admiration.

"Why," says he, "I vow you look younger and prettier than when—I saw you first."

"Ah, Mr. Hunt!" cries Mrs. Brandon, with a flush on her cheek, which becomes it, "don't recall that time, or that—that wretch who served me so cruel!"

"He was a scoundrel, Caroline, to treat as he did such a woman as you! The fellow has no principle; he was a bad one from the beginning. Why, he ruined me as well as you: got me to play; run me into debt by introducing me to his fine companions. I was a simple young fellow then, and thought it was a fine thing to live with fellow commoners and noblemen who drove their tandems and gave their grand dinners. It was he that led me astray, I tell you. I might have been Fellow of my college—had a living—married a good wife—risen to be a bishop, by George!—for I had great talents, Caroline; only I was so confounded idle, and fond of the cards and the bones."

"The bones?" cries Caroline, with a bewildered look.

"The dice, my dear! 'Seven's the main' was my ruin. 'Seven's the main' and eleven's the nick to seven. That used to be the little game!" And he made a graceful gesture with his empty wine-glass, as though he was tossing a pair of dice on the table. "The man next to me in lecture is a bishop now, and I could knock his head off in Greek iambs and Latin hexameters, too. In my second year I got the Latin declamation prize, I tell you—"

"Brandon always said you were one of the cleverest men at the college. He always said *that*, I remember," remarks the lady, very respectfully.

"Did he? He *did* say a good word for me, then? Brummell Firmin wasn't a clever man; he wasn't a reading man. Whereas I would back myself for a sapphic ode against any man in my college—against any man! Thank you. You *do* mix it so uncommon hot and well, there's no saying no; indeed there ain't! Though I have had enough—upon my honor, I have."

"Lor! I thought you men could drink any thing! And Mr. Brandon—Mr. Firmin you said?"

"Well, I said Brummell Firmin was a swell somehow. He had a sort of grand manner with him—"

"Yes, he had," sighed Caroline. And I dare say her thoughts wandered back to a time long, long ago, when this grand gentleman had captivated her.

"And it was trying to keep up with him that

ruined me! I quarreled with my poor old governor about money, of course; grew idle, and lost my Fellowship. Then the bills came down upon me. I tell you there are some of my college ticks ain't paid now."

"College ticks? Law!" ejaculates the lady. "And—"

"Tailor's ticks, tavern ticks, livery-stable ticks—for there were famous hacks in our days, and I used to hunt with the tip-top men. I wasn't bad across country, I wasn't. But we can't keep the pace with those rich fellows. We try, and they go ahead—they ride us down. Do you think, if I hadn't been very hard up, I would have done what I did to you, Caroline? You poor little innocent suffering thing. It was a shame. It was a shame!"

"Yes, a shame it was!" cries Caroline. "And that I never gainsay. You did deal hard with a poor girl, both of you."

"It was rascally. But Firmin was the worst. He had me in his power. It was he led me wrong. It was he drove me into debt, and then abroad, and then into qu— into jail, perhaps: and then into this kind of thing." ("This kind of thing" has before been explained elegantly to signify a tumbler of hot grog.) "And my father wouldn't see me on his death-bed; and my brothers and sisters broke with me; and I owe it all to Brummell Firmin—all. Do you think, after ruining me, he oughtn't to pay me?" and again he thumps a dusky hand upon the table. It made dingy marks on the poor Little Sister's spotless table-cloth. It rubbed its owner's forehead and lank, grizzling hair.

"And me, Mr. Hunt? What do he owe me?" asks Hunt's hostess.

"Caroline!" cries Hunt, "I have made Brummell Firmin pay me a good bit back already, but I'll have more;" and he thumped his breast, and thrust his hand into his breast-pocket as he spoke, and clutched at something within.

"It is there!" thought Caroline. She might turn pale; but he did not remark her pallor. He was all intent on drink, on vanity, on revenge.

"I have him," I say. "He owes me a good bit; and he has paid me a good bit; and he shall pay me a good bit more. Do you think I am a fellow who will be ruined and insulted, and won't revenge myself? You should have seen his face when I turned up at New York at the Astor House, and said, 'Brummell, old fellow, here I am,' I said; and he turned as white—as white as this table-cloth. 'I'll never leave you, my boy,' I said. 'Other fellows may go from you, but old Tom Hunt will stick to you. Let's go into the bar and have a drink!' and he was obliged to come. And I have him now in my power, I tell you. And when I say to him, 'Brummell, have a drink,' drink he must. His bald old head must go into the pail!" And Mr. Hunt laughed a laugh which I dare say was not agreeable.

After a pause he went on: "Caroline! Do you hate him, I say? or do you like a fellow who deserted you and treated you like a scoun-

drel? Some women do. I could tell of women who do. I could tell you of other fellows, perhaps, but I won't. Do you hate Brummell Firmin, that bald-headed Brum—hypocrite, and that—that insolent rascal who laid his hand on a clergyman, and an old man, by George, and hit me—and hit me in that street. Do you hate him, I say? Hoo! hoo! hick! I've got 'em both!—here, in my pocket—both!"

"You have got—what?" gasped Caroline.

"I have got their—hallo! stop, what's that to you what I've got?" And he sinks back in his chair, and winks, and leers, and triumphantly tosses his glass.

"Well, it ain't much to me; I—I never got any good out of either of 'em yet," says poor Caroline, with a sinking heart. "Let's talk about somebody else than them two plagues. Because you were a little merry one night—and I don't mind what a gentleman says when he has had a glass—for a great big strong man to hit an old one—"

"To strike a clergyman!" yells Hunt.

"It was a shame—a cowardly shame! And I gave it him for it, I promise you!" cries Mrs. Brandon.

"On your honor, now, do you hate 'em?" cries Hunt, starting up, and clenching his fist, and dropping again into his chair.

"Have I any reason to love 'em, Mr. Hunt? Do sit down and have a little—"

"No: you have no reason to like 'em. You hate 'em—I hate 'em. Look here. Promise—'pon your honor, now, Caroline—I've got 'em both, I tell you. Strike a clergyman, will he? What do you say to that?"

And starting from his chair once more, and supporting himself against the wall (where hung one of J. J.'s pictures of Philip), Hunt pulls out the greasy pocket-book once more, and fumbles among the greasy contents; and as the papers flutter on to the floor and the table, he pounces down on one with a dingy hand, and yells a laugh, and says, "I've cotched you! That's it. What do you say to that?—London, July 4th. —Three months after date, I promise to pay to—No you don't."

"La! Mr. Hunt, won't you let me look at it?" cries the hostess. "Whatever is it? A bill? My Pa had plenty of 'em."

"What? with candles in the room? No you don't, I say."

"What is it? Won't you tell me?"

"It's the young one's acceptance of the old man's draft," says Hunt, hissing and laughing.

"For how much?"

"Three hundred and eighty-six four three—that's all; and I guess I can get more where that came from!" says Hunt, laughing more and more cheerfully.

"What will you take for it! I'll buy it of you," cries the Little Sister. "I—I've seen plenty of my Pa's bills; and I'll—I'll discount this, if you like."

"What! are you a little discounteer? Is that the way you make your money, and the silver

spoons, and the nice supper, and every thing delightful about you? A little discountess, are you—you little rogue? Little discountess, by George! How much will you give, little discountess? And the reverend gentleman laughs, and winks, and drinks, and laughs, and tears twinkle out of his tipsy old eyes as he wipes them with one hand, and again says, "How much will you give, little discountess?"

When poor Caroline went to her cupboard, and from it took the notes and the gold which she had had we know from whom, and added to these out of a cunning box a little heap of her own private savings, and with trembling hands poured the notes, and the sovereigns, and the shillings into a dish on the table, I never heard accurately how much she laid down. But she must have spread out every thing she had in the world; for she felt her pockets and emptied them; and, tapping her head, she again applied to the cupboard, and took from thence a little store of spoons and forks, and then a brooch, and then a watch; and she piled these all up in a dish, and she said, "Now, Mr. Hunt, I will give you all these for that bill." And she looked up at Philip's picture, which hung over the parson's bloodshot, satyr face. "Take these," she said, "and give me that! There's two hundred pound, I know; and there's thirty-four, and two eighteen, thirty-six eighteen, and there's the plate and watch, and I want that bill."

"What? have you got all this, you little dear?" cried Hunt, dropping back into his chair again. "Why, you're a little fortune, by Jove—a pretty little fortune, a little discountess, a little wife, a little fortune. I say, I'm a University man; I could write alcaics once as well as any man. I'm a gentleman. I say, how much *have* you got? Count it over again, my dear."

And again she told him the amount of the gold, and the notes, and the silver, and the number of the poor little spoons.

A thought came across the fellow's boozy brain: "If you offer so much," says he, "and you're a little discountess, the bill's worth more; that fellow must be making his fortune! Or do you know about it? I say, do you know about it? No. I'll have my bond." I'll have my bond! And he gave a tipsy imitation of Shylock, and lurched back into his chair, and laughed.

"Let's have a little more, and talk about things," said the poor Little Sister; and she daintily heaped her little treasures and arranged them in her dish, and smiled upon the parson laughing in his chair.

"Caroline," says he, after a pause, "you are still fond of that old bald-headed scoundrel! That's it! Just like you women—just like, but I won't tell. No, no, I won't tell! You are fond of that old swindler still, I say! Wherever did you get that lot of money? Look here now—with that, and this little bill in my pocket, there's enough to carry us on for ever so long.

And when this money's gone, I tell you I know who'll give us more, and who can't refuse us, I tell you. Look here, Caroline, dear Caroline! I'm an old fellow, I know; but I'm a good fellow: I'm a classical scholar: and I'm a gentleman."

The classical scholar and gentleman beared over his words as he uttered them, and with his vinous eyes and sordid face gave a leer, which must have frightened the poor little lady to whom he proffered himself as a suitor, for she started back with a pallid face, and an aspect of such dislike and terror that even her guest remarked it.

"I said I was a scholar and gentleman," he shrieked again. "Do you doubt it? I'm as good a man as Brummell Firmin, I say. I ain't so tall. But I'll do a copy of Latin *alcaics* or Greek *iambics* against him or any man of my weight. Do you mean to insult me? Don't I know who you are? Are you better than a Master of Arts and a clergyman? He went out in medicine, Firmin did. Do you mean, when a Master of Arts and classical scholar offers you his hand and fortune, that you're above him, and refuse him, by George?"

The Little Sister was growing bewildered and frightened by the man's energy and horrid looks. "Oh, Mr. Hunt!" she cried, "see here, take this! See—there are two hundred and thirty—thirty-four pounds and all these things! Take them, and give me that paper."

"Sovereigns, and notes, and spoons, and a watch, and what I have in my pocket—and that ain't much—and Firmin's bill! Three hundred and eighty-six four three. It's a fortune, my dear, with economy! I won't have you going on being a nurse and that kind of thing. I'm a scholar and a gentleman—I am—and that place ain't fit for Mrs. Hunt. We'll first spend your money. No: we'll first spend my money—three hundred and eighty-six and—and hang the change—and when that's gone, we'll have another bill from that bald-headed old scoundrel: and his son who struck a poor cler— We will, I say, Caroline—we—"

The wretch was suiting actions to his words, and rose once more, advancing toward his hostess, who shrank back, laughing half-hysterically, and retreating as the other neared her. Behind her was that cupboard which had contained her poor little treasure and other stores, and appended to the lock of which her keys were still hanging. As the brute approached her she flung back the cupboard-door smartly upon him. The keys struck him on the head; and bleeding, and with a curse and a cry he fell back on his chair.

In the cupboard was that bottle which she had received from America not long since; and about which she had talked with Goodenough on that very day. It had been used twice or thrice by his direction, by hospital surgeons, and under her eye. She suddenly seized this bottle. As the ruffian before her uttered his imprecations of wrath, she poured out a quantity of the

contents of the bottle on her handkerchief. She said, "Oh! Mr. Hunt, have I hurt you? I didn't mean it. But you shouldn't—you shouldn't frighten a lonely woman so! Here, let me bathe you! Smell this! It will—it will do you—good—it will—it will, indeed!" The handkerchief was over his face. Bewildered by drink before, the fumes of the liquor which he was absorbing served almost instantly to overcome him. He struggled for a moment or two. "Stop—stop! you'll be better in a moment," she whispered. "Oh yes! better, quite better!" She squeezed more of the liquor from the bottle on to the handkerchief. In a minute Hunt was quite inanimate.

Then the little pale woman leaned over him, and took the pocket-book out of his pocket, and from it the bill which bore Philip's name. As Hunt lay in stupor before her, she now squeezed more of the liquor over his head; and then thrust the bill into the fire, and saw it burn to ashes. Then she put back the pocket-book into Hunt's breast. She said afterward that she never should have thought about that Chloroform, but for her brief conversation with Dr. Goodenough that evening regarding a case in which she had employed the new remedy under his orders.

How long did Hunt lie in that stupor? It seemed a whole long night to Caroline. She said afterward that the thought of that act that night made her hair grow gray. Poor little head! Indeed she would have laid it down for Philip.

Hunt, I suppose, came to himself when the handkerchief was withdrawn, and the fumes of the potent liquor ceased to work on his brain. He was very much frightened and bewildered. "What was it? Where am I?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"It was the keys struck you in the cupboard-door when you—you ran against it," said pale Caroline. "Look! you are all bleeding on the head. Let me dry it."

"No; keep off!" cried the terrified man.

"Will you have a cab to go home? The poor gentleman hit himself against the cupboard-door, Mary. You remember him here before, don't you, one night?" And Caroline, with a shrug, pointed out to her maid, whom she had summoned, the great square bottle of spirits still on the table, and indicated that there lay the cause of Hunt's bewilderment.

"Are you better now? Will you—will you—take a little more refreshment?" asked Caroline.

"No!" he cried, with an oath, and with glaring, bloodshot eyes he lurched toward his hat.

"Lor, mum! what ever is it? And this smell in the room, and all this here heap of money and things on the table?"

Caroline flung open her window. "It's medicine, which Dr. Goodenough has ordered for one of his patients. I must go and see her to-night," she said. And at midnight, looking as pale as death, the Little Sister went to the doctor's house, and roused him from his bed, and



JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

told him the story here narrated. "I offered him all you gave me," she said, "and all I had in the world besides, and he wouldn't—and—" Here she broke out into a fit of hysterics. The doctor had to ring up his servants; to administer remedies to his little nurse; to put her to bed in his own house.

"By the immortal Jove," he said afterward, "I had a great mind to beg her never to leave it! But that my housekeeper would tear Caro-

line's eyes out, Mrs. Brandon should be welcome to stay forever. Except her *h's*, that woman has every virtue: constancy, gentleness, generosity, cheerfulness, and the courage of a lioness! To think of that fool, that dandified idiot, that triple ass, Firmin" (there were few men in the world for whom Goodenough entertained a greater scorn than for his late *confrère*, Firmin of Old Parr Street—"think of the villain having possessed such a treasure—let alone his having deceived and deserted her—of his having possessed such a treasure and flung it away! Sir, I always admired Mrs. Brandon; but I think ten thousand times more highly of her since her glorious crime and most righteous robbery. If the villain had died, dropped dead in the street—the drunken miscreant, forger, house-breaker, assassin—so that no punishment could have fallen upon poor Brandon, I think I should have respected her only the more!")

At an early hour Dr. Goodenough had thought proper to send off messengers to Philip and myself, and to make us acquainted with the strange adventure of the previous night. We both hastened to him. I myself was summoned, no doubt, in consequence of my profound legal knowledge, which might be of use in poor little Caroline's present trouble. And Philip came because she longed to see him. By some instinct she knew when he arrived. She crept down from the chamber where the doctor's housekeeper had laid her on a bed. She knocked at the doctor's study, where we were all in consultation. She came in quite pale, and tottered toward Philip, and flung herself into his arms, with a burst of tears that greatly relieved her excitement and fever. Firmin was scarcely less moved.

"You'll pardon me for what I have done, Philip?" she sobbed. "If they—if they take me up, you won't forsake me?"

"Forsake you? Pardon you? Come and live with us, and never leave us!" cried Philip.

"I don't think Mrs. Philip would like that, dear," said the little woman, sobbing on his arm; "but ever since the Greyfriars school, when you was so ill, you have been like a son to me, and somehow I couldn't help doing that last night to that villain—I couldn't."

"Serve the scoundrel right. Never deserved to come to life again, my dear," said Dr. Goodenough. "Don't you be exciting yourself, little Brandon! I must have you sent back to lie down on your bed. Take her up, Philip, to the little room next mine, and order her to lie down and be as quiet as a mouse. You are not to move till I give you leave, Brandon—mind that; and come back to us, Firmin, or we shall have the patients coming."

So Philip led away this poor Little Sister; and trembling, and clinging to his arm, she returned to the room assigned to her.

"She wants to be alone with him," the doctor said; and he spoke a brief word or two of that strange delusion under which the little woman labored, that this was her dead child come back to her.

"I know that is in her mind," Goodenough said; "she never got over that brain fever in which I found her. If I were to swear her on the book, and say, 'Brandon, don't you believe he is your son alive again?' she would not dare to say no. She will leave him every thing she has got. I only gave her so much less than that scoundrel's bill yesterday, because I knew she would like to contribute her own share. It would have offended her mortally to have been left out of the subscription. They like to sacrifice themselves. Why, there are women in India who, if not allowed to roast with their dead husbands, would die of vexation." And by this time Mr. Philip came striding back into the room again, rubbing a pair of very red eyes.

"Long ere this, no doubt, that drunken ruffian is sobered, and knows that the bill is gone. He is likely enough to accuse her of the robbery," says the doctor.

"Suppose," says Philip's other friend, "I had put a pistol to your head, and was going to shoot you, and the doctor took the pistol out of my hand and flung it into the sea? would you help me to prosecute the doctor for robbing me of the pistol?"

"You don't suppose it will be a pleasure to me to pay that bill!" said Philip. "I said if a certain bill were presented to me, purporting to be accepted by Philip Firmin, I would pay it. But if that scoundrel, Hunt, only *says* that he had such a bill, and has lost it, I will cheerfully take my oath that I have never signed any bill at all—and they can't find Brandon guilty of stealing a thing which never existed."

"Let us hope, then, that the bill was not in duplicate."

And to this wish all three gentlemen heartily said Amen!

And now the doctor's door-bell began to be agitated by arriving patients. His dining-room was already full of them. The Little Sister must lie still, and the discussion of her affairs must be deferred to a more convenient hour; and Philip and his friend agreed to reconnoitre the house in Thornhaugh Street, and see if any thing had happened since its mistress had left it.

Yes: something had happened. Mrs. Brandon's maid, who ushered us into her mistress's little room, told us that in the early morning that horrible man who had come over night, and been so tipsy, and behaved so ill—the very same man who had come there tipsy afore once, and whom Mr. Philip had flung into the street—had come battering at the knocker, and pulling at the bell, and swearing and cursing most dreadful, and calling for "Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon! Mrs. Brandon!" and frightening the whole street. After he had rung, he knocked and battered ever so long. Mary looked out at him from her upper window, and told him to go along home, or she would call the police. On this the man roared out that he would call the police himself if Mary did not let him in; and as he went on calling "Police!" and yelling from the door, Mary came down stairs and opened the

hall-door, keeping the chain fastened, and asked him what he wanted?

Hunt, from the steps without, began to swear and rage more loudly, and to demand to be let in. He must and would see Mrs. Brandon.

Mary, from behind her chain barricade, said that her mistress was not at home, but that she had been called out that night to a patient of Dr. Goodenough's.

Hunt, with more shrieks and curses, said it was a lie; and that she was at home; and that he would see her; and that he must go into her room; and that he had left something there; that he had lost something; and that he would have it.

"Lost something here?" cried Mary. "Why here? when you reeled out of this house you couldn't scarce walk, and you almost fell into the gutter, which I have seen you there before. Get away, and go home! You are not sober yet, you horrible man!"

On this, clinging on to the area-railings, and demeaning himself like a madman, Hunt continued to call out, "Police, police! I have been robbed, I've been robbed! Police!" until astonished heads appeared at various windows in the quiet street, and a policeman actually came up.

When the policeman appeared, Hunt began to sway and pull at the door, confined by its chain: and he frantically reiterated his charge, that he had been robbed and hounded in that house, that night, by Mrs. Brandon.

The policeman, by a familiar expression, conveyed his utter disbelief of the statement, and told the dirty, disreputable man to move on, and go to bed. Mrs. Brandon was known and respected all round the neighborhood. She had befriended numerous poor round about, and was known for a hundred charities. She attended many respectable families. In that parish there was no woman more esteemed. And by the word "Gammon" the policeman expressed his sense of the utter absurdity of the charge against the good lady.

Hunt still continued to yell out that he had been robbed and hounded; and Mary from behind her door repeated to the officer (with whom she perhaps had relations not unfriendly), her statement that the beast had gone reeling away from the house the night before, and if he had lost any thing, who knows where he might not have lost it?

"It was taken out of this pocket, and out of this pocket-book," howled Hunt, clinging to the rail. "I give her in charge. I give the house in charge! It's a den of thieves!"

During this shouting and turmoil the sash of a window in Ridley's studio was thrown up. The painter was going to his morning work. He had appointed an early model. The sun could not rise too soon for Ridley; and, as soon as ever it gave its light, found him happy at his labor. He had heard from his bedroom the brawl going on about the door.

"Mr. Ridley!" says the policeman, touching the glazed hat with much respect—(in fact, and

out of uniform, Z 25 has figured in more than one of J. J.'s pictures)—"here's a fellow disturbing the whole street, and shouting out that Mrs. Brandon have robbed and hounded him!"

Ridley ran down stairs in a high state of indignation. He is nervous, like men of his tribe; quick to feel, to pity, to love, to be angry. He undid the chain and ran into the street.

"I remember that fellow drunk here before," said the painter, "and lying in that very gutter."

"Drunk and disorderly! Come along!" cries Z 25; and his hand was quickly fastened on the parson's greasy collar, and under its strong grasp Hunt is forced to move on. He goes, still yelling out that he has been robbed.

"Tell that to his worship," says the incredulous Z. And this was the news which Mrs. Brandon's friends received from her maid when they called at her house.

LOIS:

THE STORY OF A MAN'S MISTAKE.

THE snow had been falling steadily all the day: it fell whitely and steadily now on the group that stood round an open grave, where in a coffin had just been deposited, in a New England church-yard among the hills. The neighbors had withdrawn a little, and only a group of four stood bending over the grave. It was a young wife who lay there, in her last slumber. The two old people on the right were her husband's father and mother, for she had been an orphan, brotherless and sisterless, and there were none of her own kin to follow her to the church-yard. There had been no great store of love between William Comstock's young wife and his old parents, and the sorrow which sat now upon their faces was less for the loss of the dead than the grief of their living son. William was their only one, and their idol. They would have thought the noblest bride in the land none too good for him, and they had been but illy pleased when he brought Lois Gray to the old homestead. She was delicate, indeed, as a spring anemone. Her words and ways were full of a tender, flower-like sweetness and grace; but she had neither gold nor land to her dowry, and her small forefinger was pricked till it was callous with the frequent thrusts of her glancing needle—for pretty little Lois was a tailoress, and worked hard for her daily bread, going from house to house, as the fashion then was.

There had been many hard words when William Comstock, son of the richest man in Ryefield, told his parents of the daughter he was going to bring them. Had he not been their only son doubtless there would have been yet stormier scenes; perhaps William would have been thrust forth into the world to look out for himself, and his name have been a forbidden sound thereafter at the home fireside. But he was their only son. If they had cast him off there would have been none of their name to hold their broad, rich lands after them; so they

yielded to their untoward fate, and did not positively forbid the home-coming of the unwelcome bride. They spoke many scornful words of her, however—words which a stronger, more self-reliant man than William Comstock would not have borne. It would have been better had he taken his bride to another home, asking no aid of them, and remembering, while he showed them all filial duty, that it was Heaven's ordering that a man should forsake father and mother and cleave unto his wife. This would certainly have been Lois's choice. Delicate as she looked, there was force and power in her nature. She would have made her husband a true and wise helpmeet if he had but been ready to go with her to ever so humble a home of their own, and live, as every newly-married pair should, their own life apart from all the rest of the world. But William Comstock, though good and truthful and loving, was not a strong man. He would have had little courage to fight unaided his battle of life. He had been petted and fostered and indulged in his own way until his whole nature was changed, as a hardy woodland flower is changed when it is transplanted to a hot-house. It may put forth more luxuriant leaves, and fuller and softer petals, but it would shrink from the first blast. Sun and wind and shower, which it was its nature to court, would be death to it now.

Going out into the world to toil for himself and the wife of his choice would have been the last thing to suggest itself to William Comstock, and yet he loved her far too well to give her up because of his parents' displeasure. So he trusted, as many another weak man has done, to things coming right in time. He thought his father and mother would be sure to like her when all was done; and, any way, *he* would be good to her; and so, not without some stifled misgivings, he brought his bride home.

I think a wind blew up from the east, an ill-omened wind, when Lois crossed that threshold, and its subtle chill stole through her bridal robes to her young, innocent heart, for she was never quite the same Lois afterward.

Her father and mother in law were not rudely and openly unkind to her, for William would have seen that, and, weak as he was, it would have armed him in her defense. But there is a secret cruelty, an intangible wrong, of which one could never find words to complain, ten times more bitter and deadly than open contumely. I do not mean to represent old Simon Comstock and his wife as very much worse than the ordinary run of men and women. They did not deliberately set to work to torture their son's wife, and crush out her life; simply they did not like her, and they let her see that they did not, every hour and every moment in the day. She never retaliated, and her very inoffensiveness provoked them still more. Probably, if she had been a genuine termagant, and had fought one or two fierce battles with them, letting them see that she had her own little gifts in the *role* of Zantippe, it would have ended in their letting

her alone, and finally recognizing her as of their own kind, and coming to like her very well indeed. But her silence, her courtesy, her still patience they could not comprehend, and therefore they hated her the more. It was hardest of all when her husband became in some sort her persecutor. Constant complaints of her fineladyism, her inefficiency, her incompetence to manage domestic affairs, at length irritated him, and he often spoke to her in tones of dissatisfaction and fault-finding. She did not explain that her apparent lack of domestic ability arose from necessity, not choice—because his mother jealously resented all exercise of authority on her part, and found something to condemn in every attempt she made to be useful. She was of a rare type of womanhood—one who never wasted words or complained. If love had made her husband's eyes keen to see her sufferings she would have been thankful. He did not see them: she was silent.

When they had been married a year a little girl came—a new life blossoming from her own, to which she trusted to bring back the youth and hope which already, at nineteen, seemed slipping from her hold.

William Comstock had always loved his wife, in his own way—not so deeply and fervently, perhaps, as some men love—but each tree bears its own kind of fruit, and we do not cut down the cherry bough because it can not offer us oranges. He was not a man of lofty courage or very delicate perceptions—his heart was not so strong or so noble as some hearts which have worshiped women far less akin to the divine than she; but such as the heart was, it was all hers. He thought he had never loved her so well as when he came into the still room where she lay with her baby on her breast. He bent over her and kissed the pink flushes on her cheek—the white lids that drooped over her eyes to shut out of sight the happy tears. Then he took the baby in his arms, clumsily and awkwardly, as men always do when they handle the little, frail newborn things; but with a strong pulse of love and pride throbbing in the breast against which the little helpless morsel lay—his child and hers.

Those weeks wore velvet shoon which slipped by so noiselessly before the young mother left her room. She almost wished they would never end, she was so happy. William was with her almost all the time. He read to her—he gathered flowers to lay on her pillow—he told her twenty times a day how dear she was to him, and how full of thanksgiving his soul was that her hour of peril had not been her hour of death. It was like their old lover days, she thought—like them, only so much better, for here was the baby, the wee winsome darling, who held in such tiny, dimpled fingers the unseen threads which were drawing husband and wife nearer together than they had ever been before.

Even the old father and mother were kind to her at first during those still weeks, for she had passed through such suffering as always softens the hardest heart.

But this season of peace and repose could not last forever. One day the Present touched her with rude hand, and woke her to the memory that she had not yet reached heaven—where our rest is.

Her husband had been sitting beside her, as she leaned back in her chair looking at the little flower-like creature on her knee. They had been marveling together over the perfect little fingers, the round, soft limbs, the eyes of deep violet blue, so like Lois's own. At length he had gone out, drawing the door together after him, but not latching it. Space enough was left for a discordant, disturbing voice to penetrate to the Rose-Eden. It was William Comstock's mother who spoke.

"How is your wife getting along? Are we never to see her out of that room again? Baby has been here four weeks now. Times have changed mightily since I was young. When you were a fortnight old I had you on my arm, and was going round the house overseeing the work. Not that there is any special need of Lois, for she doesn't understand managing the business of a household like this; but she will never begin to gain strength if she doesn't move round, and I suppose you wouldn't like to have her shut up there always."

"I'll tell her about it, mother, if you think she'd get well faster by stirring round more. I won't go back now, though, for she was going to get baby to sleep."

Lois heard the acquiescent reply, and her heart sank within her. She felt the old chill creeping back over her life. Oh, how she longed then for a mother, for any friend, with strong love and keen feminine discernment, to make her husband understand that all women were not alike, and that his mother's strength was no criterion for hers: his mother, with her iron constitution and sturdy Dutch build, she herself "fashioned so slenderly." She sighed as she bent over the sleeping baby, and drew it closer to her sheltering bosom; but there was a struggle for cheerfulness in her voice as she murmured—

"No more long, lazy days for us, little one! I suppose grandmamma was right, though, and we shall be all the better for a little more exertion."

That afternoon, when William came in to tea, he found his wife in the dining-room. Baby was asleep in the inner apartment, and Lois sat quietly by the window, with a piece of work in her hands. So that was the end of the still, pleasant days of convalescence! The thought came to him half sadly, but he said nothing. He threw carelessly down on the table the bunch of late wild roses which he had fastened together with a long spear of grass for Lois; he would not give them to her there, with his father and mother looking on, who so hated what they called nonsense.

And so the happy weeks ended, and Lois came back into the hard everyday life once more.

She had her baby, to be sure, and there was

sweet comfort in that—at least in the rare times when she could get away, and have it, quite to herself, where no cynic gaze sneered at her when she hugged it to her bosom, and covered its little face with kisses; no lip curled when she murmured all manner of unintelligible nonsense over it in true womanly fashion. But a baby is not quite enough to fill and satisfy a wife's heart. Lois felt that the vision she had cherished of the love and harmony into which this new tie was to sublime her life with her husband had been an idle fancy—he was as far from her now as ever. Perhaps it would have been well if she had realized that he was not, and never under any circumstances would have been, the hero her youthful imagination had made of him. Once convinced that he was an utterly commonplace man, and she might have borne it better; for it is in human nature, I think, to become resigned to the inevitable. The misfortune was that her exalted estimate of him did not change; so she wore herself out with vain endeavors to kindle a fire which there would have been no fuel in his being to sustain. Partly she attributed her failure to the influence which she thought it but natural that his parents' contempt for her should unconsciously have over him; partly—and this was saddest of all—to some unworthiness of her own, which night and day she vexed herself with vain strivings to discover and remedy. And all the while she grew paler and thinner, holding the world more and more loosely.

It might naturally have been thought that the little child in the house would have won its grandparents' hearts for its mother, and so brought love and harmony in place of discord and coldness. But what was singular, they did not love it. They always spoke of it as Lois's child—all Gray—not a bit of Comstock about it. If it had looked like William it might have been different, but it was simply Lois in miniature. It had her eyes, her soft, shadowy brown hair, her delicate outline of features, and fragility of organization. A bold, boisterous child, thrusting itself on their notice, might have stormed its way into their hearts; but little Nellie never sought any one's attention—she took whatever treatment she received quietly, and shrank within herself like a sensitive plant. She was perfectly well, but she seemed to have been, as it were, marked with silence. It is probable that her mother's feelings before her birth had impressed her with these characteristics, usually so foreign to childhood. She was certainly not cold of nature, for she clung to her mother with a tenacity so passionate that it seemed terrible, when one recalled the chances and changes which life has in store for these clinging, intense natures. Her father loved her, certainly, but he too would have been fonder of a child more gay and frolicsome. She felt this, not with her understanding, of course, but with a dumb, instinctive heart-knowledge which she was too young to frame into thought.

She was more than three years old when again to her mother came the fierce extremity of woman's anguish and peril. This time it was a

boy who was laid upon the almost pulseless breast. Toward him, indeed, the grand-parents' hearts warmed. He looked like William—he was Comstock, not Gray. It was evident that to be idolized and spoiled, as his father had been before him, would be his destiny if he lived. From the first this was but a doubtful if. He was helpless and frail as a wreath of snow, and he seemed hour by hour to grow frailer. It was three days before he slipped quite away from the hearts and hands that would have held him back from death—three days, and then they found upon the pillow a little white, frozen image; a still, cold mouth that human breath would never more flutter through; a brow on whose awful chill the kiss of Azrael had left its seal of eternal peace.

Only the mother seemed not to mourn him. A smile full of mysterious meaning crossed her face when they told her he was dead—not a tear dimmed the blue gladness of her eyes, in which shone a strange rejoicing; and this singular indifference—hard-heartedness the old people called it—vexed them yet more, and woke a vague disquiet in the sorrowing soul of William Comstock.

That afternoon he followed Dr. Sprague from the sick-room. The Doctor had known Lois from a baby, and, without wife or child himself, had loved her, perhaps better than any living thing, for the sake of her dead mother, whom he had loved once in vain. With the quiet insight of one long practiced to observe minutely, he had noted the coldness and contempt which had been meted out to her in her wifehood home, and often had been angered almost beyond his power of self-control and silence. He felt condemned now that he had been restrained from speaking by his hesitation to intrude upon the domestic privacy of another household; and, angry with himself, he was the more ready to deal harshly with another. He turned upon William Comstock, as they stood alone together, with something stern and threatening in his eye.

"What would you have?" he said, shortly.

"Lois"—the younger man faltered—"what ails her?"

"Nothing, I think," was the curt answer.

"Has she no disease?"

"None that I know of."

"Is her mind all right, then?"

Dr. Sprague drew a long breath, and looked at Lois Comstock's husband with the fierce, pitiless gaze of one who feels no ruth and will show no mercy. He spoke with cold, incisive tones that seemed to cut the air:

"Nothing is the matter with Lois, only she is dying. Among you you have done her to death. What did you think, man, when you brought that girl, sensitive as a flower, to live here—to be crushed, and scorned, and flouted, and stood by yourself looking on, and never seeing it was killing her? Did you have it in your heart to be a murderer?"

He paused a moment, with a cruel joy to see how the thrust he had given had struck home.

Then opening the outside door, he said, coolly, "You had better keep the boy, and bury him with his mother. You will not have long to wait."

Left alone, William Comstock stood for a moment leaning against the wall. He understood it all now only too well—saw but too clearly. She had not mourned for her babe, indeed—we do not mourn for those from whom we part but for a day or an hour.

He went in at length where she lay, carrying, as he had always done, his trouble to her. The wistful, violet eyes, with the strange smile in them, met his as he dropped down on his knees beside her. He spoke abruptly—he knew what he had to say was already familiar to her thoughts—

"Dr. Sprague says you are dying, Lois."

"Yes, William. I have known it all along. It is best so. I was poorly fitted for this struggling, turbulent world."

"But, Lois, pity me. I can not bear it. What shall I do? You must not leave me alone."

The white, thin hand was cool and soft as snow that touched his lips.

"Not alone, love. Our Father will watch over you, our loving Saviour be near and comfort you, if only you will not shut the door of your heart. And then you have Nellie. I leave my image with you on earth, even as I shall carry yours with me to heaven. Your parents, too—"

"Do not speak of them," he interrupted her, with a fierce passion that seemed foreign to his easy, quiet nature. "God forgive me, but I hate them. I shall hate them to their dying day. They have killed you, my darling, and I, blind fool, stood by and never saw it!"

"What they did they did ignorantly—you must not blame them. If you would ever see me again hereafter, you must forgive them, and be at peace with them. They meant no harm; it was only that they could not like me, we were so different. The worst pang was when I thought you did not love me; feared that you were weary of me. But I know better than that now. I know that I was your beloved wife always."

"As God hears me, you were. My blessed darling! I must have been mad ever to have given you room to doubt it."

Kneeling there, he laid his head on the pillow beside hers. Strong sobs shook him; the fierce agony of manhood was upon him. He scarcely felt the hand that rested so softly on his hair, or the lips that fluttered against his cheek. There would come a time when he would barter life itself for one of those touches. She was the first to break the silence. She felt a strange lethargy creeping over her, and she knew but too surely what it portended.

"Go, William," she said, "bring me little Nellie, and call your parents."

He sprang to do her bidding. He caught the child from the chair where she sat silently by the window, the quiet, patient little thing. He

did not speak to his parents, but startled by his white face and strange manner they hurried after him. Even during the moment of his absence, that change, which none can mistake who ever saw it once, had crept over Lois's face—he would have needed no one now to tell him she was dying. Simon Comstock and his wife saw it too, and wild spasms of repentance shook their hard, worldly natures to their depths. As white almost as the dying woman, they stood beside her bed, and she, patient in life, and merciful in death, whispered:

"Good-by, father and mother!"

Her husband laid little Nellie beside her, and the child crept quietly into the bosom growing chill so fast. The mother's lips moved in prayer—then they clung passionately for a moment to the white, childish brow and golden hair, and then—even as she stretched her hands toward her husband, for the last and hardest parting of all—they sank nerveless by her side, and little Nellie was motherless.

I have no words to paint the bitterness of William Comstock's agony. It blanched his hair and aged his face, but he made no moan. He said not a word, save to give the necessary directions for the funeral of his dead wife; and the murmurs of passionate tenderness and sorrow over the silent, clinging child in his arms, which no one else heard.

And so the days went on till the day came on which they left her in her still grave among the hills. She had been beautiful in life, but never had she seemed half so fair as with the last and sweetest smile of all frozen upon her face, the eyes closed gently as if in sleep, and the brow so very white, beneath the shadowing, dusky hair. In her arms, close-pressed to her bosom, lay the little babe whose life had been only three days long. Not till William Comstock's eyes should be covered with the death film would they cease to behold the awful, statue-like beauty of those two—his dead wife and the dead baby on her breast.

Plainer than ever he seemed to see it when they had shut the lid of the coffin above her, and let it down into the open grave, where the snow-flakes were falling steadily. Little Nellie in his arms clung closer still, and cried, shudderingly, that he should not let them put her mother into the ground. He clasped her to his breast with a quick, passionate gesture, and whispered something which made her silent again. And so they stood round the young wife's grave—those who had hated, and those who had loved her.

Ever since Lois's death a half-stifled remorse and a vague, shuddering fear of retribution had lain heavy at the hearts of Simon Comstock and his wife. They knew not exactly how their punishment was to come, but they read a sentence of doom in their son's implacable eye.

When the funeral was over, and they were all seated in the room whence the dead had been that day borne, with the wild courage which is

born of despair the mother resolved to know and provoke the worst. So she took Lois's name upon her lips—uttered, like Job's comforters, some of the common platitudes of sorrow, and told him that time would heal the wound which ached so now.

He put Nellie down from his arms as he listened, and stood up before his mother, straight and strong.

There are men weak by nature and easily swayed—men who are not firm or self-reliant, yet with a certain vein of desperation in them, which, when once aroused, is as long-enduring, as terrible, as the sternest and most well-grounded resolves of stronger men. Such was William Comstock—such a fierce purpose glittered in his hard eye, and gave a sharp, steel-like ring to his voice.

"Not that name, mother—never dare to take that name upon your lips again. You killed her, you two—chilled, and tortured, and goaded her to death; and I—I, who loved her—stood by and never saw it. I can never forgive myself—is it likely that I shall ever forgive you? I will stay here, unless you choose that I should go—it is the fittest place for Nellie, and there is no need that the world should busy itself concerning our affairs. But I will never speak to you, save when some third party is present, or business requires it—so help me God!"

When he had said these words he took the child up again in his arms, and bore her to his own chamber. He had spoken passionately. He confirmed his words with an oath, though he did not confess his motive to himself, in order that the terror of perjury might keep him from any weak yielding. Knowing the weakness and infirmity of purpose which characterized his nature, he feared to trust himself without some outside support.

The two left behind looked at each other in blank horror.

"We are punished." The words fell slowly after a time from the mother's ashen lips. "We have idolized him, and now he has turned from us. I can not blame him. We have sinned, and the penalty is just. I never can forget the face which Lois lifted to ours a moment before she died. It will haunt me forever."

Simon Comstock was silent. He was a man of few words, but the blow fell on him heavily. He understood his son better, however, than his wife did; and in his heart was a vague hope that resentment so fierce, in such a nature, would sooner or later wear itself out.

But weeks and months passed on and brought no change. Never, when they were alone with their son, did one word more cross his lips than business actually required; never by any chance did his eyes meet theirs. When guests were present his manner was so courteous, so apparently unconscious of any estrangement between them, that it was almost beyond their endurance. But there was that in his face still which told even his mother that words would be wasted. She did not once appeal to him.

They did try to win Nellie's love, those two poor forsaken old souls; for their hearts yearned over the child now in this alienation from her father. They succeeded in so far that she was always dutiful to them, suffered their caresses, and often performed for them thoughtful little offices of attention. To all this her father never objected. He would not for worlds have taught the child one lesson of hatred or revenge, were it only from an undefined feeling that her mother would look on from the far place of her abode with a still human sorrow. But Nellie's heart was all his. She loved him as she had never done during her mother's lifetime, for now they were all in all to each other. He never went even to the grave of his dead young wife without her. They would sit there together hand in hand, in a silence drearier than tears or mourning.

At last the child was taken sick. Scarlet fever was in the neighborhood, but her father guarded her carefully, as he thought, from contagion. Yet in spite of all precautions, one day he saw the fatal scarlet flushing her fair child's face. From the first he felt as if she were doomed. He watched over her incessantly himself, scarcely allowing any one else to approach her. He longed then for his mother's sympathy; for she was his mother in spite of all, and a fond and loving mother to him; but he bethought himself anew of his oath and the wrongs of his dead wife, and preserved his stern silence.

At length one night he sat as usual alone watching his child. To all offers of assistance he had replied that he needed none, and so his vigil was unshared. It was midnight when he knelt, overwhelmed by the anguish of fear, and uttered a wild, passionate cry to Heaven for his darling's life. Was it his own overwrought fancy? did he hear, or only seem to hear, a voice falling through farthest space—a well-known, well-loved voice?

"You have forgotten to show mercy—how can you venture to ask it? I bade you with my dying breath to forgive—you have not forgiven. You have taken away from your parents their child, can you hope Heaven will spare yours? Defying God's law of peace and pardon, can you cry to Him for a blessing?"

That was all. It was as if, for one moment, Heaven had opened, and the voice he loved had sounded down to him through the far distance, and then the golden gates had rolled back upon their hinges, and the voice was silent for evermore until he should join her there.

In that moment he knew that his vow was not "unto the Lord;" that the sin would be in keeping, not in breaking it; and leaving his sick child lying alone in the dull stupor of fever, he went swiftly to the room where his parents always slept. He found them sitting together over the fire—it was winter again now—too anxious for slumber. They started when he entered with a shiver of agony, for the child had grown very dear to their penitent hearts, and they thought he had come to tell them she was dying.

Once more, as on that night after the burial, he stood before them, and now, as then, they listened.

"Father, mother, God is chastening me. Lois bade me, with almost her dying breath, to forgive you, and I have hardened my heart against you. I dare not ask Heaven's mercy for my child till I have made my peace with you. I have sinned, forgive me."

It is not for me to describe that hour of confession and pardon—the parents who humbled themselves in the dust, and then clung, weeping tears of joy and grief and terror, to the lost son whom they had found.

William Comstock watched no more alone. Together father, mother, and son called on God, and He heard them. Nellie lived.

Her illness, or the difference she witnessed in her father's manner of thought and life, wrought a strange change in her. When she recovered she was no longer a pensive, silent child, shutting the leaves of her heart from every eye. She became joyous, social, caressing—even naughty and exacting sometimes—thoroughly and deliciously human.

She grew up to a character and a fate far other than her mother's. Joy smiled upon her life, and to-day the hair is white above her serene forehead, and her children's children call her blessed.

IF I COULD KNOW.

HERMANN leaned back wearily from his study table, sighed, and sat in reverie for a long time.

"If I could only know that fruit would come of all this thought and effort," he said, breaking at length into the pause with speech. "If I could only know that the seed I am trying to scatter would find a lodgment in good ground."

He was silent again. Then a page in his Book of Memory was turned by an unseen hand, and he read from it this passage: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether will prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

He sighed once more, but the sigh was fainter. Then he bent to his work, writing slowly and with an intentness of thought that crowded the blood on his brain. These, among other sentences, came into existence:

"Of what did she die? The physician's certificate has it 'congestion of the brain.' But there be those who know better—those who, living in closer proximity, understand the case differently. Was the physician deceived? Possibly. Nay, certainly, for all his *post-mortem* examination. True, there was congestion of the brain, which, morbidly excited, took blood faster than it was able to use and return it; and this was the proximate cause of death—enough for the profession; but the real cause lay far away behind that, unrevealed to the eye of science. Of what, then, did she die? Simply of starvation!

Nay, do not look incredulous, nor reject the assertion. It is true—sadly, sorrowfully true! She died, as thousands die daily around us, of starvation.

"You reject this, and with indignation. You knew her socially and intimately, were with her frequently during her last illness, and know that she took food daily, and in sufficient quantities to sustain life. But, for all this, our sweet friend died of starvation. There are those who live not by bread alone, who must have heart-food or they can not live. Why are the cheeks of so many wives pale and wasted? The family physician, at fault, will look serious, and hint at organic derangement. He will recommend change of scene, exercise in the open air, more nutritious food—all merely professional, and not touching the case. If he could prescribe love!

"I saw, long ago, that she was failing. At first there crept over her pure face the thinnest veil of shadows. Something dreamy and pensive came into her eyes. She had a strange, earnest way of looking at her husband—tender, loving, but questioning. If she sat near him, or stood by his side, she leaned a little, as if drawn by an invisible attraction. I noticed, on his part, a cold, irresponsible manner—a self-consciousness that held him away from all just perception of her states of feeling. His thoughts were busy in a world where she was not present. All the while she was asking for love, and looking for its signs in tenderly-spoken words, in fond caresses, in kisses not coldly given, but burning with heart-fires. All the while she was hungering, and he kept back the full supply of food.

"Was he estranged from her? Had love already died? Had she failed to reach his ideal of a wife? Not so. He loved her—as such self-absorbed men love their wives; was proud of her; looked into no woman's face and thought it sweeter than hers. She was making all his life pleasant, and he felt and acknowledged it with himself. But he was undemonstrative, as they say—did not express what he felt. Ah, that word undemonstrative, how often is it made to excuse mere indifference, or downright cold-heartedness! In fact, he was not worthy of such a wife, for he could not comprehend her nature, or, it may be, would not so rise out of his mere selfishness as to get a clearer vision. Be that as it may, he starved her by withholding the food her spirit craved with a never-dying hunger; and she paled and faded in his sight, wasting to ghostliness, and receding, until she passed the vale through which none return—passed, as many wives pass year by year, killed by the same disease.

"O man, consider and be wise, ere the days of darkness come, when it will be too late! Is there a pale face in your home? Do loving eyes look at you in wistful sadness from sunken orbits? Are you in daily fear that a blast falling down suddenly will sweep to the other side the spirit-like form which, once absent from your dwelling, will leave all its chambers deso-

late? So far the physician has failed. Medicine does not reach the disease. Sea-bathing, mountain air, mineral springs—all have been tried, and still the white face grows whiter, the shrinking form more and more attenuate, the eyes sadder, the spirits more depressed. You have done and are still doing all in human power to save her. No—something yet remains! Try loving words and deeds. Lay your hand, as of old, tenderly on her head, smooth the hair with soft caresses; look down, with the look that blessed her years ago, into her dimming eyes, and let them take a new lustre from your own; tell her that you love her, for this will do her good; she is hungering for the words—has hungered for them, oh so long and so wearily! until faint with waiting. Give her the food for lack of which she has been dying daily for years. O man! again I say be wise, ere the days of darkness come, when it will be too late."

Hermann paused, laid down his pen, and leaned back from the table.

"If I could have said all that was in my thought; but language is so inadequate! The ideas that throng my mind lose half their clearness when I attempt to express them. Ah, if I knew that even this poor work would not die—that it would save one life failing for lack of love."

Another leaf in his Book of Memory was turned by an unseen hand, and on it was written: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Let it go forth," he said, in a more cheerful voice, rising from the table. "If the seed is good it will fall into good ground somewhere. Man soweth, but with God is the increase."

It went forth; and, like all good seed cast from the sower's hand, fell by the wayside, on stony places, among thorns, and also into good ground. God knew of the increase, if Hermann did not. It was a part of *his* discipline to have faith and patience.

A month or a year may have passed. It matters not. Truth never dies; never loses its vitalizing force. Sitting alone, with a troubled countenance, was a man scarcely yet touching the meridian of life. A periodical which had engaged his attention lay half-closed on the table beside him. The trouble in his face was mingled with surprise, as though he had just received a painful revelation.

"Starved to death!" There was a shiver in his voice. "Is that indeed possible?"

Even as he said this, the door opened and a woman came in, with almost noiseless feet gliding slowly across the apartment. Her face had the exhaustion and pallor that long sickness leaves behind, and was veiled by a touching sadness. She did not look toward the man, but his eyes followed her as she moved about the room with an expression of deep and yearning interest. After obtaining what she sought, the woman—still without seeming to be conscious of the man's presence—retired to the door through which she had entered, and was passing out,

when the man, speaking with suppressed feeling, said,

"Florence!"

There was evidence of surprise in the woman's manner as she paused and half-turned herself, now for the first time looking at him.

"Florence, you are very pale to-night." The voice was not steady.

What a strange, startled look came into the woman's face!

"Come!" He spoke tenderly, and held forth one hand in invitation. "Come, dear!"

The woman moved away from the door, crossing the room toward him, her eyes fixed searchingly on his countenance. There was a shade of doubt in her manner.

"Sit down." He moved a chair close to the one he occupied, but a little in front, so that he could look at her directly, and, taking her hand as she approached, drew her down into it. Still holding her hand after she was seated, and still gazing at her with eyes full of interest, he said:

"Are you not so well to-night, Florence? You look unusually pale."

Her cheeks found, on the instant, unwonted color. Her eyes shone with the flushing of tears. There was a motion of her lips, but no words parted them.

"It hurts me, darling, to see you drooping about in this sad, weary way. Can nothing be done? Have you pain to-night?"

The tenderness of voice was genuine. The man's heart was stirring from a long, dull sleep—and it was time.

"I have no pain." She bent forward quickly and hid her face against him, catching her breath and holding back a sob that was leaping past her throat.

With a touch that sent a thrill of joy along every awakening nerve, the man laid his hand upon her head, smoothing back the hair with soft caresses, then stooping over, he kissed her.

"What does this mean, Harvey?" The woman lifted herself all trembling, and drawing back, looked in a wild, eager way into her husband's face.

"What can it mean, Florence, but love? Are you not my pure, true-hearted wife? Oh that I could bring back the old light to your eyes, the old health to your cheeks, the old gladness to your heart! What can I do, Florence?"

"Love me as of old," she answered, passionately, flinging herself on his bosom. "Oh, my husband! I am starving for lack of love."

"Not starving, Florence! Oh, my wife! how can you say this when you are the most precious thing I have in this world? When the fear of losing you forever haunts me day and night?"

She raised herself again. As her face became visible her husband saw that it was almost radiant. The lost sweetness and beauty were restored.

"Am I awake or dreaming?" she said.

"You are awake, dear—wide awake, after a long nightmare," was answered.

"Perhaps I may sleep again." Her voice fell.

"Not if in my power to hold you away from enchanted ground. I may have seemed cold on the outside, Florence, but my heart was warm. It carries no image but yours. Trust me, for the future."

"Our lives, Harvey, touch the outside of things," she answered; "and if that be cold, how can we help feeling the chill? If there is no tenderness in the eyes and voice, if loving speech is withheld, how can we be sure that love is in the heart? There may be rain enough in the clouds, but if it fall not on the thirsty flowers they will perish. Don't forget this, Harvey; and if you love me say the sweet words often, that my soul may have assurances and joy."

If Hermann could have looked on this scene he would have known what kind of harvests ripened from seed he was scattering—in doubt and hope—broadcast among the people, wearied often, and sometimes fainting. But he could not know. And it was as well. Self-discipline and strife with doubt were needed for the perfecting of his life. The unrest, born of vague questionings as to use and duty, gave vitality to thought, quickened his mind for higher efforts, and held him to work that needed to be done. And it was a good work if such fruit as we have seen crowned many of its harvests. Faint not, Hermann! "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether will prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

OF the governmental Departments at Washington there is none with which the whole people are so closely connected as the General Post-Office. From this great centre stretch out and ramify in every direction, up and down and across the continent, ten thousand channels of intelligence, reaching, not only the great marts of commerce and the seats of learning, but the lowliest hamlet and the humblest cabin of the backwoodsman. With the greater diffusion of learning and general intelligence there is an increased demand for greater freedom of intercourse. People do not care so much whether the tariff adds five or ten cents to the cost of each pound of coffee, for they can do without it altogether if necessary; but their messages of business or pleasure must be carried with speed and delivered with certainty, or they will make a tumult about it at once. The newspaper, too, has become a popular necessity, and the man who does not take one is considered as living just beyond the pale of modern civilization. The newspaper is "daily bread" to the minds of the million, and if flood or tempest should delay its coming any amount of hard thoughts and open abuse is heaped upon postmasters and mail carriers.

The present Postmaster-General has won the

just plaudits of the people and the press for the ability and efficiency with which he has managed and improved the complicated machinery of this Department. Soon after he assumed control of the postal affairs of the country the whole system was interrupted or temporarily destroyed by the rebellion, in all the territory of the seceded States and portions of the border States. This necessarily imposed some heavy losses upon the Department, and caused considerable embarrassment for a time. The wisdom and energy of the Postmaster-General, however, have already relieved the system from these difficulties. Among other efforts to increase the efficiency and general usefulness of the Department under the present Administration, is the plan to lessen the number of "dead-letters" by returning them, as far as practicable, to the writers.

An hour's visit to the Dead-Letter Office under the courteous guidance and instruction of the "Third Assistant Postmaster-General," will show us why letters become "dead," and how they are brought to life again. The room where the first operation is performed upon the defunct missives is occupied by some twelve or fifteen clerks, and the appearance is strongly suggestive of an old-fashioned husking match. Huge piles of letters, that have come from every point of the compass and almost every country in the world, are lying upon the tables, and the operatives are very busy inspecting and classifying them according to their character or value. Each clerk makes five classes of the letters as he opens them.

First, and most valuable, are the "money letters," containing bank-notes or coin to the amount of one dollar or more. Whenever a letter of this description is opened, the contents are examined and immediately returned to the envelope, upon which the clerk indorses the amount and kind of money within, subscribing his own name or initials. A careful record is made up of all such letters, and they are then passed into the hands of a chief clerk, whose business it is to return them to the writers with proper instructions to the deputy postmasters to deliver the money and take receipts for it. The greatest care and vigilance is exercised in this branch of the business, and there is scarcely a possibility that a valuable letter which has once reached the Dead-Letter Office should fail of getting back, either to the writer or to the person originally addressed, provided that either of them can be found or heard of at the address given in the letter. The daily average of money now found is about two hundred dollars. Last year more than fifty thousand dollars was returned to the owners through this office. Sometimes money is inclosed in an envelope without any letter accompanying it, or, what is just as bad, without any proper signature. In such cases another effort is made to reach the person to whom it was addressed, and failing in this the money is deposited at the Department to be delivered to the rightful owner whenever he shall come forward and establish his claim.

The second class of letters made by the clerks are technically called "minors," and contain notes of hand, drafts, checks, bills of exchange, deeds, mortgages, insurance policies, and other papers that are or may become representatives of money value; and besides these a great variety of articles of more or less value, including jewelry, pictures, etc. All letters of this class are re-enveloped and indorsed by the clerks who open them, and, after being carefully registered, are sent to another office to be returned to the owners.

Many letters are received at the Department making anxious inquiries for money or valuables sent through the mail and known to have failed in reaching the persons addressed. These letters can not expedite their return. The lost letter must remain two months advertised at the local office before it is sent to Washington, and then it must be found before it can be returned to the owner. Formerly there was quite a collection of curiosities at the Department, composed of articles found in dead-letters without any one to claim them. This has been dispensed with, and every letter containing any thing of value is returned to the owner if it is at all practicable.

The third class of letters consists of such as contain stamps, coin in less sums than one dollar, receipts for money or property, legal documents, etc. These, being of less value, are not formally registered with a description of their contents, but a special clerk devotes his time to returning them to the owners.

Last, but not least in number of the preserved letters, are those which contain no valuable inclosure, but are so dated and signed that it is possible to return them to the writers. The Department is now acting upon the conviction that persons would rather pay postage to get back their lost letters, though of little importance, and thus know that they were not received by the persons addressed, than to have them destroyed. As these letters pass twice through the mail, coming to and returning from the Dead-Letter Office, a law of Congress authorizes double postage upon them. These letters constitute about one half of all the dead-letters returned to the General Post-Office. The other half of this great multitude of stray epistles is composed of such as are not *dated* at any post-town or office (the post-mark itself being frequently illegible), and have no proper signature. These, and some others of an utterly worthless class, are first torn to shreds by a machine, to render them illegible, and then sold to the paper-makers. There are now about thirty clerks engaged in opening and returning dead-letters. They dispose of from ten to twelve thousand a day, amounting to several millions in the course of a year.

It is pertinent to ask the question, why do so many letters fail to reach the persons to whom they are addressed? It is evidently no fault of the mail-carriers, for each dead-letter has been to the office to which it was directed, and remained there several months. Is it because our

people are so migratory in their habits that they can not remain stationary long enough to have a letter delivered through the mail? This principle accounts for it in part, but there are many other causes. Thousands of letters are directed to the wrong post-office by the writer, who merely guesses that he is sending it to the right one. Other thousands have the name of the party addressed so imperfectly written that the owner of the letter himself could not tell that it belonged to him. Others have the name of the State so imperfectly written that the letters are quite as likely to go in the wrong direction as the right. It is better generally to avoid abbreviations and write the name of a State in full, thus preventing the possibility of going in the wrong direction. We have seven States—Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, and Mississippi—beginning with M. The abbreviations of these States imperfectly written will frequently send a letter two or three thousand miles in the wrong direction.

But one of the most active causes in the production of dead-letters at present is the existence of the war. The Union army, of more than half a million of men, is composed, to a large extent, of those who have left homes, fathers, mothers, wives, or sweet-hearts to fight the battles of the Republic. Most of these men can and do write letters at short intervals to friends and relatives, and, owing to the changes that are constantly going on in society, many of them fail to reach the desired destination, and after a few months turn up in the dead-letter office to be consigned to the paper-mill. The confusion and changes of residence in the Border States contribute to the same result. Every effort which administrative ability can suggest is being made to lessen the number of "dead-letters;" and with the return of peace and the restoration of the Union, their number will

be reduced to a very small per-centage upon the countless millions that are sent through the mail.

If you wish your letter to reach its destination, or, failing to find the person to whom it is sent, to be returned, you can secure this, almost beyond the possibility of failure, by observing the following directions:

1. Direct the letter legibly, writing the name of the person to whom it is sent, his town, county, if possible, and State, upon the envelope. It is well also to repeat this either at the head or foot of the letter itself. If he is to be found there, the letter will reach him almost without fail.

2. At the head of the letter write your own address—town, county, and State in full. It is not enough to give the town merely, for there are so many places of the same name in different counties and States that this alone gives no sufficient clew to the one in question. If your letter is dated merely "Jackson," how can the office know which of the 150 "Jacksons" in the country has the honor of being your residence? Then sign your name clearly at the end. If you indulge in a fancy signature, which only yourself and the teller of the bank where you keep your funds can read, do not use it. The Office has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, and has no means of identifying your cabalistic signature. Write your name in full. It is not sufficient to sign "Your affectionate brother Bob," or "your own loving Maggie." For all the office can know there are in your town a score of "Bobs" and "Maggies" just as "affectionate" and "loving" as you are. If you observe these directions, and the letter fails to reach the person for whom it was intended, you will, in due time, receive it through the Dead-Letter Office, provided always that you have not in the mean while changed your residence.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE capture of New Orleans proves to have been one of the most brilliant exploits of modern warfare. The brief mention made of it in our last Record was drawn wholly from Southern sources, our own official reports not having come to hand. We are now able to furnish a *resumé* of the whole series of operations. Our fleet, the largest ever assembled under the American flag, consisted of 8 steamships, 16 gun-boats, and 21 mortar schooners, 45 sail in all, carrying 286 guns. The whole fleet was commanded by Flag-officer D. S. Farragut; the mortar-vessels being under the special command of Commodore David D. Porter. This fleet entered the Mississippi, and ascending about 25 miles reached Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on opposite sides of the river, about 75 miles below the city. Here a chain had been thrown across the river; this, with the forts, the steam-rams, and gun-boats, had been supposed, as afterward appeared, to be quite sufficient to protect New Orleans from any possibility of attack. Yet it had been announced that the whole

course of the river above the forts was guarded by batteries and intrenchments. The bombardment of these forts was opened on the 18th of April. This continued for six days. As afterward appeared great damage was done to the forts, although the vigor of their fire was not sensibly diminished. Fire-rafts were sent down in hopes to destroy our fleet. These were found to be useless. They were quietly taken in hand, towed ashore, and suffered to burn out. At length Commodore Farragut determined to pass the forts and proceed to the attack of New Orleans. At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th the steamers and gun-boats destined for the expedition received the signal to advance. They were formed into two columns; that on the right under Commodore Farragut, that on the left under Captain Theodorus Bailey. There were in all 16 steamers and gun-boats, two of the latter, however, did not succeed in passing the forts. They were soon discovered, and a furious fire was opened upon them from the forts, which was replied to with vigor, the vessels, meanwhile, pressing on. The *Varuna*, Captain Charles S. Boggs, having

passed the forts, found itself the leading vessel and surrounded by a squadron of hostile steamers; to each of them in passing a broadside was given; four of these were thus driven on shore and left in flames. The *Varuna* was badly cut up in this combat, but thus far no one on board had been injured. The *Varuna* then engaged a vessel of the enemy iron-clad about the bow, so that shot were of no use against that part. The rebel attempted to butt the *Varuna*, which in turn endeavored to reach his vulnerable points. The rebel succeeded in his effort; but in so doing exposed his side, receiving a broadside which crippled his engine and set him on fire. The *Varuna* was also set on fire and the flames were with difficulty extinguished. At this moment another iron-clad steamer bore down upon the doomed *Varuna*, struck her heavily, and backed off for another blow. Seeing destruction inevitable, Captain Boggs so manœuvred that when the second blow was received, the unprotected side of the enemy was exposed. The blow crushed in the side of the *Varuna* leaving her in a sinking condition; but her fire, the last of which was delivered as her decks went under water, drove her enemy on shore in flames. The sinking *Varuna* was run on shore, her wounded safely landed, and her crew taken off by boats from the squadron. In this sharp fight she had destroyed six of the vessels of the enemy.—Meanwhile the steamer *Brooklyn*, Captain Craven, had lost sight of the remainder of the fleet in the darkness, and while under the fire of Fort Jackson found herself butted by the Confederate ram *Manassas*, which had been relied upon to sweep our fleet from the river. No great damage was done, and the ram soon disappeared to meet its fate from another vessel. A few minutes later the *Brooklyn* was attacked by a large steamer, which was disposed of by a single broadside. Immediately after she found herself abreast of Fort St. Philip; pouring in a volley the guns of the fort were silenced, and the steamer passed on and encountered several gun-boats of the enemy, flinging into them broadsides of grape with terrible effect. The *Brooklyn*, fighting alone, was under fire an hour and a half and suffered severely, losing 8 men killed and 26 wounded.—The *Hartford*, Commodore Farragut's flag-ship, had a narrow escape. A fire-raft came down upon her accompanied by the ram *Manassas*. The rigging of the *Hartford* caught fire, and the steamer grounded at the same time. The ram was at this moment engaged by another vessel, and hauled off; the fire was extinguished, and the *Hartford* was got afloat, having been badly cut up.—The steamer *Mississippi* had the honor of having given the finishing blow to the *Manassas*, a little further up the river, chasing her on shore where she was deserted by her crew, and drifted down the river on fire and fast sinking.

The forts being passed and the Confederate fleet destroyed, there was no serious obstacle in the way of approaching New Orleans. Two works known as the Chalmette batteries opened fire, but they were speedily silenced. As the fleet approached the city the vessels loaded with cotton were set on fire, and the sugar in the city was destroyed by order of General Lovell: the amount of property thus destroyed is estimated at eight or ten millions of dollars. Coming in front of the city, a demand was made for its surrender, which was sullenly complied with, as noted in our last Record. A detachment was sent to take possession of the defenses above the city, erected to prevent our approach down the river. At Carrollton, eight miles above New Orleans, a formid-

able work was found. A portion of the fleet was then sent up the river, capturing Baton Rouge on the way. Our intelligence from this comes wholly through Southern sources. At the latest dates it had reached Vicksburg, 400 miles above New Orleans, had demanded the surrender of the city, under pain of bombardment if this demand was not complied with.

Meanwhile forts Jackson and St. Philip had been passed, but not captured, by Commodore Farragut's expedition. Commodore Porter, in command of the mortar fleet, demanded the surrender of these forts immediately after the passage of the fleet. They were rendered of no use to the enemy after the capture of New Orleans, and on the 28th of April the commander decided to comply with the summons. The garrisons had made a brave defense, and the honors of war were accorded to them, the officers being allowed to retain their side-arms, and the men were released on parole. The surrender included that of the three remaining steamers and a formidable iron battery which had been sent down from New Orleans in an unfinished condition. While the articles of capitulation were being drawn up, this battery was towed out into the stream, set fire to, and sent adrift toward our vessels. She blew up in the stream, doing no harm beyond wounding one of their own men in Fort St. Philip, though had the explosion taken place near our vessels, they would have all been destroyed. Possession having been taken of the forts, the remaining steamers of the Confederate fleet were taken in hand. They surrendered on demand, unconditionally, and as a punishment for the treacherous attempt to blow up our fleet while negotiations for surrender were going on under a flag of truce, the crews were put in close confinement. Fort Jackson was found to be a total ruin from the severe fire to which it had been exposed.—Our loss in the whole series of operations resulting in the capture of New Orleans was only 36 killed and 123 wounded. That of the enemy was very severe, the boats which were sunk carrying down with them their entire crews. It is estimated that they lost from 1000 to 1500 men, besides several hundred prisoners.

General Butler, after the surrender of the forts, went up the river to New Orleans, and took formal possession of the city, which was, on the 1st of May, placed under martial law; the circulation of Confederate notes was prohibited; women who publicly insult our troops were ordered to be sent to the calaboose as loose characters; the newspapers were placed under strict surveillance; and, finally, the functions of the local government were vested in the military authorities.

While the lower course of the Mississippi was thus wrested from the Confederates, important operations were going on in its upper waters. After the abandonment of Island No. 10, the next strong point of the enemy was Fort Wright (known also as Fort Pillow), about 50 miles above Memphis, the only remaining place of any importance above New Orleans. This point had been watched rather than formally attacked by our gun-boats, under command of Captain Davis, who had succeeded to the command of our flotilla, temporarily vacated by Commodore Foote, who was disabled by a severe wound received in a previous engagement. Here also were gathered the entire Confederate gun-boats and rams on the Mississippi, except those at New Orleans. On the 8th of May the Confederate flotilla came up the river and made a violent attack upon our ves-

sels—eight of their gun-boats, four being provided with rams, assailing our fleet. After a sharp conflict of an hour they retired, losing three of their boats, blown up and sunk. The siege of the fort was continued until the 31st, when it was discovered that it had been abandoned, the guns being carried off, and all supplies and munitions destroyed. Our fleet then dropped down toward Memphis, which was reached on the evening of June 5. The entire Confederate flotilla, consisting of eight rams and gun-boats, was concentrated in front of the city, prepared to meet our fleet. Early on the morning of the 6th the fight commenced. The action lasted an hour and a half. The result was that seven of the eight Confederate boats were taken or destroyed, only one escaping by superior speed. This was a conflict of vessels, in which ours were manifestly superior. The only casualty on our side was the wounding of Colonel Ellet, commander of the ram fleet, by a pistol-shot early in the action. One of our rams was disabled in the fight. Immediately after the battle Commodore Davis dispatched a message to the Mayor of Memphis, saying, "I have respectfully to request that you will surrender the city of Memphis to the authority of the United States." To this request the Mayor replied that the civil authorities had no means of defense, and that the city was in the hands of the Union forces. Memphis and New Orleans having thus been captured, it may safely be assumed that, as we write, the whole Mississippi, from its source to its mouth, is in the hands of the National Government.

Corinth, the Confederate strong-hold of the West, has been evacuated almost without a struggle. For nearly two months after the great battle of Shiloh General Halleck had been advancing upon the enemy, slowly but surely, fortifying each step in advance, and making ready roads for retreat in case of reverse. At the close of May our lines were close to the enemy's works; but on the 30th of the month, when every thing was in readiness for an assault in force, it was discovered that Corinth had been evacuated. The movement had evidently been going on for some days, for every thing of value had been carried away or destroyed. At the distance of a fortnight we have no entirely reliable accounts of the direction of the retreat of the great army of General Beauregard. It is conjectured by some that the movement has been going on for some time, and that a considerable part of his troops had been sent to strengthen the Confederate army at Richmond. This, however, rests upon mere conjecture. On the 4th of June General Halleck telegraphed that General Pope, with 40,000 men, was thirty miles south of Corinth, pressing the enemy hard, and that he had taken 10,000 prisoners and deserters, with 15,000 stand of arms; and a week later he announced that the enemy had fallen back to Tusilla, 50 miles from Corinth by railroad, General Beauregard being at Okelona; their loss from casualties, desertions, and captures was estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000. These, however, are mere reports, which still remain to be verified.

The evacuation of Yorktown was followed by the surrender of Norfolk to a small force sent from Fortress Monroe under General Wool. This took place on the 10th of May; the Confederate troops under General Huger abandoning the place on the previous day, after having destroyed the navy-yard, formerly the largest in the United States. The Union forces, before reaching the city, were met by the Mayor and other officials, with whom articles of capitula-

tion were agreed upon. Immediately after the surrender of Norfolk came the abandonment of the Confederate works at Craney Island, and the destruction of the famous steamer *Merrimac*, or *Virginia*. After her encounter with the *Monitor* she had been taken to Norfolk, repaired, and provided with heavier ordnance. She subsequently had been stationed at the mouth of the river, guarding it, and threatening our vessels in Hampton Roads, without, however, making any attack. It is now apparent that there was something defective about her. After Norfolk was taken she had no place of refuge. According to the report of Commodore Tatnall, who had been placed in command of her, the James River pilots assured him that if she were lightened she might be taken up to Richmond; but when her armament had been thrown overboard, and she was no longer in fighting condition, they said that she still drew too much water to ascend the river. There was then no alternative but to destroy her to prevent her from falling into our hands. So on the 12th of May she was abandoned and set on fire, and shortly after blew up.

Our forces, meanwhile, have experienced two severe reverses. A naval expedition, consisting of the *Monitor*, *Galena*, *Naugatuck*, and some other vessels, were sent up the James River to operate against Richmond. Approaching within a few miles of the city, the river was found barricaded, and defended by Fort Darling, situated on a high bluff, from which a plunging fire was poured upon our vessels. The *Galena*, which was plated with about two and a half inches of iron, suffered severely, and the 100-pound gun of the *Naugatuck* burst early in the fight; the *Monitor*, though repeatedly struck, was wholly uninjured. But none of our vessels were able to elevate their guns so as to bear upon the works on the bluff. The fleet was forced to withdraw. This took place on the 15th of May.

Of much more apparent consequence was the defeat of our division, under General Banks, in the Valley of the Shenandoah. Banks had advanced for 100 miles up this valley, driving the enemy before him beyond Strasburg. At this point the greater part of his troops were withdrawn from him in order to strengthen other divisions, particularly that of McDowell, so that he had left barely 5000 men. The Confederate General Jackson had collected a force, estimated at more than 20,000 men, with which he fell unexpectedly upon the division of Banks thus weakened. The first attack was made, May 23, upon the advance, consisting mainly of a Maryland regiment, under Colonel Kenly, stationed at Front Royal, numbering about 900 men. This body, after a sharp resistance, was overpowered, the greater portion being either killed or captured. Jackson then advanced upon Strasburg, where the main body under Banks was stationed. Banks retreated, being hotly pursued, and attacked at Middletown and Winchester, but finally succeeded in reaching the Potomac, which he crossed on the 25th, having marched 53 miles, 35 in one day, subject to constant attacks on front, rear, and flanks, by which he suffered considerable loss. The retreat was skillfully conducted, and of the whole train, consisting of nearly 500 wagons, all but about 50 were saved. This sudden movement of Jackson, whose force was greatly exaggerated, produced great alarm in Washington. It was surmised that a large part of the Confederate army at Richmond had been secretly dispatched to the Shenandoah, with the design of attacking the capital and carrying the war into the Free States. Telegraphic dispatches were sent to Pennsylvania,

New York, and New England, demanding additional regiments at once. These orders were complied with on the spot. The order reached New York at 11 o'clock on Sunday night, and at 9 on Monday morning the New York Seventh started for Washington, followed almost immediately by other regiments. Jackson, however, advanced only as far as the Potomac, and immediately began to fall back. In the mean time Frémont set out from the westward, by forced marches through the mountains, with the hope of cutting off the retreat. In this he was unsuccessful, but succeeded in coming up with the rear of the enemy at Strasburg on the 1st of June; Jackson hurried on in his retreat. He was overtaken on 8th at Cross Keys, near Harrisonburg, drawn up in line of battle, and strongly posted. Here a sharply contested action took place, in which Jackson was worsted. Our loss is estimated at 125 killed and 500 wounded. That of the enemy was much greater. General Frémont reports, on the following day, that 500 of their dead and many wounded were found on the battle-field. Jackson continued his retreat to Port Republic on the Shenandoah. Here a detachment from General Shields's corps had just reached; this was attacked by Jackson, and forced back upon the main body, when the enemy in turn fell back, and continued his retreat, apparently upon Charlottesville. Banks in the mean time recrossed the Potomac, and advanced to his former position.

In the Southern Department important measures are in progress. Pensacola has been evacuated, and Galveston, Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston, are threatened with attack.—General Hunter, who commands this Department, on the 9th of May issued an order stating that the States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, having been placed under martial law, and "slavery and martial law in a free country being altogether incompatible, the persons in these three States heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared forever free."—President Lincoln thereupon issued a proclamation that this order of General Hunter was unauthorized by the Government; that no officer has authority to issue an order freeing the slaves in any State; and that this order of General Hunter was void.—Hon. Edward Stanley, formerly of North Carolina, has been appointed Military Governor of that State. He announced his purpose to carry into effect the laws of the State, among which is one forbidding the instruction of negroes; he consequently ordered the schools which had been opened for contrabands to be discontinued.

The main interest of the month has been directed toward our grand army under General McClellan, which has steadily advanced upon Richmond. In our last Record we noted the evacuation of Yorktown on the 4th of May, and the sharp action at Williamsburg on the 6th. The enemy retreated in good order upon Richmond, carrying nearly all of their arms and munitions, our army slowly following. By the 20th of May they had mainly reached the Chickahominy, a small river flowing through a swampy tract, at a distance of from 6 to 15 miles from Richmond, on the opposite side of which, covering the city, the enemy seem resolved to make a stand for the defense of their capital, which they declare is to be held to the last extremity. Our forces have been mainly delayed on the eastern side, owing to the necessity of constructing roads and bridges to cross the river and swamps. Continual skirmishing, amounting in some cases to battles of considerable importance, have taken place. The most important of these during the month of May took place at

Hanover Court House, 16 miles north of Richmond, on the 27th. A detachment from General Porter's army corps was sent here to cut off the communications with the city by the Fredericksburg Railroad. This was successfully accomplished, after a sharp fight, in which our loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, is stated to have been 53 killed and 826 wounded and missing. That of the enemy is represented to have been 1000, including some 500 prisoners. We buried 100 of their dead upon the field.—In the mean time portions of our army had crossed the Chickahominy, and at the close of the month the extreme advance was within about five miles of Richmond. This position, which was near a place henceforth to be known as Fair Oaks, was held on the 31st of May by about 6000 men under General Casey. At this time a furious storm arose, which swelled the Chickahominy and flooded the swamps, apparently cutting off the connection between our forces on the two sides of the stream. Taking advantage of this, the enemy made an attack in force. Casey's force was driven back in considerable confusion, losing their guns and baggage. The retreat was checked by Heintzelman and Kearney, who were on that side of the river; at the same time Sumner succeeded in bringing across Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and recovered all the ground that had been lost. On the following morning the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but were every where repulsed, and fell back within their lines. Our loss in this action—which is next after that of Shiloh, the most destructive thus far during the war—is stated in the official report to have been 890 killed, 8627 wounded, 1222 missing—a total of 5739. General McClellan claims this as a very decided victory. The attack was made in great force, with every favoring circumstance, by the flower of the Confederate troops. Jefferson Davis was present during a part of the engagement, and Joseph Johnston, the senior General of the army, who was wounded on the first day. Davis, on the 2d of June, issued an order complimenting his troops for the gallantry which they displayed.—As we close our Record, on the 13th of June, the two great armies lie opposite to each other, face to face, almost within cannon-shot of the Confederate capital, for the possession of which a fierce struggle is daily anticipated. Of the comparative strength of the armies no positive account can be given; although it is supposed that the enemy outnumber us, while we are presumed to have the advantage in respect to condition, discipline, and equipments; they however having the counterbalancing advantage of a position chosen by themselves and strongly fortified.

MEXICO.

The French troops which, after the withdrawal of the Spanish and British forces, had been supposed to be pushing without danger of serious opposition upon the capital, appear to have suffered a severe defeat near Puebla, on 5th of May. The reports of the Mexican commanders must be received with caution; but according to them, General Lorencz with 4000 men attacked the Mexicans, and were totally defeated with the loss of half of their number, the Mexicans losing comparatively few. This is hardly credible, since the same account says that a renewed attack was anticipated on the following day; which, however, did not take place, the French taking up the retreat followed by the Mexicans. It appears to be sure, however, that the French have met with a repulse.

EUROPE.

American affairs still continue to engross the greater share of public attention. The distress in Great Britain, France, and in a less degree on the Continent, arising from the scarcity of cotton and the diminished demand for manufactures, is great and increasing. The British and French press, which is mainly hostile to the United States, teems with articles underrating our successes, prophesying the utter impossibility of putting down the insurrection, and reiterating the statement that the French Emperor is about to interfere on the side of the South, and that the British Government will join in the interference.—The recent visit to Richmond of M. Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, has given rise to an abundance of surmise in Europe as well as in this country; but nothing authentic as to its object has been made public. The fact, however, that it was made with the assent of our Government, and that the Minister on his return was greeted by the President and Secretary of State, seems to be a satisfactory assurance that it had no purport hostile to us.—If any purpose existed on the part of the Governments of Europe to interfere, or even to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, as a matter of fact, it must have been formed since the close of March, or at least have been wholly unexpected by the Commissioners sent to Europe to endeavor to effect this very object. On the 21st of March, Mr. Rost, one of these Commissioners, addressed a report from Madrid to the Government at Richmond, giving a full account of the results of the Commission. This document fell into our hands, and has been published by the authority of the Secretary of State. The main points as narrated by Mr. Rost are, that the interviews between Messrs. Mason and Slidell and M. Thouvenel, the French Minister, had "led to no result. The Emperor Napoleon considered the disruption of the American Union and of its rising navy as a great misfortune to France, and was of late inclined to hope that it might be reconstructed, and further, that he would under no circumstances incur the enmity of the North by taking the lead in recognizing the Southern Confederacy." The prospect as to Great Britain was, according to Mr. Rost, still less favorable. "The present Administration was to a great extent composed of Abolitionists, and wanted the support of the Abolition faction for its maintenance in power, deluding itself at the same time with the vain hope that if the civil war was protracted, and the cultivation of cotton ceased, in whole or in part, the monopoly of that staple would pass from the Confederate States to India, as a compensation for the present sufferings of the British manufacturing population."—Mr. Rost's special mission was to Spain, and in an interview with Señor Calderon Collantes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he endeavored to secure the recognition of the Confederacy by Spain, independent of the other Powers. He argued that it was "for her interest that North America should be possessed by two great powers, who should balance each

other;" that the South, from similarity of institutions and habits, was the natural ally of Spain; that her independence secured, she with Spain and Brazil, all slaveholding powers, "would have the monopoly of the system of labor which alone could make inter-tropical America and the regions adjoining to it available for the uses of man. Nothing could give an idea of the career of prosperity which would thus be opened."—Señor Collantes, according to Mr. Rost, was quite assured that on the question of secession the right was wholly with the South; and he believed that she would succeed "provided the people could stand the privations which a protracted contest would bring upon them;" but the question was one of fact "whether the South had the power to maintain herself against the efforts of her opponent, and thus far she had not made that proof, and further time must elapse before the Queen's Government could recognize her." He then alluded to the fact that all the expeditions against Cuba had sailed from Southern ports, and intimated that in case the South became a strong power her first attempt at conquest would be made upon that island. Mr. Rost endeavored to convince him that formerly both the North and the South had wanted Cuba; the first for the profits of its trade, the second in order to make of it three new slave States, which "would for a time have equalized the power of the free and slaveholding States in the United States Senate. That with the reconstruction of the Union the motive of the South would necessarily revive, but it does not now, and never will again exist, provided that the independence of the Confederate States is recognized and securely established."—These arguments of Mr. Rost were unavailing. He could gain no satisfaction from the Spanish Minister, and in conclusion gives it as his opinion that Spain "would not act separately from France and England; and that nothing was to be expected from any of them until the Northern Government is ready to treat with us as an independent Power." Such being his view of the state of affairs, Mr. Rost suggests that it is not "consistent with the dignity of the Confederate Government to keep abroad commissioners who are under no circumstances to be received or listened to."

The London Exhibition opened on the 1st of May. Its success thus far seems to have fallen short of what was anticipated.—The reconstruction of the navy, by sheathing vessels with heavy iron is pushed rapidly forward. Three-deckers are being cut down to batteries, with turrets for the guns, according to the plans of Captain Coles. Immense ships like the *Warrior* seem to be tacitly acknowledged to be an expensive failure.—Meanwhile the Defense Commission, while recognizing the importance of iron-cased ships and batteries, have unanimously reported that fortifications must continue to form an essential feature of the defenses of the country.—For a general resumé of the affairs of Italy and other parts of Europe, we refer to the Editor's Foreign Bureau, on subsequent pages of this Magazine.

Literary Notices.

North America. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Mr. Trollope needs no introduction to the American public. One of the half-dozen clever living novelists, he has shown the possession of the power of keen perception of character; a traveler for years over

all those parts of the world sufficiently civilized to be covered by the net-work of the British Post-office, he has got rid of the thoroughly insular prejudice which measures every thing by its conformity to or disagreement with English habits and man-

ners. To be sure, he thinks an Englishman of middle age, sound digestion, comfortable income, and fair position—like himself—the luckiest and best man on earth. But as all men can not have all these blessings, he is quite ready to see what else the world has to offer to them. So when he proposed to write a book on the United States, it would have been quite safe to prophesy that it would have been a good one. Now that it has been written, we may pronounce it the best which has been produced by any foreigner upon us, saving always the philosophical work of De Tocqueville, which has become a classic in three languages. He visited us, and tells plainly what he thought of us. New York, for instance, he rather dislikes: there is nothing to see, and no means of seeing it. There are no Hansom cabs, but an abundance of street cars and omnibuses, which are apt to be overcrowded by a species of the softer sex, whom he describes as spicily and spitefully as his mother could have done, who wrote the famous book which, thirty years ago, made us all so angry. The worst of it is that his picture is a true one. We all know the woman who comes flaunting into the cars, swinging her crinoline, accepting every courtesy as though it were a covert insult; we know her in the streets, sweeping along as though the world owed her a vast debt for exhibiting her wardrobe to the public eye; we know her and her daughter at the hotel table, with her fantastic wriggle. If we see her, and are annoyed by her constant presence, how much more must this be the case with the foreigner, who meets her every where, while it is only by chance that he encounters the true American woman! We ought to be greatly obliged to Mr. Trollope, who faithfully daguerreotypes the species. New York, as we have said, does not greatly please Mr. Trollope, though he is warm in his praises of our philanthropic institutions, and especially of our public schools. Boston pleases him far more, and in praise of this city he breaks out into rather un-English enthusiasm. For the Western man he has a hearty love. He is a man, living manlike, and conscious of his manhood. It is quite noticeable throughout his book that wherever a comparison is introduced between the condition of the people of America and those of England, it is in nine cases out of ten wholly in our favor. The Hiberno-American is far superior to his cousins at home; the factory-girl at Lowell hardly belongs to the same race with the female operative at Manchester; the pupil at a New York free-school is a different person, and altogether better and better off than one in London. In a word, Mr. Trollope asserts that, leaving out of view the lucky one in ten to whom fortune and his parents have been bountiful, "nine-tenths of the people would have had a better life as Americans than they can have in their spheres as Englishmen." This comparison extends also to the British colonies in America. In going from the United States to Canada, he says that "an Englishman is struck by the feeling that he is going from a richer country into one that is poorer, and from a greater country into one that is less."

Writing primarily for the English public, Mr. Trollope enters somewhat largely into the question of the present war, discussing at length questions which we consider settled, and sometimes advancing views which our larger knowledge warrants us in pronouncing erroneous. We can not quarrel with him, as an Englishman, for believing that the British Government has acted in a wholly friendly manner toward the United States in the matter of the

Great Rebellion; nor can we ask him to appreciate the justice of the intense feeling of hostility toward England which will surely govern our policy hereafter. Nor can we blame the somewhat superficial view which he takes of the bearings of the question of Secession. To him the close-knit American Union is nothing more than the loosely-constructed British Empire. Great Britain was better and better off for the separation from the American colonies, and may likely be the gainer from being separated politically from Canada and Australia: therefore, he argues that the republic of the North will gain rather than lose by the South cutting loose. Neither can we indorse his views as to the means by which the insurrection might have been avoided, or the characters of some of the men who have borne a part in it. Mr. Buchanan, for instance, he regards as a deliberate traitor; while we look upon him as merely a weak man anxious only to have the great struggle come after his time. We can hardly wonder that Mr. Trollope, writing some months ago, concludes that a dissolution of the Union is inevitable; that the Gulf States, at least, will form a separate Confederacy. But we commend to the careful consideration of Southern readers—some thousands of whom will, thanks to the opening of the ports, be able to learn something of the world outside—the picture which he draws of the future of the Southern Confederacy. It will be, he thinks, a low and debased nation; or, more likely, many low and debased nations, standing in the world something higher than Mexico or the Republics of Southern America; with wasted wealth and ruined industry; with no material for future greatness on which to found itself or to flourish.—For ourselves, we trust that a happier fate awaits the South. In any case we commend Mr. Trollope's book to the perusal of the American people. If we can not wholly agree with some of its political speculations, we can do justice to its sharp sketches of life and character, and recognize the tone of thorough honesty which pervades it. We may profit by its censures; and if we could persuade ourselves that the whole of its praise was our due we should deserve to stand high in our own estimation. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession, by W. G. BROWNLOW. (George W. Childs.) If a man was ever thoroughly in earnest, that man is "Parson Brownlow." He has written a book, the title of which would lead one who knew nothing of the man to expect a didactic essay. Nothing further than this can be conceived from the real purport of the fiery Parson. Secession to him is no abstraction: it is a veritable monster, which he knows as a living thing; which he has fought, from which he and his have suffered. We must know, too, who he is, what he has done, and how he came to do it. He, "Parson Brownlow," was born in Virginia in 1805. Left an orphan, he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and mastered the trade. Then he thought that his vocation was something other than building houses, so he went to school, learned what he might, and entered the Methodist traveling ministry. The Parson is determined that we shall know him. With amusing naïveté he tells us all about himself: he is six feet high, has weighed 175 pounds; has a capital constitution, never smoked a cigar or chewed tobacco; never drank a dram of liquor except when prescribed as a medicine; never swore an oath; never played a game at cards; or courted a woman but one, whom he married. "I have had," he goes on

to say, "as strong a voice as any man in East Tennessee, where I have resided for the last thirty years, and have a family of seven children. I have been speaking all the time; and for the last twenty-five years I have edited and published a Whig newspaper having a larger circulation than any political paper in the State, and even larger than all the papers in East Tennessee put together. I have taken part in all the religious and political controversies of my day and time." Such is the Parson himself—a most notable man in many respects; and his history ought to have furnished the materials for a much better book than he has given. Perhaps the most notable portions are his replies to sundry persons who wrote to him criticising his course and offering various suggestions. Thus one Mr. Jordan Clark, of Camden, Arkansas, is vastly pleased to hear that Parson Brownlow has made up his mind to join the Democratic party. The Parson assures him in reply he will never do this "So long as there are sects in churches, weeds in gardens, fleas in hog-pens, dirt in victuals, disputes in families, wars with nations, water in the ocean, bad men in America, or base women in France"—a very emphatic way of saying *never*, which one would suppose quite sufficient; but Mr. Brownlow goes on to heap up impossibilities: "When I join the Democracy the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church. When Jordan Clark, of Arkansas, is President of the Republic of Great Britain, by the universal suffrage of a contented people; when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert by a county court in Kansas; when Congress obliges by law James Buchanan to marry a European princess; when good men cease to go to heaven and bad men to hell," etc., etc., "then will I change my political faith, and come out on the side of Democracy." We submit that this may pass for very smart writing for a newspaper; but it is hardly worth reproducing in a book. The opponents of Mr. Brownlow are characterized with much more force than elegance. A newspaper in Knoxville is "edited by a scoundrel, debauchee, and coward, selected by more unprincipled men than himself, because of his adaptation to the dirty work he is employed to do."—The story of the sufferings of Mr. Brownlow and the other Union men in Tennessee is one of deep interest. We can almost pardon the fierce manner in which it is told. There is, moreover, a spice of grim humor here and there; as, for example, in the closing paragraph of a letter written from Knoxville Jail to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War at Richmond, Mr. Brownlow says: "You are reported to have said to a gentleman in Richmond that I am a bad man, dangerous to the Confederacy, and that you desire me out of it. Just give me my passports, and I will do for your Confederacy more than the Devil has ever done—I will quit the country." While we honor the indomitable courage of Mr. Brownlow, and acknowledge a high respect for him, we can not help wishing that his book had been more connected in manner; and, above all, that the tone of bitter feeling which runs through it had been softened down. He himself appears, on a review of his printed pages, to have suspected as much, for he says, in conclusion: "I have spoken plainly, vehemently—perhaps bitterly: but I could not do otherwise in so dear a concernment as my country's good. I feel that I may appropriate the prophet's language: the 'word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones; I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay.' God grant that the people may now raise their eyes and lift their

hands to the eternal and propitious Throne, in fervent supplication that the Father of Mercies will compose the distraction of our suffering land, and eclipse the splendor of our annals in the past by the future renown, for ages to come, of the Re-United States."

Olive Blake's Good Work, by J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, is the latest addition (No. 188) to "Harper's Library of Select Novels." Olive Blake is the wealthy daughter of a London banker, of the great house of Petersham and Blake. She has married, at the desire of her father, whose ambition is that the "House" shall be perpetuated, the son of his partner. She finds out in time that she is not the legal wife of her husband, for he had previously run away with the beautiful daughter of a country clergyman; and her "Good Work" consists in her determined effort to restore the good name of this woman by discovering legal evidence that she was duly married to Mr. Petersham. The story is told in succession by three of the persons who bear prominent parts in it; and these separate narratives are dovetailed into each other in a manner which will compare not unfavorably with the admirably constructed tales of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

Christian Worship: Services for the Church; with Order of Vespers and Hymns. The initials ("S. O." and "F. A. F.") appended to the admirably-written preface, indicate that this volume is the joint production of two of the most esteemed clergymen of the Unitarian denomination, and that it is specially designed for the use of that order. Its object is to "give a regular morning and evening service which shall duly combine freedom and order, or the variety which is the spice with the constancy which is the bread of life, and save us from the monotony of a wholly set ritual and the distraction of a wholly variable choice." While the volume is designed especially for the service of a particular Church, it is in no wise dogmatic or controversial. The time-hallowed treasures of ancient devotion have been freely used, but with the chants and prayers of former ages are intermingled the stirring lyrics which have sprung from the religious life of the new time. The collection of hymns is made up of the choicest examples of sacred lyrics, new and old. One of these, by William Cullen Bryant, "Lord, who ordainest for mankind," will, we trust, find its way from this volume into all future collections of poetry for public worship. (Published by James Miller.)

Children's Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals. (Harper and Brothers.) This volume, with its sixty illustrations by HARRISON WIER, is one which will be a favorite with all children, whether of larger or smaller growth. Dogs and horses, elephants and lions, monkeys and cats, eagles and parrots, birds and beasts of all kinds, contribute their share of entertainment and instruction. It is a capital book, in spirit, design, execution, and illustration.

MR. GEORGE ADLARD's monogram upon the *Sutton-Dudleys of England and the Dudleys of Massachusetts* is an excellent specimen of a kind of work which it is to be desired might be more frequently undertaken by gentlemen of means and leisure. Such minute genealogical and biographical researches not unfrequently throw much light upon general history, and are gladly welcomed by students. Mr. Adlard has brought to light some curious documents, among which is Cotton Mather's "More Particular Account of the Life of Mr. Thomas Dudley, several times Governor of Massachusetts Colony in New England." (Charles B. Richardson, Publisher.)

Editor's Table.

VICTORY.—Life itself is, and always has been, a battle; and every battle must end in victory or defeat. Down deep in the strata of the earth, as well as upon its surface, we find the marks of the great conflicts that have always been waging; and the little polyp of the primary geological age began that struggle for life with the elements of nature or with hostile tribes of animated being which Man, the lord of creation, is now continuing on a scale of destructiveness commensurate with his exalted powers. He impresses into his military service all elements and forces beneath him, and tries to win to his side the merciful car and the almighty arm of Heaven. His weapons are forged from the mine, and his projectiles are hurled by explosive substances that are dug from the earth; so that he summons almost hell itself to be his ally against his foes. Gold supplies the men and munitions, and fire and water lend the speed, and iron makes the arms that are now deciding who are to be masters of the globe; and just at this time our own hitherto peaceful continent, and even our own peace-loving country, is the main arena of struggle. We are all compelled, in spite of ourselves, to confess that war is one of the necessities of civil society; or, at least, as long as man is man, and not an angel of God, there will be times in which nations must assert their independence by the strong arm or else cease to exist.

Nor is the struggle confined by any means to warfare. Every department of business is a field of intense competition; and if we could only hear the cries of the wounded and the shouts of the victors in the great fight for fortune or fame, our ears would be stunned by the din or pierced by the shrieks. Every day, nay, every hour, some field is lost or won within our sight; and this great mart of traffic is a Waterloo whose strife can never cease. Not only do individuals strive with each other, but streets and neighborhoods have their feuds; and any one who watches the course of business or society will see at once that a constant contest is going on as to which quarter shall win the purse in trade or wear the feather in fashion. An observing man might write a most instructive history of the war of sections and neighborhoods in our great city, and trace the rise or wreck of private fortunes to the issue of strifes for the supremacy. Every line of business, too, has its conflicts, and that same struggle between the central power and sectional privileges which makes up so much of the history of nations goes on in every branch of traffic; and certain great corporations or leading firms are constantly accused of threatening to swallow up or at least to domineer over the smaller establishments. In fact, nothing seems to be wholly at peace; and the holy Church itself not only rings with the war-cries of polemic theology, but is obliged to fight for its very standing-places with the world of business; and many a lofty spire in this metropolis has already been compelled to bow its head to the victorious forces of the bank and the warehouse, and remove the head-quarters of Faith to make room for the inexorable staff of Mammon and his advancing legions.

Perhaps it is this very fact, that the whole life is such a struggle, that leads us to take so intense an interest in war, and hang our hearts as well as our fortunes upon the issue of battles. If war were wholly unlike our usual life it would be far less exciting, and too foreign from our feelings and habits

to command our thought. It would not come home to us as it does were it not that it is a mirror of our own life, and like an eventful drama it holds before us what we are all going through. The combatants bring into clearer consciousness the militant powers of our own nature; and as we watch Murat's charge or Nelson's broadside we too are in the strife, and are quite sure that there is something of the soldier and the sailor under our peaceful broadcloth. So, too, we read anew in the struggle the crisis of our own life, and the strife before us in the page of history brings into clearer interpretation the conflict that we are always waging, more or less earnestly, with stubborn circumstances or unkind man. One cause, undoubtedly, of the intense interest felt in battles lies in the openness and immediate decisiveness of the result. Our own life-struggles may drag on for years, and never come to a decided point; but when two great armies meet one or the other must conquer, and very speedily too. So that never in the course of human affairs do such immense interests turn upon the events of a day as in the noted pitched battles that decide the fate of so many thousand men, and often control the future of nations for ages. Not only is the total issue thus significant in its decisiveness, but its significance generally appears in some signal point of the conflict; and what the charmed hero does at the momentous hour holds all beholders breathless with its august consequence, and thrills all future readers by its valor or presence of mind. In nothing under the sun do so many and so momentous elements combine in a single point as in a great victory. It is as if the life of the two armies—nay, of the whole conflicting nations—met together in two metallic points, as in the wires of a galvanic battery, and that one flash decides upon which side fortune and the future are to dwell.

Yet, with all the flaming rhetoric of battle and the romantic fascination of warfare, there is no subject that more calls for and rewards the closest study and reasoning. The Science of War is one of the most exact order of the sciences, and there is no business capable of being carried on more strictly with the help of pure mathematics than that of the military engineer. The construction of a fortification and the range of a projectile are matters of the severest calculation; and strength and valor, without science, could not hold their ground for a day against a skillful enemy—and the engineer is as essential as the sutler to the very existence of an army. In order to lay his plans wisely, and to take such measures as shall meet not only the present hour but control future results, the strategist must be something of a statesman as well as a general, and his battles must be great acts of policy as well as of valor and generalship. He must make large account of the elements of time and character in his combinations and movements, and—to say nothing of the claims of humanity, but speaking only the language of military science—we call him a blunderer, and little less than a murderer, who exposes his own men or even slaughters the enemy in a battle that has no decisive consequence and wins no lasting good. Perhaps it is too much, however, to ask any man to judge of all the results of a campaign, or even of a victory; and it needs the calm and far-seeing eye of the historian to tell what consequences hang often upon a single conflict. Borrowing the historian's light, we may give our thoughts a profitable turn by considering, as well as we are

able, the true standard by which to measure victories in general, and the victories which we as a nation have gained or hope to gain in particular.

We must not refuse to value duly the most obvious standard of measurement, because it is so often overestimated—we mean the *number* of men and the *amount* of munitions of war that depend upon the victory. It is a great thing to defeat fifty or a hundred thousand men, and take their arms and material. When the struggle is at first uncertain, from equality of numbers and means, a moderate victory on our part becomes of immense importance, by taking away a portion of the enemy's strength and adding it to our own; so that they who before seemed about equally matched are no longer so either in numbers, means, or spirit. The enemy's loss must be doubled in order to be duly estimated, so far as available munitions are concerned. Thus if both parties carry into the field fifty cannon, and we capture twenty from the enemy, our gain is far more than the number twenty at first signifies, and the ratio changes from fifty and fifty to seventy and thirty. When the more commanding muniments of warfare are taken—such as cannon of the most improved construction, or fortifications that are the keys of great territories—the victory is far more decisive; and sometimes a whole campaign may hang upon the capture of a battery, or a whole war may be decided before a single fort.

In measuring the *extent* of a victory, our advanced civilization thinks far less of the number of men slain or captured in battle, and counts mainly upon the value of the position won. The fight turns between skillful generals upon the possession of the keys of the domain—either of the strong-holds that command the territory, or of the seats of government that represent the honor of the nation. The slaughter of men is in itself to be regarded as an evil; and he is no general, but a coarse butcher, who gains his point by the loss of a thousand lives when, with patience and skill, his victory might have been wholly or nearly bloodless. Upon the same principle, almost any amount of sacrifice is justifiable when the whole future of a nation depends upon a single struggle; and wherever a pass like Thermopylæ can be defended against a host of virtual barbarians, like the Persians under Xerxes, it is not only high heroism, but military prudence, in any Leonidas to risk his own life and that of all his Spartans to save the land and civilization of Greece from being overrun by the barbaric horde. In the wars of the present and future it is clear that the results of victory will be measured more by consequences than by numbers, and the effort will look more and more toward mastering the keys of the situation. The campaign of the Crimea was a signal illustration of this fact, and the three most powerful nations of Christendom, instead of trying to overrun the whole of the territories at stake, confined the war virtually to a single point, knowing that the issue there must be decisive of the whole struggle; and that if Russia could not hold Sebastopol, it was idle to think of her seizing Constantinople. If the war on the part of the Allied Powers had been in order to make aggressions upon Russia, instead of resisting her aggressions upon the balance of power in Europe, the policy would have been very different, and at all available points the domain of the Czar would have been threatened or overrun, and the victory at the Crimea would have been not the end, but the beginning of the strife.

In our present war for the defense of our national

life our course is not so easy, and we but began our work when we defended our capital from invasion. Our citadels are in the territory of those who have made themselves our enemies, and self-defense must needs appear to take the form of aggression. Still the question presents itself, and is most earnestly asked—How shall the ends of victory be won by the least sacrifice, not only on our part, but on the part of our enemies? and evidently the whole question of future power is to be settled by deciding the mastery of a few strong-holds or commanding positions. Savage warfare would begin by indiscriminate massacre, and the ravages of fire and sword would start at our frontier and go on with the advance of our armies; but not only our humane feeling but our military usage stigmatizes as murder every assault upon life that is not called for by military necessity, and each armed enemy is tenderly cared for the moment he ceases to be dangerous by ceasing to be a combatant. When viewed thus, in relation to the importance of a few strong-holds or commanding positions, our national victories have a momentous significance. The defense of our capital, the capture of the great forts on the Tennessee, Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and on the sea-coast, have consequences immensely beyond all estimates of life lost, or wounds inflicted, or arms taken. No victories in modern times and in civilized countries have so much importance as commanding such vast domains. The armies in the field are indeed vast; yet, thus far, their effect has been more demonstrative than destructive, and the whole loss of life, thus far, has not equaled that in any one of Napoleon's great battles in Europe. The reason undoubtedly why we have lost so little life is in the fact that we had so many lives to lose; and the half million of men who rose at the call of the nation have served quite as much as a peace establishment as a war establishment, and have kept an imperious enemy from invading our soil and shedding our blood. The magnitude of our army gives extent and permanence to the victories already won, and every life that has been lost in the frontier struggle has won for us a tenfold good from the assurance given to the enemy that the ground won will be kept by the thousand men who stand ready when called to take the place of the one slain in battle. So then, viewed in respect to the magnitude of its consequences, our great armament conquers when it least sheds blood, and gives manifold power to every blow struck in the face of the enemy. It gives moral prestige, too, to military conquest, by being unequivocal proof that we are a powerful nation, and have a patriotism that is willing to meet the dangers and costs of war, because it is determined to secure the blessings and powers of peace.

We will not attempt to make an estimate of the amount of material results that depend upon the victory of our national arms in this war for self-preservation, for our arithmetic and our rhetoric both alike would fail us in the effort. It is clear, however, that the destiny of a whole continent and of the wealth and welfare of thirty and perhaps a hundred millions of people depend upon the issue of the contest. The nation as a nation, under its Constitution and laws, and with its historic and associate and continuous life, virtually ceases to exist if defeated, and little more than the inglorious memory of lost greatness would be our heritage if we tamely consented to the surrender of our capital and the surrender of the tie that binds the members to the head or the States to the Government. Not only our

Government would be destroyed by the loss of its constituent obligation, but the land itself would be mutilated as well as curtailed by division. What would be left to us of the territory would be like an amputated limb or a severed artery, and the very completeness of our present domain would aggravate the mischiefs of its mutilation. To have the upper part of the Mississippi without the lower, or to possess the Susquehanna River without commanding Chesapeake Bay, would be owning the right of Tantalus to the goods that he can see and feel but not taste, and would be exaggerating the fact of poverty by the show of opulence.

When we come to the *moral results* of national victory, or the *quality* of our trophies, the issue appears still more momentous; for with governments, as with individuals, character is the most important part of capital, as man is greater than circumstance. It can not be denied that victory itself is essential to our keeping our character as a nation, and if we fail to suppress the present insurrection we lose our caste as well as our cash, and our spirit as well as our reputation falls. It by no means follows that defeat is always degradation, for greatness itself has its misfortunes, and nations of undoubted valor have sometimes been compelled to yield to superior strength. But in our case defeat is degradation, because it implies that we do not care enough about our country to defend it, and the humiliation of being conquered must combine the mortification of cowardice with the bitterness of misfortune. There is, indeed, in all defeat a great trial of self-respect, and he is a true hero who can hold up his head as proudly before as after the battle has gone against him. His enemies, however, acquiesce in his judgment if it is clear that he has done his best in face of great odds, and not valor but fortune has failed him. But we can have no such solace if we fail, and we shall have and deserve the contempt of the civilized world for surrendering our nationality to inferior numbers, intelligence, and worth. Our enemies would not be likely to comfort us in our humiliation by any peculiar tenderness or magnanimity. The insurgents are worshippers of power, and their insurrection has sprung more from anger at the check put upon their domineering will than from serious conviction that wrong has been done to their constitutional rights. If they get the better of us we shall never hear the last of it, and we must be content to sit down under the perpetual shower of contumely or be stung to some future warfare to avenge the intolerable insult of the former defeat. We pity the coarse pugilist who allows himself to be hammered into a mass of jelly in the determination to prove that he is the better man than his antagonist; yet he has some justification for his feeling in our frail human nature, and he who is once fairly whipped can hardly help having the feeling of being whipped as long as he lives. With the pugilist the defeat implies mainly inferiority of muscle and skill in boxing; but with us, in the present contest, defeat would put the taint of inferiority upon our whole character and civilization. Our civilization, whose corner-stone is liberty, would bow the knee to a virtual despotism, whose corner-stone is bondage; and we not only degrade ourselves, but are false to the sacred rights of man and progressive order of society, which are confided to our care by the Providence of God and the august leaders of the human race.

In estimating the moral value of a victory over men we go astray unless we take into account the character and condition of the men who are con-

quered, and the use made of the victory by the conquerors. Mere victory of itself has no moral quality when it implies merely superior physical force without any positive moral aims, and a nation degrades itself by invading a weaker community merely to enslave, or rob, or debauch its people. Thus the moral worth of the conquest of Algiers by France, or of India by Great Britain, must depend chiefly upon the degree to which the natives of those countries are made to partake of the civilization of the victors; for the conquest of itself, under circumstances of such positive superiority in arts and arms, gives little glory. In fact, we are compelled to affirm as a sober political truth the high principle of religion that commands us to overcome evil with good, and therefore bids us measure the worth of a victory by the amount of positive good that the victor does to the vanquished. It was thus that the Gospel won its great triumphs, and exalted all whom it subdued to its cross. With all their worldly ambition, we can not deny that the great monarchs of Christendom have done a great deal to civilize, and refine, and elevate the barbaric nations whom they have subdued; and Christian institutions, with their peaceful temper and spiritual powers, have followed in the wake of the army, and healed the wounds made by the sword with the unction of the Gospel. In our present warfare we are imperatively bound by this law of charity, and the dignity of our conquest depends mainly upon the amount and kind of good that we mean to do to our enemies. We must overcome them with good by urging upon them a good Government, firm and free in its policy, and friendly to all the liberty, intelligence, industry, virtue, and religion that constitute the best welfare of a people. Instead of regarding this view of our duty as at all Quixotic, we look upon it as eminently practical—in fact, as the dictate of the most obvious policy as well as of the best principle. Whether we regard the nation's victory either as acting upon character or upon institutions, we can not but regard it as in the end a blessing to the whole people.

Consider first the influence of our victory upon character, and note its power in shaping the mind and purpose of the nation at large. Evidently, if we yield the national life to the baleful assaults of secession, we cease to be a people, and have no national character. If we vindicate the national life, we vindicate it for all who now or hereafter may take its name and enjoy its protection. We do as much by this second rising of the people to confirm our nationality as the first rising in the War of Independence did to establish it, so that if the first war was our baptism, and gave us our name, this second war is our confirmation, and proves that we can maintain and make good our name. In the first case we were pressed together by the force of a foreign foe, and in the second case we hold together in opposition to internal sedition, and thus doing we perform a sterner duty and submit to a more thoroughgoing civil discipline than when we rushed to arms in common passion and policy against foreign oppression. Vindicating thus a second time the American name, we vindicate it for all Americans; and the day is not far distant when they who are now in arms against us will be proud of professing and bequeathing to their children the very name which they have done so much and so vainly to disparage and destroy. The national name, confirmed by victory over the insurrection, will carry with it a national idea, and purpose, and association, and will be a living power as well as a thrilling word.

It is not easy to define precisely what this power is, for it is felt more easily than defined, and every time we look upon the dear old Stars and Stripes after we have won any success over sedition, there is something that thrills our pulses and mounts to our head that tells more what our nationality means than any learned disquisitions upon the value of the Union or the authority of the Constitution. It shows that nationality is a life, not a mere opinion; and that, like all life, it is an essence, and not a composition—a soul in our body, and not a fermentation in a heap of miscellanies. The nation, as such, must have a mind of its own, and can speak it to the world with a voice of authority when vindicated by valor; and can speak it not only in courts and camps and fleets, but in markets and journals and poetry and orations, in senates, schools, and pulpits, as never before. The nation, too, thus has a will of its own—a majestic public will, that not merely makes itself heard in treaties and manifestoes, but which passes into the common life of the people, and makes every man and woman, boy and girl, strong by union with the great organic life that dwells within the whole body politic, and makes the peace of the whole body the strength of each member. This national mind and will must form a mighty public spirit, as full of comfort as of might, and sometimes, in its most sacred and humane offices, rising into the dignity of that religious fellowship which enjoys the breath of God's own spirit. We are already feeling something of this regeneration of national life, and we are to feel it still more as the great heart of the people beats more deeply and calmly with the glow of patriotism, and ceases to be distracted with the passions and anxieties of war.

Now how can such national life be secured without being the blessing of the whole nation, and what man is so churlish as to wish to shut any loyal citizen out of its privilege? It is impossible even now to limit its worth or validity within any territorial lines, and there are men in Nashville and in New Orleans, nay, even in demented Charleston, who are proud of our national name; and as the secession power is gradually hemmed in and trampled under foot, even those who repent at the eleventh hour of their sin may be none the less earnest to enter the vineyard and resume the name that is worth more than silver and gold, whether in one penny or in many pounds. Allow, indeed, that for a time a taint will rest upon all the districts that have been infected with the virus of treason, that very fact may make their people more eager to purify themselves by putting away all malignant characters, and giving solid proof of loyalty. How summarily all malignants are dealt with who may persist after our positive victory in embroiling the country in feuds we do not care, and the sooner the rope is about their necks the better for their neighbors and the whole world. But surely nothing but madness itself can persist in feeding the sources of treason by cutting off any sections who wish to be loyal to the Government from the rights and duties of citizenship. We have no fear that any such policy of subjugation will be adopted as will perpetuate secession by such concision. In the very nature of things, with the triumph of the Government the universality of its citizenship will be secured; and rapidly increasing numbers, by migration, civil appointment, and otherwise, in places of power and wealth in the States that have been most misguided, will overpower the sectional temper by the national spirit, and the weak

or erratic members will be animated anew with the glow of healthy public life.

We know very well where the hardest pinch is, and that the difference in modes of industry compels a certain difference of views and feelings, that tend to make geographical lines lines of civil animosity, and threaten to make the triumph of the national Government the ruin, if not the annihilation, of great local interests. But what is more clear than that the triumph of the nation, with its industry, intelligence, and liberty, must be in the end the triumph of the whole people, and the means of universal prosperity? Take for example the power of free labor and unfettered enterprise: are not the Southern people already accepting the very Northern principles which they have professed so to dread? and in their tremendous efforts to cut themselves away from the Union are they not striking harder blows at their own pride of caste, and doing more to elevate mechanical ingenuity and intelligent labor than had ever been done by the fiercest advocates of emancipation? It is beyond all question that the full establishment of the authority of the nation over the districts will tend to carry every where the progressive elements of the national life, and South as well as North and West will see as never before the evolution of the ideas and powers that have given us heretofore our name as a people. The laboring class, both black and white, must have education and motive as never before, and not only produce, but consume, more than ever, and thus not only enlarge the products of the soil, but increase and improve the manufactures and traffic of the whole country. It is a miserable sophism in political economy that regards the cheapest labor and the most degraded laborer as the most profitable. He works best for his master who puts mind into his work, and he best uses his wages who not only fills his master's purse and his own belly, but creates a demand for good food, furniture, and manufactures, and so helps civilize society and educate industry while he tills the soil.

In this country there can be no fear of our long degrading any one section of our country by the triumph of the national arms, so far as the white race are concerned; for the facilities of communication, the interchanges of residence, the ties of business and blood and affinity are such as very soon to break down any sectional barriers, so long as commerce is free and communication is open. The negro race is the great stumbling-block in the way of the nation, and it is to many a most perplexing question how we are to meet it in the day of our victory, without either abandoning our principles of freedom or sacrificing our interests and pride by rash emancipation and degrading equality. The nearer we come to the issue the clearer it is that this problem is solving itself; and all we have to do is to wait the decrees of God's Providence. The National Government is responsible for the negro only so far as he is under its constitutional authority, and the Proclamation of our President that offers aid to States desirous to secure to themselves the removal of slavery affirms the limit, while it accepts the fact of responsibility. By aid of the Government, and also by the inevitable action of our armies in the Slave States, it is clear that this war will not leave slavery where it found it; and henceforth freedom is to be national, and whatever is not free is to be local, not national. But why fear that the freedom of the white race is to be endangered or lost by any amelioration of the negro's lot? If the negro is really the white man's equal,

both gain by the fullest and freest competition and alliance. If, on the other hand, as our people generally seem to believe, the negro is inferior to the white man in constitutional perfection, and especially in the higher forms of intellectual power, and must always hold a comparatively subordinate position, no change of national policy can alter the nature of things, and make white to be black or black to be white. The negro is among us at the North wholly free, yet he is left to find his own level, and we are not forced, and do not mean to be forced, to associate with him as an equal, when he is not such by constitution, taste, or culture. Liberty is lost at once the very moment that we deny the right of men to associate together according to their elective affinities, and the convictions of the nation are most emphatically committed to this liberty, and our soldiers as they advance Southward show not the first signs of any disposition to adopt or enforce any sentimental notions of identity of relation between races that God has so obviously separated. The very thought of amalgamation is nauseous to our people at large; and our national victory, instead of bringing it on tends rather to keep it off, by securing the preponderance of Northern ideas over Southern manners. The law of liberty, indeed, is that the career should be open to all talent, and association should be left free to the play of elective affinities. If this law is thought to subject the white race to the black, he who thinks so already confesses the subjection begun, and betrays his cause in the very effort to advocate it?

In one respect our national victory will assist the South in dealing with its terrible burden, by making the whole nation see, as never before, how heavily it rests upon all, and, whether bond or free, the negro is virtually intrusted to us all. Hasty and violent emancipation would flood us with a tide of vagrancy and pauperism, or make of the South a barbaric wilderness that we could hardly call our own. Evidently the whole nation must seriously consider the status of the negro; and the nation is no more willing than the South to ruin itself by any precipitate philanthropy that might aggravate the ill which it would cure. The nation will be cautious and conservative, as well as liberal and humane; and ere long the true principle and policy will be developed that shall secure to the negro his just amount of liberty and privilege without tempting him to license and indolence. Positive victory will be more merciful to the master than continued warfare, and they who now justly may forfeit all right of property as the penalty of treason, may find in the nation a protector as soon as allegiance is certain and peace secure.

So far as the mind of the revolted States is concerned, we do not despair of winning them to reason, as so many seem to do. A sound drubbing will do them good in many ways, but chiefly by convincing their leaders of the hopelessness of their struggle, and moving them to use their great influence in procuring the best terms of pacification. We do not believe that, if our troops conquer the great armies of the insurgents, the insurrection will long go on in guerrilla raids; for the war did not begin with the people but with the leaders, and as it began so it will be likely to end. The rebellion is madness of the most monstrous kind, but there is method in the madness; and the method can work both ways, and calm as well as raise the tempest. The conspirators, with all their insane passion for power, have ever put forth a certain doctrine of State rights, and thus

have not wholly cut themselves off from the appeals of conscience and the laws of nations. A sound drubbing may open their eyes to another kind of right, or at least compel them to make a virtue of necessity, and look out for some ground of principle on which to legitimate the surrender which must soon be made to the National Government of the unlimited sovereignty of the States. There need be little fear that when victory is sure to our arms the contest will be prolonged on our part by unwarranted aggression. We have pens as well as swords, and our enemies are even more keen in council than brave in battle. Undisputed victory will at once open the arena of negotiation, where the best minds of the whole country will meet, and not in vain; and the solid advantages of the contest will be secured to the nation without needless harshness or degrading oppression. We as yet do not hate the rebels with personal malignity, and victory will not be likely to make us hate them more. They seem to hate us pretty soundly, but may be a little calmed and sweetened in temper by being convinced beyond all question that they are thoroughly beaten, and their only dignity as well as safety hereafter consists in being loyal sections of a great nation, instead of centres of a presumptuous usurpation.

How near we are to the decisive victory of our national arms we can not say, and perhaps no contemporary judgment of the consequences of a great battle can be final. It is somewhat comforting, however, to run our eye over the sad catalogue of wars and see that, instead of being interminable, they have their decisive crises, and some nine or ten battles have settled the future of modern nations. Thus, at Hastings, in 1066, it was decided that the Norman should master the Saxon, and with him build up the great edifice of English greatness. So too at Orleans, in 1429, it was settled that England should not swallow up France; nor tread upon her as a vassal instead of being animated by her as a rival. In 1588 the pride of the whole Papal empire as well as of the Spanish crown was broken in the defeat of the great Armada, and Protestantism kept its place in the front of the nations. At Blenheim, in 1704, the imperialism of Louis XIV. met its final check, and English liberty vindicated itself against French centralization. At Lützen, under Gustavus Adolphus, in 1632, or at Prague, under Königsmark, in 1648, the aggressions of Papal Austria were checked, and the peace of Westphalia was secured after the Thirty Years' War. At Pultowa, in 1709, Russia conquered from Sweden her place as the great power of the North. At Saratoga, in 1777, or at Yorktown, in 1781, our America struck the blow that secured her independence. Soon after, at Valmy, in 1792, the French people proved their power to sustain themselves against the old aristocracies of Europe, and the nation of the French was born, for a while to be democratic; and afterward, with less change of principle than of name, to be imperial. In 1815 Waterloo gave the quietus to the schemes of the first Napoleon, and perhaps gave the sting that may provoke the vengeance of France against England under the third Napoleon. Within ten years great battles have occurred that may claim a first-class place in history; but the issue of the Crimea and of Solferino has less significance than that now to be decided in this great republic. If we lose, we not only are ruined ourselves, but the cause of republican government itself is lost. If we gain, our victory is not only our own, but that of civilization and liberty, intelligence, industry,

humanity, and religion. It is wrong to speak with any doubt of the issue. The nation has virtually conquered. Our flag now floats in every one of the revolted sections, and soon the final blow must be struck at secession which will trample the foul treason under foot, whence it will never dare to lift its arm against the national life. What is true up to the limit must be true within the limit; and if the nation, unwarned and unprepared, has been able to overcome disunion in its best estate, and backed up with such aids from home conspirators and foreign abettors, what will the nation do when its integrity is restored, its power consolidated, its army and navy perfected, its loyalty sacred in its traditions and in its faith, and its flag the symbol of its twofold triumph over foreign oppression and domestic treason?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE name of Henry Thoreau is known to very few persons beyond those who personally knew him; but it will be known long and well in our literature, and can not fade from the memories of all who ever saw him. He was a plain New England man, who sighed neither for old England nor for Greece and Rome. In the woods and pastures of a region in no way remarkable for its natural beauty or for cultivation he found all the company he cared for, and believed that the birds and beasts and flowers he knew were certainly as good, and the men and women perhaps even better, than he could have found in any other place at any other time.

The story of his life is perfectly simple. He had an aptitude for study, graduated at Cambridge, returned to his home in Concord, Massachusetts, and worked as a land-surveyor, while he studied as his inclinations led; built a shanty or cottage by the side of a pretty pond, where he lived quite alone at an expense of about seventy dollars a year; was as faithful a student of nature as he was of Greek literature and Hindoo philosophy; was a most accurate observer, and became known to naturalists and valued by them; had a shrewd mother-wit; but upon the whole he seemed to think that civilization had gone astray; that much fine wisdom had perished with the Indians, and had not been replaced; that the Stoics were the true heroes, and the Hindoo Vedas and Norse Eddas the most interesting religious legends.

He was a man of singular rectitude, independence, and sagacity. Mr. Emerson says of him that no one was so entirely uninfluenced by the ordinary motives of human action. He wished neither riches, nor fame, nor influence. He cared to be himself only, and he held the world and modern times successfully at bay. But he was entirely unobtrusive. Once or twice only, by the urgent request of others, he spoke in public, but without especial success, for he was in no degree magnetic or impassioned, and his intellectual habit was solitary and severe. He was truly at home in the woods or on the water, and yet he was so much more than a naturalist merely, like Cotton or any of the amiable observers of birds and animals, that he is to be thought of as a naturalist only in the largest sense. He was quite as much thinker as he was observer, and he was familiar with the best literature. His chapter on Reading, in his "Walden, or Life in the Woods," is as good as any thing ever written upon the subject.

"No wonder," he says, "that Alexander carried

the Iliad with him on his expeditions in a precious casket. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only be read, but actually breathed from all human lips—not be represented on canvas or in marble only, but be carved out of the breath of life itself. The symbol of an ancient man's thought becomes a modern man's speech. Two thousand summers have imparted to the monuments of Grecian literature, as to her marbles, only a maturer golden and autumnal tint, for they have carried their own serene and cheerful atmosphere into all lands, to protect them against the corrosion of time. . . . Most men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts, and not be cheated in trade; but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing; yet this only is reading, in a high sense, not that which lulls us as a luxury, and suffers the nobler faculties to sleep the while, but what we have to stand on tip-toe to read, and devote our most alert and wakeful hours to."

This book, the record of his residence, his thoughts, and observations during the time he lived in the woods upon the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, is of the very best of its kind in any literature. He lived in his cottage about two years. For the rest of his life his home was in the village. "I found," he says, "that by working about six weeks in a year I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study." The cheerful humor with which he details his woodland experience is racy and delightful. "Many a traveler came out of his way to see me and the inside of my house, and, as an excuse for calling, asked for a glass of water. I told them that I drank at the pond, and pointed thither, offering to lend them a dipper." "Restless committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject, who could not bear all kinds of opinions; doctors, lawyers, uneasy housekeepers, who pried into my cupboard and bed when I was out—how came Mrs. — to know that my sheets were not as clean as hers?—young men who had ceased to be young, and had concluded that it was safest to follow the beaten track of the professions—all these generally said that it was not possible to do so much good in my position. Ay! there was the rub. The old and infirm and the timid, of whatever age or sex, thought most of sickness, and sudden accident, and death; to them life seemed full of danger—what danger is there if you don't think of any?—and they thought that a prudent man would carefully select the safest position, where Dr. B— might be on hand at a moment's warning. To them the village was literally a *com-muni-ty*, a league for mutual defense; and you would suppose that they would not go a huckleberrying without a medicine-chest. The amount of it is, if a man is alive there is always *danger* that he may die, though the danger must be allowed to be less in proportion as he is dead-and-alive to begin with. A man sits as many risks as he runs."

Thoreau was a Stoic, but he was in no sense a cynic. His neighbors in the village thought him odd and whimsical, but his practical skill as a surveyor and in wood-craft was known to them. No

man was his enemy, and some of the best men were his fastest friends. But his life was essentially solitary and reserved. Careless of appearances in later days, when his hair and beard were long, if you had seen him in the woods you might have fancied Orson passing by; but had you stopped to talk with him, you would have felt that you had seen the shepherd of Admetus's flock, or chatted with a wiser Jaques. For some time past he had been sinking under a consumption. He made a journey to the West a year ago, but in vain; and returned to die quietly at home.

It was my good fortune to see him again, last November, when he came into the library of a friend to borrow a volume of Pliny's letters. He was much wasted, and his doom was clear. But he talked in the old strain of wise gravity without either sentiment or sadness. His conversation fell upon the Indians of this country, of our obligations to them, and our ingratitude. It was by far the best talk about Indians I have ever heard or read; and somewhere among his papers, it is to be hoped, some monument of his knowledge of them and regard for them survives.

Mr. Thoreau was the neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Emerson, who read a discourse at his funeral. "Referring to the Alpine flower *Adelweiss*, or nobility, which the young Switzers sometimes lose their lives in plucking from its perilous heights, he said: 'Could we pierce to where he is, we should see him wearing profuse chaplets of it, for it belonged to him.' Where there is knowledge, where there is virtue, where there is beauty, where there is progress, there is now his home." In a poem called "Woodnotes," published nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Emerson had already said what he doubtless felt of this valued and faithful friend. The lines will be new to many of our readers to whom the author is not known as a poet, although few men have written such true poetry:

"The water-courses were my guide;
I traveled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry;
They led me through the thicket damp.
Through brake and fern, the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed;
The falling waters led me,
The foodful waters fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was pole-star when the night was dark;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food;
For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

Our national anniversary recurs under circumstances more remarkable than ever before. It closes a year which has demonstrated two things: one, that in a free popular government, at its bitterest moment of party strife, patriotism is yet stronger than party; and the other, that a purely popular government is the strongest in the world. The profound wisdom of the fathers has been vindicated in

a manner no man could have desired, but which is clear and final.

Let us, then, have our short Fourth of July oration, not in the Bombastes vein, but in that quiet and grave strain which the times impose.

The fundamental and essential difference between our own and all other systems of government is this, that we hold all men to have certain rights inherent in their nature which society is bound to protect, and which can be taken away only for cause; while other systems hold that society grants those rights and may revoke them at pleasure. And that is the safeguard against the tyranny of a majority, which is the deepest danger that can threaten a popular system. For by that system no majority can justly deprive any man of his natural rights, except for crime, or in case of extreme public peril to secure the public safety. Our system is the perpetual plea of right against power. It limits the exercise of power. For instance, it denies that any number of people can arbitrarily, or by their mere will, deprive any smaller number of life, which is a natural right of every man. Of course it does not deny that the greater number have physical force adequate to take the lives of the smaller; but by establishing as the basis of all social action the principle of the inviolability of life, except for cause, the whole society condemns in advance the exercise of the power.

In the same way the American system does not, and never did, justify a revolution by its success. Success in any action depending upon force only certifies a superiority of force. It was not the success of our own revolution that justified it, nor did we ever claim so foolish a thing. Persecution of any kind is always successful if it be only strong enough. All the early resistances to the Romish Church were suppressed, Savonarola, the Albigenses, the Lollards, the Hussites; but the success of Rome did not justify Rome any more than our success, ninety years ago, justified our action. If we had thought so, our cause would have been defeated by stating it.

The right of revolution is always conditional. If a tax-payer in the city of New York thinks the tax too high, has he a right to refuse to pay it and to shoot the officer who tries to collect it? And yet this is gravely declared by many to be the principle upon which we achieved our independence. On the contrary, our fathers acted upon certain general fundamental principles long before they articulated them; and the power of the Declaration of Independence lay greatly in the fact that it adequately expressed the common conviction which had only manifested itself in separate acts. The Declaration is our body of abstract, fundamental political faith. It declared that there were certain rights common to all men, of which the final proof lay in human consciousness, that when those rights were threatened the order of society and the welfare of mankind required a resort to peaceful redress; that when that peaceful redress failed, or when it did not exist, and the sufferers were solemnly persuaded that the wrong endured was greater than the possible injury accruing from seeking forcibly to right themselves, then, appealing to God and the universal conscience of mankind, they might properly fight to secure either redress or freedom from the oppressor.

This was the right of revolution reluctantly invoked by our fathers, and they never asserted any other. And fully knowing, by experience, how desperate a remedy it was, and even when most fortunate how necessarily sad in its operation, the first great act of their separation from Britain was to es-

tablish a system of government which should destroy, as far as possible, the necessity and possibility of justly appealing to revolution. Against lawlessness and rebellion no ruler or nation can effectually provide any more than against crime; but they can, and our fathers did, take from armed and organized resistance to law all pretense of necessity except in the unsupposable case that the majority should attempt to subvert the very original rights which the government, from which they derived all their authority, was expressly formed to protect. Nor, in such a case, could that right be invoked until every appeal to peaceable and lawful redress had failed. The case is not supposable, because to assume it is to assume a mental and moral condition which makes a popular system impossible.

The right of revolution is thus the right of forcible self-defense in the last extremity, and when its necessarily deplorable incidents are less to be dreaded than the more deplorable results of not resorting to it. To this conclusion our fathers slowly came. They did not ask to control the government, they asked only to have a fair voice in it. They did not refuse to pay the taxes, provided they were honestly represented in the government which imposed them. Bancroft cites the words of Washington, of Adams, and of the other illustrious patriots, showing how reluctantly they relinquished the hope of peaceful settlement. Even Thomas Paine, the most "radical" of all the revolutionary leaders, said in his "Common Sense," the pamphlet which had so great an influence in deciding the popular mind for separation: "No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself before the fatal nineteenth of April, 1775."

And, again, the right of revolution is not the right of doing just what you please, provided only that you are able; which seems to be a very general interpretation of the doctrine. That is simply anarchy. Yet that is what the English perpetually declare the right to be, sneeringly asserting that, upon our principle, if a town wants to set up for itself, you have no right to prevent it. The English sneer at the right of revolution, but their Government proceeds in constant deference to it. In his essay upon the French Revolution of 1848, a crushing reply to Lord Brougham's letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne, John Stuart Mill says: "Lord Brougham boasts through many pages of the feat performed by Lord Grey's ministry in effecting a great change in the Constitution (the first such change in history which was so accomplished) without an insurrection. But was it without the fear of an insurrection? If there had been no chance of a rising would the House of Lords have waived their opposition, or the Duke of Wellington have thrown up the game in despair? If, in England, the mere demonstration of popular force sufficed to effect what elsewhere required its actual exertion, it was because the majority of even the unreformed House of Commons was elected by constituencies sufficiently large for a really powerful and unanimous popular determination to reach it, and because the political usages and long-standing liberties of England allowed of popular meetings and political unions without limit or stint."

The passage of the Reform Bill was simply a peaceful revolution. But it was not a whim of the nation. It seriously wanted a truer representation, and it would have taken up arms to secure it had not the Government yielded. In this country, happily, it can never be the nation that opposes the Government, because the Government is the majority of

the nation. Such a movement must always spring from a faction who prefer a special to the common interest, and who would willingly sacrifice every thing to their own advantage. That is the difference between rebellion and revolution. He who, appealing to God and man, at last strikes in defense of the rights which God gave every man, and which have no other possible defense, strikes as Washington and our fathers struck. He who, disappointed and contemned, for his own aggrandizement and the welfare of his companions, strikes at the commonwealth strikes as Catiline and his confederates struck. The human heart is just. It reveres the one as a hero and a friend of man. It denounces the other as the enemy of the human race.

JOHN STUART MILL, who is most favorably known in this country for his admirable article upon our troubles, reprinted in a late number of this Magazine, is the author of the treatise upon Representative Government lately republished by the Harpers. It is a very timely book, by one of the leaders of modern thought, of whom a few words of biography will be welcome.

He gets his name from Sir John Stuart, a Scottish gentleman who sent his father, James Mill, to the Edinburgh University, and who came to London in 1800. He is known in English literature as the first editor of the *Westminster Review*, established by Jeremy Bentham, and more generally by his "History of British India," which was "the beginning of sound thinking upon the subject," and led to his employment by the East India Company. He published also a work upon Political Economy, and one upon the Phenomena of the Human Mind.

His son, John Stuart, was born in 1806, and so thorough was his education that it was said of him that he was the most elaborated mind of our age. He was first known as a botanist, but thinking and writing upon morals and politics it was supposed that he would be a more illustrious Bentham. But his career, if not that of the head of a school, has placed him among the leaders of thought. He is a man of universal sympathies, of the widest learning, and the most trenchant thought. His published works are upon Political Economy, Logic, "On Liberty," "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform," "Considerations on Representative Government," and a large collection of admirable and delightful Dissertations and Discussions, and he is well known to the scholars and thinkers of other lands than his own. His papers upon Bentham and Coleridge are celebrated. He is the perfect master of all his accomplishments, and his style is noble for its simplicity, raciness, clearness, and decision.

His essay "On Liberty" is the most significant of all his writings. Its wisdom and wit are equally delightful. Its calmness and heroism are refreshing. The argument is as follows: "This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness: demanding liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing or publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the prin-

ciple requires liberty of tastes and pursuits: of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow, without impediment from our fellow-creatures so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combinations among individuals: freedom to unite for any purpose not involving harm to others, the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived."

The "Essays and Reviews" that have made such a clatter in ecclesiastical England are merely the mildest application of this principle in certain directions. A few clergymen of the English Church state what they believe the Church teaches—certainly a very gentle heresy. A crowd of other English clergymen and some of the laity immediately put out their "Replies," which, whatever any one chooses to call them, are simply what *they* believe the Church teaches.

There is no living author better worth studying than John Stuart Mill.

THE visit of Parson Brownlow to the city was one of the memorable events of the month. His name had been so long familiar to the public, and was surrounded with such various and peculiar associations, that the interest in him was universal and profound. It was easy enough to foretell that his public reception at the Academy would be what is popularly called "an ovation." But it was much more than a spectacle. There was a tragic reality in what he said, and in the impression he personally produced.

If you enter the great opera-house by the stage door on Fourteenth Street you find yourself at once upon the stage, behind the scenes. The huge "wings" stretch up into the dim space toward the roof, and you move about in a murky twilight, smelling of varnish, and rather musty for want of ventilation. The murmur from the front of the house, and the light that streams in at the cracks and fissures of the scenery, draw you at once to some convenient aperture through which to survey the house. It is a curious spectacle that of five or six thousand gayly-dressed people sitting and standing expectant in the brilliant hall, rising tier upon tier in the white and gold balconies and galleries. To a Methodist preacher from the mountains of Eastern Tennessee it must have been dazzling and imposing.

The Green Room was full of clergymen and politicians and noted men, the invited guests. There was a general loud buzz of conversation, and a current and crowd toward the side of the room. Thither the eye instinctively turned to see the hero of the hour. Now certainly most men who have heard of "Parson Brownlow," who have read his speeches and marked his career, must have expected to see a thick, coarse figure, with a corresponding face, which would not surprise if it should seem vulgar. If a man had described his expectation would he not have probably said—A swearing, swaggering parson—a hard customer?

Well, the pictures and the descriptions are not faithful. There stood a tall, rather spare man, with marked but delicate features, careworn, perfectly pale, but both sad and intellectual. If there were any thing like a smile upon his face at any moment it was but a transitory gleam. The expression was calm, firm, sweet, but pensive. He received every

body with great simplicity, shaking hands and conversing easily and pleasantly with men of all parties and ages, but whose cause was his cause—the cause in which he had so faithfully fought and so sadly suffered.

A loud burst of music from the band playing the Star-spangled Banner and the clapping of hands in the house announced that the hour had come; and putting on his hat, drawing it over his brow, and following the gentlemen who had him immediately in charge, Parson Brownlow walked in upon the stage, followed by the crowd of notables, and advanced to the front toward the audience. They cheered, and clapped, and stamped, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and his welcome was such as the loyal city was sure to give to so loyal and tried a friend. A letter was read from the Governor, who regretted that he could not be present to preside. Then Mr. Evarts spoke a few words, wisely brief, and, as chairman, introduced Parson Brownlow. The applause was immense and long-continued. The speaker stood calmly, looking round from side to side, and quietly acknowledging the splendid welcome; and when there was perfect silence he began to speak.

As was natural for such a man in such a presence, he deprecated his want of eloquence and his inability to command the "polished diction" that charms and enchains. But no speech ever delivered in New York produced a more profound and marvelous effect. Perhaps it was not eloquent—it is not yet settled how eloquence should be defined—but it held every hearer fast, and with the most various emotion; and except for the fact that the civilization of Liberty makes even excited crowds of intelligent men, still humane, it is clear that at one point of the speech the safety of any man who should have been pointed out as a secessionist would not have been secure. But as it was, no conceivable eloquence could have swept that audience to an inhuman act. It was the witness of the spirit which moulds a society of freemen.

The speaker, on his side, was an equal illustration of the spirit of the society in which he was born and bred. His speech was a personal narration. He unfolded scene after scene of cruelty and horror at which the heart ached. Wild savages in their orgies of blood are not more devilish than the men whose actions he described. Calmly, standing erect, with the pale, sad face turning from side to side, he told the tale in a sustained, unvarying voice; while the audience audibly sympathized, murmured, cried "Shame!" and wiped their eyes, until, stepping a little backward, raising one denouncing arm, he cried, in a hard, shrill voice, "And this is the spirit of secession: a spirit of murder, of assassination, of hell! And yet"—he added, more intensely, and in a lower tone—"and yet you have men among you who excuse it, who sympathize with it, who sustain it!" and the audience shouted in indignation. "They have had their turn of shooting, and hanging, and stabbing; ours is to come!"

The earnest vindictiveness, the deep, calm bitterness with which it was said, was a tragic revelation of the kind and extent of crime that the spirit of a society familiar with injustice promotes, and of the qualities of character that it produces. Here was a preacher and patriot who had known something of martyrdom; it was perhaps not surprising, but it was terrible to see that his heart's hope was revenge, and that his way of peace was sudden and bloody extermination of the enemy. Every one who listened felt that he had a juster idea of the spirit which has plunged the nation into a fearful war. Not a

man who heard could suppose or hope that peace would come except over absolute and tremendous victory. As yet we know but half: the interior history of the war is to be told hereafter.

The same unrelenting earnestness which Parson Brownlow throws into his loyalty animates his enemies. It is that which will sustain them long after they are defeated. A kind of barbaric tenacity and fierceness, glozed with the forms of civilization, inevitably perplexes civilized intelligence and skill. This war is revealing every part of the country to every other; and the strongest civilization must necessarily establish itself as paramount.

SEVERAL months ago the Easy Chair was speaking of the Turkish bath, which had been lately introduced into England, and of which the most amusing and excellent accounts were published in the magazines and papers. It is now established as one of the "institutions;" and in a London paper under my eye there are the advertisements of three of them.

The Turkish bath, as all travelers in the East or readers of Eastern travel know, is a perspirative. It is a forced perspiration. It absolutely cleanses the pores, and the subject feels as "the aerated bread" looks as if it felt. The warm air seems to circulate through you, and you thrill with conscious oxygenization. The sense of purity is indescribable. After his first bath in Grand Cairo the Easy Chair felt as if he should float up among the lattices of the bazar and dissolve in the sunset.

The experience of Dr. Wilson and others in England merely confirms that of every body who has enjoyed the bath in the East; and a company has been formed in London with half a million of dollars capital, and Mr. Urquhart has been to Constantinople, that nothing may be wanting, and that Englishmen may at last be made as clean as Turks.

Some years ago there was a sign in Broadway near Niblo's which announced Turkish baths. Whether they were so, or whether it was a place for steam-scouring the body only, this Easy Chair never ascertained. But the sign, and probably the substance, have long since disappeared, and a bathing-house, apart from the hotels, is now a curiosity in the city. This want it is proposed to meet by the formation of the Turkish Bath Company, whereby we are all to be made clean. There is no doubt of the great value and luxury of such a bath, and there can be no reason for not having it except public indifference. And it is supposed this will be corrected by the conspicuous merits of the bath.

Mr. Oscanyan, who is the Manager, has interested several of the most noted citizens as Directors: Mr. Bryant, President King, Dr. Mott, Mr., late Surrogate, Bradford, Professor Dwight, Mr. Gunther, Mr. Tiemann, and others. A capital of \$30,000 is proposed to be raised by shares at \$25 each; and in a delightful prospectus all the details of advantage and profit are set forth. The subscribers are to have dividends, and one share of the stock will be entitled to one free ticket.

Nothing is more reasonable, nothing should be more feasible than this plan; and as if to have the ripe fruit actually drop into our mouths, "an Oriental civil engineer who is thoroughly conversant with all its details, having built one of the best baths in Constantinople, is now in New York." The only thing that New York does not furnish is the *tellak*, or manipulator, and he can be readily obtained from Turkey.

There is no country in the world in which money is made so easily and spent so profusely as in this; and if some rich man who is building a house with picture-galleries, billiard-rooms, and libraries, should add a Calidarium and Tepidarium, as many English gentlemen have, he would have a luxury so positive and unique that every body would hasten to imitate him.

If New York knows the value of a new and exquisite sensation it will have the Turkish bath.

THE Central Park is already a part of the city. The old question of the friends who came from abroad—"What shall I see in the city?"—no longer puzzles. "Go to the Park, which is only just beginning; but Versailles and the Cascine, Munich and the Thiergarten, in all their glory, are not so beautiful as this."

The impression of perfect thoroughness and honesty in every part of the Park is as charming as it is new in a public work. The stately elm avenue, the picturesque terraces, the romantic shores of the lake, the winding walks of the Ramble, the broad sweep of greensward, the cricket-ground, the endless glimpses of graceful bridges, the exquisite care in details, shrubs, trees, plants, flowers, all in their proper places, are beautiful even now; but we must needs look at them with the imagined eyes of our posterity if we would see their full glory and impression when clouds of evergreen groves dip upon the sunny lawns, and branching elms "high over-arched embower," and that fine mellow tone touches every thing which belongs to works of fine art in landscape as well as in every other material.

What pure bits of ornament in nature swans and peacocks are! Does Nature discriminate men as subtly as she does swans? Does not that peacock in the Ramble surpass the "magnificent magnificences of the Magnificoes" in Venice? to use Sir Philip Sidney's gay expression. No goose can be a man, but may not every man be a gentleman? Orders and ranks and castes, then, may belong to an inferior animal development.

Within a high wire paling there are some deer, and, dearest of all, a delicate Venezuelan doe. They browse happily upon the green grass. No vagabonds with sticks can poke them, nor with orange-peel and tobacco-quids work them woe. It does not seem to occur to the deer that they are not sheltered by Adirondack woods, nor, in this burning weather, to the doe that she is not pasturing upon the equator.

Morning and evening the Park is alive with visitors. The steady riders who come for the constitutional jog go pounding solemnly along. The younger ones try to disguise it under an airy aspect of frolic. They would have us staring pedestrians believe that they are not, as it were, taking their bottles of Congress water, their Seidlitz powders, their Peruvian sirup. Oh no! not they! They have come bounding out "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But the old cherrybouncers have no such artifice. They pound quietly round, careless if the whole world sees that they mean to outwit dyspepsia. And we staring pedestrians wonder as they jog by, whether, since they make this life such a business, they will make all lives so, and pound round the circuit of the planets as they do of the Park.

But the graceful carriages and the pretty wagons—some of the light trotting wagons so gayly painted that they flash along like sunbeams on cobwebs, a "line of light" on a shadowy pair of circles—these

are the special glory of the promenade. Riding is not yet universal with us; but driving is a passion.

On a pleasant day the scene is an undress carnival. The liveries are happily few, nor is there that familiar acquaintance among the mass of the company that it has a lively social aspect, like the Cascade by the Casino or the Park in London. But there is no back-ground of poverty and misery behind it all. It is honestly earned enjoyment. Those who drive in the gay carriages to-day are the children of those who walked yesterday; and we trudging pedestrians, as we look, and admire, and cry, "Hi, hi!" and "God-speed!" are seeing those in whose seats our children may be to-morrow.

Our Foreign Bureau.

SINCE our last writing the two great events of European history have been the formal opening of the Great Exhibition of London and the triumphal progress of King Victor Emanuel through his new provinces of the South. In Naples the King's *bonhomie* and easy familiarity have done more to conquer the Bourbon brigandage than the Piedmontese soldiers have accomplished in all the winter.

A day of fête and sunshine, added to a royal smile, have made Naples and its southern impressible hearts crazy with their joyous welcome. Naples is never a dull city to a man who can feed on natural beauties. There is always the wondrous bay and always the smoking mountain. Sunshine is golden along the sands, and golden on the orange leaves, and golden on the walls of the yellow palaces. Smoky blue islands lie in a clear blue sea, and a soft blue sky hangs over them. A belt of gray cloud, which is the smoke from Vesuvius, is always present, and always flings a purple zone of shadow around the flank of the panting mountain. A bugle-note from the Caserne, a fisherman's halloo, the rattle of a corricolo over the lava pavement—these are the sounds that greet the ear. Red oranges flame at every street corner; companies of friars slip by in their serge and sandals; the lazaroni lie doubled-up and dozing upon the church steps. This is the dreamy Naples which travelers knew before the clarion of the new nationality had waked it into life.

When the King came French and British war-ships lay in the harbor—doubled to their sky-sail spars and their tiniest cordage in the water. The balconies on every street were covered with tapestries, and every where the tricolored flags were fluttering. The shops were shut, the women were all in gala dress, and every house-top that commanded a view of the harbor was thronged. A launch with green awnings was appointed to bring the King to shore, and feluccas and fishing craft of every size and shape made a crowded convoy. A gun from the castle announced the approach of the royal vessel, and ten thousand cheering voices greeted her as she rounded the Point of Pausilippo. The war-ships belched their salutation of fire and smoke, and the hurrahs of the seamen on all the yards reached to land.

As the launch upon which the King had disembarked drew near to shore vociferous cheering ran along the whole line of the bay; and as he landed and entered the gay pavilion which had been erected for his reception by the civic authorities, there was such a tempest of enthusiastic greeting as must

at once have extinguished the hopes of the Bourbons. Nothing could have been freer or more hearty. And at night the streets glowed with such illumination as had never before been known in Naples. A personal observer gives us this graphic account: "Every quarter had its band and Bengal lights to amuse and divide the masses. The Church of Carminie was a thing of light, and its picturesque tower glowed and glittered from afar; but when I entered the Palaco-yard I thought I had never witnessed such a fairy scene. The church and cupola and the colonnades of San Francisco Paolo were lighted up as at St. Peter's on Easter Monday. The three royal palaces were crowded with the *élite* of the country; the King was in the centre of his balcony, and a regular storm of congratulations greeted his appearance. Below was an amphitheatre of seats in which were 450 musicians, and the serenade was about to begin. 'How are we to get to the Foresteria?' said my friend, for the people were packed like anchovies, and a dense mass of carriages was beneath the royal *salon*; but a strong will and courage overcome any difficulties, and so, plowing through the crowd, we shortly found ourselves in our desired places. The Piazza was now almost in darkness, and the serenade began. Immediately after the first piece it was evident that the temporary darkness had been arranged for the sake of contrast, for directly after its conclusion there was a burst of light from the top of the colonnades of the Church of San Francisco which was almost blinding. Fountains of fire-works played all over the roof, tricolored rockets shot into the air, studding the heavens with brighter constellations than already glittered there, and then comparative darkness closed around us again, and the soft music from below stole upon our ears. The effect was magical! As every piece of music wakened up the memories or touched the affections of the people there were bursts of applause; and so these interchanges of music and light—gorgeous and characteristic light—continued until half past ten o'clock. I must notice particularly the late part of the spectacle, which was peculiarly brilliant. Round the summit of the colonnades were suspended festoons of evergreen by day, with circular garlands on each point of the festoons; while in the centre of the cupola was an immense garland with a gigantic V. E. in the middle. In a moment these decorations were a blaze of tricolored lights, changing from time to time, the form exquisitely preserved, and every leaf and flower being accurately defined. A shower of rockets shot up again in all directions, and then darkness fell upon the delighted and loyal masses, who will long remember the splendors of this right royal reception of the King of Italy."

Thus Naples votes once more with hearty and noisy *plebiscite* for Victor Emanuel; and from that vote we shall see no appeal in our day.

Upon the King's arrival in Sicily the same enthusiastic greeting met him. Those southern Italians love royalty as they love idleness, and cheer, and sunshine. Mazzini, with his promise of rights and severe democratic logic, would weary them to death.

So much for the great political event of the South.

FROM the sunniness of Naples to the sooty brick of London the change is not inspiring. The great Exhibition itself, whose opening is every where talked of, does not carry under its iron domes, thus far, any atmosphere of cheer or hope.

The gloom of a great death hangs under it. Even in the details of the official opening there has been a confusion and distrust, attributable very largely to the absence of that princely hand which was snatched away in the middle of the work. The other Commissioners, though capable men, have their political aims, their private business, which secure their chiefest care; but with Prince Albert there was that degree of devotion to this plan of the Industrial show which could alone insure successful administration and brilliant results.

The opening was perhaps a success, but certainly not a triumph. First of all, the building, as we hinted last month, is unsightly. It is not the architectural miracle of 1851, to pique the wonder: its proportions are inharmonious: even its size does not cheat one into awe. There are special features which are admirable, contrasted with others which are detestable; altogether, it may be written down (architecturally speaking) a grand and solid blunder.

It is in the arrangement of the details of the great Exhibition that the presiding judgment and good taste of the late Prince Royal have been most missed. The tradesmen of London have gained, from the present board of Commissioners, the permission to erect what they call "trophies" of their merchandise along either side of the nave. The shop-keepers have entered upon these designs with great spirit and ambition, but the result has been an amorphous and most incongruous series of architectural advertisements; very stupendous and brilliant in the eyes of boys and country visitors, but without grace or simplicity or any elegance that a cultivated eye can recognize. They belittle the grandeur of a great Exhibition of Art to the dimensions of an ambitious huckster's show. They crowd and bewilder the view without enchainning it or gratifying. Many of them, it is true, have been ordered away since the opening; others, by special command, have been reduced in their proportions. The shopmen have been offended, and harmony of arrangement has by no means been restored.

The grandest show of the Exhibition, as contributing most to human progress, and as marking mechanical growth since 1851, is undoubtedly the machinery. The most ponderous of beams and levers ply their movements with the dainty regularity and noiselessness of Geneva watches. Immense aisles of enginery bewilder the vision with their complicated play, and the only sound is here and there the labored sigh of some iron giant.

The jewels are richer than the world ever saw before; no art imitations have taken the charm away from the emeralds and the diamonds. Settings of ivory and shell introduce us to a new phase of ornamentation. Historic gems of old and noble families, that have romantic interest attaching, blaze out in the fairy work of modern goldsmiths.

Sèvres and Dresden contend for the palm in porcelain. The Wedgewood of England repeats the most exquisite forms of Rome.

Mr. Story has contributed certain pieces of sculpture upon which America may safely stake its reputation for art; the excellence not lying (as with Powers's Greek Slave) in the manipulation and grace, but in the essential poetry of their conception.

For the Albert memorial some £50,000 have been raised by voluntary subscription. The original intention was that the sum contributed should be expended in the erection of a monolithic obelisk of huge dimensions, and rivaling the great Egyptian types

which are now in Rome. The Duke of Argyll made offer of a stone (granite), said to be lying in the rough, but of natural cleavage, in his Scotch quarries of Mull. A large sum was expended by the committee in clearing space about the monster spar of granite, for the purpose of accurate observation and measurement. This observation brought to light considerable undulations in the surface of the stone which forbade perfect working up to the desired size. The consequence has been a retirement of the original plan of an obelisk, and the architectural character of the memorial is open to new discussion. Her Majesty had expressed a wish that the intended memorial should show sculpture in the form of *bas-reliefs*, or statuary, at the hands of the best of English artists. It was difficult for the committee of execution to reconcile this wish with the severity of an obelisk; besides which, it has been found, after full consideration of the estimates presented by contractors, that a single stone, of the dimensions essential to proper effectiveness, would involve expenditure of all the moneys at present subscribed.

The English are not happy or ready in monumental devices. The Pre-Raphaelite tendencies of their arts of design, in which they certainly excel, are essentially imitative. But the Art monumental involves apprehension and conquest of the Ideal. Thorwaldsen's Lion, in the cliff at Lucerne, is a more grand and poetic tribute to the heroism (false or true) which it commemorates than British wealth has ever yet commanded.

THE Irish murders continue to illustrate British civilization: this time a Gustave Thiebault, a landowner and manager for his brother, is the sufferer. He found occasion to eject a tenant for non-payment of rent; received the usual threats; was honored with certain paper missives through the mails, illustrated with daggers, coffins, etc.; and finally, on a pleasant May evening at dusk, was beaten down with a pitchfork upon the high-road, his skull crushed effectively, and the body, weltering in blood, left in the ditch, as a cheerful Irish reminder to landed proprietors that they must not push their tenants.

The singularity of this murder is the fact that the victim is of a Papist family and of French origin: the blow of the pitchfork had then no religious, anti-Protestant fervor in it. It was simply a warm Irish protest against the present legal relations of landlord and tenant.

THE Ionian Assembly is again vociferous against the tyrannous protectorate of England, and, in the name of justice and of her Greek nationality, demands Independence. The august Hellenic Assembly unitedly declares that it is unchangeable in its resolution to become a portion of Free Greece, and will employ every legal means to give it effect. Unfortunately for them in their dependency, the only legal means in their possession is an humble petition to her Britannic Majesty—to give up control, remove her Commissioner and tax-gatherers, and order the guard-ships to Malta. This restive and persistent Hellenism of the Ionians is a constant thorn in the side of England. "This people is convinced," says the Ionian Parliament, "that Christian Europe, yielding to the claims of justice, stands ready to co-operate in every effort which, not only the inhabitants of the Seven Islands, but of all the Greek countries, may make to secure their national independence and their political unity. They believe it the only remedy for all those evils and suf-

ferings which, in the eyes of the civilized world, that race has endured, which itself inaugurated European civilization, and to which it desires to contribute with all the force of national integrity."

To all which the British Governor says: England can not give up her rights of conquest. The Queen and her Government beg the Ionians to be quiet, to busy themselves with municipal regulations and their crops. They are Greeks, it is true, having a faith and language and habits and aspirations totally different from the British Governors and British army, who preserve order. Yet the station is an important military one—so important that the kind Queen's ear must not be vexed with their appeals to any sense of justice or to civilized Europe.

These Ionian Greeks, it must be specially noted, are by no means the friends of King Otho, or of his Bavarian court: their sympathies lie wholly with the insurrectionists, who have just now been compelled to surrender Nauplia; and their indignation against the British authorities is coupled with another and livelier indignation against the supine cowardice of their brother Greeks of Attica, in not rising to aid the beleaguered liberals at Nauplia.

A VERY singular will-case has just now come to decision in the Paris courts, involving property to the amount of a million of francs. The maker of the will was a certain Madame Lamotte, whose maiden name was Morin, and who was a native of the province of Champagne. Her parents dying soon after she came of age, left her a handsome fortune. This she managed with singular prudence, but in other affairs showed an imprudence which amounted almost to mania. She came to Paris and took lodgings in a furnished hotel of the *Passage des Petits Pères*—not a very eligible locality for an heiress of Champagne. Here she fell in with a gay Lothario in the person of a boarding-school master, who taught the children of her landlord. The acquaintance ended in a marriage, to which she gave reluctant consent, as the last refuge for dishonor. She, however, conceived so great an antipathy to her husband that she refused to see him after marriage—so great a disgust for the world that she refused to see any one, and became a voluntary prisoner in her chamber for over twenty years. During all this time she communicated with her servants only by writing, her letters being thrust under the door of her rooms. Her meals were served in an ante-chamber, which she never entered until satisfied that the attendants had passed out.

By engagements entered into with M. Lamotte previous to her marriage, both parties had made wills bequeathing all their property to the survivor. In the year 1851 the husband died; but the widow still obstinately maintained her isolation, refusing to see even the officers of justice who came upon business connected with the estate of the deceased. Her wishes and commands were all communicated as before. Her country property was under the management of a notary, M. Costel, and the Paris estate in charge of M. Peureau, who was by marriage intimately connected with Alphonse Lamotte, a brother of her deceased husband.

In early April of 1861, the servant remarked that, after the usual time had elapsed, her breakfast had not been eaten. She sent word to M. Peureau, who immediately went to her chamber, burst open the door, which had not given place to a visitor for twenty years, and found her dying upon the floor. An empty laudanum vial was near her. A paper

was fastened in a conspicuous place to the wall, on which the suicide had written, "Let me be buried in the sheet I have laid ready on the chair. I am afflicted with an incurable disease, and am determined to see the end." Her room was littered with paper scraps to the depth of six inches, the accumulated débris of twenty years.

By a holograph will, dated only the year previous, it was found the deceased hypochondriac had left the bulk of her fortune to M. Alphonse Lamotte, the brother of her deceased husband; a handsome legacy to the daughter of her country manager, M. Costel; and another of similar amount to a daughter of M. Peureau.

An action was brought to invalidate the will by Madame Drauot, a cousin and heir-at-law, on the ground of the incompetency of the testatrix; and in proof of her unsound mind all the facts were brought to light which we have detailed. On the other hand, however, her letters upon business produced in court showed great judgment and perspicacity, and the Court held that the will must stand.

AMONG the new things in Paris which just now attract a large share of the attention of visitors must be named the new *Musée Campana*, placed in the Palace of Industry upon the Champs Elysées. The extraordinary circumstances which have placed this admirable collection at one coup in the hands of the Government are also worthy of record. The Signor Campana was the manager of the *Mont de Piété* at Rome, and at the same time a collector, of rare accomplishments and of crazy enthusiasm. In the course of his collections he found it necessary to avail himself of the funds which he held in trust to the amount of some four or five millions of francs. It is true that he regarded this personal advance as a loan for which he offered in guarantee his entire collection, which had only been brought together at an expenditure largely exceeding the funds he had withdrawn from the institution of which he was in charge.

Even under Roman officials so extensive an appropriation of moneys belonging to a public institution could not pass without discovery. The security indeed was ample; and the friends of M. Campana urged a simple discharge of the official whose antiquarian zeal had betrayed him into difficulty, and a sale of so many of the objects of virtu as should meet his indebtedness.

But the Papal Government, with sterner action, condemned the poor man to a long imprisonment and confiscated all his effects.

A portion were sold to the Emperor Alexander; but the bulk was secured by an offer of the French Consul, acting for the Imperial Government; and something over four millions of francs was paid for the museum now offered freely to public inspection in the Palace of Industry.

Its paintings are of more value historically than as works of art; extending back as they do to the earliest periods of Italian painting, and offering a chronologic series of all the distinguished Masters of Italy. In gems and medallions it is also specially rich; but in porcelain and earthenware, it is said to be the most perfect and beautiful in existence.

It is still undetermined if it shall be distributed among the established galleries of the Louvre, or remain an integral collection, the last probably of the gigantic spoils which up to this time Northern and Western Europe has drawn from Italy. Henceforth it is to be hoped the Government of Victor Emanuel

will be strong enough to retain its art-treasures at home.

WE spoke last month of the "Miserables" of Victor Hugo; half of the reading world has entered on its perusal—not all achieving its first installment. It lacks the youthful *élan* and rapidity of story which made every page of "Nôtre Dame" brimful of interest; you can lay it down more easily; it is doubtful if you can forget it so soon. It takes broader and deeper hold of the great riddle of Life. As a work of art, judging from the initial part, it will not bear comparison with the "Nôtre Dame;" but as a work of thought, of conscience, of deliberation in fathoming human motives, and in probing the wounds that society inflicts on itself, it is incomparably worthier.

However much he may dislike the Third Napoleon and his dynasty, you can not forbear the conviction that he wishes well to France and to the race. No prose of his can break down the poet—not so much in style as style of thought. The poet shines in his religion, in his politics, in his crimes, in his philosophy even. You see that he abounds in charity; yet you know that he would be the most incompetent almoner in the world. You see that his faith is exuberant; yet he would be unfit for a parish priest. There is a large liberalism in all his political sentiments; yet he could not be trusted with the editing of a state paper. There may come a day when the poetic sensibilities and perceptions of such a man as Hugo may have their reckoning upon the current of everyday, practical life; but it is not yet.

He does not lack, as do most romancers, a vital earnestness of intention; but the earnestness is so wrought upon and sublimated by the afflatus of the poet that the larger part of the world lose trail and quest.

We compared the "Miserables"—far as we may—with the "Nôtre Dame;" such comparisons are always unsafe and unfair; yet we can hardly err in saying that the latest work of the author gives us a much larger conception of his force and thought, while the earlier one will be always most coveted of readers.

The Madonna Della Sedia is perhaps the gem of Raphael (if it be not the Dresden one); but neither of them give any thing like that conception of his abounding grace and fertility which impresses one who lingers hour after hour by his frescoes of the Vatican.

MADAME MARIE DE GRANDFORT, who wrote some years since a very impertinent and untruthful book about America, has recently published, in connection with an appealingly pretty portrait of herself, a romance called "Ryno."

Romance and portrait are both excessively *décolleté*. No greater attraction belongs to the book.

A RECENT volume of an Academician, M. Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin, entitled, "Thursdays of Madame Charbonneau," has excited considerable remark for its saucy and impudent mention of very many notable French *littérateurs*.

The Count has won his honors notwithstanding the embarrassing hindrance of high birth, wealth, and a dogged devotion to Legitimacy and the Church. He has wit, learning, a great stock of bitterness, no little jealousy, and the hardihood to give expression to his animosities in the most offensive and polished of styles. The current abuse of him revives a repu-

tation that was built upon the journalism of twenty years since, and which was well-nigh forgotten.

It is over twenty years now since Americans saw the shaggy head of the famous Dr. Wolff wagging in American pulpits. He had almost come to outlive his reputation as a traveler, a man of erudition, and a missionary, of which we are reminded by the recent announcement of his death. He was the son of a Rabbi, and was born in the year 1795. Being early converted to Christianity, he attended theological lectures at Vienna, where he enjoyed the friendship of Professor Jahn, Frederic Von Schlegel, and the poet Werner. Among other friends of his youth were Zschokke and Pestalozzi in Switzerland. In the years 1817 and 1818, being at Rome, he broke away from the Papal harness and ultimately abjured Romanism altogether. From the year 1820 to 1826 he journeyed through Egypt, Palestine, Persia, Mesopotamia, and the Crimea, preaching to Bedonins, Jews, Persians, Greeks, and Russians. In the year 1827 he married the Lady Georgiana Mary Walpole. Leaving her ladyship at Malta from 1831 to 1834, he went upon the search of the Ten Lost Tribes. His adventures were most varied, and his escapes oftentimes marvelous. At Khorassan he was made a slave, tied to a horse's tail, and ransomed by Abbas Mirza. Of all these trials and wanderings he gave brief and graphic recital from the American pulpits about the year 1837. We can recall now a vision of the shaggy head, all embrowned with the fierce suns of Palestine, dropping thenceforth out of mind, till now the mention of his death brings all back again—the harsh, swift voice; the crackling tones; the ferret eyes; the story of scourgings and fastings; the limpid roll of Arabic names; the Hebraic accent; the gorgeous Persian pictures; the "elephants with castles;" the hands lifted in prayer.

IN its time we spoke of the dissolution of the Prussian Parliamentary Assembly, and the order for a new election. The old Assembly did not sustain the Ministry, and the King in a fit of obstinacy refused to accept the resignation of the Ministers, believing that an appeal to his liege subjects would confirm the pretensions of royalty. The result has disappointed him. Prussia has declared very effectively its disposition to share the King's divine right of governing. At our present writing it is not known how the King will meet the new Chambers, or how the new Chambers will meet the King.

Not only has the liberal party obtained an immense majority in the recent elections, but that particular wing of it which the Ministry had undertaken to stigmatize as "democratic" has gained beyond all anticipations. The organs of the reactionary party utter vague threats of a possible *coup d'état*, but it is only the delirious utterance of unexpected defeat.

THAT Mirés case, about which we have in late records said much, is at length the subject of a new phase. Appeal having been taken from the Paris court (which condemned him as a felon) to the imperial court at Douai, he has at length been acquitted, the decision of the inferior court reversed, and the financier is restored to liberty and favor. At the rendering of the judgment there was applause; his counsel embraced the banker; lady friends crowded about him bringing tributary flowers, and the much-suffering delinquent made a prettily-turned

speech—forgiving his persecutors, glorifying tardy justice, and promising that the old town of Douai should have permanent memorial of his acquittal. The next day, on the Paris Exchange, the *Caisse Mirés* rose from forty-five francs to one hundred and sixty-seven!

A crowd of earnest sympathizers attended his departure from the station of Douai, whence he was accompanied by Madame Mirés and by the Princess de Polignac (his daughter). Another ovation was in readiness for him at his house in the Rue Neuvedes-Mathurins, at Paris. The triumph of justice may be real, but the triumph of gold is noisy.

We have touched upon Italy only to show how the new royalty is planting itself firmly in the Southern hearts. All the North stands fast and true, save only where the Pope waves still his cross-key banner and invites the conspirators against the peace of Italy. He has gone wearily through his Holy Week, and with a narrowed echo his blessing *urbi et orbi* has fallen from the balcon of St. Peter's.

The Emperor Francis is rallying Austrian loyalty (much as he can) by swift journeys through the provinces.

The Greek Revolution is shivering under the bayonets of Otho, and Nauplia has surrendered; but disaffection is by no means crushed. The Herzegovine war drags wearily, and wasted homesteads and desolated fields mark its tedious progress.

Russia has placed her new loan with an ease and promptitude that give token of a brightening career.

Meantime on all the west countries of Europe, without exception, the shadow of the American war is hanging like a cloud.

Intervention—whatever it may have done once—can not now dissipate or lift it. Not in any country of the civilized world can so much blood be spent but the reek of it shall reach every where. The penalties of so great a war all Christendom must suffer.

THE visit of M. Mercier has of course startled all the *quidnuncs* of Paris. It is an affair which you perceive by the statement of Mr. Layard in the British Parliament is officially ignored. But though officially ignored, no one supposes the Emperor to have been ignorant of its aim and result. Suppose, for instance, that a letter of this purport comes some day to the French representative at Washington:

"To M. Mercier, etc., etc.:

"MONSIEUR.—The Emperor is exceedingly desirous of possessing himself of more definite information with regard to the condition and purposes of the Confederates than are now within his reach. It would be agreeable to him to know from a capable personal observer how far the Confederates are determined, and united in their determination, to resist to the last. Is there a hope that a decisive victory by McClellan or Halleck, or both, would virtually end the contest?

"Would the *matériel* in the hands of the South enable them to continue resistance for say two or three years to come?

"Is the opposition to Mr. Davis within his own Government of such a character as to warrant the belief that any considerable number of prominent Southern men would, in the event of a defeat, rally to the Union cause?

"On these points His Majesty is exceedingly desirous of such information as could be gained only by a personal observer at the Confederate capital.

"Allow me to suggest, Monsieur, that if, without offending the sensibilities of the American Government, an informal visit to Richmond could be made by some competent member of your legation (if your own absence from

Washington for a few days should be undesirable), such visit would probably furnish the information which the Emperor specially desires.

"Please to forward the result of any observations it may be in your power to make to me personally, for transmission to the Emperor.

"I am respectfully yours, etc."

There have been worse *canards* than this.

Editor's Drawer.

WONDERFUL are the workings of a good conscience and a good digestion. So many letters are written to the Drawer in praise of its effects on the health of its readers, that we have thought seriously (we do sometimes think *seriously*) of offering it to the Sanitary Commissions as one of the best agents to circulate among the camps and hospitals. One writer sends us a quotation:

"The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick-room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streak on its pathway."

BUT it seems that the original Joe Miller, the patron saint of the Drawer, was a serious individual, innocent of all jests, or even of tendency to levity, whose very gravity provoked the greatest joke of the age, being neither more nor less than making him, the solemn old sobersides, the father of all the jokes that were going. Mr. Mathews (father of Charles Mathews), in his celebrated monopolylogue entitled "Mathews's Dream; or, Theatrical Gallery," gives the following curious anecdote of the far-famed Joe Miller, for the veracity of which he pledges himself:

"It is a fact not generally known that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half-century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well-known public-house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighborhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *badinage*. A Mr. Motley, a well-known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them, and from that day to this the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest past, present, and to come."

A SURGEON in our Army of the West sends to us from the "Field of Shiloh" some anecdotes of his colored servant:

"Dan is a slave owned by a gentleman in Lexington, Kentucky, who kindly permits him to go at large and obtain employment wherever it suits him. He is as faithful a fellow as ever lived, and has been in the employ of your correspondent in the army

over six months. He is a black but intelligent negro, and is as proud as was Hawkeye of having 'no cross in his blood.' 'Nuffin yaller 'bout me,' says Dan; 'Ise de pure nigger.'

"Dan is an aristocrat. Having once enjoyed the high office of porter at the Galt House, he considers himself a 'first-class hotel nigger.' One day he came to my tent, and, with a long face, notified me that he thought he should be compelled to leave me. I asked why, if he were not satisfied with his wages, etc. He expressed himself satisfied with every thing except the 'society.' Said he:

"De Gen'l is a gen'lman as isn't 'quaainted wid culled people. He is from de Norf, whar dar isn't no niggers as knows how to behave thei'selves, and he doesn't 'preciate de difference 'tween culled people. Now here's all dese counterline niggers'—(we have several contrabands in camp)—'and de officers don't know nuffin 'bout de value of dem. Dere's Captain——'s nigger—he doesn't know 'nuff to keep hisself clean; and dere's Israel—why, Israel is de laziest nigger in de camp, all de time a gittin' hisself drunk; and dat ar Gilbert is de biggest fool—why, any body would know *dat* nigger had been run by de houns! Den dar's Charley—he 'fesses to be a cook. I axed him if he was a giniune cook, or jes made up since de war broke out. I can't 'sociate wid dat nigger—he use to drive a coal cart. He tole John'—(John is a first-class free negro, and was formerly steward upon a steamboat)—'he tole John dat he was a steamboat nigger, and John jes axed him if he knew any ting about dese yere stern-wheel coal-boats. De fac is, Doctor, Ise tired of bein' classed wid dese yere *cheap* niggers that's a tryin' to *steal* thei'selves.'

"I pacified Dan by assuring him that all the officers understood that he and John belonged to an entirely different class of niggers.

"DAN is more rigid in his ideas of military discipline than many of our officers, and he always obeys orders to the letter. As there are always hangers-on around the camps, I had instructed Dan not to permit any one to take any thing from my tent without my order.

"General —, who is well known as a most rigid disciplinarian and one who is never thwarted in any thing he undertakes, had admired some bitters which had been prepared by your correspondent as a prophylactic. One morning while riding out I happened to meet this officer with his staff. He stated that he should pass by our head-quarters, and desired some of my bitters. Said I, 'Very good, General; there are two canteens filled in my tent, just take one of them.' Upon my return Dan met me at my tent-door, and asked,

"'Doctor, did you tell Gen'l — to take a canteen of dose bitters?'

"'Certainly,' said I; 'you gave them to him, of course.'

"Dan drew himself up, and very firmly but respectfully remarked, 'No, Sah; I tole de Gen'l dat I had no orders.'

"WHEN the fight of 6th April commenced at Pittsburg Landing our division was nearly twenty-five miles distant. We hurried forward as rapidly as possible, and did good service in the fight of Monday. I had instructed Dan to remain with my baggage, which was to follow. He came with it, and I, being very busy, had no time to look after him for two days after the battle. I then found him in

the rear of the battle-field, where he had been for two days and nights faithfully watching my baggage. He was half-starved, and was completely soaked by the heavy rains of the two previous nights. I asked him why he had not got something to eat, and he pointed to the stragglers all around, and replied, through his chattering teeth,

"'Tink I'd leave de tings for dese yere cowards to steal? Dey's been skulkin' roun' heah all de time, stealin' every ting dey could lay dere hands on.'

"Of course I approved his conduct, and gave him something to eat and drink. I then asked him if he was afraid on the day of the battle.

"'No, Sah,' said he, with the utmost gravity and with much pride; 'I isn't 'fraid of nuffin; I doesn't care nuffin 'bout *myself*; but den, you see, Ise missus's fav'rite, and I know she hasn't aleep a night since I've been to de wars, for fear I'd get shot.'

PATRICK CONWAY is a private in Company E, Sixth Regiment Iowa Volunteers, from Monroe County. While stationed at Sedalia, Missouri, a peddler came into camp with the usual cry, "Pins, combs, thread, buttons!" etc., etc., and threw down his "baggage" close to Pat's tent. Pat eyed him a moment, arose to his feet, and addressed him with, "What ye doin' here with ould trumpery? Lave here, or by the howly mither of Moses I'll be after kicking ye out of the camp! Lave, dom ye!" The peddler thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and left. After he had gone one of the boys said, "Pat, why did you drive that fellow off? I wished to buy some of his goods." Pat answered, "And what the devil do I care? Didn't Captain Henry Saunders order me from Albia to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to Springfield, and thin back to Sedalia; and haven't I been ordered about for the last six months, and during all that time haven't had the pleasure of ordering a single man before? And d'ye s'pose I am goin' to lit sich a chance as this pass without ordering the spalpeen away? By the howly St. Patrick, no!"

At the village hotel in — there is a club of young fellows who delight in "selling" one another. It is their custom when one is "sold" to have a trial, with all the forms of law, the accused pleading his own case; and if the party accusing succeed in proving the sell, the accused has to pay for a supper for the whole party. One evening one of the party was on trial for a *misdeemeanor*, but pleaded "not guilty." The accuser was called upon to state what he knew of the circumstance.

"Well," said he, "as I was going up to my room last night, about quarter past twelve, I seen Jim about half-way up the stairs with a candlestick in which there was a lighted candle in one hand, while the left arm was lovingly clasped around the baluster. I went up to him and asked, 'Jim, what is the matter with you?' He replied—holding the candle on a level with, and but a short distance from his eyes, gazing intently at it—'The matter with me?—nothing the matter with me; but I am trying to think *how the boy managed to get two candles in that candlestick!*'"

A "MINISTER'S DAUGHTER" sends several pleasant stories:

"John Jenkins, of Long Island, had been sparking Susan Jones, and having managed with her help to pop the question, others naturally arose—as

when, where, and how they could be married? Many difficulties presented themselves; however, 'when there is a will there is a way,' and as soon as the signs came right the ingenious pair were seen riding into the village of Jamaica on top of a famous load of hay. The next thing was to bargain the load for the marriage ceremony, which was speedily accomplished, for the good dominie to whom the first application was made was not the man to keep them long on the anxious seat, and they soon went on their way rejoicing in their empty hay-rack.

"REV. MR. F—— rode twenty-five miles, in the most furious storm imaginable, to marry a wealthy young farmer; and received a seven-and-sixpenny piece for his fee.

"DR. W—— on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed, 'I believe I have a mortgage on this child!' Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V."

AN Ohio correspondent asks, "Do you think it *always* dangerous to give advice unasked?" Most certainly not, we reply, when the advice is as sensible as that which follows:

"If not, please advise parents, if they would do a good thing for their children, to get for them Willson's Series of 'School and Family Readers.' They are so interesting, so beautiful, so instructive, and so happy in their adaptation to our educational wants, that no school or family can afford to do without them."

But whether a family can "afford" to do without them depends upon circumstances. We can hardly afford to have them in our house; for our several-years-olders (none of whose smart sayings have appeared in the Drawer) have suddenly become so popular, since they have come into possession of these, that we can hardly enter the house without finding two or three of their mates busily engaged in poring over these Readers. Among them they have already worn out three sets, besides as many more which they have disposed of among their friends, who think them "so nice, and wish they had them:" backing up the hint by sundry presents in the "Juvenile Story-Book" way. "And we gave them the Readers, for we mustn't be mean," add our young ones. All these must be replaced if we want peace at home. So we find the series a rather costly possession; and the question with us is, whether we can afford to have them in our family.

FROM the Frankfort *Conversationsblatt* we clipped a paragraph concerning one of our favorite contributors. A young lady happening just then to call upon us with a proposal to make translations from German and French, we gave her this slip by way of trial. By diligent use of our "Hilpert," in the course of an hour she produced the following, which we certify to be perfectly literal:

Frankfort, 27 March. — Yesterday evening delivered Herr John Ross Browne of California in a public, of Ladies and Gentlemen consisting meeting of the "Engleish Circle," in the great hall of the "Hof von Holland," a, by many large wall-pictures illustrated lecture, upon "The Whale, its history, anatomy and habits; and the perils and characteristics of the American whale fishery." Especially were the parts of the discourse most highly original and entertaining which themselves upon the own experience of the speaker grounded. Herr Browne had to

wit, a year and a half long in an American Whalefish expedition part taken, and therein manifold adventures and afflictions through-lived. At present time travels he in Europe in commission of several of the most-read American journals, as *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Sacramento Union*, etc., and furnishes the same most highly interesting, gladly-read travel-letters à la Bayard Taylor. Especially contains the last number of the *Union* an attention-worthy and most highly original article on Frankfort on the Maine. Herr Browne has in view, as it is said, still a discourse on the present circumstances in America to deliver, which naturally of still higher, since more general interest will be.

"AN intelligent contraband," of tender years, has been lately going the round of the stores down town with a paper containing the following:

"The friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Mary Ann Brown departed this life April 27th, aged 98 years. You are requested to bestow upon her your charity, as she has not means enough to bury herself with."

FROM Kentucky a friend writes to the Drawer: "Every body has heard of the genial Judge Nuttall, of this State, who adjourned Court to see the elephant swim the river, and who is so cautious in dealing rigid justice that he often takes the will of the house upon knotty cases, and enters judgment by a vote of majority. Two attorneys, Lindsay and Harlan, had plead a cause before him, and verdict was given in favor of the latter's client, when L. remonstrated, to the Judge's surprise, who silenced him by saying, that he had given two decisions in his favor that day, and only one to Harlan—that he was quite too hard to satisfy!"

"THE Judge was canvassing the district in opposition to Pryor, who had presented his claims in a telling speech replete with legal lore, which he hoped would favorably contrast with the learning of his competitor, and carry the election. Nuttall replied by an honest confession to the simple yeomanry that he had read but two books in his life—one the Bible and the other *Walker's Life of Jackson*, and that he could find law enough in those two books to decide any case that might come before him. It is hardly necessary to observe that his eminent fitness was appreciated, and he chosen by a hearty majority over his defeated but accomplished rival."

GOVERNOR CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, while canvassing before his election, was speaking to an audience in the town of Milton, where, in former days, he had gone to school. In his speech he mentioned the fact of "his having gambled among the hills of this place in his youthful days, with some of the men that now stood before him." An honest member of the party broke out: "Well, I never know'd that Mr. Curtin gambled. I sha'n't vote for any man that gambles." So the Governor lost a vote, but he was elected nevertheless.

THE following is from a Galveston friend:

"Heavy duties were laid upon liquors by the republic in its Lone Star days, and the lovers of whiskey were put to grief thereby. At the annexation this was terminated, and 'red eye' was imported from the States duty free.

"Standing in his store-door one day soon after the annexation, my friend observed a 'natyve' coming down the strand gloriously drunk, swinging his hat and hallooing in the most uproarious manner.

Giving vent to his joy in a loud, long laugh, he yelled at the top of his voice, 'Whoop! Whisky only twenty-five cents a gallon! Some chance for a poor man now. Hooray!'

A good one is told in Kentucky on General Garfield—the Colonel Garfield who developed Tom Marshall's running ability so handsomely.

Garfield was a Methodist minister, and was once preaching in a rough neighborhood in the mountains, where ministers were always insulted and interrupted, and sometimes driven away. In the midst of the exercises one of these "lewd fellows of the baser sort" came in and commenced a disturbance. Garfield took no notice of him, and proceeded with his discourse; but the fellow grew outrageous, and Garfield stopped; his patience had been gradually departing, and was now clean gone. "Brethren," said he, "I think if old Job was here he would certainly thrash that fellow, and thrash him soundly; but inasmuch as he is not here I am going to do it myself;" and he jumped into the chapel before he knew what was coming, and beat him until he "hollered." Then, taking him by the shoulders, he jammed him into a seat, with "There, sit there, you scoundrel, until I get through!" and he marched back into the pulpit and finished his sermon in quiet. The story is good enough to be true, and very likely it is, for the General has not gotten over that sort of thing to this day.

SOUTHERN hospitality, slightly overdone, is thus set forth by a gentleman who experienced it:

"I was invited by a planter back of Natchez to visit him, and I accepted. He was a man of large wealth and lavish notions. Immediately on my arrival he detailed a servant to wait on me, who was indefatigable in his attentions, and tormented me nearly to death. He followed me on the lawn, through the garden, over the grounds, stuck to me in my room, and slept on the rug at my door. To hand a glass of water, reach my hat, untie my shoes, he was always present. I half awoke after my first night's rest and lay in a dreamy, delicious state, soothed by the stillness and the fresh odors that came in at the window. I did not open my eyes, but was somehow conscious of a presence. I turned my face to the pillow for another doze, but soon fully aroused myself, and there, at my bed-side, three-fourths asleep, with his woolly head bobbing and nodding, stood the darkey, with his hands out holding my pants, all opened and spread ready for me to put my legs into! My implied helplessness was a great insult, but the absurdity of the posture and the line of service were too much for my gravity. Nevertheless, having once learned a proverb about the Romans, I put out my feet and let the pants be drawn up over them, just as my mother used to do when I was a baby."

"A few days since the Sacramento (California) *Daily Union* mentioned the fact that a telegram had been received in San Francisco from Boston by Mr. —, stating that his father had died exactly at 11 A.M. of that date. The dispatch was received at 10.45 A.M., thus beating time a quarter of an hour. I was reading the paragraph to an Irish friend as an evidence of the wonderful speed that could be accomplished with so long a line. In a few minutes after I heard him repeating the news in his own language thus: 'A man di-d in Boston the other morning, and his son, in San Francisco,

received the news by telegraph just fifteen minutes before he was dead.'"

WHOSOEVER has been in Vicksburg has stopped at the Washington, and whosoever has stopped there remembers mine host—a pleasant, well-fed man, who puts his hand familiarly on your shoulder and calls you "Colonel" before you have been five minutes his guest. At the head of his table he shines conspicuous. Departing from the beaten track, he stands up and *calls* his bill of fare—calls it out loud and strong. "Here's some elegant roast-beef; roast-beef rare, roast-beef done to a turn! Boiled mutton just arrived! Bring along that leg of veal! Mashed potatoes, mashed turnips!—how about that lettuce?" and so on, morning, noon, and night.

He says the custom originated with him in Jackson, the capital of the State, where he once went to keep a fashionable hotel. Many of the "Members" boarded with him, and managed to make *some* use of such innovations as napkins and silver forks, but a printed bill of fare was "too many" for them—they could not read; and so he stood up and read it himself. It proved to be a "good thing," and he has stuck to it ever since.

AN old contributor writes to the Drawer: At the time the Welland Canal was about to be enlarged I found myself in St. Catherine, Canada West, and, in company with a large number of contractors from all parts of the country, stopped at the St. Catherine Hotel. One evening quite a spirited argument arose among us which State could claim the most beautiful valleys. I, as a Yorker, of course claimed the premium for my State, and named the Genesee Valley as ranking first. Others had their favorites; but a Pennsylvanian insisted that the Wyoming Valley stood unrivaled, and after talking a long time, wound up with this clencher:

"One day," said he, "I was in a hotel in the Valley when an Englishman came in, and said he had come all the way from Philadelphia to see the beauties of the valley, had read Campbell's poem, etc., with other descriptions, and really expected to see something extra, but was sadly disappointed—could see no beauty—all a humbug, etc., etc. I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I said, 'Stranger, if you will permit me to blindfold you, and will jump into my wagon, I'll take you up on "Prospect Rock," where, after you have looked about you, if you don't allow it beats any thing you ever saw before, you can stay in this village as long as you wish to at my expense.'"

"He considered the offer generous, and immediately put it in execution. When we arrived at the rock I placed him so that all the beauty could be seen at a glance, and then took off the bandage. For a moment he stood, and then folding his arms upon his breast gave himself up to the enchanting scene. I let him alone for half an hour, when, feeling curious to know what he thought about it, I touched him on his arm, and said,

"Well, stranger, what do you think about it?"

"Think?" said he. "*Do you suppose that Satan ever showed the Saviour this spot?*"

"I was satisfied, and told him so."

As this answer capped the climax, the rest of us subsided.

THE Rev. Mr. Darter is a country merchant in a certain neighborhood in Cherokee, Georgia. He is also a local Methodist preacher, and sometimes offi-

dates in the absence of the regular minister. The church at which Mr. Darter worships is distant from his store about a mile, and the services are usually performed on some day during the week, the Methodist circuit riders being unable to fill all their appointments on the Sabbath. On a certain pleasant day a New York drummer called at Brother Darter's store to sell him a bill of goods, or for some other purpose. It happened to be a meeting-day, and the merchant was absent. Having nothing else to do, the New Yorker concluded to stroll over toward the church. The day was a warm one—nothing unusual in that latitude even in winter—and the church-doors were all open. The circuit preacher had not arrived, and Brother Darter was filling his pulpit. He happened to be descanting on the wiles of the devil when our New York friend reached the church. He described the great adversary of mankind as a terrible-looking monster, "going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour." Just at this moment the New Yorker walked in. No razor had come near his face for many a day, and his beard and mustache were long and heavy. His morning's ride and subsequent walk in the heat and dust had left him in any thing but a tidy condition. His style of dress and of wearing the beard were altogether new in that region, and his appearance created a sensation. Sitting about the centre of the church were a couple of country damsels, who were as much astonished and terrified at the strange appearance as was Hamlet at his father's ghost. Brother Darter paused in his discourse; every body seemed to hold their breath; and "you might have heard a pin drop." Just at this moment one of the damsels whispered to the other, but loud enough to be heard all over the church, "Nancy, Brother Darter's been a-talkin' about the Old One, and thar he is!"

"THE Rev. Mr. B——, of the Presbyterian Church, is, unfortunately, very bald, and has been since quite a young man. Early in his ministry he was traveling in Indiana, and in passing from Indianapolis to Logansport, over the old 'Michigan road,' was weather-bound several days at the little village of Michigan Town. The inhabitants finding out he was a minister, begged for a sermon, to which of course he assented. The largest room that could be secured was the bar-room. There he preached to a 'crowded house,' using the bar for his pulpit. Owing, perhaps, to the novelty of the circumstances, the sermon was a success; the audience were delighted, and some of them were disposed to be complimentary. Among them, an old woman, an emigrant from Virginia; but whether one of the F. F. V.'s or not I can not say. Coming up to him, her good old withered face beaming with delight, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. B——, I was so delighted with your sermon! It is so seldom we hear good preaching here. The last preacher we had I did not like at all; he wore his hair so long. The fact is, Mr. B——, I do not like to hear a preacher with any more hair on his head than you have!'"

"Some forty years ago, a Massachusetts pedagogue found his way into a border town in Vermont to keep a winter school. Methodist preachers had just found their way to that section also, and figured in the public view as new and curious characters. In the absence of barbers, our schoolmaster had to depend on some of the damsels of the border as hair-dressers. One day, after a sharp operation of the kind, he asked an old lady what she thought

of his appearance. She threw up her hands in astonishment as she exclaimed, 'Like the very diabol! I should think you were a Methodist minister!'"

"A JOCKEY country merchant was trafficking one day with a rustic mountaineer purchasing hay-rakes in exchange for goods. Of course the merchant's prices were what are called barter prices. Our rustic had need of a new hat, and inquired the price of one from a case just opened, from New York. 'Only five dollars,' said the merchant. 'Isn't that rather dear?' said the customer. 'I never sold one for less!' said the sharp merchant.

"The clerk in the store put his head to the ear of the writer, who was listening to the negotiation, and whispered, 'He never sold one at all!' The case was bought at auction in New York for one dollar a piece."

Our Episcopal Bishop for the Northwest enjoys a good joke occasionally, and he relates the following:

One Sabbath he was preaching in a log-cabin to one of our Western congregations, up in the hyperborean regions of lat. 42° N., and gave out a hymn, of which the fourth verse was to be omitted. The Bishop was his own choir, and sang the hymn, passing from the third to the fifth stanza. No sooner had he commenced the fifth than a stentorian voice sung out from the other end of the room, "Sa-ay, mister, you've skipped a verse there!"

THOUGH it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if "single blessedness" were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man says he married to get a housekeeper; another to get rid of bad company. Many women declare that they get married for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friends." Wycherly, who espoused his house-maid, said he did it "to spite his relations." A widow, who married a second husband, said she wanted somebody to condole with her for the loss of her first. Another because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another to get rid of incessant importunity from a crowd of suitors. Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than spinsters. Nevertheless, we are of opinion that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, virgins or bachelors, do so for the sake of—"getting married." But here is a side-view of the same matter in an anecdote: A country laird, at his death, left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together for many years. At length one said to the other, "Tam, we're getting auld now; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share of the grund." "Na, John, you're the youngest and maist active; you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share." "Od, Tam," said John, "that's just the way wi' you; when there's any fash or trouble, not a thing you'll do at a'."

A good story is told in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott of a dinner-party where a pack of literary lions were fed and pitted one against the oth-

er. Scott was king of the board, but the rest were in league to humble him. Poets and poetry were the topics of the table, and Coleridge repeated some of his own pieces, which were praised to the skies. Scott joined in these eulogies as cordially as any body, until in his turn he was called on to repeat some of his own. He declined, but said he would repeat a little copy of verses he had met with in a provincial newspaper, and which seemed to him almost as good as any thing they had been listening to with so much pleasure. He repeated the stanzas of "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter." The applauses that ensued were faint. Then came slight criticisms, from which Scott defended the unknown author. At last a more bitter antagonist opened, and fastening upon one line cried, "This, at least, is absolute nonsense." Scott denied the charge, the critic persisted, till Coleridge, out of all patience, exclaimed, "For mercy's sake let Mr. Scott alone, I wrote the poem."

So much for criticism. If these wits had heard the verses from Mr. Coleridge as his own, they would have praised them sky high.

FROM NEBRASKA CITY a friend writes to the Drawer: "I have a niece out here, aged five years, whose father (like all other fathers) thinks his own just a little the smartest youngster there is going. One day, while visiting at my brother's house during his absence, Minnie cut some caper, for which I reproved her. She turned around, and, with no little asperity, replied, 'You sha'n't scold me. You ain't my papa, and don't understand my constitution.'

"A YEAR ago we had a little miss with us, the nine-year-old daughter of one of our ex-Governors, who is now at the head of one of the Keystone regiments. The Governor was much given to punning, and when about home always charged his good things to Bettie. The following may show that attributing good things to her was not always out of place. A number of us were in the cabin of a steamboat, lying at our levee, when a party of Pawnee Indians came on board. Some of the passengers wanted to see them dance, and made the request, to which the aborigines assented. Before dancing, however, one of them, who could speak a little English, thinking he had better be paid in advance, went among the passengers, holding his hand and demanding 'Two bits! Two bits! Two bits!' Being avaricious, he continued it long after a number of quarters had been dropped in his hand, and until he entirely exhausted the patience of Bettie, who exclaimed, 'Well, I wouldn't give him two bits, for I don't believe he can dance *one bit*!'"

QUITE a number of years ago there lived in the town of G—, Androscoggin County, Maine, a man by the name of L—. He was farmer, stage-driver, and hotel-keeper, and was blessed with a large family of boys. Among them was the hero of our yarn. Ide was the name that he was best known by. He was lean, long, lank, and scrawny. Always on hand to run of errands and do chores generally. One very hot day in July Ide was sent off about three miles to a mill with a large lot of grain to be ground. Unluckily for him there was quite a quantity in before he got there, so that it was late in the afternoon before the miller got to work upon Ide's lot. The water was low, consequently the millstones revolved rather slowly. Ide was hungry, and his inner man got uproarious, and looking up to

the miller (Uncle Reuben), he says, "Uncle Reub, I can eat that meal faster than you grind it." "Ah, my boy," says Uncle Reuben, "how long could you do it?" "Why, till I starved to death!" said Ide. Uncle Reuben says that he never got such a shot before.

"THE army swore terribly in Flanders!" said my Uncle Toby, and probably in no case is an army wholly free from this vice. My paternal grandfather was in the Army of the Revolution, in rank a captain, and was personally acquainted with the celebrated Polish General, Kosciuszko. In a skirmish with the enemy, on one occasion, the General could not make his men obey properly the orders he gave them; whether they would not, or whether they did not understand his broken English does not appear, but he became very angry, and railed and swore at them most terribly in his own tongue, of which they understood not a word, and consequently it made no impression. Seeing this, the General suddenly turned his horse and rode furiously up to my grandfather, saying, 'Captain G—, do come and curse them in English!' The old gentleman did not say whether or no he complied with the General's request.

"Another incident my grandfather often related, of which he was a witness. It was on an oppressively warm June morning that he, in company with a brother officer of the Continental army, Captain Pope, were journeying on horseback across the State of New Jersey, on their way to Massachusetts, on a furlough, when they were hailed every now and then by the farmers on the way, to inquire for news from the army, telegraphs and railroads not being then in use. They passed a barn on the side of the road in which they saw a man swingling flax. Seeing the travelers he ran out to the bars in front of the barn, calling after them to hear the news. The officers rode up to the bars and communicated whatever of news they had, and then fell into conversation with him about his farm. Every thing seemed out of repair, the buildings and fences going to decay, and a fine field of corn on the opposite side of the way was growing apace, but had not been hoed, and was now overtopped by weeds. 'Why do you not mend up your fences and your buildings?' they asked. Why, he intended to do it, but had no time. 'And why do you not hoe your corn, instead of being here swingling flax on this fine morning?' He answered that he intended to have had his flax 'done out' in the winter, but had no time; and now his wife wanted to spin some thread, and for her accommodation he was dressing a little flax. As the man was saying this, leaning over the fence, dripping with perspiration, and with all the clothing which could decently be spared laid aside, Captain Pope, watching his opportunity, drew his riding-whip most severely across the man's back as long as he could reach him, exclaiming, 'There, you scoundrel! if I ever catch you again swingling flax in June, when you should be hoeing your corn, I'll take your hide off!' They then put spurs to their horses and rode off, leaving the man swearing and stamping with impotent rage."

"LITTLE DUNCAN often asks some odd questions. The other evening, as he was sitting out on the piazza with his mother, he gazed intently up at the sky for a few moments, and turning to her, asked, 'Ma, ain't the stars God's eyes? I saw them a-blinkin'!'"

A SAILOR taking a walk in a field, perceived a bull advancing toward him, evidently with no good intentions. "Helm a lee, mess-mate!" he cried, at the top of his voice; "helm a lee!" The bull, not comprehending his injunction, leveled him with the ground. "There, you stupid!" said the tar, as he raised up—more in sorrow than in anger—on his elbow, "didn't I tell you you'd run foul?"

A FEW years since there resided in Utica several medical students, one of whom inquired of a mechanic what he was making. "A bell-wheel for the court-house," answered the workman. "Ah!" asked the student, "are we to have two bells in the village? I should think one would answer every purpose at present." "You are right," replied the other; "but when you young doctors commence the practice, one bell will not do all the tolling!"

THAT was hard on young physic; but this is better: A doctor lately informed his friends in a large company that he had been eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in the *Times*." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck importantly, "pray, in what terms?" "Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before!'"

BOB F— had long been paying the most devoted attentions to a young lady whose father had what is popularly known as the "rocks," when his attentions suddenly ceased, and of course every one was anxious to know the cause. Bob explained:

"You see, I knew she was rich, and I didn't think a bit the less of her for that; but, the truth of the matter is, she turned out to be a *nay-Bob!*"



SETTING UP IN BUSINESS.

Young Timkins.—"THERE'S A SIGN FOR YOU, MY BOY. ME AND YOU WILL DO A SMASHING BUSINESS."

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FROM Buffalo the Drawer learns that a woman of the German persuasion was taken up for passing a bogus half dollar. She said that she had received it at the store of one of the first-class drygoods' men, and she could point out the man who gave it to her. The officer accompanied her to the store, and she surveyed the clerks.

"Is this the one?"

"Nix—no."

"This one?"

"Nix—no." Until her eye lighted on one across the store who gloried in a mustache of formidable dimensions and fiery hue.

"That is him—that man mit a big mouthful of hair!"

He denied it lustily, but she insisted; and he deemed it prudent to prune his lips and afterward avoid such an easy mark of recognition.

OUR German fellow-citizens make rapid progress in learning our language and getting the hang of our institutions, but they would do well to get the schoolmaster to write their notices. The following is not so correct in its orthography as to be invulnerable to criticism. It appears conspicuously posted in Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania:

MEETING

All Zittisens of this Plaes hou aer willing to belong to a German Protestant Church to Build in this Plaes aer respectful evate at Wensday Jan 1st 1862 in the after nuhn at 1 o clock in the Schul-haus of this Plaes to hier aur meind or consideration

and

All Zittisens of this Plaes no Diffirent wat Religion aer respectful evate an that same Day and Plaes at 3 o clock in the after nuhn to her aur meind to get a free Grave Yard



YOUNG AMERICA.

"YES, GOVERNOR, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TALKING ABOUT THE LAW; BUT MY OBSERVATION SHOWS ME THAT A SOLDIER TAKES BEST WITH THE WOMEN. I SHALL JOIN THE ARMY."

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—STREET COSTUME AND BOY'S DRESS.

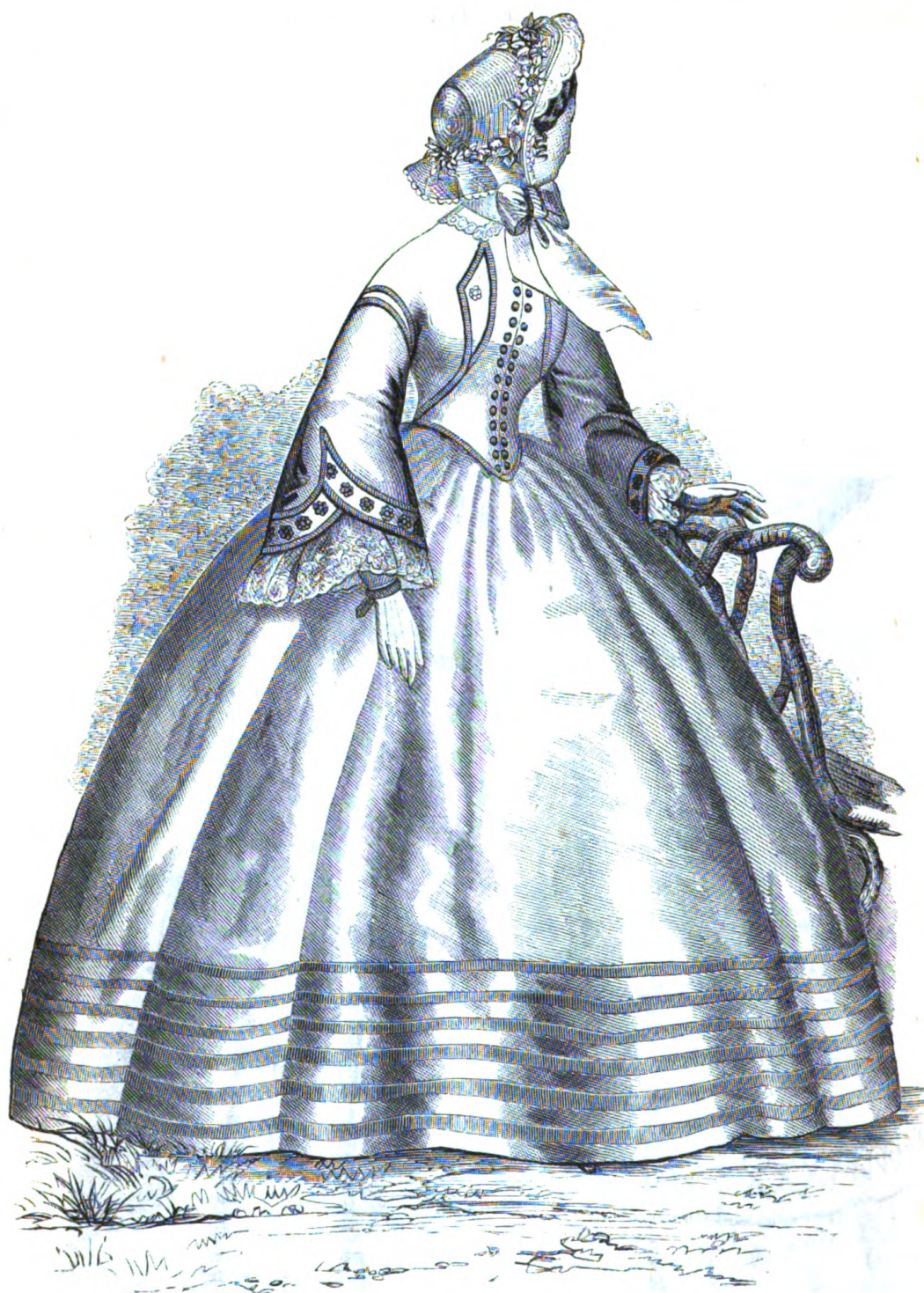


FIGURE 3.—PROMENADE TOILET.

FOR STREET COSTUME shawl and mantilla shapes are the favorites. For morning and country wear the sacque, in some of its forms, is most worn. We illustrate one made of *brillante*, with a rose-silk edging, and a trefoil of buttons.—The Boy's Costume explains itself.

The PROMENADE TOILET, which we illustrate above, may be made of any favorite texture.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLVII.—AUGUST, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



A NORWEGIAN FARM.

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH NORWAY.

SECOND PAPER.

EVERY where on the route through the interior I found the peasants kind, hospitable, and simple-hearted. Sometimes I made a detour of several miles from the main road for the purpose of catching a glimpse of the home-life of the farmers; and, imperfect as my means of communication were, I never had any difficulty in making acquaintance with them after announcing myself as a traveler from California. They had all heard, more or less, of that wonderful land of gold, and entertained the most vague and exaggerated notions of its mineral resources. It was not uncommon to find men who believed that the whole country was yellow with gold; that such quantities of that ore abounded in it as to be of little or no value. When I told them that the country was very rich in the precious metals, but that every hill was not a mass of gold, nor the bed of every river lined with

rocks and pebbles of the same material, they looked a little incredulous, not to say disappointed. Many of them seemed surprised that a Californian should be traveling through a distant land like Norway merely for amusement, and few seemed to be entirely satisfied when I assured them, in answer to their questions, that I was not very rich; that I was neither a merchant, nor a speculator, nor the owner of gold mines, but simply an indifferent artist making sketches of their country for pastime. French, German, and English artists they could believe in, for they saw plenty of them in the wilds of Norway every summer; but what use would such a poor business be in California, they said, where every man could make a thousand dollars a day digging for gold? I even fancied they looked at my rough and dusty costume as if they thought it concealed a glittering uniform,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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such as the rich men of my country must naturally wear when they go abroad to visit foreign lands. It was impossible to convince them that I was not extravagantly wealthy. On any other point there might be room for doubt, but the pertinacity with which they insisted upon that afforded me much amusement; and since I could not dispel the illusion, it generally cost me a few extra shillings when I had any thing to pay to avoid the stigma of meanness. Not that my extraordinary wealth ever gave them a plea for imposition or extortion. Such an idea never entered their heads. On the contrary, their main purpose seemed to be to show every possible kindness to the distinguished stranger; and more than once, at some of the post-stations, I had to remind them of things which they had omitted in the charge. For this very reason I was in a measure compelled to be rather more profuse than travelers usually are; so that the State from which I have the honor to hail owes me a considerable amount of money by this time for the handsome manner in which I have sustained its reputation. At some of the stopping-places on the road, where I obtained lodgings for the night, it was not uncommon to find intelligent and educated families of cultivated manners. Education of late years has made considerable progress in Norway; and the rising generation, owing to the facilities afforded by the excellent school system established throughout the country, but especially in the principal towns, will not be in any respect behind the times, so far as regards intellectual progress. It is the simplicity and honesty of these good people, however, that form their principal and most charming characteristic. To one long accustomed to sharp dealing and unscrupulous trickery it is really refreshing their confidence in the integrity of a stranger. Usually they left the settlement of accounts to myself, merely stating that I must determine what I owed by adding up the items according to the tariff; and although my knowledge of the language was so limited, I nowhere had the slightest approach to a dispute about the payment of expenses. On one occasion, not wishing to forfeit this confidence, I was obliged to ride back half a mile to pay for two cigars which I had forgotten in making up the reckoning, and of which the inn-keeper had not thought proper to remind me, or had forgotten to keep any account himself. No surprise was manifested at this conscientious act—the inn-keeper merely nodding good-naturedly when I handed him the money, with the remark that it was “all right.”

In the districts remote from the sea-ports the peasants, as may well be supposed, are extremely ignorant of the great outside world. Sweden and Denmark are the only countries known to them besides their own “Gamle Norge,” save such vague notions of other lands as they pick up from occasional travelers. To them “Amerika” is a terra incognita. A letter once or twice a year from some emigrant to the members of his family, goes the rounds of the district, and

gives them all the knowledge they have of that distant land of promise; and when they listen, with gaping eyes and open mouths, to the wonderful stories of adventure, life, enterprise, and wealth detailed by the enthusiastic rover, it is no wonder they shake their heads and say that Christian, or Hans, or Olé (as the case may be), “always was a capital fellow at drawing a long bow.” They firmly believe in ghosts and supernatural visitations of all sorts, but are very incredulous about any country in the world being equal to “Gamle Norge.” Naturally enough they consider their climate the most genial, their barren rocks the most fertile, their government the best and most liberal on the face of the earth, and themselves the most highly favored of the human race. Goldsmith must have had special reference to the Norwegians when he sang of “that happiest spot below:”

“The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own.”

And why should they be otherwise than contented—if such a thing as contentment can exist upon earth? They have few wants and many children; a country free from internal commotion, and too far removed from the great scenes of European strife to excite the jealousy of external powers; sufficient food and raiment to satisfy the ordinary necessities of life, and no great extremes of wealth or poverty to militate against their independence, either in a political or social point of view. With good laws, an excellent Constitution, and a fair representation in the Storting, they are justly proud of their freedom, and deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism.

Very little of poverty or beggary is to be seen by the wayside during a tour through Norway. Only at one point between Kringelen and Laurgaard—a wild and barren district exceedingly savage in its aspect, situated in a narrow gorge of the mountains near the head of the Logen—was I solicited for alms. A portion of this route, after passing Sinclair's Monument, is rudely fenced in so as to render available every foot of the narrow valley. The road passes directly through the little farms, which at this stage of the journey are poor and unproductive. The climate is said to be very severe in this district, in consequence of its altitude, and the sharp winds which sweep down from the mountain gorges. At every gateway a gang of ragged little children always stood ready to open the gate, for which of course they expected a few shillings; and as these gates occur at intervals of every few hundred yards for some distance, it produces a sensible effect upon one's purse to get through. Passing through some wretched hamlets in this vicinity crowds of old women hobbled out to beg alms, and I did not get clear of the regiments of children who ran along behind the cariole to receive the remainder of my small change for several miles. Strange to say, this was the only place during my rambles through the interior in which I saw any thing like beggary. Generally speaking, the farming lands are sufficiently pro-

ductive to supply all the wants of the peasants, and many of the farmers are even comfortably situated.

The houses in which these country people reside are not altogether unlike the small log-cabins of the early settlers on our Western frontier. I have seen many such on the borders of Missouri and Kansas. Built in the most primitive style of pine logs, they stand upon stumps or columns of stone, elevated some two or three feet from the ground, in order to allow a draft of air underneath, which in this humid climate is considered necessary for health. They seldom consist of more than two or three rooms, but make up in number what they lack in size. Thus a single farming establishment often comprises some ten or a dozen little cabins, besides the large barn, which is the nucleus around which they all centre; with smaller cribs for pigs, chickens, etc., and here and there a shed for the cows and sheep, all huddled together among the rocks or on some open hill-side, without the least apparent regard to direction or architectural effect. The roofs are covered with sod, upon which it is not uncommon to see patches of oats, weeds, moss, flowers, or whatever comes most convenient to form roots and give consistency and strength to this singular overtopping. The object, I suppose, is to prevent the transmission of heat during the severe season of winter. Approaching some of these hamlets or farming establishments during the summer months, the traveler is frequently at a loss to distinguish their green-sodded roofs from the natural sod of the hill-sides, so that one is liable at any time to plunge into the midst of a settlement before he is aware of its existence. Something of a damp, earthy look about them, the weedy or grass-covered tops, the logs green and moss-grown, the dripping eaves, the veins of water oozing out of the rocks, give them a peculiarly northern and chilling effect, and fill the mind with visions of long and dreary winters, rheumatisms, colds, coughs, and consumptions, to which it is said these people are subject. Nothing so wild and primitive is to be seen in any other part of Europe. A silence almost death-like hangs over these little hamlets during a great part of the day, when the inhabitants are out in the hills attending their flocks or cultivating their small patches of ground. I passed many groups of cabins without seeing the first sign of life, save now and then a few chickens or pigs rooting about the barn-yard. The constant impression was that it was Sunday, or at least a holiday, and that the people were either at church or asleep. For one who seeks retirement from the busy haunts of life, where he can indulge in uninterrupted reflection, I know of no country that can equal Norway. There are places in the interior where I am sure he would be astonished at the sound of his own voice. The deserts of Africa can scarcely present a scene of such utter isolation. With a rod in his hand, he can, if given to the gentle art, sit and dream upon some mossy bank,

"In close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look
And hide him from day's garish noon."

Thus you often come upon an English sportsman waiting for a nibble.



WAITING FOR A NIBBLE.

The food of the peasants consists principally of black bread, milk, butter, and cheese. Meat is too expensive for very general use, though at certain seasons of the year they indulge in it once or twice a week. Coffee is a luxury to which they are much addicted. Even the poorest classes strain a point to indulge in this favorite narcotic; and in no part of Norway did I fail to get a good cup of coffee. It is a very curious fact that the best coffee to be had at the most fashionable hotels on the Continent of Europe—always excepting Paris—is inferior to that furnished to the traveler at the commonest station-house in Norway. This is indeed one of the luxuries of a tour through this part of Scandinavia. The cream is rich and pure, and it is a rare treat to get a large bowlful of it for breakfast, with as much milk as you please, and no limit to bread and butter. Your appetite is not measured by infinitesimal bits and scraps as in Germany. A good wholesome meal is spread before you in the genuine backwoods style, and you may eat as much as you please, which is a rare luxury to one who has been stinted and starved at the hotels on the Continent. I remember at one station beyond the Dovre Fjeld Bennett's Hand-Book says: "Few rooms, but food supplied in first-rate style when Miss Marit is at home. She will be much offended if you do not prove that you have a good appetite."

On my arrival at this place, not wishing to offend Miss Marit—for whom I entertained the highest respect in consequence of her hospitable reputation—I called for every thing I could think of, and when it was placed upon the table by that accomplished young lady (a very pleasant, pretty young woman, by-the-way), fell to work and made it vanish at a most astonishing rate. Miss Marit stood by approvingly. During a pause in my heavy labors I called the attention of this estimable person to her own name in the printed pamphlet, at which she blushed and looked somewhat confused. Possibly there might be a mistake about it.

"Your name is Miss Marit?" I asked, very politely.

"Ja."

"And this is Miss Marit in print?"

"Ja."

She took the book and tried to read it.

"Nikka Forstoe!"—she didn't understand.

"What does it say?" she asked, rather gravely.

Here was a job—to translate the paragraph into Norwegian! Besides, it would not do to translate it literally; so I made a sort of impromptu paraphrase upon it.

"Oh! it says Miss Marit is a very pretty young lady."

"Ja!"—blushing and looking somewhat astonished.

"And Miss Marit is a very nice housekeeper."

"Ja!"

"And Miss Marit makes splendid coffee, and thoroughly understands how to cook a beef-steak."

"Ja!"

"And Miss Marit would make a most excellent wife for any young gentleman who could succeed in winning her affections!"

"Nei!" said the young lady, blushing again, and looking more astonished than ever.

"Ja," said I, "it is all in print"—adding, with an internal reservation, "or ought to be."

Who can blame me for paying tribute to Miss Marit's kindness and hospitality? She is certainly deserving of much higher praise than that bestowed upon her, and I hope Mr. Bennett will pardon me for the liberal style of my translation. If he didn't mean all I said, let the responsibility rest upon me, for I certainly meant every word of it.

The farming districts are limited chiefly to the valleys along the river-courses, and such portions of arable lands as lie along the shores of the Fjords. A large proportion of the country is extremely wild and rugged, and covered, for the most part, with dense pine forests. The peasants generally own their own farms, which are small and cut up into patches of pasture, grain-lands, and tracts of forest. Even the most unpromising nooks among the rocks, in many parts of the Gudbrandsdalen Valley, where plows are wholly unavailable, are rooted up by means of hoes, and planted with oats and other grain.

I sometimes saw as many as forty or fifty of these little arable patches, perched up among the rocks, hundreds of feet above the roofs of the houses, where it would seem dangerous for goats to browse. The log-cabins peep out from among the rocks and pine-clad cliffs all along the course of the Logen, giving the country a singular speckled appearance. This, it must be remembered, is one of the best districts in the interior. The richest agricultural region is said to be that bordering on the shores of the Miösen. One of the comforts enjoyed by the peasants, and without which it would scarcely be possible for them to exist in such a rigorous climate, consists in the unlimited quantity of fuel to which they have such easy access. This is an inconceivable luxury during the long winter months; and their large open fire-places and blazing fires, even in the cool summer evenings, constantly remind one of the homes of the settlers in the Far West. When the roads are covered with snow the true season of internal communication commences. Then the means of transportation and travel are greatly facilitated, and the clumsy wagons used in summer are put aside for the lighter and more convenient sledges with which every farmer is abundantly provided. All along the route the snow-plows may be seen turned up against the rocks, ready to be used during the winter to clear and level the roads. In summer the means of transportation are little better than those existing between Placer-ville and Carson Valley.

It was during the height of the harvesting season that I passed through the Gudbrandsdalen.



SNOW-PLOW.

One of the most characteristic sights at this time of the year is the extraordinary amount of labor imposed upon the women, who seem really to do most of the heavy work. I thought I had seen the last of that in the Thuringerwald, Odenwald, and Schwartzwald, while on a foot-tour through Germany; but even the Germans are not so far advanced in civilization in this respect as the Norwegians, who do not hesitate to make their women cut wood, haul logs, pull carts, row boats, fish, and perform various other kinds of labor usually allotted to the stronger sex, which even a German would consider rather heavy for his "frow." The men, in addition to this ungallant trait, are much addicted to the use of tobacco and native corn-brandy—which, however, I can not but regard as a sign of civilization, since the same habits exist, to some extent, in our own country. Chewing and drinking are just as common as in California, the most enlightened country in the world. Wherever I saw a set of drunken fellows roaring and rollicking at some wayside inn, their faces smeared with tobacco, and their eyes rolling in their heads, I naturally felt drawn toward them by the great free-masonry of familiar customs.

The system of farming followed by the peasants is exceedingly primitive, though doubtless well adapted to the climate and soil. Nothing can be more striking to a stranger than the odd shapes of the wagons and carts, and the rudeness of the agricultural implements, which must be patterned upon those in vogue during the time of Odin, the founder of the Norwegian race. Owing to the humidity of the climate, it is necessary in harvest time to dry the hay and grain by staking it out in the fields on long poles, so that the sun and air may penetrate every part of it. The appearance of a farm is thus rendered unique as well as picturesque. In the long twilight nights of summer these ghostly stakes present the appearance of a gang of heathenish spirits standing about in the fields, with their long beards waving in the air, and



A DRINKING BOUT.

their dusky robes trailing over the stubbles. The figures thus seen at every turn of the road often assume the most striking spectral forms, well calculated to augment those wild superstitions which prevail throughout the country. It was impossible for me ever to get quite rid of the idea that they were descendants of the old Scandinavian gods, holding counsel over the affairs of the nation, especially when some passing breeze caused their arms and robes to flutter in the twilight, and their heads to swing to and fro, as if in the enthusiasm of their ghostly deliberations.

Mingled with the wild superstitions of the people their piety is a prominent trait. Their prevailing religion is Episcopal Lutheran, though Catholicism and other religions are tolerated by an act of the Storting, with the exception of Mormonism, which is prohibited by law. A considerable number of proselytes to that sect have emigrated to Salt Lake. This prevailing spirit of piety is observable even in the wildest parts of the country, where every little hamlet has its church, and neither old nor young

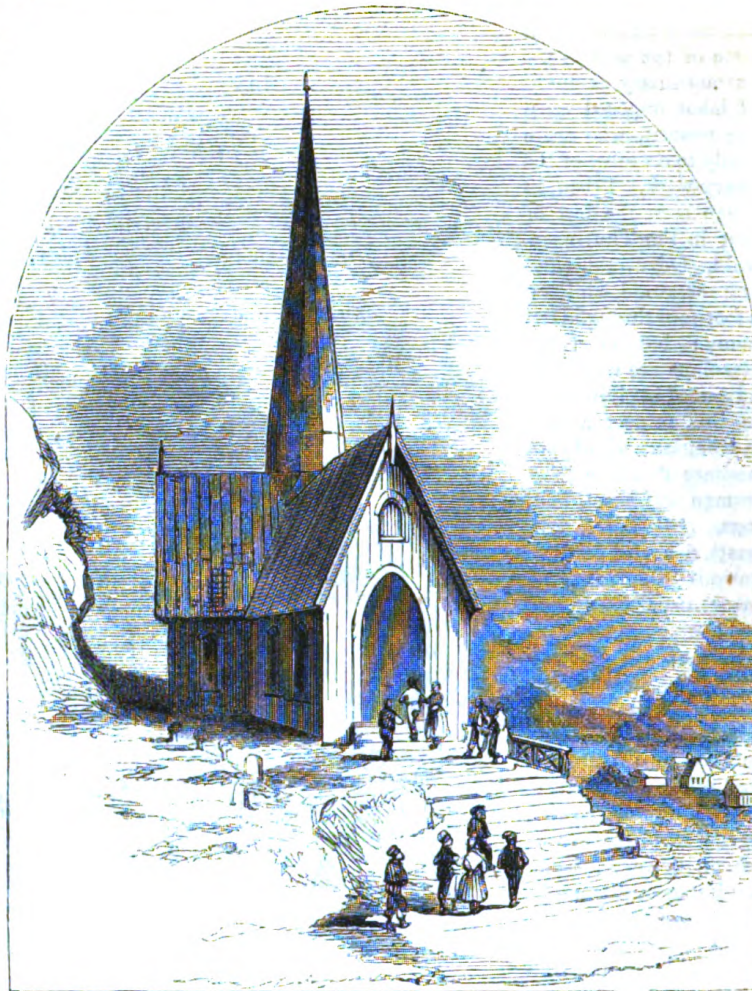
neglect their religious services. Most of these churches are built of wood, with a steeple of the same material, shingled over and painted black, so as to present the most striking contrast to the snows which cover the face of the country during the greater part of the year.

The parish school-master is a most important personage in these rural districts.—He it is who trains up the rising generation, teaches the young idea how to shoot, and

“Out of great things and small draweth the secrets of the universe.”

He is greatly revered by the simple-minded old farmers, is cherished and respected by the mothers of families, enthusiastically admired and generally aspired to by the village belles, and held in profound awe by all the little urchins of the neighborhood. He speaketh unknown tongues; he diveth into the depths of abstruse sciences; he talketh with the air of one burdened with much learning; he “argueth the cycles of the stars from a pebble flung by a child;” he likewise teacheth reading, writing, and arithmetic, and applieth the rod to the juvenile seat of understanding. Opposite you have him to the life.

Soon after leaving Storkterstad—a station about two days' journey from Lillehammer, on the main road to Trondhjem, I passed through a very steep and rugged defile in the mountains, with jagged rocks on the right and the foaming waters of the Logen on the left, where my attention was called by the skydskaar to a small monument by the roadside bearing an inscription commemorative of the death of Colonel Sinclair. If I remember correctly, a fine description is given of this celebrated passage by Mögge, whose graphic sketches of Norwegian scenery I had frequent occasion to admire, during my tour, for their beauty and accuracy. I fully agree with my friend Bayard Taylor, that the traveler can find no better guide to the Fjelds and Fjords of this wild country than “Afraja” and “Life and Love in Norway.” Laing has also given an interesting account of



NORWEGIAN CHURCH.

the massacre of Colonel Sinclair's party. From his version of this famous incident in Norwegian history it appears that, during the war between Christian the Fourth of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, while the Danes held the western coast of Norway, Colonel Sinclair, a Scotchman, desiring to render assistance to the Swedes, landed at Romsdalen, on the coast, with a party of nine hundred followers. Another detachment of his forces landed at Trondhjem. It was their intention to fight their way across the mountains and join the Swedish forces on the frontier. Sinclair's party met with no resistance till they arrived at the pass of Kringelen, where three hundred peasants, hearing of their approach, had prepared an ambush. Every thing was arranged with the utmost secrecy. An abrupt mountain on the right, abounding in immense masses of loose rock, furnished the means of a terrible revenge for the ravages committed by the Scotch on their march from Romsdalen. The road winds around the foot of this mountain, making a narrow pass, hemmed in by the roaring torrents of the Logen on the one side and abrupt cliffs on the other. Across the river, which here dashes with fright-



PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

ful rapidity through the narrow gorge of the mountains, the country wears an exceedingly weird and desolate aspect; the ravines and summits of the mountains are darkened by gloomy forests of pine, relieved only by hoary and moss-covered cliffs overhanging the rushing waters of the Logen. On the precipitous slopes of the pass, hundreds of feet above the road, the peasants gathered enormous masses of rock, logs of wood, and even trunks of trees, which they fixed in such a way that, at a moment's notice, they could precipitate the whole terrible avalanche upon the heads of the enemy.

Such was the secrecy with which the peasants managed the whole affair that the Scotch, ignorant even of the existence of a foe, marched along in imaginary security till they reached the middle of the narrow pass, when they were suddenly overwhelmed and crushed beneath the masses of rocks and loose timbers launched upon them by the Norwegians. Rushing from their ambush the infuriated peasants soon slaughtered the maimed and wounded—leaving, according to some authorities, only two of the enemy to tell the tale. Others, however, say that as many as sixty escaped, but were afterward caught and massacred. Attached to this fearful story of retribution, Laing mentions a romantic incident, which is still currently told in the neighborhood. A young peasant was prevented from joining in the attack by his sweet-heart, to whom he was to be married the next day. She, learning that the wife of Colonel Sinclair was among the party, sent her lover to offer his assistance; but the Scotch lady, mistaking his purpose, shot him

dead. Such is the tragic history that casts over this wild region a mingled interest of horror and romance.

The road from Laurgaard beyond the pass of the Kringelen ascends a high mountain. On the right is a series of foaming cataracts, and nothing can surpass the rugged grandeur of the view as you reach the highest eminence before descending toward Braendhagen. Here the country is one vast wilderness of pine-clad mountains, green winding valleys, and raging torrents of water dashing down over the jagged rocks thousands of feet below. It was nearly night when I reached Dombaas, the last station before ascending the Dovre Fjeld.

A telegraphic station at Dombaas gives something of a civilized aspect to this stopping-place, otherwise rather a primitive-looking establishment. The people, however, are very kind and hospitable, and somewhat noted for their skill in carving bone and wooden knife-handles. I should have mentioned that, wild as this part of the country is, the traveler is constantly reminded by the telegraphic poles all along the route that he is never quite beyond the limits of civilization. Such is the force of habit that I was strongly tempted to send a message to somebody from Dombaas; but upon turning the matter over in my mind could think of nobody within the limits of Norway who felt sufficient interest in my explorations to be likely to derive much satisfaction from the announcement that I had reached the edge of the Dovre Fjeld in safety. The name of a waiter who was good enough to black my boots at the Victoria Hotel occurred to me, but it was hardly possible he would appreciate a telegraphic dispatch from one who had no more pressing claims to his attention. I thought of sending a few lines of remembrance to the Wild Girl who had come so near breaking my neck. This notion, however, I gave over upon reflecting that she might attach undue weight to my expressions of friendship, and possibly take it into her head that I was making love to her—than which nothing could be farther from my intention. I had a social chat with the telegraph-man, however—a very respectable and intelligent person—who gave me the latest news; and with this, and a good supper and bed, I was obliged to rest content.

Leaving Dombaas at an early hour I soon began to ascend a long slope, reaching, by a gradual elevation, to the Dovre Fjeld. The vegetation began to grow more and more scanty on the wayside, consisting mostly of lichens and reindeer moss. I passed through some stunted groves of pine, which however were bleached and almost destitute of foliage. The ground on either side of the road was soft, black, and boggy, abounding in springs and scarcely susceptible of cultivation. At this elevation grain is rarely planted, though I was told potatoes and other esculents are not difficult to raise. On the left of the road, approaching the summit, lies a range of snow-capped mountains between the Dovre Fjeld and Molde; on the right a series

of rocky and barren hills of sweeping outline, presenting an exceedingly desolate aspect. In the course of an hour after leaving Dombaas, having walked most of the way, I fairly reached the grand plateau of the Dovre Fjeld. The scene at this point of the journey is inexpressibly desolate.

Bare, whitish-colored hills bound the horizon on the right; in front is a dreary waste, through which the road winds like a thread till lost in the dim haze of the distance; and to the left the everlasting snows of Snachatten. A few wretched cabins are scattered at remote intervals over the desert plains, in which the shepherds seek shelter from the inclemency of the weather, which even in mid-summer is often piercingly raw. Herds of cattle, sheep, and goats were grazing over the rocky wastes of the Fjeld. Reindeer are sometimes seen in this vicinity, but not often within sight of the road. The only vegetation produced here is reindeer moss, and a coarse sort of grass growing in bunches over the plain. I met several shepherds on the way dressed in something like a characteristic costume—frieze jackets, with brass buttons, black knee-breeches, a red night-cap, and armed with the usual staff or shepherd's crook, represented in pictures, and much discoursed of by poets:

"Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;"

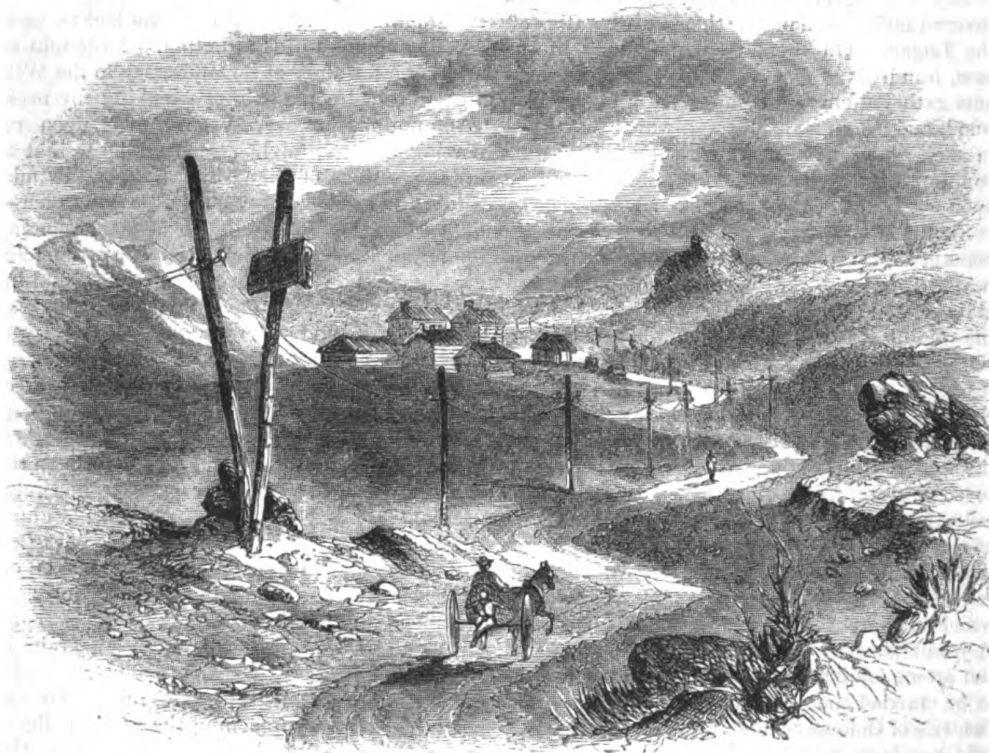
but not on the Dovre Fjelds of Norway. It must be rather a dull business in that region, taking into consideration the barren plains, the bleak winds, and desolate aspect of the country.

No sweet hawthorn bushes are there, beneath which these rustic philosophers can sit—

"Looking on their silly sheep."

Shepherd life must be a very dismal reality indeed. And yet there is no accounting for tastes. At one point of the road, beyond Folkstuen, where a sluggish lagoon mingles its waters with the barren slopes of the Fjeld, I saw an Englishman standing up to his knees in a dismal marsh fishing for trout.

The weather was cold enough to strike a chill into one's very marrow; yet this indefatigable sportsman had come more than a thousand miles from his native country to enjoy himself in this way. He was a genuine specimen of an English snob—self-sufficient, conceited, and unsociable; looking neither to the right nor the left, and terribly determined not to commit himself by making acquaintance with casual travelers speaking the English tongue. I stopped my cariole within a few paces and asked him "what luck?" One would think the sound of his native tongue would have been refreshing to him in this dreary wilderness; but without deigning to raise his head, he merely answered in a gruff tone, "Don't know, Sir—don't know!" I certainly did not suspect him of knowing much, but thought that question at least would not be beyond the limits of his intelligence. Finding him insensible to the approaches of humanity, I revenged myself for his rudeness by making a sketch of his person, which I hope will be recognized by his friends in England should he meet with any misfortune in the wilds of Norway. They will at least know where to search for his



DOVRE FJELD.



PLAYING HIM OUT.

body, and he enabled to recognize it when they find it. This man's sense of enjoyment reminded me of the anecdote told by Longfellow in *Hyperion*, of an Englishman who sat in a tub of cold water every morning while he ate his breakfast and read the newspapers.

I met with many such in the course of my tour. Is it not a little marvelous what hardships people will encounter for pleasure? Here was a man of mature age, in the enjoyment perhaps of a comfortable income, who had left his country, with all its attractions, for a dreary desert in which he was utterly isolated from the world. He was not traveling—not reading, not surrounded by a few congenial friends who could make a brief exile pleasant, but utterly alone; ignorant no doubt of the language spoken by the few shepherds in the neighborhood; up to his knees in a pool of cold water; stubbornly striving against the most adverse circumstances of wind and weather to torture out of the water a few miserable little fish! Of what material can such a man's brain be composed, if he be gifted with brain at all? Is it mud, clay, or water; or is it all a bog? Possibly he was a lover of nature; but if you examine his portrait you will perceive that there is nothing in his personal appearance to warrant that suspicion. Even if such were the case, this was not the charming region described by the quaint, old Walton, where the scholar can turn aside "toward the high honey-suckle hedge," or "sit and sing while the shower falls upon the teeming earth, viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their centre, the tempestuous sea," beguiled by

the harmless lambs till, with a soul possessed with content, he feels "lifted above the earth." Nor was the solitary angler of the Dovre Fjeld a man likely to be lifted from the earth by any thing so fragile as the beauties of nature. His weight—sixteen stone at least—would be much more likely to sink him into it.

As I approached the neighborhood of Djerkin on the Dovre Fjeld, famous as a central station for hunting expeditions, I met several English sportsmen armed with rifles, double-barreled guns, pistols, and other deadly weapons, on their way to the defiles of the adjacent mountains in search of the black bears, which are said to infest that region. One of these enthusiastic gentlemen was seated in a cariole, and traveled for some distance in front of me. Taking into view the rotundity of his person, which overhung the little vehicle on every side, I could not but picture to myself the extraordinary spectacle that would be presented to any observant eye in case this ponderous individual should suddenly come in contact with one of those ferocious animals.



ENGLISH SPORTSMAN.

Here you have him, just as he sat before me—a back view, to be sure, but the only one I could get in the emergency of the moment. It will be easy to imagine, from the dextrous grace of his figure, how he will bound over the rocks, climb up the rugged points of the precipices, hang by the roots and branches of trees, dodge the attacks of the enemy, crawl through the brush, and, in the event of an unfavorable turn in the battle, retreat to some position of security.

No man can be blamed for running when he



BEAR CHASE.

is sure to be worsted in an encounter of this kind. Many a brave Californian has taken to his heels when pursued by a grizzly, and I have scarcely a doubt that I would pursue the same course myself under similar circumstances. Only it must look a little ludicrous to see a fat Englishman, a representative of the British Lion, forced to adopt this mortifying alternative rather than suffer himself to be torn into beef-steaks. It may be, however, that in this instance our Nimrod has suddenly discovered that it is about dinner-time, and is hurrying back to camp lest the beef should be overdone.

These bear-hunting Englishmen take care to have as many chances on their own side as possible. Hence they usually go into the mountains well provided with guides, ammunition, provisions, etc., and prepare the way by first securing the bear in some favored locality. This is done by killing a calf or hog and placing the carcass in the required position. A hired attendant lies in wait until he discovers the bear, when he comes down to the station or camp and notifies the hunter that it is time to start out. Thus the risk of life is greatly reduced, and the prospect of securing some game proportionally augmented. The black bears of Norway are not very dangerous, however, and hunted in this manner it requires no great skill to kill them. They are generally to be found in the higher mountains and defiles, a few miles from some farming settlement. In winter, when their customary food is scarce, they often commit serious depredations upon the stock of the farmers. Every facility is freely afforded by the peasants for their destruction, and every bear killed is considered so many cattle saved.

It was late in the afternoon when I descended a rocky and pine-covered hill, and came in sight of the station called Djerkin—celebrated as one of the best in the interior of Norway. This place is kept by an old Norwegian peasant family of considerable wealth, and is a favorite resort of English sportsmen bound on fishing and hunting excursions throughout the wilds of the Dove

Fjeld. The main buildings and outhouses are numerous and substantial, and stand on the slope of the hill which forms the highest point of the Fjeld on the road from Christiania to Trondhjem. The appearance of this isolated group of buildings on the broad and barren face of the hill had much in it to remind me of some of the old missionary establishments in California; and the resemblance was increased by the scattered herds of cattle browsing upon

the parched and barren slopes of the Fjeld, which in this vicinity are as much like the old Ranch lands of San Diego County as one region of country wholly different in climate can be like another. A few cultivated patches of ground near the station, upon which the peasants were at work gathering in the scanty harvest, showed that even in this rigorous region the attempts at agriculture were not altogether unsuccessful. As usual, the principal burden of labor seemed to fall upon the women, who were digging, hoeing, and raking with a lusty will that would have done credit to the men.

I must say that of all the customs prevailing



PEASANT WOMEN AT WORK.

in the different parts of Europe, not excepting the most civilized states of Germany, this one of making the women do all the heavy work strikes me as the nearest approximation to the perfection of domestic discipline. The Diggers of California and the Kaffres of Africa understand this thing exactly, and no man of any spirit belonging to those tribes would any more think of performing the drudgery which he imposes upon his wife and daughters than a German or a Norwegian. What is the use of having wives and children if they don't relieve us of our heavy work? In that respect we Americans are very much behind the times. We pay such absurd devotion to the weakness of woman that they rule us with a despotism unknown in any other country. Their smiles are threats, and their tears are despotic manifestoes, against which the bravest of us dare not rebel. It is absolutely horrible to think of the condition of servitude in which we are placed by the extraordinary powers vested in, and so relentlessly exercised by, the women of America. I, for one, am in favor of a revival of the old laws of Nuremberg, by which female tyranny was punished. By a decree of the famous Council of Eight any woman convicted of beating her husband or otherwise maltreating him was forced to wear a dragon's head for the period of three days; and if she did not, at the expiration of that date, ask his pardon, she was compelled to undergo a regimen of bread and water for the space of three weeks, or until effectually reduced to submission. Something must be done, or we shall be compelled sooner or later to adopt a clause in the Constitution prohibiting from admission the State of Matrimony. What would the ladies do then? I think that would bring them to their senses.

Not only in the matter of domestic discipline, but of business and pleasure, are the people of Europe infinitely ahead of us. In France many of the railway stations are attended by female clerks, and in Germany the beer-saloons are ornamented by pretty girls, who carry around the foaming schoppens, having a spare smile and a joke for every customer. Of opera-singers, dancers, and female fiddlers, the most famous are produced in Europe. The wheeling girls of Hamburg, who roll after the omnibuses in circus fashion, are the only specimens in the line of popular attractions that I have not yet seen in the streets or public resorts of New York.

What would be thought of half a dozen of these street acrobats rolling down Broadway or Fifth Avenue? Doubtless they would attract considerable attention, and probably turn many a good penny. I fancy the Bowery boys would enjoy this sort of thing. A pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, with her crinoline securely bundled up between her ankles, wheeling merrily along after an omnibus at the rate of five miles an hour would be an attractive as well as extraordinary spectacle. For my part, I would greatly prefer it to our best female lectures on phrenology or physiology. I think a girl who



WHEELING GIRLS.

can roll in that way must be possessed of uncommon genius. The wheeling boys of London are but a clumsy spectacle compared with this. No man of sensibility can witness such a sight without regarding it as the very poetry of motion.

But this digression has led me a little out of the way. I was on the road to Djerkin. A sharp pull of half a mile up the hill brought me to the door of the station, where I was kindly greeted by the family. Descending from my cariole a little stiff after the last long stage, I entered the general sitting-room, where there was a goodly assemblage of customers smoking and drinking, and otherwise enjoying themselves. The landlady, however, would not permit me to stop in such rude quarters, but hurried me at once into the fine room of the establishment. While she was preparing a venison steak and some coffee I took a survey of the room, which was certainly ornamented in a very artistic manner. The sofa was covered with little scraps of white net-work; the bureau was dotted all over with little angels made of gauze, highly-colored pin-cushions, and fanciful paper boxes and card-stands. The walls were decorated with paintings of cows, stags, rocks, waterfalls, and other animals, and gems of Norwegian scenery, the productions of the genius of the family—the oldest son, a Justice of the Peace for the District, now absent on business at Christiania. They were very tolerably executed. The old lady was so proud of them that she took care to call my attention to their merits immediately upon entering the room, informing me, with much warmth

of manner, that her son was a highly respectable man, of wonderful talents, who had held the honorable position of Justice of the Peace for the past ten years; and that there was something in my face that reminded her of her dear boy. In fact, she thought our features bore a striking resemblance—only Hansen had rather a more melancholy expression, his wife having unfortunately died about three years ago (here the poor old lady heaved a profound sigh). But I could judge for myself. There was his portrait, painted by a German artist who spent some months at this place last summer. I looked at the portrait with some curiosity. It was that of a man about forty years of age, with a black skull-cap on his head, a long queue behind, and a pair of spectacles on his nose—his face very thin and of a cadaverous expression; just such a man as you would expect to find upon a justice's bench of a country district in Norway. Was it possible I bore any resemblance to this learned man? The very idea was so startling, not to say flattering, that I could hardly preserve my composure. I mumbled over something to the effect that it was a good face—for scenic purposes; but every time I tried to acknowledge the likeness to myself the words stuck in my throat. Finally, I was forced to ask the landlady if she would be so kind as to bring me a glass of brandy-wine; for I was afraid she would discover the internal convulsions which threatened every moment to rend my ribs asunder. While she was looking after the brandy-wine I made a hasty copy of the portrait, and I now leave it to the impartial reader to decide upon

the supposed resemblance. It may be like me; but I confess the fact never would have impressed itself upon my mind from any personal observation of my own countenance taken in front of a looking-glass.



MODEL LANDLORD.



JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

There was something so genial and cozy about the inn at Djerkin that I partially resolved to stop all night. At dinner-time the landlord made his appearance steaming hot from the kitchen. I no longer hesitated about staying. I am a great believer in the physiognomy of inns as well as of landlords. Traveling through a wild country like Norway, where there is little beyond the scenery to attract attention, the unpretending stations by the wayside assume a degree of importance equaled only by the largest cities in other countries. The approach, the aspect of the place, the physiognomy of the house, become matters of the deepest interest to the solitary wayfarer, who clings to these episodes in the day's journey as the connecting links that bind him to the great family of man. I claim to be able to tell from the general expression of an inn, commencing at the chimney-top and ending at the steps of the front door, exactly what sort of cheer is to be had within—

whether the family are happily bound together in bonds of affection; how often the landlord indulges in a bout of hard drinking; and the state of control under which he is kept by the female head of the establishment; nay, I can almost guess from the general aspect of the house the exact weight and digestive capacity of mine host, for if the inn promise well for the creature comforts, so will the inn-keeper. And what can be more cheering to a tired wayfarer than to be met at the door by a jolly red-faced old fellow—

“His fair round belly with
fat capon lined—”

beef-steaks in the expression of his eye; his bald pate the fac-simile of a rump of mutton; plum-puddings and apple-dumplings in every curve of his chin; his body the living embodiment of a cask of beer supported by two pipes of generous wine; the whole man overflowing with rich juices and essences, gravies, and strong drinks—a breathing incarnation of all the good things of life, whom to look upon is to feel good-natured and happy in the present, and hopeful for the future; such a man, in short, as mine host of the Golden Crown, whose portrait I have endeavored to present.

If there be any likeness between myself and the son it certainly does not extend to the father. He carries in his hands a steaming hot plum-pudding; he is a model landlord, and delights in feeding his customers. His voice is greasy like his face. When he laughs it is from his capacious stomach the sounds come. His best jokes are based upon his digestive organs. He gets a little boozey toward evening, but that is merely a hospitable habit of his to prove that his liquors are good. You commit yourself at once to his keeping with a delightful consciousness that in his hands you are safe. He is not a man to suffer an honest customer to starve. Nature, in her prodigality, formed him upon a generous pattern. Whatever does other people good likewise does him good. May he live a thousand years—mine host of the



DRIVSDAL VALLEY.

Golden Crown!—and may his shadow never be less!

The next morning I proceeded on my way resolved, if ever I came this route again, to spend a week at Djerkin. A withered old man accompanied me on the back of the cariole. After half an hour's hard climbing up a very steep hill we reached the highest point of the Dovre Fjeld, 4594 feet above the level of the sea. From this point the view is exceedingly weird and desolate. Owing to the weather, however, which was dark and threatening, I did not stop long to enjoy the view of the barren wastes that lay behind, but was soon dashing at a slapping pace down into the valley of the Drivsdal—one of the most rugged and picturesque in Norway.

My journey down the valley of the Drivsdal was both pleasant and interesting. A beautiful new road commences at Kongsvold, the last station on the Dovre Fjeld, after passing Djerkin, and follows the winding of the river through the narrow gorges of the mountains all the way to Ny Orne. On each side towering and pine-covered mountains rear their rugged crests, sometimes approaching so close to the river as to



PASSAGE ON THE DRIV.

overhang the road, which for miles on a stretch is hewn from the solid rock.

The innumerable clefts and fissures that mark the rugged fronts of the cliffs; the overhanging trees and shrubbery; the toppling boulders of granite, balanced in mid-air; the rushing torrents that dash from the moss-covered rocks; the seething and foaming waters of the Driv, whirling through the narrow gorges hundreds of feet below the road; the bright blue sky overhead, and the fitful gleams of sunshine darting through the masses of pine and circling into innumerable rainbows in the spray of the river, all combine to form a scene of incomparable beauty and grandeur such as I have rarely seen equaled in any part of the world, and only surpassed by the Siskiyou Mountains in the northern part of California.

About midway down the valley, after passing the settlement of Rise, I stopped to examine a curious passage of the river in the neighborhood of the Drivstuklere, where it dashes down between two solid walls of rocks, which at this point approach so as to form a passage of not more than fifteen feet in width. Securing my

carriole horse to a tree by the side of the road, I descended a steep bank under the guidance of my skydskaarl, a bright little fellow about ten years of age, who first called my attention to this remarkable phenomenon. I was soon compelled to follow his example and crawl over the rocks like a caterpillar to avoid falling into the frightful abyss below. For a distance of fifty or sixty yards the river, compressed within a limit of fifteen feet, dashes with fearful velocity through its rugged and tortuous boundaries, filling the air with spray and making an angry moan, as if threatening momentarily to tear the rocks from their solid beds, and sweep them into the broad and sullen pool below.

The trembling of the massive boulder upon which I lay outstretched peering into the raging abyss, the fierce surging of the waters, the whirling clouds of spray, and gorgeous prismatic colors that

flashed through them, created an impression that the whole was some wild, mad freak of the elements, gotten up to furnish the traveler with a startling idea of the wonders and beauties of Norwegian scenery.

Late one evening I arrived at a lonely little station by the wayside, not far beyond the valley of the Drivsdal. I was cold and hungry, and well disposed to enjoy whatever good cheer the honest people who kept the inn might have in store for me. The house and outbuildings were such as belong to an ordinary farming establishment, and did not promise much in the way of entertainment. Upon entering the rustic door-way I was kindly greeted by the host—a simple, good-natured looking man—who, as usual, showed me into the best room. Now, I am not aware of any thing in my appearance that entitles me to this distinction; but it has generally been my fate in this sort of travel to be set apart and isolated from the common herd in the fancy room of the establishment, which I have always found to be correspondingly the coldest and most uncomfortable. It is a great annoyance in Norway to be treated as a gentleman. The com-

monest lout can enjoy the cozy glow and social gossip of the kitchen or ordinary sitting-room; but the traveler whom these good people would honor must sit shivering and alone in some great barn of a room because it contains a sofa, a bureau, a looking-glass, a few mantle-piece ornaments, and an occasional picture of the King or some member of the royal family. I have walked up and down these dismal chambers for hours at a time, staring at the daubs on the walls and picking up little odds and ends of ornaments and gazing vacantly at them, till I felt a numbness steal all over me, accompanied by a vague presentiment that I was imprisoned for life. The progress of time is a matter of no importance in Norway. To an American, accustomed to see every thing done with energy and promptness, it is absolutely astounding—the indifference of these people to the waste of hours. They seem to be forever asleep, or doing something that bears no possible reference to their ostensible business. If you are hungry and want something to eat in a few minutes, the probability is you will be left alone in the fine room for several hours, at the expiration of which you discover that the inn-keeper is out in the stable feeding his horses, his wife in the back-yard looking after the chickens, and his children sitting at a table in the kitchen devouring a dish of porridge. Upon expressing your astonishment that nothing is ready, the good man of the house says—"Ja! it will be ready directly, min Herr!" and if you are lucky it comes in another hour—a cup of coffee and some bread perhaps, which you could just as well have had in ten minutes. Patience may be a virtue in other countries, but it is an absolute necessity in Norway. I believe, after the few weeks' experience I had on the road to Trondhjem, I could without difficulty sit upon a monument and smile at grief.

Perceiving through the cracks of the door that there was a good fire in the kitchen, and hearing the cheerful voices of the man and his wife, varied by the merry whistle of my skydskaarl, I made bold to go in and ask leave to stand by the fire. The good people seemed a little astonished at first that a person of quality like myself should prefer the kitchen to the fine room with the sofa and bureau, the mantle-piece ornaments and pictures of the royal family; but by dint of good-humored gossip about the horses, and an extravagant compliment thrown in about the beauty of the landlady's children—for which I hope to be pardoned—I secured a comfortable seat by the fire, and was soon quite at home. The great open fire-place, the blazing pine logs, the well-smoked hobs, the simmering pots and steaming kettles, had something indescribably cheerful about them; and lighting my pipe, I puffed away cozily during the pauses in the conversation, having a delightful consciousness that nature had peculiarly adapted me for the vulgar enjoyments of life, and that every thing approaching the refinements of civilization was a great bore. It was doubtless

this taint of the savage in my disposition that made me look with such horror upon neat rooms and civilized furniture, and fall back with such zest upon the primitive comforts of savage life. When I told the people of the house that I was all the way from California—that I had come expressly to see their country—there was no end to the interest and excitement. "Dear me!" they cried, "and you have traveled a long way! You must be very tired! And you must be very rich to travel so far! Ah Gott—how wonderful!" "Did you come all the way in a cariole?" inquired the simple-minded host. "No; I came part of the way by sea, in a great ship." "How wonderful!" "And what sort of horses had they in California?" I told some tough stories about the mustang horses, in which the landlord was profoundly interested, for I soon discovered that horses were his great hobby. Whatever we talked of, he invariably came back to horse-flesh. His head was overrunning with horses. I praised his cariole horses, and he was enchanted. He gave me the pedigree of every horse in his stable—scarcely a word of which I understood—and then wound up by telling me he was considered the best judge of horses in all Norway. I did not think there was much in his appearance indicative of the shrewd horse-jockey, but was soon convinced of his shrewdness, for he informed me confidentially he had drawn the great prize at the last annual horse-fair at Christiania, and if I didn't believe it he would show it to me! I tried to make him understand that I had no doubt at all what he said was strictly true; but not satisfied at this expression of faith in his word, he went to a big wooden chest in the corner and took out a bag of money, which he placed upon the middle of the table with a proud smile of triumph. "That," said he, "is the prize! A hundred and fifty silver dollars—*silver*, mind you—all *SILVER*!" But perhaps I didn't believe it was a prize? Well, he would convince me of that. So he left the bag of money on the table and went into a back room to get the certificate of the Society, in which it was all duly written out, with his name in large letters, the paper being neatly framed in a carved frame, the work of his own hands. There it was; I could read for myself! I tried to read it to oblige him, and as I blundered over the words he took it into his head that I was still incredulous. "Nai! nai!" said he, "you shall see the money! You shall count it for yourself!" In vain I strove to convince him that I was entirely satisfied on the subject—that he must not go to so much trouble on my account. "Nai! nai!" cried the enthusiastic dealer in horse-flesh, "it is no trouble. You shall see the money WITH YOUR OWN EYES!" And forthwith he untied the string of the bag, and poured out the shining dollars in a pile on the middle of the table. His good wife stood by, professing to smile, but I suspected, from the watchful expression of her eye, that she did not feel quite at ease. The skydskaarl leaned over with a



THE PRIZE.

general expression of the most profound astonishment and admiration. "See!" cried the old man; "this is the prize—every dollar of it. But you must count it—I'll help you—so!" As there was no getting over the task imposed upon me without hurting his feelings, I had to sit down and help to count the money—no very pleasant job for a hungry man. After summing up our respective piles there appeared to be only a hundred and forty-nine dollars—just a dollar short. "Lieb Gott!" cried the man, "there must be a mistake! Let us count it again!" I felt that there was a necessity for counting it very carefully this time, for the landlady's eye was on me with a very searching expression. "Een, to, tre, five, fem, sex," and so on for nearly half an hour, when we summed up our counts again. This time it was only a hundred and forty-eight dollars—just two dollars short! The old man scratched his head and looked bewildered. The landlady moved about nervously, and stared very hard at me. It was getting to be rather an embarrassing affair. I blamed myself for being so foolishly drawn into it. Wishing to know if there really was

definitely displeased at the whole proceeding. "A fool, eh? A fool!" muttered the old man; "you do well to call me a fool before strangers!" "Ja, that's the way! I always told you so!" screamed the woman, in rising tones of anger, "you'll lose all your money yet!" "Lose it!" retorted the man; "don't you see I have made ten dollars by counting it to-night! There! count it yourself, and hold your peace, woman!" Here the wife, suppressing her wrath, made a careful and deliberate count, which resulted in the exact sum of a hundred and fifty dollars! I was much relieved; but by this time the old man, unable to bear the torrent of reproaches heaped upon him by his good wife for his stupidity, swore she must have made a mistake. He was sure he had counted a hundred and sixty. Therefore he would count it again, all alone, which he proceeded to do, very slowly and cautiously. This time the result was a hundred and fifty-five dollars. "The devil's in it!" cried the astonished dealer; "there's some magic about it! I don't understand it. I must count it again!" The woman, however, being satisfied that it was all right, I now thought it best

a mistake, I begged my host to let me count it alone, which I did by making fifteen piles of ten dollars each, carefully counting every pile. It was all right, the whole amount was there, a hundred and fifty dollars. "All right!" said I, much relieved; "don't you see, every pile is exactly the same height!" "Ja! ja!" said the man, "but I don't understand it. Here, wife, you and I must count it!" So the wife sat down, and they both began counting the money, varying every time they compared notes from two to ten dollars. Once they had it a hundred and sixty dollars. "The devil is in the money!" exclaimed the horse-dealer; "I'm certain I counted right." "And so am I!" said the woman; "I can not be mistaken. It is you who have made the mistake! You always were a stupid old fool about money!" This she said with some degree of asperity; for she was evi-

to return to my seat by the fire, where she soon began to busy herself preparing the supper, turning round now and then of course to let off a broadside at her old man. She took occasion to inform me, during the progress of her culinary labors, that he was a very good sort of man, but was somewhat addicted to brandy-wine, of which he had partaken a little too freely on the present occasion. I must excuse him. She would send him to bed presently. And now, if I pleased, supper was ready.

I could not help thinking, as I lay in bed that night, how lucky it was for these simple-minded people that they lived in the interior of Norway. Even in California, where public and private integrity is the prevailing trait of the people, it would hardly be considered safe to pull out a bag of money at a wayside inn and show it to every passing stranger. I have known men there in high public positions whom I would scarcely like to tempt in that way, especially if there was money enough in the bag to make robbery respectable.

All along the route during the next day the scenery was a continued feast of enjoyment. In looking back over it now, however, after the lapse of several months, it would be difficult to recall any thing beyond its general features—pine-covered mountains, green valleys, dark rocky glens, foaming torrents of water, and groups of farm-houses by the wayside. At Bjerkager I reached the first of the "slow-stations;" that is to say, the established post-houses, where a margin of three hours is allowed for a change of horses. I had supposed that in a country, and on a public route, where during the summer there must be considerable travel, it would hardly be possible that so long a delay could take place; but in this I was mistaken. The slow-stations are emphatically slow; the keepers are slow, the horses are slow, the whole concern is slow. From Bjerkager to Garlid, and from Garlid to Hov, including all delays, a distance of three hours and a half ordinary time, it took me all day. No entreaties, no offers of extra compensation, no expressions of impatience produced the slightest effect. The people at these places were not to be hurried. Kind and good-natured as they were in appearance and expression, I found them the most bull-headed and intractable race of beings on the face of the earth.

I was particularly struck with the depressing lethargy that hung over a wretched little place called Soknaes, which I made out to reach the next morning. A dead silence reigned over the miserable huddle of buildings by the roadside. The houses looked green and mildewed. A few forlorn chickens in the stable-yard, and a half-starved dog crouching under the door-steps, too poor to bark and too lazy to move, were the only signs of life that greeted me as I approached. I knocked at the door, but no answer was made to the summons. Not a living soul was to be seen around the place. I attempted to whistle and shout. Still the terrible silence remained unbroken, save by the dismal echoes of my own

melancholy music. At length I went to a rickety shed under which some carts were drawn up for shelter from the weather. In one of the carts, half-covered in a bundle of straw, was a bundle of clothes. It moved as I drew near; it thrust a boot out over the tail-board; it shook itself; it emitted a curious sound between a grunt and a yawn; it raised itself up and shook off a portion of the straw; it thrust a red night-cap out of the mass of shapeless rubbish; the night-cap contained a head and a matted shock of hair; there was a withered, old-fashioned little face on the front part of the head underneath the shock of hair, which opened its mouth and eyes and gazed at me vacantly; it was an old man or a boy, I could not tell which till it spoke, when I discovered that it was something between the two, and was the skydskaarl or hostler of this remarkable establishment. He rubbed his eyes and stared again. "Hello!" said I. He grunted out something. "Heste og Cariole!" said I. "Ja! Ja!" grunted the hostler, and then he began to get out of the cart. I suppose he creaked, though I do not pretend that the sounds were audible. First one leg came out; slowly it was followed by the other. When they both got to the ground, he pushed his body gradually over the tail-board, and in about five minutes was standing before me.

"A horse and cariole," said I; "let me have them quick!"

"Ja! Ja!"

"*Strax!*" [directly!] said I.

"Ja! Ja!"

"How long will it be?"

"Ach!"—here he yawned.

"An hour?"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Two hours?"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Three hours?"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Sacramento! I can't stand that. I must have one *strax*—directly—*forstøede*?"

"Ja! Ja!" and the fellow rubbed his eyes and yawned again.

"Look here! my friend," said I; "if you'll get me a horse and cariole in half an hour I'll give you two marks extra—*forstøe*?"

"Ja! Ja! twa mark" (still yawning).

"Half an hour, mind you!"

"*Tre time*—three hours!" grunted the incorrigible dunderhead.

"Then good-by—I must travel on foot!" and with rage and indignation depicted in every feature I flung my knapsack over my shoulder and made a feint to start.

"Adieu! farvel!" said the sleepy lout, good-naturedly holding out his hand to give me a parting shake. "Farvel, min Herr! May your journey be pleasant! God take care of you!"

The perfect sincerity of the fellow completely dissipated my rage, and giving him a friendly shake I proceeded on my way. As I turned the corner of the main building and struck into the



TRAVELING ON FOOT.

road I cast a look back. He was still standing by the cart, yawning and rubbing his eyes as before. That man would make money in California—if money could be made by a bet on laziness. He is lazier than the old Dutch skipper who was too lazy to go below, and gave orders to the man at the helm to follow the sun so as to keep him in the shade of the main-sail, by reason of which he sailed round the horizon till his tobacco gave out, and he had to return home for a fresh supply. I call that a strong case of laziness, but scarcely stronger than the traveler meets with every day in Norway.

I now began to enjoy the real pleasures of Norwegian travel. No longer compelled to endure the vexatious delays to which I had lately been subject, I bowled along the road, with my knapsack on my back, at the rate of four miles an hour, whistling merrily from sheer exuberance of health and lack of thought. The weather was charming. A bright sun shed its warm rays over hill and dale; the air was fresh and invigorating; the richest tints adorned the whole face of the country, which from Soknaes to Trondhjem gradually increases in fertility and breadth of outline, till it becomes almost unrivaled in the profusion of its pastoral beauties. Nothing can surpass the gorgeous splendor of the autumnal sunsets in this part of Norway. At an earlier period of the year there is perpetual daylight for several weeks, and for three days the sun does not descend below the horizon. The light, however, is too strong during that period to produce the rich and glowing tints

which cover the sky and mountain-tops at a later season of the year. I was fortunate in being just in time to enjoy the full measure of its beauties; and surely it is not too much to say that such an experience is of itself worth a trip to Norway. I shall not attempt a description of Norwegian skies, however, after the glowing picture of the North Cape at midnight drawn by the pen of my friend Bayard Taylor, the most faithful and enthusiastic of all the travelers who have given their experience of this interesting region.

Keeping along the banks of the Gula the road winds around the sides of the hills—sometimes crossing open valleys, and occasionally penetrating the shady recesses of the pine forests, till it diverges from the river at Meelhus. Soon after leaving this station the views from the higher points over which the road passes are of great beauty and extent—embracing a glimpse, from time to time, of the great Trondhjem Fjord.

Night overtook me at the pretty little station of Esp. Next morning I was up bright and early, and after a cup of coffee and some rolls shouldered my knapsack and pushed on to Trondhjem.

If this very crude and hasty record of my experiences in the interior shall have the good luck to be found worthy of perusal, I hope soon to follow it up by an account of my visit to the Norwegian coast.



WHAT LUCK?



MR. BIGGS AT HOME.

ALONG THE WHARVES.

I AM the public's most obedient servant, Septimus Witherspoon, of Herkimer County, State of New York. When I am at home I am called a farmer, and though I am proud of the title, I am glad to say that I am not altogether dependent on my farm. I say all this because I know that the public like, when they're hearing from a man, to know who he is. It's a warrant of respectability, and shows that he is not ashamed of himself.

It has always been my intention to spend some little time in the city of New York, and I had read that, as a general thing, people from the country see more of New York than the citizens, and I was determined not to destroy that impression. But I also knew from my own experience that my neighbors who had seen the wonders of the great city utterly failed on their return in giving a clear impression of the sight. This, too, I determined to improve by going about with my eyes open, and not by looking with suspicion on every man I met in

the metropolis shut off my sources of information.

From the earliest period of its career I have been a reader of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and I have been especially attracted by two or three articles in which the versatile information of a Mr. Biggs is brought to bear; and I resolved to make his acquaintance, and, if possible, induce him to escort me through the city and show me the sights. By the kindness of the editor of the Magazine, to whom I introduced myself as an old subscriber, I was favored with a note to a friend of Mr. Biggs, who gave me a note to that gentleman. The editor also said, that if I would write out my observations he would be glad to see them, and if they suited him, would print them in the Magazine.

Armed with a note to Mr. Biggs, I took my way to the address given. After some search I found that renowned gentleman at a quiet retreat not very far removed from his board-

ing-house, answering to the title of the "O'Sullivan Hall," and kept by Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan.

Mr. Biggs took my letter and looked it well over before breaking the seal, and then did the same with myself. He then perused the letter slowly, seeming to spell at some of the words, while I stood waiting for him to reach the end. When this occurred, Mr. Biggs turned to me and said, rather abruptly,

"Want to see New York, eh! Got any money?"

I answered that I had, and by way of delicately letting him understand that I was willing to spend it, I said,

"What'll you drink, Mr. Biggs?"

He answered without an instant's hesitation, thereby showing how easily confidence is begotten in his mind,

"Whisky straight, Dennis. He pays;" meaning me, and designating, by his finger, the fact to a stern Milesian gentleman behind the bar.

The convention between Mr. Biggs and myself was settled in a couple of hours at an expense of four shillings and sixpence, cash in

hand, paid to Dennis O'Sullivan, after which Mr. B. did me the honor to accept my arm as far as the "Nonsuch House" and to sup with me. As it could hardly be expected that I should accompany Mr. Biggs home quite late at night, being myself a stranger to the city, I delegated that matter to a very polite colored gentleman at the "Nonsuch," who, for the sum of one dollar, promised, pledged himself to the faithful performance of the duty.

The convention between Mr. Biggs and myself was, that on the following day he was to begin showing me around, and that the shipping and commercial interests were to have our first attention.

The next morning, bright and early, quite early in fact, being only a little after six, and much before breakfast, Mr. Biggs knocked at my door. In consequence, I had the pleasure of Mr. Biggs's company at breakfast. As we traversed the city toward the wharves I wished to become acquainted, at least by name, with many fine buildings and strange things I saw by the way; but I soon found out that I had a man of system to deal with, and that this was no part of his system. We came out to see the wharves, he informed me, and we would see them and nothing else.

"System, Sir, system!" said Mr. Biggs. "We'll do the thing properly or not at all. Commence at the Battery, Sir, and go up."

In a few minutes we stood upon that famous spot, and Mr. Biggs, taking a position a little to the westward of the centre, stamped his foot and exclaimed:

"Now, Sir, I stand on the very spot where stood Fort Amsterdam, the first attempt at raising a building of any consequence on the ground that afterward became this wonderful city."

I naturally looked at the ground with veneration, though I could perceive no sign that should so induce me.

"Here, Sir, the renowned Wouter Van Twill-

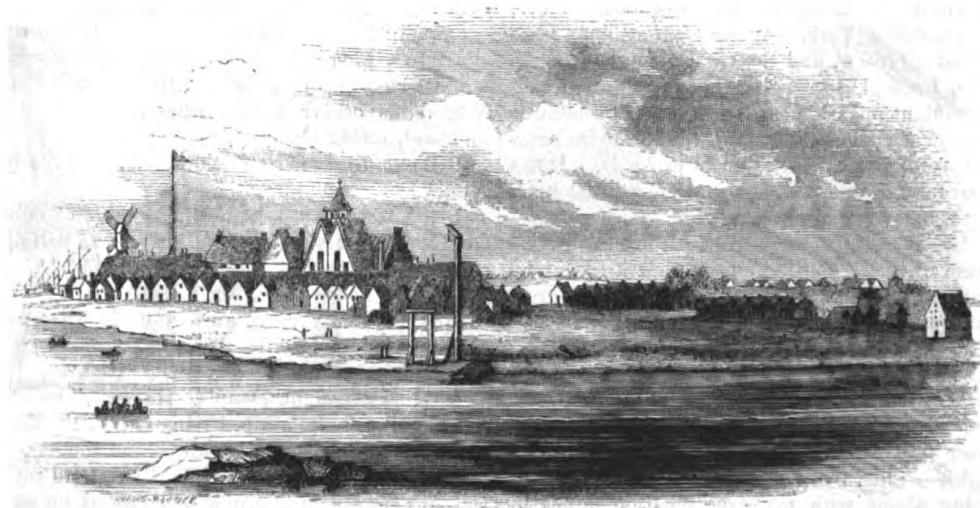
er put up his fort in 1635, and opened trade with the Indians for furs. While just over there, to the southeast of the Battery, was built the first vessel ever constructed on this island. She was called the *Unrest*, measured 38 feet keel, and was built in 1613 by Captain Block to supply the place of one he had brought from Holland, which was accidentally burned. At that time, Sir, this spot was merely looked on as a convenient place for the traders, who came with small notions to dicker with the Indians; they even despising the beauty of its position for the superior trading facilities of Beaver Wyth, now Albany. One voyage a year between this spot and Holland was in those days considered fast traveling and trading, Sir."

Mr. Biggs looked triumphantly around, and I could not help thinking that, with the very natural enthusiasm of a New Yorker, he took to himself a large part of the credit for the energy and perseverance that had built up so great a city from so small a beginning. Mr. Biggs went on:

"Why, Sir, in the year 1623 this place was the property of 'The United New Netherland Company,' who merely looked upon it as a trading post. Up to the year 1656 there was but one wharf, which ran out from the foot of Moore Street, only reaching to low-water-mark. Vessels at this time moored in the East River and unloaded by scows. In 1659 fifty feet was added to this wharf, and some provision was made for facing up the bank around the point, now called the Battery, by putting plank about it. At that time, Sir, the north side of Pearl Street was the water side, and in 1687 the lots facing the water were granted to different parties on condition of their keeping the facing-plank in good order. How many water lots would you take now, Sir, on the same conditions? Eh!"

I replied to Mr. Biggs by offering to blindly face up both rivers on the same terms. Mr. Biggs said he didn't doubt it.

"You see the Battery now," Mr. Biggs went



NEW YORK IN 1664.

on; "would you like to know how it looked two centuries ago? Here," and he produced from his pocket a soiled and crumpled engraving, "is a picture of New York in 1664. You see the Fort, inclosing Governor Kieft's double-roofed church, the Governor's house, the flag-staff, and wind-mill. At the river's edge, perhaps on the very spot where we now stand, are the Gallows and Whipping-post. Great institutions those. We could make good use of them now if we had them.

"What do you think now, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, "of a great commercial city surrendering to a fleet consisting of two frigates and a fly-boat, carrying in all only 130 guns and 600 men? And yet, Sir, such is the fact. Our valiant Dutch ancestors backed down to an English force of that strength in 1664; and then in 1673, nine years after, backed down a second time to a Dutch force still smaller. It was the merchants that did it, Sir; the first time to improve trade, as they thought, and the second time to get back the old government for the same purpose. The merchant is ruler, depend upon it, Sir."

I had noticed that during the time Mr. Biggs was stamping down the earth where once stood Fort Amsterdam a youthful wielder of the blacking brush was operating on Mr. Biggs's boots, as I truly believe—being so assured by that gentleman personally—without his knowledge or consent. Unfortunately for the misspent labor, Mr. Biggs did not awake to the fact until his boots were entirely polished, when, with proper indignation, he spurned the surreptitious boot-black

away, and threatening to give him immediately into the hands of a policeman, went on with his conversation.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "we come to busy and classical grounds. Pier No. 1, North River. Pier No. 1, Sir, is the landing-place of the boats of the Camden and Amboy line, the first railroad stretching south from New York. It was built in 1829 from Amboy, in New Jersey, to its terminus on the Delaware River, the intermediate distances between New York and Philadelphia being traversed by steamboats. When that road was first built, Sir, it was traveled by horse-cars, and the first practical locomotive in the country went over its rails only thirty-one years ago. Now, Sir, the earnings of the road are equal to \$1,600,000 per annum."

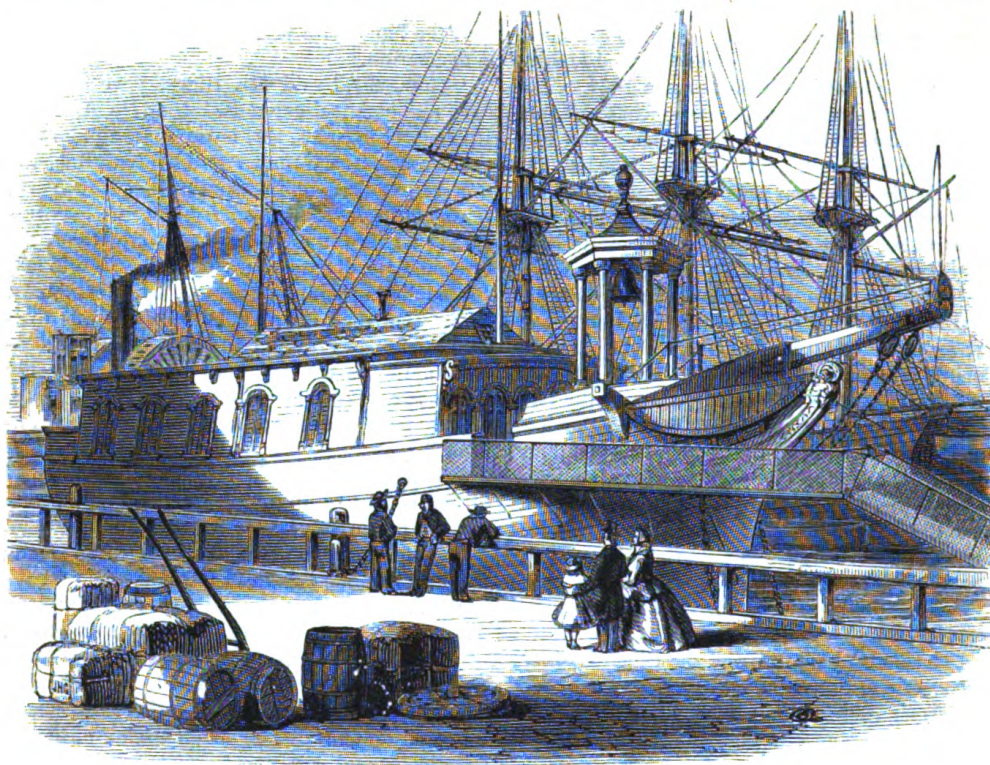
For a few minutes Mr. Biggs stood absently on the corner of Battery Place ruminating and picking up single peanuts from a stand, the legal owner of which slept sweetly beside it, and gazing far out upon the bosom of the Hudson.

"Charming river!" said Mr. Biggs at last, just as the apple and peanut lady awoke, and turning his back as he spoke to the edibles. "Charming river, Sir! navigable for 160 miles from its mouth. Splendid harbor! especially intended by nature for commercial purposes. Capable of giving shelter to the largest vessels in the world. Bar at Sandy Hook, Sir, 27 feet at high-water, Sir. After that there's no farther trouble—channel of from 35 to 50 feet all the way up to the wharves."

"Get out wid ye, spitting all over me pine-



"GET OUT WID YE!"



THE BETHEL SHIP.

apples! Do yees think I've got nothing to do but be washing me slices all day afther yees?"

I am constrained in truth to admit that the lady proprietor of the stand behind Mr. Biggs had justice on her side, as that gentleman, in the abstraction of the moment, had evidently been giving way to absent-minded expectoration.

"Pier No. 2, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, walking on hurriedly, "is one of the Boston lines. Mind you, Sir, I say one of them. The day has gone by, Sir, when the stage started daily, taking its eight passengers for a six days' journey, price \$20. Now, we used to have the splendid steamers of the Charleston and Savannah lines at Pier No. 4, and more of the same sort for the same place at Pier No. 12. There, Sir, is the Bethel ship, one of many—those sheet-anchors for the poor wanderers about the docks. We'll speak of 'em again, Sir. By-and-by—by-and-by, Sir."

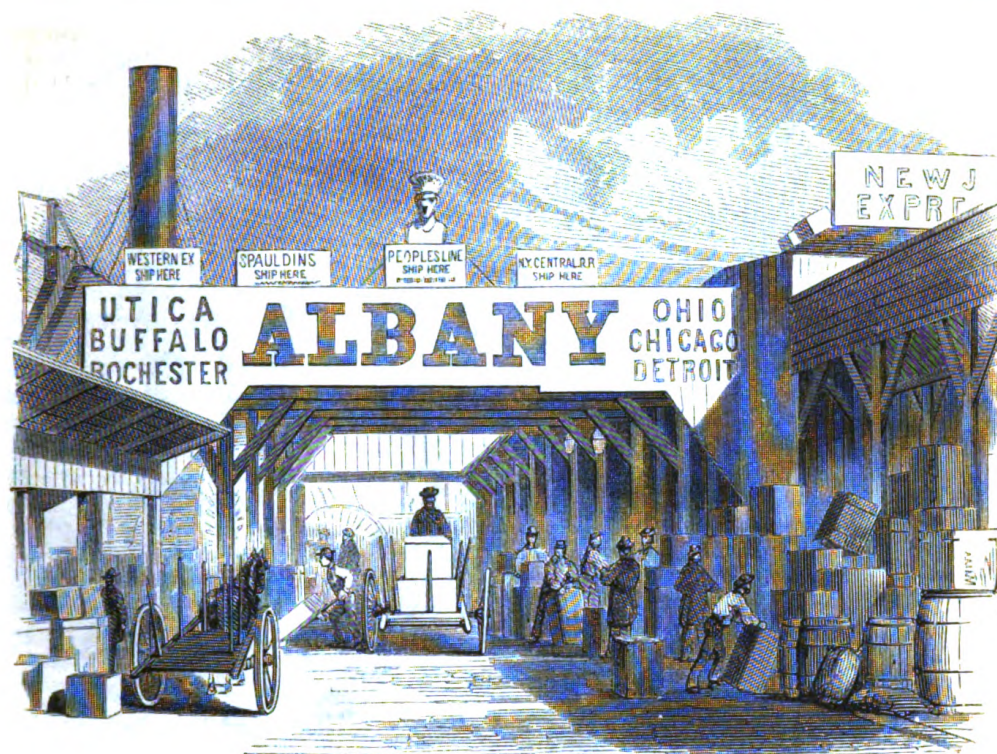
Mr. Biggs blew his nose violently, and walked on.

"It is much to be regretted, Sir," he continued, "that we New Yorkers have not seen fit to pay more attention to the wharves. There are very few of them that are structures of which we can be proud. We have not yet followed the example of England in building stone wharves and basins that will last for centuries. To be sure, Sir, the exigencies of our trade and tides have not so imperatively called for them as in London and Liverpool; but still it would be a most creditable movement to replace some of the old, decayed, dangerous, and rat-eaten docks of the lower part of the city. The day is rapid-

ly coming, Sir, when it will have to be done, and we shall see a line of stone wharves stretching from six to ten miles on either side of this right little, tight little island, Sir."

Here was a pause, in which my imagination pictured out the great city of New York when it should throw all the cities of the world into the shade; when for five miles from the Battery not a dwelling would exist, nothing but one mass of stores and warehouses, laden to repletion with the wealth of the world; and all the opposite shores would be a repetition of the vast hive. Mr. Biggs's voice brought me back to Pier No. 12.

"Another Boston line, and there used to be another Savannah line, Sir! Steamers upon steamers, from one to five thousand tons, clustering along the docks like flies clinging to a slice of bread and molasses! Pier No. 13; here were Virginia steamers, Sir, mediums of conveyance to the mother of statesmen and the land of sweet plug tobacco. No. 14, Sir, Philadelphia steamers around Cape May; sea-sickness and bilge-water, Sir, at the lowest possible charge. Pier No. 15, Sir, is the landing-place of the Albany boats—a spot full of wonders, Sir. Here, Sir, at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M. each day these magnificent boats, emblematic of our rapid progress, can be seen, like grand monsters who have kindly lent themselves to puny man, awaiting the throng of passengers rushing away from the city on business or pleasure. The months of July and August are especially notable for the life upon the river, when all the fashionable world



THE ALBANY DOCK.

is bound to Niagara, Saratoga, Canada, or such parts of the country as may please their taste. Then, Sir, there is something approaching to delirium in the departure of an Albany boat. The wild hurrying of the excited people; the shouting of the hack and cart drivers; the dodging of the baggage smashers, and the cries of the vendors of every article under the sun, mixed up with the commands of policemen and officers of the boat; while, high above all the other din, the roaring of the escaping steam, makes the nearest approach to Pandemonium that we shall ever experience in this life."

Mr. Biggs paused for breath, a fine color glowing in his face, and centring particularly bright about his nose. I may as well mention here that Mr. Biggs's description so interested me that I took the earliest opportunity to revisit the spot at the hour he had designated, and I can indorse personally all he has said.

"Here, Sir," proceeded Mr. Biggs, "we have another immense outlet from New York, the Jersey City Ferry, communicating not only with a city of fifty thousand people, but with the depôts of the great Erie Railroad, the New Jersey Railroad, the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, and the Morris and Essex Railroad. Over this ferry, Sir, there pass daily twenty-five thousand people and two thousand vehicles. Seven boats do service, the largest of which is 800 tons. Think of that, Sir, for a mere ferry-boat. These boats, Sir, make the passage in six minutes, in all weathers, cracking through twelve-inch ice like so much paper, at three cents per head for each

passenger. For this privilege, Sir, the most valuable ferry of the city, the Company only pay \$5000 per annum, holding it until the year 1866. Now, Sir, imagine that up to one hundred years ago, or a little over, say 1750, there were no docks above this spot, and that the scows which then plied between New York and the opposite shore landed their passengers and freight at a stake dock built from this place—a dock which was generally carried away every winter by the ice. About this date the wharves and lining of the river bank were built as high up as Partition, now Fulton Street."

Just as Mr. Biggs said these words, stretching out his hand to point to the spot, I saw a gentleman make a sudden stoop, pick up something at the feet of Mr. Biggs, and cross quickly over to the pier, with an anxious manner, as though he would conceal whatever the article was he had stooped for. While I was intently watching this another gentleman, with a singular obliquity of vision that caused him to look perpetually sideways over a tall cigar, came up to me.

"Did you see that?" said this last gentleman.

"See what?" I naturally asked.

"Why, that feller's found a pocket-book," said the gentleman.

As a matter of course I felt interested, which the gentleman perceiving, said, earnestly,

"Go over and make him go yer shares."

At this moment I was astounded to see Mr. Biggs seize the gentleman violently by the cravat, and while holding and shaking him uncomfortably, address him in this style:



POCKET-BOOK DROPPERS.

"Now ain't you a pretty scamp? Now ain't ye? What d'ye take me for, you rascal? Don't you understand your business better? If you don't tell me in an instant what ye took me for I'll hand ye over to the police!"

I saw that the gentleman rather shrank under this threat, and when Mr. Biggs gave him another shake, and another repetition of the same words, he burst out with,

"Oh! come, Squire, don't git mad. I d'know what's er matter with me ter day. That's er second time I've mixed up the thing this mornin', any how. Let up on a feller, say, won't yer?"

Mr. Biggs gave him one more genial shake that completely lifted him off his legs, and then dropped him so quickly that the released party went down on his knees. He was up, however, in a moment and away like a deer, while Mr. Biggs strode on the other way, leaving me for an instant in such a state of stupefaction that I could scarcely follow. When I did reach that gentleman all the explanation I could get in answer to my questions was,

"Pocket-book droppers, Sir;" and that was all the information I ever got on the subject.

After this, for some little time, Mr. Biggs's equanimity was clearly disturbed, causing him to pass hurriedly over the ground, notwithstanding the refreshment of a dozen on the half shell at Washington Market, and a *primer*, as Mr. Biggs expressed it; which "*primer*" was simply a gill of Bourbon straight.

"Over there, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, standing

at the south end of Washington Market, "is No. 19, the freight *dépôt* of the Morris Canal. That pier and the next, No. 20, is the city residence of a cloud of propellers and canal-boats, the bearers of burdens of every kind to our all-devouring people. At that point commences Washington Market, called in old times the Bear Market, running northerly to Pier No. 26. Here are thousands of hucksters, commission sellers of edibles of every kind. Middle-men, who deal and speculate between the producer and the consumer, until the latter has to pay at least fifty per cent. more for his food than it is really worth. Their sheds—mere shanties of plank—cover every inch of room, and there they lie in wait for the hundreds of boats of every kind that bring provisions to feed the hungry city. A few months ago a fire swept through these shanties, leaving the spot one mass of roasted potatoes, vegetables, beef, mutton, and poultry, and letting the public into the secret of how much and how valuable a quantity of food finds its way into this apparently unimportant spot. It is a disgrace, Sir, to the city, that these men should be allowed to create by their influence laws that prevent the countryman from coming directly into the market and selling his own produce at any time!"

The last part of Mr. Biggs's argument had been addressed to a couple of muscular gentlemen in red shirts, who were ostensibly apple-merchants by wholesale, and who, in reply, only vouchsafed the single word "Gas!"

"And now, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, emerging

from the opposite end of the market and passing over a couple of blocks at a brisk trot, "we come to another great outlet for a rurally-disposed people—the first slip of the Hoboken Ferry. Though the glories of Hoboken, Sir, have much departed since the days when the Elysian Fields reached almost to the landing on the Jersey side, yet Hoboken still holds out inducements to entice thousands away from their native soil. On the Sabbath-day, Sir, especially, they flock to the three New York landings, and from morning to night, when the weather is fine, swarms—particularly of Germans—seek their Teutonic relaxation in the fields above or the cafés in Hoboken. Seven thousand people, Sir, have been known to pass over the three ferries of this company of a Sunday, though on a weekday the travel is very much smaller. Rather a good property, Sir; and yet the proprietors pay the princely sum of \$1050 per year for the whole three ferries! What d'ye think of that, Sir? Pier No. 29, Sir, is the California Steamer wharf—the spot from whence so many thousands have sailed away, with hearts elate, never to return—many of them never to be heard of again; gone, Sir, to swell the unwritten history of that Golgotha of lands. I never see one of those steamers, Sir, without thinking of some great monster waiting to swallow its prey."

Mr. Biggs suited the action to the word, drawing back his head as he made the last remark, and opening his mouth, which he shut with a snap.

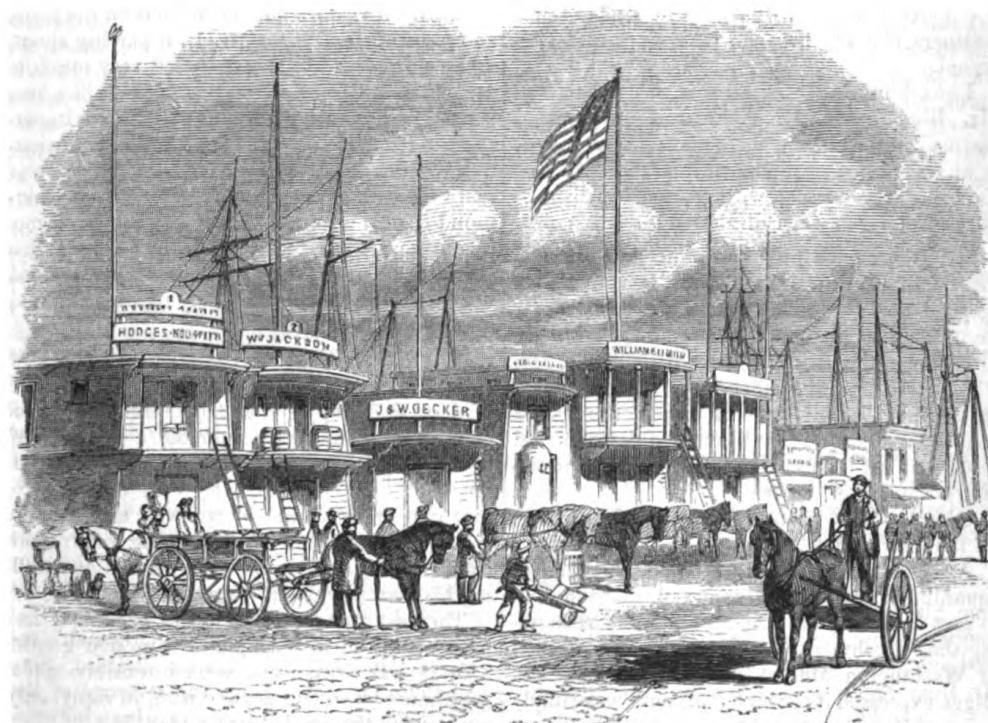
"And now, Sir," he resumed, "we come to the wharf of the Erie Railroad Company, the greatest work of private enterprise ever executed

in this country; a work which—though it has cost thirty millions of dollars, and absorbed, without any return, all the original capital—is still to be looked on as a work doing great credit to the enterprise of us New Yorkers, Sir, who not only spent all our own money in it, but all of any body else's, Sir, that we could get hold of. It hasn't paid yet; but we expect that it will soon. If you want to invest, let me advise you to buy Erie now, while the stock is low. Now is your time."

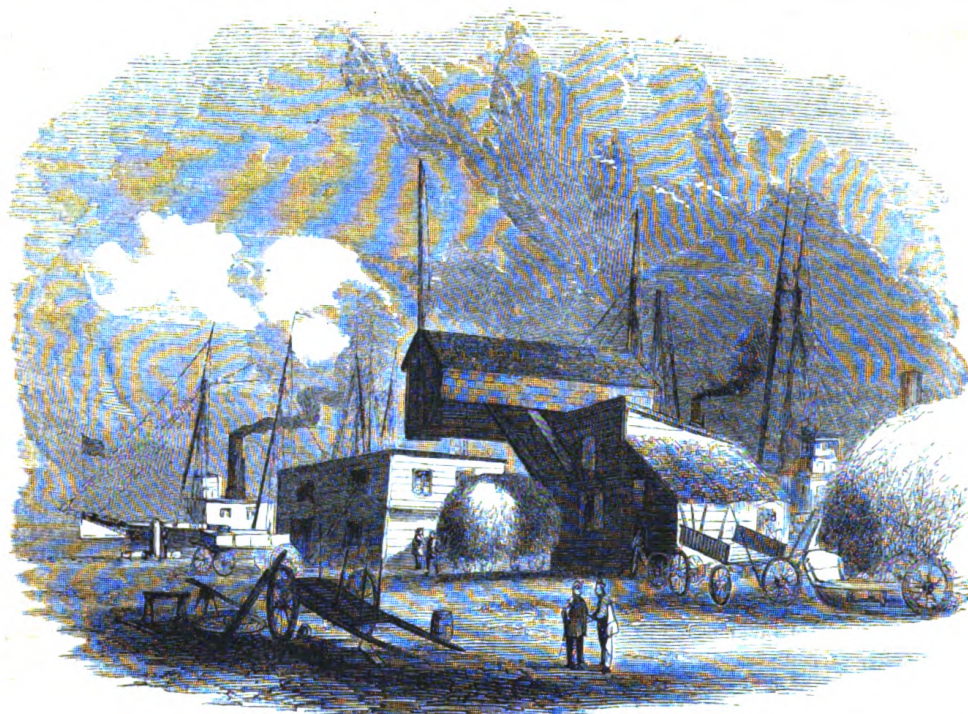
Mr. Biggs fell into a brown study for a few moments, when he brightened up. "Here again, from Pier No. 33, we have steamboats, Sir, by the score, ready to take you any where for a less sum than it will cost you to stay at home."

We picked our way in silence for a short time, when Mr. Biggs paused, waved his hand impressively, and said:

"Here, Sir, at Piers 37 and 38, we have a group of interesting items: Firstly, the Bremen and Southampton steamers; secondly, Sir, we have the way the ice comes in; thirdly, the wharf of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, who bring us every year about a couple of hundred thousand tons of coal, forty-five thousand of which are landed upon this wharf; and, fourthly, and most interesting of all, one of the wharves sacred to the Municipal Sanitary Office. At this wharf, Sir, there is dumped weekly 1200 loads of manure and garbage from the streets. In the spring this runs up to 2000; and it must be understood, Sir, that this is only one of many dumping places, several larger existing on the east side of the city, the total amount removed from the city being about an average of 17,000



OYSTER-BOATS.



HAY-SCALES.

loads weekly. In the spring this has been known to run up as high as 38,000 loads in one week."

By this time we had reached the second landing-place of the Hoboken Ferry, at the foot of Canal Street, which Mr. Biggs dismissed with a wave of his hand, and we stood before the docks once occupied by the Collins steamers; while just above, at another wharf, lay the line of screw steamers running between New York and Liverpool.

I stood musing over all this, when I missed Mr. Biggs. At the moment I was rather alarmed, not knowing but that gentleman had, in an unguarded way, slipped from the dock into the briny waves below, without noise or disturbance; but I was soon disabused on that point. I beheld Mr. Biggs standing with his back toward me on board a half-house half-boat arrangement, that lay moored, with many others of the same sort, at the wharf. I watched the motion of my friend's body and the bending forward of the head; and this, coupled with the fact that I could not fail to perceive the host of the boat hand him something, persuaded me that Mr. Biggs was going through a swallowing operation. In a moment he made a hurried exit from the boat and stood beside me on the dock, the host staring wildly at him as though in wonder.

"There, Sir! What d'ye think o' that?" were his first words; while, by watching the countenance of the man who stood with the oyster-knife in his hand, I became convinced that Mr. Biggs had merely been "sampling" the oysters without buying. "There's our oyster-boats. There's where a large share of the first-class bi-

valves are stowed. It's not an uncommon thing, Sir, for 40,000 bushels to be sold there in one week, while quite a business is done in the same goods in the Clinton Market, just opposite."

I felt uncomfortable as we walked away, being unable to disabuse my mind of the fact that the proprietor of the oyster-boat Mr. Biggs had honored with a visitation had come out on the plank to see us off, and gave Mr. B. a parting shout, as he moved away, that sounded very much to me as though he cried, "How did you like 'em, sonny?" Mr. Biggs, however, with an imperturbability to be admired, took no notice whatever of his impertinence. A few hasty steps and we stood upon the wharf at the foot of Hammond Street, where, as Mr. Biggs informed me, lay the majestic *Great Eastern* in all her sullen grandeur, while every spot about her teemed with suddenly-awakened life. Now ruin and desolation is upon all.

We passed between Piers 49 and 51, where the Christopher Street station of the Hoboken Ferry loomed up amidst piles of lumber towering almost to the skies. Mr. Biggs had become slightly taciturn. At Pier 53 stood a vestige of the past which I could not pass without inquiry. It bore the impress of one of the relics of history, and seemed as though it might have been a block-house erected by the early settlers for defense against the Indians. It was with this upon my mind I appealed to Mr. Biggs.

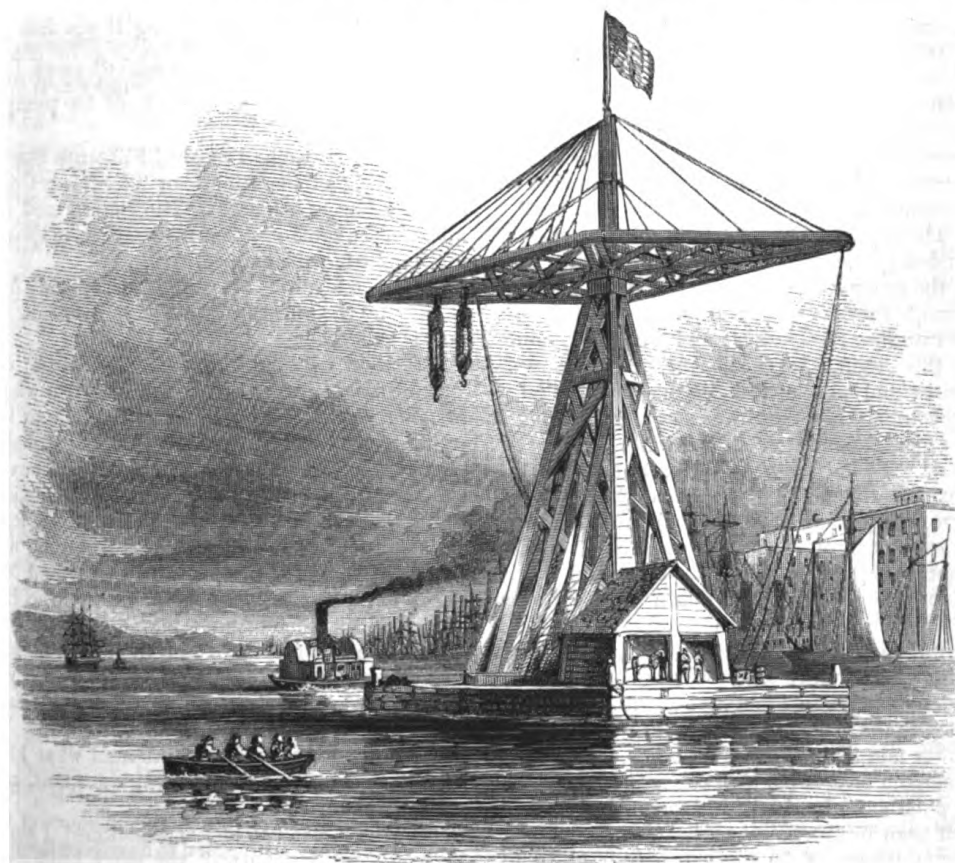
"Hay scales, Sir," was that gentleman's response; "old hay scales, long disabled, Sir; been there, Sir, ever since the memory of the oldest inhabitant; supposed to have been the original scales used by Wouter Van Twiller when he

used to put his foot in for a pound, in his Indian trades." Here Mr. Biggs gave a short cough, and drawing his right hand from his pocket, waved it across the scope of several slips, and went on: "Here, Sir, is sand, the spot whereon the product of Coney Island is stored, to enable our housewives to keep their pans and kettles bright; and there, Sir, we see flags—not flags of the free and brave, with stars and stripes, but flags, Sir, to trample under foot without insult—flags to pave our streets and back-yards, Sir. And now, Sir, we come to a very important item in our domestic economy." And Mr. Biggs pointed to a large building standing out toward the water's-edge, surmounted by a gigantic horse, the anatomy of which would have puzzled Agassiz or Owen in classification. "There, Sir, is one of the numerous establishments where our fire-wood is sawed and split by steam. Once upon a time, Sir, you could not walk half a mile without being turned off the sidewalks half a dozen times by their being in possession of the wood-sawyers; now, this is all done by the steam-engine, and thousands of boys are employed in performing the labor once executed by the professional and artistic sawyer. The wood is done up in those little bunches that we see in every grocery—a smart boy being enabled to tie somewhere between 600 and 800 per day, by which he can earn from \$2 to \$2 50 per week. These bundles are sold to the grocers at

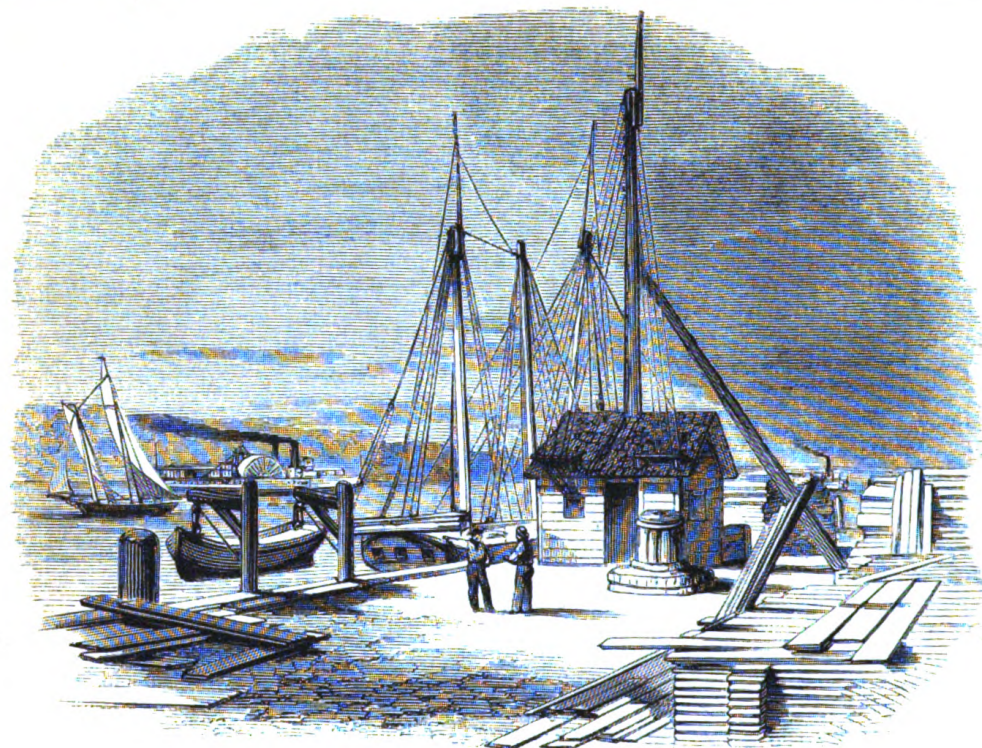
\$1 50 per 100, and by them retailed at 2½ cents each; while the knots and ends of the wood are sold at the factory for 16 cents per box, containing a little less than a barrel. Eight hands at the sawing and splitting machine will turn out about 16 cords per day. This, Sir, is one of the small reformations of great importance daily being made among us."

As Mr. Biggs strode steadily away I could not but admire the stern pride with which he related these little facts; and the admiration was accompanied by the thought that, should the inventor of the splitting machine at that moment come in contact with Mr. Biggs, he might have some doubts as to whether himself or that gentleman was the real benefactor of mankind. A few minutes' walking and we stood at the foot of Twelfth Street, on the ground occupied by the freight dépôt of the Hudson River Railroad Company, watching the unloading of scores of cars just arrived with hundreds of cans of milk, boxes of cheese, firkins of butter, and such other edibles as the great city engulphs by thousands of tons and leaves no sign. Mr. Biggs placed himself about the centre of the ground, and, to the astonishment of a group of workmen whom he had rather crowded to attain it, commenced stamping the ground the same as he had before done on the Battery.

"Here, Sir, is more classical ground, the spot whereon, only a few years since, stood Fort



THE DERRICK.



TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Gansevoort, or, as more familiarly known, 'The White Fort.' It was erected during the war of 1812 to keep the Britishers out of the North River—should it so happen that they ever got so high as this place. There it stood, Sir, serving the very useful purpose, during many of the last years of its life, of a lodging-place for shoals of negroes and vagrants, who crawled into the port-holes and kept house permanently rent free."

The workmen listened to Mr. Biggs with distended eyes, every now and then looking about at the ground whereon he had been stamping, as though they momentarily expected to see it open and swallow the speaker; and then, disappointed in this result, they made various disrespectful noises and motions, signifying their belief to each other that there was something wrong in the mental condition of Mr. Biggs.

At the wharf close by lay an immense square box, covering, as I thought, somewhere about an acre, and having upon its deck a small house, from the centre of which towered a mast of gigantic proportion, with cross-beam and rigging of indefinite quantity. I was naturally desirous of knowing its use.

"Bishop's derrick, Sir! the great derrick with which sunken steamboats, ships, and heavy laden vessels are brought back from the briny deep to the light of day. With only one-horse power and five men that arrangement has lifted a sunken boat laden with 300 tons of coal. This is done more by the lifting force of the boat itself than by the power on board—the boat having a square of 76 feet on deck, and 12 feet depth of hold. It is only necessary, therefore, to

make her fast to a sunken wreck at low tide, which, at high-water, will bring it six feet off bottom, after which she is swung in nearer shore and the lifting process repeated at next tide until she lies high enough to be pumped out."

By this time we had reached Fifteenth Street, the crossing of the American Telegraph Company—a fact of which Mr. Biggs informed me much in the same way that he would have spoken of some little personal property.

"The telegraph crossing, Sir," said Mr. Biggs. "If you say so we'll step over and see how it gets on."

I thought I should like to see how it got on. Accordingly we went across the wharf to where Mr. Biggs settled upon an individual in an extremely dirty shirt, smoking an impeachable clay pipe, and holding short grumbling conversations with the little waves that broke against the dock over which he was swinging his legs. This gentleman was obviously well posted, and not to be caught, as he instantly informed Mr. Biggs in answer to his question as to who had charge of the office of the telegraph crossing.

"No yer don't! I ain't no fool, I ain't," said that sagacious individual. "I warn't born yister-day, I warn't. I've seen fellers comin' round here as-sin' ker-wes-tions, I have."

I ventured to ask the gentleman what kind of folks came round there asking questions, and got my answer.

"I ain't a gwan to be ker-wes-tioned, I ain't. Do you think I doan-no? yer can't ketch me, yer can't. No, Sir, yer can't."



"BE KEERFUL OF MY VEST."

Mr. Biggs was at this moment leaning against the Telegraph office, staring at the dirty gentleman, when that individual addressed himself to Mr. B.

"Say, Mister, be keerful of my vest, will yer?"

I saw Mr. B. start, and, as he started, I saw a strangely tattered rag of a wondrous dingy hue hanging on the spot against which he had been leaning. I saw Mr. B. shake himself with a shudder and look at the garment somewhat as one would look at a venomous reptile or a mad dog, and then I saw him dash away with an expression that clearly showed that he was not able by speech to do justice to the subject. It was not until he had got several streets away that he found voice to express his indignation mingled with certain information.

"Confound the fellow!" said Mr. Biggs; "the rascal. Couldn't he have told us that there are fourteen wires crossing at this point. Eh! Sir. Couldn't he just have mentioned that the cable crossing this spot is just three times as thick as the Atlantic Telegraph cable, and that it runs from that point to Brimstone Point in the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, and from there to every where. The man ought to be hung, Sir. No, Sir, he's too dirty for that. He ought to be ducked, Sir, if it wouldn't spoil the river."

We stood by this time at the foot of Eighteenth Street, where I saw some great iron frames raising themselves to the altitude of a house, and holding in their embraces vast vessels seeming like gigantic pots just put on to boil. I had heard much of the charity of the citizens and of the soup-houses that had fed the poor through some bitter winters, and, as a natural consequence, these ran through my mind as I asked Mr. Biggs for information.

"Those, Sir, are the gasholders of the Manhattan Gas Company, a Company upon whom 30,000 customers depend for their nightly supply of light. Not 30,000 people, Sir, but 30,000 buyers, and perhaps not less than 350,000 people. They have 230 miles of cast-iron main laid through the streets, and light this great city from the north side of Grand Street to the south side of Seventy-ninth Street. In this, which is called the Eighteenth Street station, they have 1000 retorts and sixteen gasholders, while at the foot of Fourteenth Street, East River, they have another station almost as large, and at the foot of Sixty-fifth Street, North River, one much larger. In one year, Sir, this Company consumes 100,000 tons of coal, and 60,000 bushels of lime, from which they manufacture, with the aid of 1500 men, 1000 millions of cubic feet of gas."

Mr. Biggs walked on ruminating and breaking forth into occasional ejaculations of,

"A wonderful study, Sir, is gas! The whole world, Sir, is gas! Mankind is made of gas, Sir! From gas we came, and unto gas we must return!"

We had not walked far when Mr. Biggs, with an admiring cast of countenance, stopped before a domicile erected apparently upon public ground at the very entrance of a wharf. The architecture of the "Hôtel de Flaherty"—for so an artistically-lettered board announced its name—was decidedly of the rural order, though of what material it was composed would have puzzled an analyzing chemist. There was wood undoubtedly, with here and there a stone breaking through a chaos of mud, plaster, and mortar. There were bits of tin-roofing impressed into the service, with here and there a scrap of canvas or a brick by way of ornament. The "Hôtel de Flaherty" boasted a master of the softer sex, who did her business under a projecting shed in front. Her goods consisted of wilted apples, dusty candy, and something which looked to me like smoked sausages. Mr. Biggs walked up to the stand, and, taking up one of the last-named articles, inquired,

"How much apiece?"

"Two cints," responded the proprietress.

"Too much," said Mr. Biggs, sternly.

"Well, lave 'em be, thin."

"I'll give you three cents for two," said Mr. Biggs, not abashed.

"I'll see yees hanged first," said the lady, "and thin I wuddint."

Mr. Biggs silently laid down four cents, drew out his pocket-knife and cut off two of the coveted articles.



HOTEL DE FLAHERTY.

"Boloneys!" said Mr. Biggs, proffering me one, which I declined, giving as a reason that I never ate at that hour of the day. Mr. Biggs graciously accepted the refusal, and devoured the whole without winking.

During the time that Mr. Biggs was disposing of his lunch we were progressing upward past piles upon piles of lumber, stone, brick, and coal. By swill-fed cow stables; by distilleries and slaughter-houses; by sugar refineries, towering ten stories into the sky, and packing-houses capable of taking in a drove of a thousand hogs and barreling them for exportation before they have time to squeal. Past great clipper ships discharging cargo by the aid of a steam-engine, where once the heave and song of the stevedore only was heard; past crowds of tow-boats, laden with the grain of the West, the coal of Pennsylvania, and the thousand products of a thousand places; past sloops and schooners, from every spot under the sun, and bound likewise to every region, as my guide informed me, in the intervals of mastication.

For a time I had noted a peculiar perfume on the air which I thought disagreeable. Mr. Biggs strode on unheeding notwithstanding my protest against the growing unpleasantness of the atmosphere, until at last we stood at the foot

of Thirty-fourth Street, before a half-opened gate that gave admittance to a wharf from whence the sweet savor poured forth in volumes. A German watchman guarded the portal, and opposed the entrance of Mr. Biggs. That gentleman, to my astonishment, pulling a small notebook and a pencil from his pocket as he pushed by, and muttering the single word "Reporter," ushered me into view of a small sloop piled high with the savory carcasses of horses, pigs, cows, dogs, and cats, while barrels and tubs, tanks and hogsheads of blood and entrails, stood about.

"The offal boat, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, with a wave of his hand as of introduction; "the craft that waits to receive the animal dead of the city."

The watchman, backed by an assistant, stood watching Mr. Biggs with no pleased expression of countenance. With a patronizing nod Mr. Biggs turned to address him and proposed a question. He answered,

"Nein, nicht forestan."

Mr. Biggs tried the other.

"Oh, ya-as, goot. I sphakes Angerlish. Ya-as. I knows every ting."

Mr. Biggs tried another question.

"Oh! ya-as, dat ish so. Goot, I knows all about it."

And so between the gentleman that knew nothing, and the gentleman that knew every thing, Mr. Biggs came down to his own stock of knowledge.

"The offal boat, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "is an important adjunct to the Bureau of Sanitary Inspection. I have a little document here, Sir, which will give you some insight into the matter;" and Mr. Biggs drew from his pocket a dingy paper rather the worse for wear, and read:

"City Inspector's Department, Bureau of Sanitary Inspection, etc., New York, September 24, 1860. For the week ending September 22, 1860. Number of dead horses removed from the city limits, 50. Ditto of cows, 9. Ditto of dogs and other small animals, 135. Number of barrels of offal removed, 3100.' That's the week's work, Sir; and then here's another string of items, in the way of choice articles of food which we're not allowed to eat. The Inspector pounces on 'em, Sir, like a chicken on a grasshopper, and to this they must come whether or no: 'Beef, number of pounds, 1236; veal, 495; fish, 2900; poultry, 350; other meats, 3580; hogs, 16.' That's a pleasant little lot, Sir," continued my guide, "for one week, which might have found its way down the throats of the citizens. Eh, isn't it?" and Mr. Biggs gave an unearthly chuckle, and scowled at the two Dutchmen as though they were the guilty parties. "It all comes here, Sir, brought by the contractor at his own expense, except the blood and offal from the slaughter-houses, which the butchers are obliged to deliver. The contractor keeps ten carts constantly going on these errands, and three of these boats to carry away what they gather. Whenever an animal dies notice must

immediately be given at the nearest station-house, or at the office of the City Inspector. The carts are then sent, and the funeral proceeds with dispatch, until the carcass is deposited upon the boat. One of these boats sails every evening, and her cargo is landed at the bone-boiling establishment up the river. After sundry processes of manufacture, the defunct omnibus-horse, the swill-fed cow, and the departed canine, comes forth in the shape of leather, bone, manure, soap fat, and various other trifles too tedious to mention. In fact, Sir, quite improved, and far more useful."

Mr. Biggs paused gaspingly, gave one more sniff, with his nose rather elevated, and slightly turned away from the object of his admiration, and then, to my very decided relief, left the offal boat far in the rear.

Mr. Biggs was marching away rapidly toward the east, leaving the water behind. In answer to my question of "Why?" he answered,

"Had enough of this side, Sir; nothing more to be seen above. We'll try the East River, Sir."

I could not fail to perceive an uncertain air about Mr. Biggs; a look as though he had the intention of doing some act for which he was only awaiting opportunity. He gazed into corner establishments of a suspicious style, and made several feints at entering; but seeing that I made no motion to follow, Mr. Biggs surrendered what I supposed was his intention, and passed on with an audible ejaculation and a hastened step.

At the very moment when I was wrapped in the deepest wonder at the strangeness of his manner, Mr. Biggs seemed at once to alter his course, making directly toward an old-fashioned wooden-box hydrant, that stood upon the street corner, on which, to my utter astonishment, he seated himself with an air that plainly declared him a fixture.

"A-h!" said Mr. Biggs, drawing a long breath, "now we'll have a little quiet conversation. You seem to have a rather small idea of the commercial greatness, Sir, of this town, if I understand you right, Sir! I mean to have that out of you, Sir!"

Upon what premises Mr. Biggs based his argument was beyond my understanding; I certainly had not so expressed myself, and I am equally certain that such was not my opinion. That gentleman, however, did not give me an opportunity of saying so, but continued rapidly:

"This city, Sir, has too long labored under slander and false valuation, Sir. I mean to crush it out, Sir! Crush it out!" And Mr. Biggs, suiting the action to the word, gave the hat, which he had taken from his head to cool it, a scrunch, and then took from it a bundle of soiled papers, to which he occasionally referred, as he went on speaking:

"New York, Sir, in proportion to its size, is the greatest commercial city of the world! In the increase of her commerce, Sir, she has no parallel in history! She has it in her power,

Sir, by wealth and commercial importance, to dictate peace or war to the world. Commerce, Sir, has become the real arbiter of nations. Let us look, Sir, at the growth of her mercantile marine, from the period when the Dutch traders made their annual voyages for furs to Nieuw Amstel, as the south end of this island was then called. The first steps in the way of marine architecture were consummated in the shape of square-built sloops, measuring from twenty to thirty-five feet in length, and used for the commerce of the river. As the settlement advanced in importance it naturally began to look for foreign trade, even to going as far north as the vicinity of Salem and Boston, and as far south as the Virginia plantations. At last, Sir, the daring spirit that actuated our Dutch forefathers broke out in the shape of barks and brigantines; so that, within half a century of the time when the great Wouter Van Twiller hung out his country's banners upon the walls of Fort Amsterdam, the commerce of the city had grown to a most respectable size. In 1684 it numbered 2 barks, 2 brigantines, 25 sloops, and 46 open boats. At this period, Sir, New York began to show, by the growing wealth of her merchants, that her trade was not to be sneezed at, some of them accumulating what in those days was considered princely wealth. In 1674, when an account was taken of the wealth of the principal people, the richest man was found to be Frederick Philipse, who was rated at \$150,000—a sum that then placed him in about the same position as an Astor now. In 1695, Sir, the new dock was built from Coenties Slip to Whitehall Street, and a rate of wharfage established, which was, for vessels of less than five tons, 6s.; between five and ten tons, 9s.; from ten to fifteen tons, 12s.; from fifteen to twenty-five tons, £1; from twenty-five to fifty tons, £1 10s.; over that measurement, £2 10s. In 1701, Sir, the marine of the city consisted of seventy-four vessels, of which seven were ships. Think of that, Sir!—seven ships!"

Here Mr. Biggs's voice grew husky, and I could only catch a word at intervals. Then he began to nod, and nearly fell from his seat, dropping his bundle of papers. This aroused him; he started, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, fiercely:

"Wake up, Sir! Wake up! What do you mean, Sir, by going to sleep while I am talking?"

I denied the fact most positively. I was not asleep, and so I declared to Mr. Biggs.

"You're another, Sir!" said that gentleman, with an emphasis that brought a policeman, who had been lurking around the corner, to the spot, and kept him, during the rest of Mr. Biggs's very valuable lecture, within hearing.

"Well, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, recovering his temper, "I've been telling you all about the commerce of New York, during the Revolution, and the war of 1812, and for the next forty years, and you were asleep, Sir, and didn't hear a word of it. Now, Sir, keep awake while I read you

a paper I wrote a couple of years ago, which will give you some idea of the present commerce of New York. Now don't go to sleep again."

He seated himself firmly on the hydrant, took out from a side-pocket a bundle of soiled and creased manuscript, from which he proceeded to read:

"We find that the entire commerce of the country for the last four years foots up to this:

IMPORTS.			
1856.....	\$314,639,942	1858.....	\$282,613,150
1857.....	360,590,141	1859.....	533,763,130

EXPORTS.			
1856.....	\$310,586,330	1858.....	\$293,758,279
1857.....	338,985,065	1859.....	335,894,385

"Now let us take the last year of this and see what proportion New York does, and what proportion other leading cities do, that we may arrive at the commercial greatness of New York by comparison:

IMPORTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1859.			
New York....	\$218,231,093	Baltimore.....	\$9,713,921
Boston.....	41,174,670	Charleston.....	1,438,535
New Orleans..	18,349,516	Mobile.....	788,164
Philadelphia..	14,517,542	Savannah.....	624,599
San Francisco.	11,155,767		

"There are the imports, in which, as we see, New York does two-thirds of the whole business of the United States, and fifteen times as much as Philadelphia, a city of almost equal size. Now, Sir, let us come to the exports, and we'll see a difference:

EXPORTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1859.			
New Orleans..	\$100,870,689	Boston.....	\$14,196,130
New York....	97,461,576	San Francisco..	12,403,782
Mobile.....	28,933,662	Baltimore.....	9,074,511
Charleston...	17,902,194	Philadelphia...	5,248,514
Savannah....	15,372,696		

"There's the figures for it, and New York is obliged to give it up. New Orleans sends out her cotton, which swells the grand total to almost three millions beyond New York. Now, Sir, while our hand is in, let's see the thing through.

Here we have the clearances, or vessels leaving the port of New York during the year ending June 30, 1859:

FOREIGN.		AMERICAN.	
Number of vessels	4,877	Number of vessels	4,786
Number of tons...	1,276,706	Number of tons...	2,554,134
Number of men...	59,601	Number of men...	66,806
Number of boys...	751	Number of boys...	375

"So you see, Sir, by this simple statement we find that the average tonnage of foreign vessels in the year 1859 was 261, while the average tonnage of American vessels was 533—another instance, Sir, of the effect of free institutions. We also see, Sir, that these foreign vessels, with their one-half tonnage, used within a fraction as many men and boys to get along with as the American—a palpable saving on the Yankee side, Sir. Then, Sir, during the same period of time there entered the port of New York:

FOREIGN.		AMERICAN.	
Number of vessels	4,999	Number of vessels	5,457
Number of tons...	1,305,279	Number of tons...	2,907,786
Number of men...	61,326	Number of men...	74,618
Number of boys...	757	Number of boys...	153

"By this, Sir, it will be seen at once that there were 823 more vessels entered than cleared—a fact that may be accounted for by the varying number at the wharves, by the condemnation of unseaworthy vessels, and various other causes not set down in the calendar, all of which, to a sensible man, are as apparent, Sir, as the nose on your face."

Mr. Biggs paused, and gazed absently at the nasal member, causing, for a moment, a misgiving in my mind that all was not right with that necessary facial appendage. I think it was for the purpose of doing away with this embarrassment that I asked Mr. Biggs what was the entire tonnage of the port of New York.

"1,444,360 tons, Sir," was his immediate response—"one-fifth, Sir, of the entire United States, which is 7,806,035."

A dead silence fell upon us for a few moments



"YOU MOVE ON, NOW."

after this stunning announcement of figures, only broken by Mr. Biggs, who, after fumbling in his pocket, asked,

"Have you any change about you?"

I took out a handful and extended it toward him. He carefully selected a bright quarter and a half-dime. The first he put in his pocket, and, with the other in his fingers, beckoned to the policeman. The M.P.—No. 4429—approached, when Mr. Biggs, deliberately laying the bit of silver in his hand, said,

"Go and get me a cigar, my good fellow."

Astonishment for a moment caused dumbness, but in a mere trifle of time there was a recovery, and No. 4429 slowly raised his hand, and, with a quick, convulsive jerk, cast the coin upon the body of Mr. Biggs, crying as he did so,

"Come, now; you move on, now, I tell yer. I been er having my eye on yer. Yer better move, or I'll bet I make yer bounce, I will."

Mr. Biggs stooped, picked up the fallen silver, gave one gaze upon the offended majesty of the law, and—moved.

Mr. Biggs made no halt in his moving until we stood at the foot of Thirtieth Street, East River, looking over the beautiful sweep of blue water before us, the great masses of rock, yet unlevelled, on our left, and the long line of wharves that ran down into the very heart of the city on our right.

"This, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, giving his head a wave that he might keep both hands in his pockets, "is the spot that will be remembered by New Yorkers of the past as Kipp's Bay, now a busy suburb of the busier city. Above this, Sir, at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, is the ferry to Hunter's Point, Long Island. Now, Sir, let's be off—Down, derry, down."

And Mr. Biggs, suiting the action to the word, started off at a brisk trot, as though under an engagement to be at the Battery in fifteen minutes.

"That, Sir, is Bellevue Hospital we are leaving behind us," said Mr. B., as we reached Twenty-fifth Street—"the hospital for the poor sick and the sick poor. Mighty clean and decent place, Sir. And now, Sir, we are coming to the old House of Refuge. Ah, Sir, how are the mighty fallen! Degraded, Sir, into a laundry, a sawing and splitting place for kindling wood, and a distillery. Here, Sir, we have the ferry to Greenpoint, foot of Twenty-third Street, and another gas company—the New York. This company, Sir, falls somewhat behind the Manhattan in point of size, their territory for supply not being of so great an area, their customers, of which there are 11,000, being entirely below Grand Street. They have 130 miles of cast-iron main, or pipe, laid, and employ 535 men. At these works there are 550 retorts and 6 gas-holders; four more, making ten in all of the latter, are in other parts of the city. They manufacture nearly 600 million of cubic feet of gas per annum."

As Mr. Biggs ran on in his recital I looked

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out over the great open spaces, which I knew had but recently been reclaimed from the river and filled in to make wharves. Long lines of carts from the interior of the city were filing out continually, dumping dust, garbage, and ashes, to swell the mass that was to add so many feet to New York territory. Hundreds of chiffonniers were scattered over the waste, culling into their bags and baskets what had been cast out by their fellow-man, no doubt often raking from the rubbish treasure-trove that well repaid the labor. We were passing by the yards where were put together those floating palaces of which New York has so just a right to be proud. I saw the great skeletons, gaunt and vast, raised upon the stocks, and the frames knit together, smooth and shapely, only waiting to be consigned to their element, and my heart yearned to wander among them, and see the builders of the ship. I expressed this desire to Mr. Biggs, but Mr. Biggs said,

"No, Sir; not to-day—can't permit it, Sir—haven't time—make a special matter of it, Sir—system, Sir, system's the word. Come on!"

And I came on.

Down we went past the Novelty Works and the Morgan Iron Works, where the clang and the clash of the hammer is never still, and the air is dark with the dust and labor of ten thousand men. Down by the ferries—at Tenth Street, to Greenpoint—at Staunton Street, to Williamsburg—and at Grand Street, to the same. Down past great ships, unloading with unfragrant hides, with great tuns of whale oil, and the thousand other things that go toward making up the smell of the wharves; and still by one where they bore out a burden that had gone on board of its own volition—the lifeless body of the captain, who had died in a far-off land, or on a far-off sea. The stevedores stood uncovered, and the careless crowd paused reverently for a moment as the rough, square box was borne to the waiting hearse: the door closed, the vehicle rolled away, and all was life, noise, and bustle again.

"Pier 54, East River, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "is where all the Italian marble is landed that is brought into this port. In the great blocks you see before you lie all the grand works that will grow into life under the American chisel. Pier No. 53 is the Walnut Street Ferry to Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn. This street was once the most frightfully depraved in New York; and though it has not improved much in physical dirt, it has in mental. Here we come, Sir, to the building for the Tobacco Inspection—a vast pile, where 20,000 hogsheads of American tobacco are taken in yearly, examined, pronounced on, classed, marked, and turned out to be puffed into ashes by the millions all over the earth. And now, Sir, we come to one of the most important adjuncts of a mercantile marine—the dry, or sectional docks—the spot where a sick ship is taken in and done for. Between these two companies—the 'Sectional Dock Company' and the 'New York Balance Dock Company'—



FLOATING DOCKS.

there is accommodation for five vessels. The largest of these docks is 300 feet in length, and has a lifting power of 4000 tons. It hoisted out the *Great Republic* and set her to rights, and proposed to do the same thing with the *Great Eastern*, but the British monster was coy of a Yankee embrace, and wouldn't trust herself. The power used is steam, and four men jerk these great ships out of water with ease—that is, Sir, with the aid of the engine. When once out, it is not an uncommon sight to see 200 men pegging away at once on a ship's bottom. Should a vessel present herself at these docks in a dangerous or sinking condition when they are all occupied, a certificate to that effect from either company to the Navy-yard, Brooklyn, just opposite, will gain the distressed craft admission to the United States sectional dock at that place, but not otherwise. The charge for hoisting out the sick vessel is twenty-five cents per ton for sailing vessels and fifty cents for steamers. They had the *Adriatic* up there once, Sir. Not a bad job, that. About \$2500 at a pull, Sir. A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, Sir, eh?"

And Mr. Biggs jocularly carried out his words on the cheap carmine head of a youth of seven summers, given to maternity and curiosity, who had for the previous four minutes been dividing his attentions between a fat baby nearly as large as himself which he carried, and a laudable desire to overlook my sketch-book, in which I was trying, in my poor way, to delineate what I saw.

"Pier No. 40, Sir, another Bethel. No. 39,

'Hydrostatic Lifting Docks,' for same purpose as those above. No. 34, Sir, Catharine Ferry, part of the machinery of the Union Ferry Company, of which more anon, Sir. Anon! Pier No. 33, Sir, sacred to oysters, another spot where the delightful bivalve comes in by the hundreds of tons. A large business done here, though not as large as on the North River side. Delightful East Rivers, Princes Bays, etc., and so forth!"

I remembered the gentleman's remark at the foot of Spring Street, and felt timid as I looked upon the countenance of Mr. Biggs. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and so I said,

"Try an oyster, Mr. Biggs?"

Mr. Biggs assented; and in less than fifteen minutes I was well aware that the words of Mr. Biggs in their praise came from his heart. His acts responded to his sentiment. Mr. Biggs issued upon the wharf smiling benignantly, and pressing his hand gently on the spot to which he had transferred two dozen. We walked on.

"Another ferry to Hunter's Point," said Mr. B., finding his voice. "Pier 32. Pier No. 29, another ferry to Williamsburg and to Bridge Street, Brooklyn. And here, Sir, we stand upon the spot where was started the first ferry to Brooklyn, in the year 1642. At that time, Sir, Cornelius Dierkson, an able Dutchman, who had tasted the dangers of the deep, even as far as Sandy Hook upon the Bay and Hellgate upon the East River, started a ferry from his own farm, which lay along this bank from Roosevelt



ARTIST AND CRITIC.

Street to Beekman, unto the opposite shore. From that time the Brooklyn Ferry became an established fact from this street, having only been removed to Fulton Street within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The landing on the Brooklyn side was close by what is now called Fulton Street. There the ferry-house, firstly a small frame building standing elevated on the bank, secondly a stone house built close to a wharf erected for ferry purposes. In 1710 and 1720, Sir, there stood a house on the corner of what is now Broad Street and Exchange Place, which went by the name of 'The Ferry-House,' it being a place of entertainment for man and beast, and the door of the hostel surmounted by the carved figure of a boat with rowers. But, Sir, I have my doubts whether this was strictly a ferry-house, though it is so recognized by the historians. I set it down as a place where the farmers and boatmen who came with produce put up while they were selling their truck. At that time, Sir, the highest wharf up, on the East River side, was at Roosevelt Street. As you perceive, Sir, this spot—Pier No. 26—is now occupied by the Peck Slip Ferry Company to Williamsburg, lately known as the Eastern District of Brooklyn. This ferry privilege is accounted sufficiently valuable to find purchasers of the lease at \$21,000 per annum—a bargain that endures until 1869, while the one from Grand Street to Williamsburg, which we passed some time since, pays \$18,000 per annum unto the same year. A great place, that Brooklyn, Sir," added Mr. Biggs, meditatively. "The third city in the Union—275,000 inhabitants.

I can remember, Sir, when there were only 7000. Here's a view of it"—and here Mr. Biggs extracted a paper from a package in one of his multitudinous pockets—"as it appeared in 1810—the year I was born; I've kept it on that account. I'll make you a present of it to remember me by. And here, by-the-way, is a picture of the Ferry-House of 1791. Ah! how time does pass!"



FERRY-HOUSE, BROOKLYN, 1791.

Mr. Biggs here paused suddenly before an establishment which had evidently been erected in the ruder ages from primeval plank. Its con-



BROOKLYN IN 1810.

struction hesitated between the coal-box and the pig-sty, and had as an aperture one place only, serving both for door and window, the shutter of which, upon being let down, furnished a table or counter for the sale of such articles as its proprietor had to offer the public. These consisted of a dozen or two of clams, about the same number of oysters laid out on small plates, and various like-size crockery receptacles filled with the flesh of the succulent lobster. Inside this establishment stood a gentleman and a small cask, the gentleman bearing the impress upon his features of being upon the best of terms with at least that portion of his property. Over the door was stretched a line of letters, reading, "RESTERANT;" while below the counter a label fluttered in the breeze, bearing on it, "1000 able-bodied men wanted immediately, to drink Swingle's Lager Beer. None but those having the spondulix need apply." It was before this place that Mr. Biggs paused and turned the flesh of the succulent lobster over with his finger. The gentleman inside addressed him:

"Well now, bossy, what kin I do for you? Try er lobstaw, bossy?"

"Ain't got no money," said Mr. Biggs, still fingering the morsels.

"Oh, come now, none o' that ere lallygag," responded the gentleman. "Go in, bossy!"

Mr. Biggs raised a morsel to his lips, tasted, smacked them, and swallowed it. He gazed a moment on the dish and then turned away. I saw a gathering cloud on the face of the store-keeper. I remembered the Spring Street oyster-boat, and I laid the sum of six cents as a peace-

offering on the counter. Mr. Biggs saw the act as he had receded a few steps, and once more turned and devoured the balance of the dish.

"Piers 24 and 25, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, as he passed on, "are the wharves of the New Haven and Hartford steamboats. Fine boats, Sir, fine boats! From Pier 21 to 22 is the Fulton Ferry, the oldest of the Brooklyn ferries. This and most of the other Brooklyn ferries are held under lease by one Company, under the title of the Union Ferry Company. Over the joint ferries to Brooklyn 40,000 persons are computed to pass daily. After you pass this point, Sir, come the wharves where the most valuable products that enter into New York are landed, and where the oldest shipping houses are located. The China and Australian trade; the old lines of London, Liverpool, and Havre packets; gold, ivory, palm-oil, drugs, dye-woods, and precious stuffs; teas, wines, silks, cloths, and indigo. The waste and thieving, Sir, along these wharves is equal to half a dozen fortunes yearly, in spite of every precaution. I think it would be safe to say, Sir, that from the Fulton Ferry to Pier No. 16, which we are just coming to, and which is the foot of Wall Street, the lurking-place of the bulls and bears, and the slip of another ferry to Brooklyn is the very richest section of the city wharves. You might be satisfied, Sir, if you were in receipt of the customs levied on what comes in here for one quarter of a mill in one year."

Mr. Biggs here jingled something audibly in his pockets, which, if he had not already declared himself without money, I should certainly

have recognized for the sound of that useful article. I don't think the quarter which he took from me was quite without company.

"Here, Sir," he resumed, "is the old Fly Market, now the Franklin. It was the first market established in this city, though sadly fallen into disuse. From this point, Sir, if you will cast your eye along South, you will see an immense fleet of tow-boats and propellers of every size. Big box, little box, handbox and bundle, Sir; one, two, three, four thousand. The first cloud of 'em, at Pier No. 8, is the family of the Erie Railroad. The great, crab-like, puffing and blowing machine, with its dirty attendant satellites, that you see off this pier, is the dredging machine, commonly called a 'mud-scow,' used for deepening the water in the docks by relieving them of the great mass of mud that washes in, and the filth that comes out of the sewers and does not get off with the tides."

"Once more, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, stretching out his hand, "we stand within view of that noble spot, the Battery. Here, Sir, are the slips of the South and Hamilton ferries to Brooklyn, Pier No. 2; and just over there is the Staten Island Ferry; while this, Sir, between, is the wharf on which are located three important establishments: the barge office, the office of the Associated Press, and the boat-house of the Harbor Police. This is Pier No. 1, Sir. The barge office, Sir, is the house built on the extreme end of the wharf, with a steeple, which steeple has at its top a white revolving light. Within it the inspectors of customs wait when not on actual duty. From there they are assigned to ships as they arrive, to watch over the interests of Uncle Sam, and see that nothing comes ashore without paying duty into his coffers. Two inspectors are assigned to each steamer, and these gentlemen are expected to keep wide awake, for Uncle Sam is confiding enough not to put seals or locks on this description of craft. At this wharf, also, all cabin passengers coming by steamers that carry steerage passengers are landed, and their baggage is looked into here to prevent any little private smuggling. From this wharf, also, all the Government supplies for the use of troops, etc., at Governor's Island are shipped. The office of the Associated Press is the small white building. From this they dispatch their boats to board vessels, and to this all matter, newspapers, and so forth, is brought. The Harbor Police, Sir, keep their boats in that boat-house below. They do duty upon the water the same as other police on the land, having their various sub-stations at different places along the docks of both rivers. It consists of an acting captain, four sergeants, and fifty-seven men. They have ten boats, every one of which has its especial crew. Ah! A-h-h-h! Come along, Sir. Why don't—you—come—along, Sir?"

I had noticed for some little time that Mr. Biggs had been growing curt and condensed; but when I considered that we had traveled over a distance of nine miles, with but slight refreshment, and that the sun was going far down what

the poets happily call "the western slopes," I felt that it would be ungenerous on my part to complain. And yet I am obliged to confess that I was not prepared for so sudden a termination to his eloquent lessons, nor yet to see Mr. Biggs make so sudden a dash at an upward-bound omnibus, calling to the driver, as I paid, to set us down at the Nonsuch House.

"Do you think," said Mr. Biggs, "that we could get a little drop of good brandy at that hotel of yours?"

I thought we could, and that evening, after dinner, Mr. Biggs thoroughly tested the matter, doing me the honor to inquire especially after my aunt Deborah Jane, whom I had casually mentioned as the owner of a fine farm, and having, moreover, sundry shares in the "New York Central;" and to drink her health, making the assertion very positively that,

"She's a fine woman, Sir! Charming woman, Sir! I shall come to Herkimer next summer, Sir. Give my respects, Sir, to your aunt."

Mr. Biggs slept at the Nonsuch House that night.

TOMMATOO.

I.—THE HOUSE BY THE STONE-YARD.

A FAIRY that had lost the power of vanishing, and was obliged to remain ever present, doing continual good; a cricket on the hearth, chirping through heat and cold; an animated amulet, sovereign against misfortune; a Santa Claus, without the wrinkles, but young and beautiful, choosing the darkest moments to leap right into one's heart, and drop there the prettiest moral playthings to gladden and make gay—such, in my humble opinion, was Tommatoo.

As yet I do not ask the reader to agree with me; for over him I have this one great advantage—I know who Tommatoo is. When, however, he makes her acquaintance also, hears her twitter round the house, beholds the flash of her large dusky-gray eyes, is wonder-struck at the marvelous twinkling of her ever-dancing little feet, he can take his choice of all the personifications with which I began this story, and I feel convinced that he will select the most beautiful to enrobe Tommatoo.

There is (or rather *was* six years ago, when the incidents to be narrated took place; but I shall narrate them in the present tense) a vast flat of land stretching along the New York shore of the North River, close to where Thirty-second Street vanishes into a swamp, in which unborn avenues are supposed to be slowly maturing. Although yet in embryo, they are already christened, and city engineers have imaginative ground-plans hanging on their walls, where Twelfth and Thirteenth avenues are boldly represented with as much minuteness as Fifth or Sixth. Should, however, any sanguine person be led by those delusive maps to seek for such mythical thoroughfares, Ponce de Leon, after his pursuit of the Fountain of Youth, would not

offer a more striking example of ill success. On reaching the spot where imagination depicted the long perspective of rails, with crowded and hurrying cars gliding smoothly to and fro, he would behold this vision of civic activity replaced by the dreary and mysterious waste I have spoken of, without even a sign-post pointing to the splendid future reserved for it by city surveyors.

This tract of land is perhaps the most melancholy and mysterious spot in the whole city. The different streets that cross the island pull up, as it were, suddenly on reaching this dreary place, seemingly afraid to trust themselves any farther. The buildings that approach nearest to its confines are long, low ranges of fetid slaughter-houses, where on Sundays bloated butcher-boys lounge against the walls; and on week-days one hears through the closed doors the muffled blow, the heavy fall of the oxen within; the groan, and the hard-drawn breath; and then a red, sluggish stream trickles out from under the door-way and flows into the gutter, where hungry dogs wait impatiently to lap it up. The murderous atmosphere, these smells of blood, seem appropriate enough as one approaches this desolate locality.

A great plain of red swampy clay is covered here and there with numberless huge, helpless beams of timber—some floating like dead rafts in the stream, and chained to the bank; others high and dry, blackening in the sun, and shadowing criminal-looking dogs that skulk in and out among them all day long. One or two immature piers jut out into the river here and there, and grimy sloops that seem to have no particular trade, unless it is to rot calmly at their moorings, lie alongside, and grate and chafe lazily against the slimy logs. A few homeless boys, with smeared faces and thin, starved arms, who seem to have dressed themselves in the rags and kite-tails that flutter on telegraph wires, lie on the sunny sides of the timber piles sleeping away hunger, or sometimes sit on the edges of the green piers languidly fishing for something which they never catch. Cinders most unaccountably prevail all over the place; they crackle under the feet, and the dogs gather round occasional piles of them, growling over a burned bone lying in the ashes: where they come from is not to be known. There are no houses, no factories, and the rotting sloops are so damp and slimy that it would be a mockery to suppose a fire had ever been lit in any one of them. Nevertheless the cinders prevail; and at certain hours in the day two or three crouching creatures wander slowly among the heaps, picking mysterious objects with hands that seem themselves to have been burned into coke.

The place is also a species of Morgue for dead dogs. Every cur that the Hudson drowns floats inevitably to this spot and is swept up on the swampy bank, when the outlawed mongrels that skulk between the timber logs crowd around it, and perhaps identify the corpse. On Sundays you see a few low-browed, soap-locked loafers

strolling among the piles, pitching stones into the water, and, if it is summer, stripping off their tattered shirts to have a swim; but on week-days the place is entirely dead. The starved boys and the shadowy rag-pickers flitting here and there give no air of life; they seem very thin and impalpable, and haunt the place like ghosts.

Farther on this dreary swamp changes somewhat its character. The great balks of timber disappear, and a few shingle huts—so loosely built that the wind whistles through their walls with a shriek of triumph—are scattered here and there. Large masses of stone lie about, hewn into square blocks for house-fronts, and in the daytime the monotonous click of the stone-cutter's chisel shrills continually from the shingle huts. This straggling stone-yard, for such it is, is perhaps less desolate than the swamp farther down, but at night—when the moon streams on the huge white blocks that lie there so cold and dead, and the huts are deserted by the workmen, and nothing moves but a shadowy dog that flits by, seen for an instant against the pallid stones—the place is inexpressibly weird and lonely.

Just on the confines of this stone-yard, in a rutty, half-made road that is bounded on both sides by burned-looking building lots, where nothing hides the scalded earth but some unhealthy-looking boulders, and occasional remnants of old shoes that are black and pulpy with decay, stands a small house built of unpainted shingles. It is two-storied, with a basement, and a somewhat imposing flight of steps up to the door; yet it wears a reckless and despairing aspect. I have no doubt when this house was first built it had many youthful hopes of establishing a neighborhood and becoming a dwelling of respectability. It promised itself, perhaps, a coat or two of paint, and had visions of being the ancestor of a street. But year after year wore away, and it found itself still naked as when it was born. No companion dwelling lifted its head to cheer the solitude. On all sides the bleak river-winds tousled and smote its bare walls until its windows chattered with the cold. It grew weary of waiting for the neighborhood that never was to come, and seemed to care no longer what became of it. It let bearded mosses grow all over its haggard face. Its edges were chipped and ragged; its chimneys, no longer spruce and tapering, bulged and tottered to one side like the crushed hat of a confirmed drunkard. It buttoned itself up no more about the chest with its snug, comfortable doors, but let them hang loose on one hinge, and flap about in the wind. It was evident to any one who saw it that the house near the stone-yard had gone to the bad.

Forlorn and seedy as it looked, this house was inhabited. The shivering, shrunken windows gleamed with lights by night, yet not cheerfully, but with a wild glare, like that which streams from the eyes of those about to die. If the skulking men that prowled in summer evenings among the sheds of the stone-yard, whis-

ting mysteriously to each other, had any taste for music, the house would have been to them a source of great wonder. Sometimes for hours together a wild and mellow music would stream upon the air, soaring over the dreary yard, wailing sadly along the waste river-grounds and by the rotting sloops until it reached the water, when it would float triumphally along, as if it knew that it was leaving the desolate place behind it, and bury itself deep in the sleeping groves that nodded on the distant Weehawken heights. The character of these melodious sounds was entirely mystical and strange. They were not born of violin or bugle, and yet seemed to have the souls of both instruments intermingling with another distinctly their own. Another soul, not merely instrumental, but human, passionate, luxuriant, as if all the utterances of a great Italian love—desire, entreaty, and triumph—were translated into aerial harmonies.

To you and I, reader, there need be no mystery in either house or music. That despairing-looking chateau was inhabited but by three people—an old man, a young girl, and a youth of about twenty-one. As age is entitled to its traditional homage of precedence, I will first introduce you to the elder of the trio. I beg to present to your notice the maestro, Baioccho.

You could not possibly conceive a man made up with less waste of material than Signor Baioccho. Nature, when she formed him, must have been terribly short of stuff. There was too little of every thing in his physical composition. He was abbreviated in every limb and feature. This, nevertheless, was fortunate, for had he been on a large scale he would have been insupportably ugly; he was too small, however, to be repulsive, and so was only queer. But how queer he was, with his withered, pinched up face, his sparse, stiff beard, which looked like a thin growth of thorns, and his quaint, convulsed figure, that gave one the idea that all inside of him was catgut and wheels, and that something was continually breaking in his machinery! Yet, with all this likeness to a comic toy, how inexpressibly mournful was the countenance of Signor Baioccho! what terrible sorrow was hopelessly shut up in that wretched little frame!

Baioccho had been a musician, and was now a cook. Years ago, when Opera was young in New York, Baioccho came here from Italy with a company, set up an opera-house, was instantly successful, and made a fortune. Music was his religion, the lyric stage his temple, the conductor's desk his altar, the overture his mass. But he became a fanatic in his faith. He enlarged his house; he spent thousands of dollars on the production of new operas, and, as a matter of course, he became bankrupt. For the Opera is like a Parisian mistress, the most charming, fascinating, bewildering of all creations, and invariably leaves you without a shilling in the end. For many years poor Baioccho struggled to keep his feet. He led orchestras at second-rate theatres; he gave lessons on the piano and violin, always hoping, always dream-

ing of some one day grasping again the magical *baton*, the sceptre of his world. It was a vain struggle, however; other *maestri* came over from Italy with still more wondrous and expensive singers than those Baioccho brought, and they built opera-houses, and bought newspaper critics, and covered the dead walls with huge announcements of colossal successes; and the world rushing on the heels of novelty, swept over the ancestor of American Opera, and poor Baioccho found himself trampled on, bruised, and left to die.

It were too sad a task to enumerate the various steps which led Baioccho from Parnassus to the kitchen. An accomplishment, of which in his palmy days he had been not a little proud, was now brought into requisition to save him from starvation; the hand that was too weak to hold the *baton* found itself still able to brandish the ladle. Those gay Italian tenors, those majestic basses, little thought when, round his elegant supper-table long ago, they used to applaud his amateur cookery, delicious *mayonnaises*, harmonious salads, that the day would arrive when the poor conductor would don the white apron and cotton cap very seriously, and sweat all day in a restaurant kitchen through an eternal round of soups and roasts and *entrées* ever the same. But so it was. Those who frequented Calcar's Restaurant would now and then behold a wizened little man stealing quietly from some mysterious passage leading to the kitchen, and sneaking up to the bar, where he would hastily swallow a potent draught of raw brandy, and shuffle back guiltily to the place from whence he came. And they would see one or two old New Yorkers looking pitifully after him, and saying to each other that they remembered poor Baioccho when he drove his carriage. He trudged now though home every night on foot; and it was sad to see the old fellow, unsteady with drink, staggering down the rutty road to the house near the stone-yard, where the faithful Tommatoo kept watch until she heard his stumbling footstep, when, tripping to the door, she tenderly helped him up to bed.

So! we have come at last to Tommatoo. I have been longing to get to her for some time past, but it would have been unkind to have deserted poor old Baioccho now that he is so poor. Salutation to his misfortunes!

Tommatoo was Baioccho's only child. In some quaint old Italian chapel, it may be by the shores of Sorrento, a smiling babe was one sunny day christened by the stout old Padre, and the name bestowed was Tomasina. Melodious as was this pretty name, the little girl that bore it, as soon as she reached lisping age, obstinately refused to be known by any cognomen but that of Tommatoo. This sounded awfully heathenish to old Baioccho, but she was apparently determined, and in time her imperious infant will had its effect on the family. She became Tommatoo to all intents and purposes, as far as household experience went, and even when she grew up to the age of reason did not seem anxious to reclaim her original appellation.

Tommatoo was one of those lovely fair-haired Italians that one sees so seldom, but which once seen are never forgotten. At some antique period, when Alaric was king, some of the blood of his blonde race must have mingled with the olive-skinned Roman Baiocchi, and after centuries of rest suddenly bloomed in Tommatoo. Her eyes were a dark liquid gray like a twilight lake. Her face was pale, yet not cold, for a southern fire seemed to smoulder beneath the skin, with a beautiful, subdued glow. Her mouth, small and moist and rosy, pouted over pearly teeth, half seen, and the curves of her smooth cheeks swept into a wickedly dimpled chin, that aided and abetted with all its might the criminal beauty of her bewildering lips. This sweet virginal face was set in a golden frame of luxuriant hair that one of Raphael's saints might have envied.

Yet why speak of Tommatoo's beauty so rapturously? I shall have no enthusiasm left for that bright and joyous nature that burst from her as the sun from out of a little golden cloud, shedding its own lustre on every thing, and infusing into all a portion of its own innate warmth. Every one has felt at times, when wandering through the fields, the intense joy he experienced from the twittering of the birds amidst the branches and the glancing of their tiny forms through the leaves. Some such pure and healthy influence did Tommatoo exercise over the little household. She twittered and sung, and, as it were, fluttered lightly through the rooms until one could swear that the sun shone wherever she went. All day, while old Baiocchi was off attending to his culinary duties, compounding wondrous soups, and moving amidst the thick steams of the kitchen like an elf in some incantation scene, Tommatoo was putting the old house in order; sweeping up the little sitting-room, displaying its scanty furniture to the best advantage, and occasionally darting in like a swallow into Mr. Gustave Beaumont's sanctum sanctorum.

It must be confessed that this was one of the household occupations that Tommatoo performed with the greatest willingness; for Mr. Gustave Beaumont was young, handsome, and played the most delightful melodies on his great instrument, invented by himself, entitled the Pancorno. The Pancorno was a singular piece of mechanism; hideously suggestive in appearance of some nameless instrument of torture from the dungeons of the Inquisition, yet in reality capable of soothing the most agonizing pains by the sweetness of its notes. By aid of some interior arrangement of tubes, the vibrations of the horn portion acted in turn upon what must have been a series of wires also concealed, and which seemed to give the effect of a trio between flute, violin, and French-horn. It was from the Pancorno that the seraphic strains heard at nights across the stone-yard floated so harmoniously, giving to the old house an air of being one of those enchanted abodes frequent in fairy tales, in which dwelt some spell-bound Prince, who thus sum-

moned in music his faithful knights to his rescue.

Gustave was a clever young Frenchman, with an extraordinary passion for music, whom old Baiocchi had known ever since he was a child. He was the son of the bassoon in one of the orchestras which the maestro had conducted in his palmy days; but one night the bassoon died in the middle of a rapid passage, and the little Gustave was left without a father, and but one friend, Baiocchi. The old Italian took the bassoon's son home, brought him up as his own child along with Tommatoo; and when his fall came Gustave still shared his scanty means. To do the young fellow justice, he wanted to work, but the old man would not have it. "You are a genius, Gustave," he would say, "and, please the Virgin, you shall do something great." So Gustave did nothing great or small save the invention of the Pancorno, out of which he expected to reap a fortune, and he continued to live at the house by the stone-yard, having first scrupulously bargained with his entertainer to pay three dollars a week, which, as he did nothing but play on the Pancorno and make love to Tommatoo, it is needless to say he never earned and never paid. It quieted his conscience, however, and he used to say to himself that when he sold his invention for one hundred thousand dollars, that being the lowest he would take for it, old Baiocchi should live like a prince.

And this is the last of the inmates of the house by the stone-yard.

II.—A FAMILY GROUP.

"Is that you, father?"

"Ah, the little Tommatoo! So you maintain the watch for the poor old father? Bless you, little angel!"

"Take care of the step, father. Take care."

"Put yourself easy, my child. I will be remindful of the step. I am very steadfast on my feet this evening."

And as if to falsify his testimony, poor old Baiocchi staggered up the steps leading to the hall-door, and would have fallen if Tommatoo had not caught one of his thin arms and held him up.

"It is nothing; it is nothing!" he exclaimed, as he tottered through the hall into the little parlor. "I can walk myself well enough. But it is the kitchen—that dam kitchen! It has got into my head, my child. Where is the cognac?"

"Do you think it would do you any good, father?" asked Tommatoo, sorrowfully; "won't it make your head bad?"

"Ah, little dove! It does not comprehend. My child, the cognac is the life to me. When I stew and form dishes and mingle soups all day long in that dam kitchen it get into my head; and sometimes, mon Dieu! when I stand over the *ragout*, and try to forget the place where I have found myself for a moment, the old times return upon me, and I become very sad and sorrowful, so that I have to walk myself out to the

bar and drink the cognac; and then, *per baccho!* I remember myself not, and I go back to my kitchen quite raised. Give me one little glass of cognac, my child!—one glass for the poor old father!"

Tommatoo fluttered over to a little cupboard that stood on one side of the room, and brought out a little bottle and a wine-glass, and pouring out some brandy handed it to the old man. He raised it tremulously to his lips and quaffed it off at a single draught; then, smacking his lips, he muttered, "Ah! the cognac is the soul to the old men like me!"

There was nothing disgusting in Baioccho's intoxication. If one saw one of those toy-men tipsy, it would not have been less revolting than the inebriety of the old musician. His little eyes only twinkled the brighter, and his nose seemed longer and sharper and thinner, and his lips moved more rapidly; but that was all. His speech was not thick, nor were his ideas clouded. It was drunkenness idealized.

"What has my child to tell me of the day?" asked the old man, invigorated as it were by the *petit verre de cognac*.

Tommatoo drooped her eyelids, colored a little, and did not reply for a moment.

"Some one has been here," she said, at last.

"Which was it, little one?"

"It was—it was—" And the little one faltered.

"Diable!" cried the old man, leaping like an enraged cat from his chair, as if an idea had flashed upon him suddenly. "Ten millions of devils! was it not that brute Giuseppe?"

"It was, father," answered Tommatoo, soothingly. "Pray, don't fly into a rage. I could not help it."

"The wretch! the abandoned-by-God miserable fellow!" shouted old Baioccho, growing more and more excited each moment. "So he must place himself near my child, my angel, to steal her away from me! But we will see! What did he say to you?" he added, turning almost fiercely to Tommatoo.

"Oh, nothing more than what he has said to you. He said he loved me very much, and if I would marry him that he would take us all back to Italy, and that you should end your days in comfort."

"Oh, the serpent! His mother and his grandfather were snakes! You know not that man, Tommatoo! He is capable of roasting his father on a spit!"

"But, dear father, you know I hate him. I will never marry any one but Gustave, and not that until you wish it. I laughed at Giuseppe, and told him to go away." And Tommatoo made an ineffectual attempt to give some idea of her stern manner to Giuseppe; but if the reality was at all like the representation, I don't think that the descendant of snakes was very much crushed.

"Ah! child, you are as innocent as the flower that grows under our feet!" and Baioccho looked down, but finding no flowers, con-

tinued: "He will perform some mischief to us. I feel it in—in the air!" and the sharp eyes seemed to pierce into the depths of the gloomy room, and fasten on some spectral misfortune. "Now Gustave is a good boy. He will be a great man. His Pancorno shall be played in many universal cities, and the good fortune shall come to him. Thou shalt be the wife of Gustave, my small pet child!"

"But," said Tommatoo, with a half smile. "I think he loves his Pancorno better than he does me."

"It is the love of the artist, *mignonne*. He loves it with his soul, but his heart—ah, that is thine!"

"Hark! there he is!" cried Tommatoo, hushing her father into silence as the liquid, delicious notes of the Pancorno stole through the house.

"Yes, let us listen. Oh, Heaven, how beautiful!" exclaimed the old musician, rapturously; then in a half whisper added, "one little glass more of the cognac, *ma biche*."

And there they sat in the dusk of the room, the old man warming his veins with the cognac, the young girl dreaming of her lover, and both listening to the music that bore them far away, out of the old house by the stone-yard, into a delicious land, where the sea lay like a mistress on the broad breast of the beaches, and the breath of the orange groves wandered like unheard music through the slopes and valleys.

"I think so of my home," murmured the old maestro, and I know that a tear fell through the twilight as he spoke—"of my dear, dear home when I hear the music. Ah! why does not my brother—the brother of my youth—replace me in my dear Italy? He is more rich than a great many of Jews, and yet he will not spare his poor brother one scudo, Tommatoo. Oh! if I were the rich Pietro, and he the poor cook Giulio Baioccho, I would not count my zechins until he had what he wanted. If he would only promise to leave my little Tommatoo something when he died I would not care for myself. Ah, the bad brother! *Mignonne*, one other little verre de cognac for the poor old cook."

"Shall I go and tell Gustave that you have come home?" asked Tommatoo. "We must have supper soon, you know, father."

"Do, my beloved. Sweet as are the notes of the Pancorno, thy voice is sweeter still. Go and gladden the good Gustave with its music."

Tommatoo tripped to the door, perched for a moment on the threshold like a little bird hovering on the edge of its cage, then, after looking back into the dusky room with a radiant smile that seemed to illuminate the twilight, she vanished, and in a few moments the notes of the Pancorno ceased, and there were light, pattering footsteps heard in its stead.

The old musician, when she was gone, buried his head in his hands, and seemed lost in meditation. So lost that he neither heard nor saw any thing around him. Neither the footsteps that came softly toward him through the gloom, nor the tall cloaked form that stood beside him.

until a hand laid on his shoulder startled him from his reverie, and he looked up.

"Who is that?" he asked, with a sort of astonished abruptness, as he in vain tried to distinguish the new-comer's features through the darkness.

"It is I—Giuseppe," answered the figure in a very calm voice, and in Italian.

"What dost thou here again, outcast?" cried the old maestro, starting from his seat hurriedly and in great agitation. "I tell thee that thou shalt never wed my daughter. I know thee well. I know of thy prison life. I know of that bloody affair in Venice, when even the sacred stole of the priest could not shield his heart from thy accursed hand. Begone! or I will call for help, and have thee lodged in the jail."

"Come, come, Baioccho, no need of all this bad language. You wrong me, I swear you wrong me. I am not the man you take me for, nor do I wish to press my suit with Tommatoo. I come for other ends. I bear great tidings to thee. I bring thee great riches."

"Ah, boaster, you will not cajole me with your fine words!" cried the old cook, mockingly.

"If I do may I forget my mother's grave!" exclaimed Giuseppe, earnestly. "Walk with me for ten minutes along the road, and if I prove not my words thou shalt never see my face again."

In spite of his detestation of his fellow-countryman Baioccho could not prevent his heart from leaping to his mouth at the mention of wealth. In a moment he saw himself emancipated from the accursed kitchen, his Tommatoo clad as became her beauty, Gustave's Pancorno brought before the public, and all three living happily in the dear Italy, making a music out of life itself.

"Well," said he, "I will go and walk with you. But why not tell it here?"

"Because houses are less safe to speak in than the universe," said Giuseppe. "You forget that I was once a conspirator, and am cautious."

"I remember it well enough," muttered Baioccho, as both left the house, "and the police of Venice remember it better."

They walked slowly toward the stone-yard. Neither spoke. Baioccho disdaining to show any impatience; Giuseppe remaining silent for some motive of his own. So on through the stone-yard. Amidst the white blocks that loomed like dim ghosts through the darkness. By the shingle huts that, with their jagged corners and irregular roofs, seemed in the darkness to crouch like strange animals, squatting upon the dreary earth. Over rough masses of unhewn stone, through deep ruts left by cart-wheels in the soft clay, until they reached the river.

"Well," said Baioccho, at last, "how long am I to wait for this wondrous intelligence?"

"Your brother is dead," answered Giuseppe.

"What!" almost shrieked the old cook, "and—and—he left—"

"You every thing."

"Holy Virgin be praised!" ejaculated the poor old fellow, clasping his hands and kneeling in the damp, oozy earth. "My dear Tommatoo will be rich."

"I have just arrived from Italy," continued Giuseppe. "I saw your brother. I found him dying. I spoke to him about you, and induced him to will to you the fortune which he was going to leave to the Church. Do you not think I deserve some reward for all this?"

"You shall have it. I swear it!" cried the old musician, fervently. "You shall name your own reward."

"Good. I want your daughter."

"Ah, traitor! that is what you demand!" cried the excitable old man in his shrill voice. "Never! never! never! No; you shall have money, but no Tommatoo—no Tommatoo."

"Tommatoo is your heir-at-law when you die," remarked Giuseppe.

"Certainly. I know why you want to wed with her, you fellow!"

"She will inherit very soon."

"Eh!" The old man did not exactly seem to comprehend, but peered up into Giuseppe's face.

"She will come into possession in ten minutes," added Giuseppe, and rapidly as lightning he passed a sort of handkerchief across Baioccho's mouth, stifling all utterance. The old man, though thin, possessed a great tenacity of muscle, and he struggled long and vigorously against his assailant. He twined about his legs, he crawled up his huge chest, he dug his bony fingers into his throat, all the while uttering through the gag upon his mouth terrible muffled cries of agony that were more dreadful from their being so suppressed. The youth and strength of Giuseppe told at last. The old man grew faint and almost ceased to struggle. In an instant Giuseppe seized him by the waist, lifted him clear off the ground, and swung him into the river. He watched him sink. "I think that Tommatoo is mine now," he muttered, as he turned and fled rapidly back through the stone-yard.

Baioccho sank but speedily came to the surface. Instinctively he stretched out his hands, and suddenly one of them came in contact with some floating substance. He grasped it, and found it a drifting beam of timber that had become loosed from its moorings to the bank and was traveling with the stream. With some difficulty he got astride of it and removed his gag. His first impulse was to shout for help, for he could not swim, and he was already some distance from the bank, and he put all his strength into a furious cry. The sound of his own voice echoing over that desolate shore seemed to tell him how little chance he had of obtaining assistance in that way, and after shouting until his lungs were sore, he gave it up, and clung to the hope of being picked up by some boat.

The tide was running out rapidly, and a wind was blowing down stream, so that Baioccho could tell from the rippling of the waves around the beam that he was floating fast with the current. It was very dark. On either side of the bank

he could see the faint lights in the houses, and now and then the black spectral hull of some sloop or schooner would suddenly appear to him as he floated past and then vanish. All on the river seemed dead. There was not a sound of life. There did not seem a hope for the old musician.

Still he floated fast. Past the dreary black wharves, round which vessels made palisades of masts seen dimly against the dull sky. Past the shadowy groves of the Elysian Fields, that now, alas! seemed like the banks of Acheron. Past the cheerful Atlantic Gardens, where even still lights gleamed on the water, and people were making merry, while the poor old musician was floating to his death. Past the great hive of the city, that in the gloom seemed to lie upon the water exhausted with its day's labor. And so on out into the broad bays. Then for the first time Baioccho felt that he would be swept out to sea. He had not recoiled from his fate up to this time, for he was brave, and, after all, drowning was only death. But starvation—ah! that thought was too horrible, and for the first time a groan escaped from the poor musician. He then thought of Tommatoo, of Gustave, of their agony at his never returning. Their vague sorrow for his fate, which would never be known. Then he prayed to God that the murderer, Giuseppe, would be baffled in his designs on his dear child—and then—

A dull roaring sound along the water. A hissing of the air and of the sea. A red glare from what seemed like a fierce angry eye moving over the waves. A sparkle of foam, seen white through the gloom, and Baioccho saw the ferry-boat bearing right down on him. He shouted; he tried to stand upright on the timber log, but it slipped and turned; he took off his coat and flung it high in the air—all to attract attention. But in vain. Closer, closer came the fiery eye. With what seemed to the old musician ever-increasing speed the sharp prow cut through the water. The funnel gave out short puffs of triumph, the wheels beat their paddles madly on the water, as if they knew what work they had to do, then a sudden, awful shriek from Baioccho. The projecting ledge of the boat shot over him. He touched it for an instant with his hand, and then went under.

III.—THE GRANDSON OF SNAKES.

"Father, Gustave will be down in a few minutes, and we will have supper!" cried Tommatoo, fluttering into the dark room like some pretty little nocturnal bird. "Father! why don't you answer? Why, where can he be? Ah, that cognac! He has perhaps taken too much while I was away, poor father!" and Tommatoo hastily lit, with a lucifer match, a poor little fluid lamp, and held it high above her head while her eyes every where sought the expected recumbent form of the old musician.

"Why, he is not here!" she cried, in a tone half of astonishment half of alarm. "Oh! where has he gone? Not out into this dark, dark night.

God forbid! I will call Gustave;" and she ran toward the door of the apartment. But ere she quite reached it she stopped and drew back, for a tall, dark figure filled the little door-way, and a pair of bright sinister eyes reflected back the lamplight.

"Ah! pretty one! you did not expect to see me again to-day, did you?" said the new-comer, in a half mocking tone, and in Italian; "but you see how it is: I am fascinated, and haunt the spot where I will find you."

"Signor Giuseppe, my father does not wish you to come here; you know what I think, and yet you come. That I think is wrong;" and Tommatoo looked like a moralist of the Middle Ages, if one could imagine such a personage with beautiful blonde hair, large dark-gray eyes, and the neatest little waist in the world.

"Ah! none of you appreciate me," answered Giuseppe, advancing into the chamber. "Your father is a good man, but full of prejudices. I am progressive, and he does not understand progress—that is all. But I am a good fellow, Signorina—a capital fellow for all that."

He looked at this moment, standing close to the door and unclasping his heavy cloak, with his pale, unhealthy skin shining in the lamplight and his eyes glistening with a furtive meaning, so truly the reverse of a good fellow that I am not surprised at the faint frown that perched for a moment on Tommatoo's forehead, and then suddenly slid off of her smooth temples and was lost.

"I am going, Signor Giuseppe," she said, making a movement toward the door, between which and her the Italian was standing. "I wish you a good-evening."

"Stay a moment!" he cried, interposing. "Where is the worthy Baioccho?"

"He is not here. I do not know where he is. Let me pass, Signor. I am going to search for him."

"Perhaps he has taken too much of the delightful cognac of which he is so fond," said Giuseppe, sneeringly.

"My father is a good man, Signor!" cried Tommatoo, indignantly, "and his weaknesses should be respected. Let me pass, Sir!"

"Not just yet, little one. I have something to say to you. You know that I love you. I told you so three months ago before I went to Italy. I tell you so now that I have returned."

"I do not want to hear your confession, Signor. I wish to go and seek my father."

"Listen to me, Tommatoo"—and he stretched his long arm across her till it fell like a great bar between her and the door. "Listen. If you become my wife, this is what I will do for you. I will take you to Italy, and you shall have a villa that the Prince Borghese might envy. We will have much money—I shall be very rich indeed—and all Italy shall not contain finer horses, carriages, servants than ours. I will be magnificent, Tommatoo, gorgeous, princely. Perhaps, too, I will purchase a patent of nobility—it is to be done; there's the banker

Torlonia—and how would my Tommatoo like to sit in state and be called Principezza? Ah! it would be glorious, would it not?"

So excited was he with the visions he had himself conjured up that Giuseppe stretched forth his arms, and, inclosing Tommatoo between them, drew her toward him, while a devilish glitter shone in his dark eyes.

"We are alone, sweet dove," he said, in a soft voice; "none in this silent house to watch us. Will you not vow to be my bride—the bride of Giuseppe that loves you so, and who will make you a little Countess? Ah! the little one is not so cruel after all."

But he mistook Tommatoo's terrified immobility for a timid though undemonstrative assent. To his utter astonishment, after a moment's silence, that young lady opened her mouth and shrieked "Gustave! Hasten! Gustave, I am in danger!" with all the power of an excellent set of lungs.

"Whew! who the devil is Gustave?" muttered Giuseppe, astounded. "I thought that none lived in the house but those two. Who the devil is this Gustave?" and as he spoke, he thrust his hand inside his coat as if feeling for some weapon.

There was an immediate response to Tommatoo's call in the shape of the descent of a pair of boots four stairs at a time. In a few seconds the boots had reached the door, and Gustave Beaumont, who stood in them, suddenly appeared on the scene of action.

"Diavolo!" ground Giuseppe between his teeth as he beheld this new apparition. Then taking a stride backward he seemed like some wild animal preparing for a spring.

"*Qu'est ce que c'est? Qu'est ce qui ce Monsieur la?*" rapidly demanded Monsieur Gustave, looking rather ominously at Giuseppe, who, not understanding a word of French, preserved a grim silence.

"Oh! Gustave, this man persecutes me. Protect me from him!" cried Tommatoo, bounding toward the young Frenchman, and taking shelter as it were under his wing.

"*Soyez tranquille, enfant!*" said Gustave, fondly enfolding her petite form with his arm. "What the devil you do here, Sare?" he continued, in English, seeing that Giuseppe had not replied to his previous interrogatories in French. "For why do you bring the fright to this young girl, Sare? who you are, Sare? I demand to know. *Moi!* Gustave Beaumont!"

"I reply myself not, Sir, to your interrogations, when they put themselves to me in a manner so insolent," answered Giuseppe, haughtily, his eyes flashing through the gloom of the half-lit chamber.

"Ask him about our dear father, Gustave," cried Tommatoo, earnestly, nestling up to the young musician's side. "I left him here a few moments since, and he has disappeared. I feel sure that this bad man knows something of him. Ask him, dear Gustave."

"One can not know about all the world," an-

swered Giuseppe, before Gustave had time to interrogate him. "My business is not with the old man. Look in the cellar where the strong waters are kept. He will be there."

With a mocking laugh the Italian folded his cloak around him and strode toward the door. Gustave removed his arm from Tommatoo's waist, round which it had stolen, and placed himself resolutely between Giuseppe and the door and barred his passage.

"You shall not depart from here until we know about Signor Baioccho. You are suspected a great deal."

"Let me pass away from here," cried Giuseppe, advancing savagely, "or by the head of the Virgin you will meet with misfortune!"

And placing his hand in his breast he half drew a small poniard.

Gustave saw the motion, and quick as thought sprang on the Italian, weaving his young sinewy arms around his waist, and pressing his chin against his antagonist's breast until he fairly howled with pain. Tommatoo, with one faint moan, sank on her knees on the ground, and one might see, by the clasped hands and the murmuring lips, dimly shown in the imperfect lamplight, that the little one was offering up her prayers to Heaven.

The pair now struggling were evenly matched as far as youth and size. But in point of endurance the Italian had decidedly the advantage. The sedentary life which the young Frenchman led had relaxed his naturally powerful muscular system; and consequently, although capable of a vast momentary effort, he was entirely unable to sustain a prolonged contest. For the space of two minutes nothing was heard in the room but the hard breathing of the struggling men; the slipping of the feet on the uncarpeted floor; the sudden stamp, as one sought an advantage which the other as quickly frustrated. Gustave's main object seemed to be to keep the Italian from using his poniard, and this he sought to effect by pressing him so closely in his arms as to render it an impossibility to use his hands. For some time he was successful in this; but presently his want of tenacity of muscle showed itself in the relaxation of his gripe and the quick recurrence of his breaths, almost amounting to panting. Inch by inch Giuseppe loosened his arm from the Frenchman's grasp, and inch by inch his hand moved toward his breast, where the poniard lay, his eyes all the while flashing with a light that seemed to announce his approaching vengeance. In vain did Gustave strain every nerve to hold his own. The large drops of sweat gathered on his forehead; the blood flowed from between his lips, bitten in the agony of exertion; and his knees fairly shook with the power of a will that far exceeded the strength of the frame on which it was exercised. He could not last much longer. Giuseppe, in proportion as he beheld his adversary sinking, seemed to gain additional force. He at length extricated his arm. At length he grasped the poniard, and plucked it from its

sheath. Held aloft an instant over Gustave's head, it quivered in its descent; when, with a dull, heavy thud some enormous weight fell on the back part of the Italian's head, the dagger was dashed from his hand, and he fell stunned and senseless on the floor.

"Sweet child, my life owes itself to you!" said Gustave, as he stood over the prostrate form of his antagonist, while he gazed with intense astonishment on Tommatoo, who, revealed to him by the Italian's fall, exhibited herself as the agent of that lucky event, assisted by an enormous bludgeon which she held in her hand.

"It was an inspiration of Heaven, I think," said she, simply. "I was praying to the Virgin, when I recollected that papa's big stick was in the corner; so I stole toward it, lifted it up, and struck that bad fellow with it—only I did not think I could strike him so hard. I hope he is not very much hurt;" and she looked pityingly down on the villain that a moment before she would have gladly seen perish.

"*C'est nom de Dieu!* He moves himself!" cried Gustave, beholding a slight indication of returning animation in the body of the Italian. "Quick! Tommatoo; ropes to bind him up! Bring me great strong twines, for he is very dangerous, this fellow! Ha! rascal, you are there! You lie very low now, brigand! We will trouble ourselves with your care, Sir! Yes, we will have the honor to conduct you to the bureau of the Chief of the Police, and there we will demand of you that you shall let us know all your villainies. Quick, child—the twines! The fellow will get himself up very presently!"

And so chattering a sort of mingled monologue of reproach, triumph, and sarcasm, Gustave passed the rope which Tommatoo brought him around Giuseppe's body in so scientific and elaborate a manner that the wretched man was as incapable of motion as an Indian pappoose strapped to its board, and lay on the floor with nothing but the winking of his large, dark, villainous eyes to tell of his being animate.

Now came the great question, Who was to go for the police? If Gustave went, Tommatoo would be left alone in that terrible house with that terrible man, who might unloose that wonderful net-work of bonds in which Gustave had enlaced him. If Tommatoo went, she would have to thread her way alone through that dreary, dangerous locality; and she confessed she had not the courage to make the attempt. If they both went, who was to take care of the captive? So they, perforce, came to the conclusion that they must wait until morning; and accordingly Gustave, determined not to lose sight of his prize, lifted him on his shoulder as one would a bale of goods, and carrying him up to his own room—the room in which the Pancorno resided—threw him into a corner. Then he and Tommatoo sat down gloomily to speculate and wonder over Baioccho's disappearance. It was in vain that they interrogated Giuseppe. That individual glared at them from his corner like a coil of ropes with a pair of large eyes hidden

somewhere in it, but would condescend to no reply; and so the hours passed gloomily watching for the day.

Weary with speculation, and heart-sore enough with pondering over the fate of old Baioccho, Gustave, as the small hours wore on, could no longer resist his inclination to invoke the Genius of the Pancorno to disperse the sad thoughts that hung like black clouds around him and Tommatoo; so he sat down to that mysteriously-constructed instrument, and poured forth those wild improvisations that seemed to interpret some love-passage in the history of young Æolus. And when the sun broke faintly over the dreary stone-yard, and its first rays fell on the livid face of the Italian lying bound in the corner, it seemed to float upward through the sky, buoyed upon those harmonies that seemed to seek their native heaven.

IV.—THE PÆAN OF THE PANCORNO.

The ——th Ward Station House. It was the early hour of the morning before the overnight prisoners had departed to be judged by the immaculate justices presiding in the neighboring district police court, and the poor sleepless-looking, bleary-eyed people were emerging from the "lock-up" in the basement, still heavy with the poison of bad liquor, and buttoned all over the face with the bites of mosquitoes that abound in all police stations. Along the walls of the general room hung rows of glazed fire-caps and locust-wood batons, while stretched in rank and file on the floor beneath one saw a quantity of India rubber overshoes, splashed with the mud gathered in the weary night-tramp on the heels of crime. What stories of city vice spoke in those dirty, flexible shoes! One saw the burglar at work with file and centre-bit, and accomplice keeping watch with pricked up ears. The file grates, and the centre-bit cuts, and the confederate strains his hearing as the grasshopper leaps from the wall; but none see the dark shadows creeping round the corner, and the pavement yields no echo to the muffled feet: and the silent overshoes steal on, until with one quick leap, and one heavy blow with the baton, the burglar and confederate lie powerless on the ground.

The ——th Ward Station House was a dreary-looking establishment. The police captain in plain clothes, with a presentation watch in his pocket, attached to a presentation chain, and a presentation diamond ring on his finger, and a presentation pin in his shirt front, which having buttons did not seem to require it, sat on a high chair behind a high counter on which he measured out justice by the yard. Two or three sly-looking men in plain clothes also, with a furtive glance in the eyes, and an air of always seeming to be looking round a corner that bespoke the detective, or "shadow," lounging on the stout chairs, picking their teeth and watching every body, even the police captain, as if they were ready at any moment to detect any body in something illegal. A pleasant-looking chain of

handcuffs hung on the wall, some ten or twelve pair linked together—cold, brutal-looking loops of iron that seemed to regret it was wrists and not necks that it was their duty to clasp. Sitting on the sill of the deep window, which opened into the street, were two little children crying lustily. They had been lost or ran away, and in the face of the boy, a large-eyed, French lad of some six years old, one could see the determination working that made him preserve, when questioned, a sullen silence as to his name and home. The other, a little girl—thanks to the philoprogenitive organ of one of the police!—was munching a jam tart amidst all her grief, and slobbering the unwholesome pastry with her tears.

But chief of all the figures in that melancholy room were three persons who had, in the charge of a policeman, arrived at early dawn. Deep in one corner, the farthest from the door, sat Giuseppe, now carefully uncorded but still scowling out of his cloak, as if he might dart poisoned poniards out of his eyes; while before the high counter on which the prize police captain measured out his two-penny worth of justice, stood Gustave and Tommatoo, who was weeping bitterly.

"You say that you left your father for but a few moments, and on your return he had disappeared?" inquired the prize captain, solemnly.

"Yes, Sir!" sobbed Tommatoo. "My dear, dear father! What has become of him? Oh, that bad man!"—a wicked glance at Giuseppe in the corner.

"And when you returned you found the prisoner in the room where you had left your father?"

"Yes, Sir; and I know that he knows where my father is—I see it in his eyes. Oh, Sir, make him tell—make him tell. Pinch him until he tells—beat him until he tells!"

The prize captain smiled, condescendingly.

"Lieutenant!" he said, "telegraph a description of this Baioccho to the chief's office, with inquiries."

Immediately a thin policeman commenced working the telegraph that lay in one corner of the room, but the monotonous click of the instrument was but little consolation to the aching bosom of Tommatoo.

A half hour passed—an hour—during which Tommatoo related over and over again the details of her little story to the prize captain. The subordinates of the office began to take an interest in her, and gathered round her as she sat nestling close to Gustave, who was completely amazed by the novelty of his situation, and each had a kind word for the little maiden.

An hour passed. Ah, how dreary! dreary to Giuseppe scowling in his cloak, carefully watched by two stalwart policemen; dreary to Gustave, who wondered how policemen could live without music; dreary to little Tommatoo, who, with swollen eyes and heavy, sad heart, sorrowed for the old musician.

Presently there was a bustle. A carriage

drove up to the door with policemen on the box, and Tommatoo's heart fluttered. The door of the vehicle opened, and out tottered Baioccho, feebly singing, crowing, dancing, with his old eyes twinkling with cognac, and a suit of gigantic clothes on, out of which he seemed to be endeavoring to scramble. In another instant Tommatoo was in his arms.

"Ah, *mon enfant, ma fille bien aimé!* the old father has brought himself back. *Per bacco!* brought himself back with the joy in his heart. The assassin failed in his work. Ha!"

This last exclamation was caused by a sudden rush for the door which Giuseppe had made the moment the old musician appeared. His attempt at escape was vain, however, for before he had made two steps he was collared, and a pair of handcuffs magically slipped over his wrists. He sat down again sullenly, but with a face white with terror.

"Ha! serpent that thou art!" cried Baioccho, placing himself before Giuseppe and shaking his withered old fist at him. "Thy time has arrived. Thou wilt hang for this. So you thought to drown the poor old maestro who never harmed you? But no! the God above is good, and when waves lifted themselves up to engulf me, and the boat of the passage—what you call ferry-boat—came to knock me on the head, a heaven-descended rope put itself into my hand, and a blessed sailor pulled me up to the deck. Oh no; I am not dead yet, and the sweet dove that you covet will find some other nest than thine!"

Then turning to the prize captain, the old man, still with one arm round his daughter, poured forth his voluble tale: how Giuseppe had flung him into the river; how he was floating out to sea when the ferry-boat had come down on him; and how, just in the nick of time, some one on board had discerned him in the water and flung him a rope. All this mixed up in his extraordinary English, and so interlarded with French and Italian imprecations on the head of Giuseppe, that the prize captain was so entirely bewildered that all he could do was to order the assassin into the lock-up, and bind over the old maestro to appear in evidence. This done, he and Gustave and Tommatoo, now chirping like a bird, went home together.

I would not like to count all the *petits verres de cognac* that the old musician took that night; but I know that Baioccho, on that occasion, danced the most singular dances, and sang the most eccentric songs, and told Tommatoo and Gustave at least fifty times the wondrous story of his adventures, and how his brother was, he believed, dead, and had left him all his wealth; and so the night closed on jubilation in the old house by the stone-yard.

Strange to say, Baioccho's brother was dead and had left him his heir. This, it was supposed, Giuseppe had learned in Italy, and had hastened home with the intention of profiting by an information of which he was the earliest recipient. Chance, however, frustrated his plans, and after a trial, in which Baioccho's eccentric

evidence was a feature, the gates of the State Prison closed over the assassin forever.

In time Baioccho realized his inheritance and bade farewell to the kitchen. The Pancorno was brought before the public, and every one remembers the sensation it created that winter at the Antique Concerts given at Niblo's. Women, while listening to its wonderful strains, could not help noticing how handsome was the young Frenchman who played on it; yet none saw the lovely face that every night gazed from the front row on the performer; but I know that Gustave Beaumont played all the better because he knew that Tommatoo, otherwise Madame Beaumont, was looking at him. Madame Beaumont! Tommatoo as a Madame! Can you realize it? I can't.

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

THE position occupied by Kennedy as a writer is a prominent and highly respectable one. He is best known to the public as the author of "Swallow Barn" and "Horseshoe Robinson," two very popular and well written novels, whose scenes are laid in the Southern States, and whose incidents turn upon the peculiarities of Southern life as it presented itself nearly a century ago. The first of these appeared in 1830, and the second in 1832, since which time the press has teemed with works of fiction, the most of which have had a short-lived existence, and given place to a successor possessing perhaps but little merit beyond the one which it supplanted in popular favor. A few, however, retain a permanent place in American literature, among which are those of Irving, Cooper, and Kennedy; for it is fair to associate the author of "Horseshoe Robinson" with the authors of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Spy."

Kennedy is now verging upon seventy years, but his appearance indicates a person some twenty years the junior of this patriarchal age. The truth is, that from youth up he has had the good fortune to possess an ample competence, and a temperament that enabled him to take the world as he found it, without permitting himself to be annoyed by its trifles or its cares. He is, moreover, prudent in his style of living; and while not averse to a reasonable enjoyment of the gifts of Providence, is rigidly exact in his habits. This may account for the manner in which years have almost insensibly stolen upon him without leaving those tell-tale evidences that usually accompany their progress.

But while thus placid in his domestic life, he has been an ardent politician, and in this capacity has filled several important positions, the last of which was Secretary of the Navy during the administration of Mr. Fillmore. Literature has been with him rather a pastime than a pursuit, and was never looked upon as a source of emolument.

So careless, indeed, has he been in this particular, that when the first edition of "Swallow

Barn," which was from the beginning very popular, was exhausted, he gave no heed to its republication; and but for the circumstance of Putnam's proposal to republish it in connection with the works of Cooper and Irving some ten years after its first appearance, it might probably have remained without a new edition to this day. And yet it is not only a work of great merit and promise in itself, but one which from its subject was calculated to excite a marked interest. Its object was to give a description of the manners and customs prevalent in the "Old Dominion," as Virginia is not unfrequently denominated, during the last century. For this purpose he selected an aristocratical old edifice on the bank of the James River, occupying a kind of shady nook formed by a sweep of the stream, on a gentle acclivity dotted over with oaks. It was a time-honored mansion, the main structure of which was upward of a century old at the date of his narrative, and which had been added to from time to time as the increasing wants or opulence of its proprietors had demanded. The proprietor of this edifice, with its ample domain and servants, was a gentleman of about forty-five years, upon whom a pleasant temper and good cheer had produced their effects in a comfortable and full figure, and easy, contemplative habits that inclined him to indolence and philosophical trains of thought. He was, in short, possessed of that substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

In the selection of his subject, and in the delineation of his characters, which are of that pleasant and generous kind that warmly attach the reader to them, Kennedy may have created purely imaginary personages; but it has always appeared to me, and this gives an additional interest to the volume, that he was only transferring to paper the impressions he had received while residing among his own maternal relatives, a number of whom might well sit for such portraits as he has introduced in his exquisite delineation of Virginian society.

Kennedy's mother, whose maiden name was Pendleton, was a member of one of the most respectable and wealthy families in Virginia, which even at the present day numbers among its descendants many of the most substantial landholders in the Old Dominion, as well as many of the most influential statesmen whose voices have been heard in our national councils. Of this latter class are Mr. Pendleton of the House of Representatives, Mr. Faulkner, late Minister to France, and Judge Pendleton, of Berkeley County, the uncle of Kennedy, and one of the few survivors of that coterie in which Washington was accustomed to mingle on familiar terms. Many of these gentlemen possess princely estates, which have been retained for more than a century within the family, and if Frank Meriwether, the genial host of "Swallow Barn," is not in reality a veritable member of this family, there is more than one in whom it would not be difficult to trace a family likeness. Be this as

it may, it is very certain that Kennedy derived his knowledge of the manners and customs prevalent in a household of the old Virginia aristocracy by his long-continued residence among his relatives in that State; and it is equally certain that he has given the most faithful portraiture of such an establishment ever presented to the public. It is not too much to say that a more accurate idea of Virginia life in its best coloring is to be obtained by the perusal of "Swallow Barn" than from the writings of any other author who has attempted a similar delineation.

There is a genuine good-humor that pervades the fictitious writings of Kennedy, which, like those of Irving, give more than a passing insight into the character of the author. It was my good fortune to know them both, and I had frequent occasion to notice this similarity in their character, however widely they may have differed in other respects, which doubtless went far toward cementing the warm friendship that always subsisted between them. No one was ever more warmly welcomed by its genial host to Sunnyside than Kennedy, and no one, when he could be induced to leave his pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson to ramble through the South, was more cordially received by Kennedy than Irving. A winter's ramble together through the South, several years before Irving's decease, not only served to restore Irving to his wonted health and spirits, but enabled each to store up a thousand pleasant recollections of the other, which served as an additional link to cement the warm friendship that had heretofore subsisted between them.

I saw most of Kennedy while his fellow-townsmen in Baltimore, at a literary club, of which we were both members, composed of four doctors of law, four doctors of divinity, four doctors of medicine, and four gentlemen distinguished for literary attainments. This club, styled "The Monday Club," met alternately at the houses of the various members each Monday in the winter season, and during its existence was the most agreeable réunion in Baltimore, and was almost certain to command the presence of any distinguished stranger who chanced to be in town. Kennedy was among the most punctual in attendance, and, with the exception of Dr. Morris, a Lutheran divine, was perhaps the best talker.

He was always full of the subject that most occupied his attention, and without engrossing the conversation would be pretty certain to allude to it during the evening. At that time he had for the most part retired from active political life, but took a deep interest in the political discussions of the day, which he aided in elucidating by occasional contributions to the *National Intelligencer*, in which many of his best political essays appeared. This was about the time when the sectional discussions in Congress began to assume the angry character they afterward took.

On one occasion Kennedy appeared at the club gloomy and desponding, and soon turned the conversation to the theme that most occupied

his thoughts. He had just returned from Washington, where he had conversed freely with the more prominent Southern members, most of whom had been his colleagues in the previous sessions of Congress.

"I have great apprehensions," said he, "for the perpetuity of the Union, and I know not how soon this beautiful fabric of government, the best that the world has ever seen, may be rent into pieces."

I remember that I expressed doubts as to the grounds of his fears, and urged that the present exacerbation of feeling would give place to one in which both sections would be perfectly willing to do justice to each other.

"So I thought," replied he, "before I went to Washington; but when I heard—as I have within a few days—grave and cautious Southern statesmen, in whose opinions I have been accustomed to repose great confidence, deliberately calculating the advantages that would accrue to their section by a separation from the North, I must confess that my confidence has vanished, and given place to the most gloomy forebodings for the future."

The opinion of the gentlemen present without exception was that Kennedy's fears were groundless; but he continued to argue his point with much ability, giving a number of facts bearing upon the question which, in a few days after, appeared in the columns of the *National Intelligencer* in an essay from a "valued contributor," in which the evils of dissolution were most vividly portrayed. In the course of his remarks, turning directly to me, he said, with great emphasis, "I consider the danger imminent; and I believe it to be the duty of every one who can write to exercise his influence in attempting to save our now happy country from impending ruin."

In a visit which I made to Prescott, two or three years afterward, I narrated this conversation of Kennedy's. Prescott thought that he had little real ground for apprehension. The sequel has shown that Kennedy's insight into the future was far clearer than that of his opponents. After the extreme Southern States had declared themselves as no longer a part of the Union, and Tennessee had followed their example, true to his original sentiments, he issued an appeal to the citizens of Maryland, showing how little it had to gain by uniting its destinies with the South, and how much by remaining steadfast to the Union.

About the time of the appearance of this appeal I returned to Washington from the South, whither I had gone on an errand of peace, and had made an appointment to meet the President before breakfast on the following morning to confer with him on the subject of my mission. I passed the evening prior to this interview at the Prussian Minister's. Before leaving, Baron Gerolt placed in my hand Kennedy's appeal, which I had not yet seen, with the request that I would read it before seeing the President on the following morning, remarking that it was

one of the most statesmanlike and patriotic expositions of the subject he had seen.

Among Kennedy's earliest literary ventures was the "Baltimore Red Book"—a sort of annual, somewhat after the style of Paulding and Irving's "Salmagundi," which appeared about twelve years prior to the publication of "Swallow Barn." Kennedy was associated in this work with Peter Hoffinan Cruse, a gentleman of rare attainments and a thousand noble qualities. Cruse, Kennedy, and Josiah Pennington had been students of law together, and were inseparable friends. Poor Cruse was one of the first victims of cholera in Baltimore, in 1832, and died in a few hours of his attack; Josiah Pennington is still a resident of Baltimore, respected for his sterling integrity, and admired for his admirable fund of wit and humor. The intimacy between Kennedy and himself still continues as fresh and green as when they first formed their mutual attachment for each other in early manhood. Mr. Pennington was likewise a member of the "Monday Club," and the best narrator of anecdote and delineator of character among his associates. His perception of the ludicrous is greater than that of any one I ever met except Hackett, who, by-the-way, is a good friend of Kennedy's, and seldom passes through Baltimore without paying him a visit. Mr. Pennington has a considerable practice as a lawyer and a handsome private estate. He has, as a consequence, many trust funds; one of which is so peculiar that it is best narrated in his own language:

"On making a deposit in bank many years ago," said he, "the teller threw out a three-dollar note as unbankable. I went to a broker's to get it exchanged, but he pronounced it to be nearly valueless. I will, however, said he, give you a lottery ticket for it—for he dealt in lottery tickets. Having no confidence in lotteries, I refused to take one; but as I was leaving the door with the worthless bill his entreaties prevailed, and I took the ticket in exchange, and thought no more of the transaction for several days, when, passing one day, he called me in to inform me that my ticket had drawn a prize of several hundred dollars. This fund I deposited in bank and invested by itself. It has now grown to be a considerable sum, but remains entirely untouched by me except for charitable purposes. I look upon it as the devil's money, and fancy that some day he will call for it; and I have taken very good care to keep it by itself, so that it shall not taint the remainder of my possessions."

Kennedy at this time occupied as his town-house the former residence of William Wirt, on Calvert Street, a spacious and venerable old mansion, which in Wirt's time was doubtless one of the most aristocratic in the city, and which even then was a very excellent establishment. I remarked to Kennedy on one occasion that it was a singular coincidence that the biographer should occupy the residence of the one whose biography he had written (his *Life of Wirt* had not long

before been published). He stated that it was purely accidental, as he dwelt there chiefly to oblige his father-in-law, then an aged man, but since deceased, who had an attachment for the place. "This," he continued, "is the room occupied by Wirt as his library, and it was here that the greater part of those legal papers were prepared which obtained for him so great a celebrity."

The apartment alluded to was a spacious room whose sides were well covered with the books which Kennedy had collected, and which probably equaled in number those of the eloquent advocate who had preceded him in possession. As to the value of the collection I have no information, but from the varied subjects that from time to time have occupied his attention, I should infer that it contained many excellent books, especially in its political and historical departments. He understood very well the use of extensive libraries, and made free use of them when engaged in writing. I remember that I once remarked to him that to the imaginative writer the country was full of suggestions, and I did not wonder that authors of this class especially gladly retreated from town to hold companionship with Nature in her rural abodes.

"The country is all very well," replied he, "but commend me to the town for the stimulus of literary pursuits. In the midst of the excitement of a populous city, with its incentives to labor and its aids to composition, the author generally produces his best works, and I apprehend if you were to know the secret history of this kind of writing, you would find that the greater part of the most touching incidents of rural life, with their accompaniments of wood, and hill, and dell, so vividly portrayed that the reader almost imagines himself in their midst, were penned in the midst of all the bustle and confusion of a populous city."

And he was, without doubt, correct in this judgment. The author, in his rapid progress through the country, takes in at a glance its immense ideal treasures, which imprint themselves upon the memory, to be used in the laborious work of composition in the study. Let any reader with the least conception of the beautiful attempt to analyze his own sensations, and he will find that the impressions of a few moments cover a field which it would require whole pages to describe. The great art of the imaginative writer is to reproduce these impressions in a shape so vivid and tangible as immediately to be realized by others. The reader need scarcely be told that the exquisite pictures of Virginia plantation life as portrayed in "Swallow Barn," or the incidents of the primitive military camp, as told in "Horseshoe Robinson," were penned in a lawyer's office in the city of Baltimore.

The house, the library, all the associations of the place necessarily led the conversation to the able lawyer, the masterly orator, and the polished biographer who had formerly occupied them. Wirt had really been the maker of his own fortune, and he had labored most industri-

ously in elevating himself to the position he finally occupied. In youth he was surrounded by none of those aids by which men are often elevated in spite of themselves. The library that formed the basis of the one which finally occupied those shelves, and with which he commenced the practice of law, consisted of a copy of "Blackstone," two volumes of "Don Quixote," and a volume of "Tristram Shandy." His whole life, said Kennedy, was that of a student. "His youthful days were passed in the preparation for his profession. His manhood was engrossed by forensic labors. Old age found him crowned with the honors of a faithfully earned judicial renown."

Kennedy's description of the personal appearance of Wirt is not only a true likeness but an admirably drawn sketch. "Those who remember William Wirt," he says, "need not be reminded how distinctively his face and figure suggested his connection with the German race. The massive, bald outline of his countenance, the clear blue eye, the light hair falling in crisp and numerous curls upon a broad forehead, the high arching eyebrow, the large nose, the ample chin, might recall a resemblance to the portrait of Goethe. The ever-changing expression of his eye and lip—at one moment sobered in deep thought, and in the next radiant with a lurking, quiet good-humor, that might be seen coming up from the depths of his heart, and provoking a laugh before a word was said—were traits which enlivened whatever might be supposed saturnine in the merely national cast of his features." He had indeed not only a keen sense of the ludicrous, but one of the most imaginative of temperaments. It was this latter faculty that enabled him to depict with such admirable skill the masterly forensic displays of Patrick Henry, and which made him so irresistible in his own great appeals to the court and jury. An incident in his early life shows somewhat of this feeling. A school companion had been detained at school longer than the rest, and on his way home was obliged to pass a lonely field after daylight was gone. On the following day he narrated to a group of eager listeners how, in passing this spot the previous evening, a bird perched upon the grave-stone of an old negro cried out, "Whip him well! whip him well!" and a froggy voice deep from below seemed to answer, "Oh, pray!" "It was," said Wirt, "the first time that a superstitious emotion entered my mind; and I now recall how dreadfully sublime it was. My heart quaked—and yet there was a sort of terrible pleasure in it which I can not define; I do not yet hear a whip-poor-will without some of these misgivings of my childhood."

Wirt had several daughters, all of whom were elegant and accomplished women. With much of the talent of their father, they were indebted to him for unusual care in their education. To his daughter Sara, who afterward married Judge Randall, and died in Florida, he thus wrote while yet a little girl: "Suppose there was a nest full of beautiful young birds—so young that

they could not fly and help themselves—and they were opening their little mouths and crying for something to eat, and their parents would not bring them any, would you not think them wicked? Now your mind is this nest, full of beautiful singing birds, and there sits reason and fancy and memory and judgment. Will you not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning?" Under such culture it is not singular that they should have all come to occupy prominent positions in social life, admired for their many accomplishments, and respected for their numerous virtues.

In 1833 a literary paper in Baltimore, called *The Visitor*, offered a prize for the best poem. Among the competitors was the erratic but gifted Edgar A. Poe, to whom the prize was awarded for his "MSS. found in a Bottle." Kennedy was one of the umpires to whom these contributions were referred, and he thus formed Poe's acquaintance, who, he remarked, was in part indebted for his success to his extremely neat handwriting; a fact which I can readily imagine, for Poe wrote in a small, but perfectly legible character, which could be as easily read as a printed page. His numerous letters which I have seen written to his cousin, Nelson Poe, a lawyer in Baltimore, sparkling with vivacity and overflowing with wit, are in their chirography the very quintessence of neatness. Poe, at the time he made Kennedy's acquaintance—as, indeed, at all others—was sadly in want of pecuniary resources. Kennedy not only introduced him to Mr. White, then editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, but urged his employment in such terms as to induce Mr. White to accept his literary aid in the conduct of that magazine. This engagement, however, which promised at least a means of maintenance, was, like several others of the same character formed by Poe at different periods, destined to be of short continuance.

Kennedy's relations with literary men were always of the most agreeable character, and in no manner intermixed with the envy that too frequently mars the pleasant relations that should subsist between those engaged in kindred pursuits. I remember that the first favorable impression I had of Willis's poems was obtained from Kennedy. In a conversation relating to Willis I remarked that I had really never read his poems attentively, because of a prejudice I had, I scarcely knew why, against the author.

"Then," said Kennedy, "you should read them before forming an opinion. I consider Willis as a poet of great excellence, and some of his poems, particularly those in blank verse, as 'Jephtha's Daughter,' as of a very high order of merit."

The hint thus gently given was taken, and a perusal of his writings showed me how much I had mistaken the character of the author. Between Kennedy and Willis a friendship has existed for a long time, with the kindest appreciation of each other's character on either side. In 1859 Willis paid a visit to Sunnyside, in

company with Mr. Wise, an account of which he has published in the *Home Journal*. Kennedy was at the time the guest of Irving, and left for New York at the same time that Willis and his friend returned to Idlewild. In this description Willis says that an amusing interchange of sorrows took place between Irving and Kennedy as to the persecution of autograph hunters, in which Kennedy bore off the palm. He said that while Secretary of Navy he was written to by a person entirely unknown to him, but who claimed to be his constituent, who requested to be furnished with the autographs of all the Presidents, together with those of the present Cabinet, including his own, as well as those of any other distinguished persons with whom he chanced to be in correspondence.

Among Kennedy's literary productions intended to delineate the domestic history of the South, is an address delivered before the Maryland Institute in 1851, upon the early settlement of Baltimore, in which some incidents are noticed which, however familiar to the older inhabitants of that city, are not generally known. An Act of Assembly "for erecting a town on the north side of Patapsco in Baltimore County" was passed in 1729, and under this ordinance Baltimore was built. "You have heard," says Kennedy, "the traditional story of Mr. John Moale's alarm when this project of a town was first talked of. The projectors had an eye to a tract of land of his—Moale's Point—which looks in upon Spring Gardens. That worthy gentleman had some iron ore on his farm, and was seized with such terror at the idea of having a town built over it, that he repaired, it is said, in extraordinary haste to the Legislature, of which he was a member, to defeat the bill, then actually under consideration, to place the town on his land. A very notable parliamentary effort, as it turned out, for Baltimore was in consequence saved from an inconvenient location on Moale's Point, and established where it is."

The preference given to Moale's Point by those most interested in the establishment of Baltimore, doubtless arose from its level and somewhat low surface, which seemed to offer facilities for laying out streets and erecting buildings at small cost. By the timely influence exerted by Mr. Moale to prevent his land from being occupied for this purpose, the town was necessarily compelled to extend itself over the undulating and beautifully diversified surface it now occupies. The substratum, instead of the rich alluvium of the plain, is composed of gravel and sand, eminently favorable to health; and the surface, gently and picturesquely undulating, crowned with monuments and domes, presents one of the most magnificent city views to be found on the continent. "Every one," remarks Kennedy, "speculates at the present day upon the absolute certainty of a prosperous town springing up on some locality he could designate. There is no point, however, on which anticipation is so often disappointed as this. The chances are all against the precon-

ceived opinion. Looking to ordinary considerations which we might conjecture to be most potential in influencing the growth of a trading city, one would say *a priori* that the mouth of the Susquehanna River would have been selected in the last century as the site of a town inevitably destined to grow to importance. Another such site would have been pointed out at Norfolk, where the Chesapeake Bay meets the ocean. Annapolis and Alexandria and Georgetown were in those days full of hope. They were growing, and for some years continued to grow in advance of Baltimore—Alexandria especially; but Baltimore gave no augury for a favorable prediction. What have we here to invite settlement? what convenience of inland trade? what seaward? To this day we may consider the sudden start and swift pre-eminence which Baltimore made and won as an unsolved problem in the philosophy of cities."

There is one important physical fact to which Baltimore, in common with the rest of the seaboard cities, is more indebted than might at first view be supposed. The whole Atlantic coast stretching from New York southward is composed of a slope where the continent originally terminated, clearly identified by its hard, granite rocks, and the plain subsequently made by the deposits from the ocean. At this line of demarcation the streams that flow into the sea break over their hard granite beds in waterfalls or rapids, which intercept the progress of navigation. Now it is precisely at this point that New York, Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Georgetown, Richmond, and Raleigh, have sprung up, and grown into an importance that their projectors could hardly have predicted. This fact demonstrates how vast an influence the geological formation exercises over the character of a country and the movements of its population.

But although Kennedy has achieved an honorable distinction in literature, and is best known through his writings, yet he has never at any one period of his life been a bookmaker by profession. These literary labors have rather constituted the incidents in a life actively employed in other pursuits than its chief occupation. As a member of the bar and as a politician he was both active and prominent. In the latter capacity he was for many years a Delegate in the Legislature of Maryland, and an ardent supporter of that system of works of internal improvement upon which Maryland boldly ventured far in advance of the larger and wealthier States, and by means of which she has contributed to her prosperity as a State, and at the same time involved her finances with a debt which it will require long years of prosperity to liquidate. The pressure of this debt rendered those who were instrumental in creating it unpopular, and Kennedy, with his legislative colleagues, was forced into a retirement from which he emerged some years after as a Representative in Congress, and subsequently as Secretary of the Navy.

During his political career the country was

pretty equally divided into the two political parties—Whig and Democratic—which in Maryland so closely divided the State that before each important election it was doubtful which would be in the ascendant. Kennedy was a member of the Whig Party, and may now be ranked among what are denominated the "Silver Grays." His political course was characterized by great liberality of sentiment and freedom from party trammels. In the establishment of the system of electro-magnetic telegraphing Morse always found in him a steadfast advocate. He not only readily comprehended its operation when exhibited in the committee room, but was warm in its favor on the floor of the House. It was on his motion that the bill for the appropriation of the fund to try the experiment between Washington and Baltimore was brought before the House, and through his influence many of his own party, who were either careless or doubtful concerning it, were induced to record their votes in its favor.

His political predilections are admirably delineated in "Quodlibet," a political satire, which, although not a novel, yet has sufficient of the rude outlines of a plot to be included in this category of writing. It is a hit at the political parties preceding the presidential election which took place just before it was written, and contains some humorous and admirable caricatures of the prominent personages engaged. It appeared anonymously, but the public were not long in tracing its authorship to its true source.

Although Kennedy has rendered good service to his country as a politician, yet, after all, it is to be regretted that he did not devote himself more exclusively to literature, for which he has certainly exhibited rare ability. "His talent in this respect," said Alexander Everett, upon the appearance of "Swallow Barn," "is probably not inferior to that of Irving. Some of his smaller compositions, in which our author depends merely on his own resources, exhibit a point and vigor of thought, and a felicity and freshness of style that place them on a level with the best passages of the 'Sketch-Book.'" If he who can succeed in creating and describing an imaginary character that ever after remains in the memories of men, ranked among the real existences of the past, both illustrates his own merit and secures his fame, then he well deserves Mr. Everett's acknowledgment of his talent; for side by side with Scott's Meg Merrilies, of Cooper's Leather Stocking, of Dickens's Sam Weller, and of Irving's Rip Van Winkle, Horseshoe Robinson must be recognized as a real and veritable creation, which occupies a permanent place in the minds of those who are familiar with the story.

The greater part of his time is now spent at his residence on the banks of the Patapsco, a few miles from Baltimore, and in the immediate vicinity of a large number of cotton manufactories, in one of which he is largely interested. The situation is of the wildest and most picturesque character. The Patapsco, a turbulent and

restless stream, flows rapidly down over a series of rapids and natural cascades (which have been largely turned to advantage by the erection of a number of mills upon its borders), in the bottom of a deep ravine which it has made for itself amidst the undulating country through which it pursues its course. The sides of the valley thus made, as well as the lofty hill-tops which overhang it, are alternately composed of bald and abrupt rocky prominences, presenting their bare and jagged front to the stream, and gentler undulations whose sides are clothed with a variegated foliage that contrasts pleasantly with the rocky buttresses that jut out from their midst.

Kennedy's residence occupies a position directly on the bank of the stream, which is here spanned by a light trellis work foot-bridge. From the portico is seen the bald outlines of the adjoining heights and the craggy sides that intervene between them and the bed of the stream, while perched high up on the opposite bank, as if suspended in the air, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway winds its tortuous course along the side of this intricate and highly romantic valley. He is much attached to "home," and with the exception of an annual pilgrimage to the North, when the gay world is to be found at its watering-places, or a summer jaunt among the mountain resorts of Virginia,* seldom wanders much beyond the immediate confines of his own neighborhood, which indeed possesses a circle of elegant and refined people, among whom are the Ridgeleys of Hampton, and the Carrolls of the Manor, such as few districts can boast.

Twice within the last few years he has been tempted to visit Europe, where his political position and literary reputation secured him a flattering reception, but on each occasion he has returned with but little reason to regret that he was a citizen of the United States. He seldom engages in public matters, but is occasionally moved by a sense of duty to exert what influence he possesses when he deems that the country stands in need of his services, as on the occasion of his late appeal to the people of Maryland to remain steadfast to the Union. To the Maryland Historical Society he has always been a steadfast friend, and attends its meetings whenever it is possible for him to do so. He is also a trustee of the "Peabody Institute," recently founded in Baltimore by Mr. Peabody of London, whose early mercantile life was passed there, and is quite active in the development of this noble foundation.

Possessed of gentle manners and much kindness of disposition, a large fund of acquired information, and mingling much in society, there are few persons whose companionship is more agreeable or instructive than that of the genial author of "Swallow Barn."

* The "X. M. C." (i. e. Ex-Member of Congress) who appears in some of "Porte Crayon's" admirable sketches, originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, and subsequently collected in the book "Virginia Illustrated," is the author of "Swallow Barn," and "Horseshoe Robinson."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE day of the trial was now quickly coming on, and the London world, especially the world of lawyers, was beginning to talk much on the subject. Men about the Inns of Court speculated as to the verdict, offering to each other very confident opinions as to the result, and offering, on some occasions, bets as well as opinions. The younger world of barristers was clearly of opinion that Lady Mason was innocent; but a portion, an unhappy portion, was inclined to fear, that, in spite of her innocence, she would be found guilty. The elder world of barristers was not, perhaps, so demonstrative, but in that world the belief in her innocence was not so strong, and the fear of her condemnation much stronger. The attorneys, as a rule, regarded her as guilty. To the policeman's mind every man not a policeman is a guilty being, and the attorneys perhaps share something of this feeling. But the attorneys to a man expected to see her acquitted. Great was their faith in Mr. Furnival; great their faith in Solomon Aram; but greater than in all was their faith in Mr. Chaffanbrass. If Mr. Chaffanbrass could not pull her through, with a prescription of twenty years on her side, things must be very much altered indeed in our English criminal court. To the outer world, that portion of the world which had nothing to do with the administration of the law, the idea of Lady Mason having been guilty seemed preposterous. Of course she was innocent, and of course she would be found to be innocent. And of course, also, that Joseph Mason, of Groby Park, was, and would be found to be, the meanest, the lowest, the most rapacious of mankind.

And then the story of Sir Peregrine's attachment and proposed marriage, joined as it was to various hints of the manner in which that marriage had been broken off, lent a romance to the whole affair, and added much to Lady Mason's popularity. Every body had now heard of it, and every body was also aware, that though the idea of a marriage had been abandoned, there had been no quarrel. The friendship between the families was as close as ever, and Sir Peregrine—so it was understood—had pledged himself to an acquittal. It was felt to be a public annoyance that an affair of so exciting a nature should be allowed to come off in the little town of Alston. The court-house, too, was very defective in its arrangements, and ill qualified to give accommodation to the great body of would-be attendants at the trial. One leading newspaper went so far as to suggest, that in such a case as this, the antediluvian prejudices of the British grandmother—meaning the Constitution—should be set aside, and the trial should take

place in London. But I am not aware that any step was taken toward the carrying out of so desirable a project.

Down at Hamworth the feeling in favor of Lady Mason was not perhaps so strong as it was elsewhere. Dockwrath was a man not much respected, but nevertheless many believed in him; and down there, in the streets of Hamworth, he was not slack in propagating his view of the question. He had no doubt, he said, how the case would go. He had no doubt, although he was well aware that Mr. Mason's own lawyers would do all they could to throw over their own client. But he was too strong, he said, even for that. The facts as he would bring them forward would confound Round and Crook, and compel any jury to find a verdict of guilty. I do not say that all Hamworth believed in Dockwrath, but his energy and confidence did have its effect, and Lady Mason's case was not upheld so strongly in her own neighborhood as elsewhere.

The witnesses in these days were of course very important persons, and could not but feel the weight of that attention which the world would certainly pay to them. There would be four chief witnesses for the prosecution; Dockwrath himself, who would be prepared to speak as to the papers left behind him by old Usbeck; the man in whose possession now remained that deed respecting the partnership which was in truth executed by old Sir Joseph on that fourteenth of July; Bridget Bolster; and John Kenneby. Of the manner in which Mr. Dockwrath used his position we already know enough. The man who held the deed, one Torrington, was a relative of Martock, Sir Joseph's partner, and had been one of his executors. It was not much indeed that he had to say, but that little sent him up high in the social scale during those days. He lived at Kennington, and he was asked out to dinner in that neighborhood every day for a week running, on the score of his connection with the great Orley Farm case. Bridget Bolster was still down at the hotel in the West of England, and being of a solid, sensible, and somewhat unimaginative turn of mind, probably went through her duties to the last without much change of manner. But the effect of the coming scenes upon poor John Kenneby was terrible. It was to him as though for the time they had made of him an Atlas, and compelled him to bear on his weak shoulders the weight of the whole world. Men did talk much about Lady Mason and the coming trial; but to him it seemed as though men talked of nothing else. At Hubbles and Grease's it was found useless to put figures into his hands till all this should be over. Indeed it was doubted by many whether he would ever recover his ordinary tone of mind. It seemed to be understood that he would be

cross-examined by Chaffanbrass, and there were those who thought that John Kenneby would never again be equal to a day's work after that which he would then be made to endure. That he would have been greatly relieved could the whole thing have been wiped away from him there can be no manner of doubt; but I fancy that he would also have been disappointed. It is much to be great for a day, even though that day's greatness should cause the shipwreck of a whole life.

"I shall endeavor to speak the truth," said John Kenneby, solemnly.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Moulder.

"Yes, Moulder, that will be my endeavor; and then I may lay my hand upon my bosom and think that I have done my duty by my country." And as Kenneby spoke he suited the action to the word.

"Quite right, John," said Mrs. Smiley. "Them's the sentiments of a man, and I, as a woman having a right to speak where you are concerned, quite approve of them."

"They'll get nothing but the truth out of John," said Mrs. Moulder; "not if he knows it." These last words she added, actuated by admiration of what she had heard of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and perhaps with some little doubt as to her brother's firmness.

"That's where it is," said Moulder. "Lord bless you, John, they'll turn you round their finger like a bit of red tape. Truth! Gammon! What do they care for truth?"

"But I care, Moulder," said Kenneby. "I don't suppose they can make me tell falsehoods if I don't wish it."

"Not if you're the man I take you to be," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Gammon!" said Moulder.

"Mr. Moulder, that's an objectionable word," said Mrs. Smiley. "If John Kenneby is the man I take him to be—and who's a right to speak if I haven't, seeing that I am going to commit myself for this world into his hands?"—and Mrs. Smiley, as she spoke, simpered, and looked down with averted head on the fullness of her Irish tabinet—"if he's the man that I take him to be, he won't say on this thrilling occasion no more than the truth, nor yet no less. Now that isn't gammon—if I know what gammon is."

It will have been already seen that the party in question were assembled at Mr. Moulder's room in Great St. Helen's. There had been a little supper party there to commemorate the final arrangements as to the coming marriage, and the four were now sitting round the fire with their glasses of hot toddy at their elbows. Moulder was armed with his pipe, and was enjoying himself in that manner which most delighted him. When last we saw him he had somewhat exceeded discretion in his cups, and was not comfortable. But at the present nothing ailed him. The supper had been good, the tobacco was good, and the toddy was good. Therefore when

the lovely Thais sitting beside him—Thais, however, on this occasion having been provided not for himself but for his brother-in-law—when Thais objected to the use of his favorite word he merely chuckled down in the bottom of his fat throat, and allowed her to finish her sentence.

Poor John Kenneby had more, much more on his hands than this dreadful trial. Since he had declared that the Adriatic was free to wed another, he had found himself devoted and given up to Mrs. Smiley. For some days after that auspicious evening there had been considerable wrangling between Mrs. Moulder and Mrs. Smiley as to the proceeds of the brick-field; and on this question Moulder himself had taken a part. The Moulder interest had of course desired that all right of management in the brick-field should be vested in the husband, seeing that, according to the usages of this country, brick-fields and their belongings appertain rather to men than to women; but Mrs. Smiley had soon made it evident that she by no means intended to be merely a sleeping partner in the firm. At one time Kenneby had entertained a hope of escape; for neither would the Moulder interest give way, nor would the Smiley. But two hundred a year was a great stake, and at last the thing was arranged, very much in accordance with the original Smiley view. And now at this most trying period of his life, poor Kenneby had upon his mind all the cares of a lover as well as the cares of a witness.

"I shall do my best," said John. "I shall do my best, and then throw myself upon Providence."

"And take a little drop of something comfortable in your pocket," said his sister, "so as to sperrit you up a little when your name's called."

"Sperrit him up!" said Moulder; "why I suppose he'll be standing in that box the best part of a day. I knowed a man was a witness; it was a case of horse-stealing; and the man who was the witness was the man who'd took the horse."

"And he was witness against hisself!" said Mrs. Smiley.

"No; he'd paid for it. That is to say, either he had or he hadn't. That was what they wanted to get out of him, and I'm blessed if he didn't take 'em till the judge wouldn't set there any longer. And then they hadn't got it out of him."

"But John Kenneby ain't one of that sort," said Mrs. Smiley.

"I suppose that man did not want to unbosom himself," said Kenneby.

"Well; no. The likes of him seldom do like to unbosom themselves," said Moulder.

"But that will be my desire. If they will only allow me to speak freely whatever I know about this matter, I will give them no trouble."

"You mean to act honest, John," said his sister.

"I always did, Mary Anne."

"Well now, I'll tell you what it is," said

Moulder. "As Mrs. Smiley don't like it I won't say any thing more about gammon—not just at present, that is."

"I've no objection to gammon, Mr. Moulder, when properly used," said Mrs. Smiley, "but I look on it as disrespectful; and seeing the position which I hold as regards John Kenneby, any thing disrespectful to him is hurtful to my feelings."

"All right," said Moulder. "And now, John, I'll just tell you what it is. You've no more chance of being allowed to speak freely there than—than—no more than if you was in church. What are them fellows paid for if you're to say whatever you please out in your own way?"

"He only wants to say the truth, M.," said Mrs. Moulder, who probably knew less than her husband of the general usages of courts of law.

"Truth be —," said Moulder.

"Mr. Moulder!" said Mrs. Smiley. "There's ladies by, if you'll please to remember."

"To hear such nonsense sets one past one's self," continued he; "as if all those lawyers were brought together there—the cleverest and sharpest fellows in the kingdom, mind you—to listen to a man like John here telling his own story in his own way. You'll have to tell your story in their way; that is, in two different ways. There'll be one fellow 'll make you tell it his way first, and another fellow 'll make you tell it again his way afterward; and it's odds but what the first 'll be at you again after that, till you won't know whether you stand on your heels or your head."

"That can't be right," said Mrs. Moulder.

"And why can't it be right?" said Moulder.

"They're paid for it; it's their duties; just as it's my duty to sell Hubbles and Grease's sugar. It's not for me to say the sugar's bad, or the samples not equal to the last. My duty is to sell, and I sell; and it's their duty to get a verdict."

"But the truth, Moulder—!" said Kenneby.

"Gammon!" said Moulder. "Begging your pardon, Mrs. Smiley, for making use of the expression. Look you here, John; if you're paid to bring a man off not guilty, won't you bring him off if you can? I've been at trials times upon times, and listened till I've wished from the bottom of my heart that I'd been brought up a barrister. Not that I think much of myself, and I mean of course with education and all that accordingly. It's beautiful to hear them. You'll see a little fellow in a wig, and he'll get up; and there'll be a man in the box before him—some swell dressed up to his eyes, who thinks no end of strong beer of himself; and in about ten minutes he'll be as flabby as wet paper, and he'll say—on his oath, mind you—just any thing that that little fellow wants him to say. That's power, mind you, and I call it beautiful."

"But it ain't justice," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Why not? I say it is justice. You can have it if you choose to pay for it, and so can I. If I buy a great-coat against the winter, and

you go out at night without having one, is it injustice because you're perished by the cold while I'm as warm as a toast? I say it's a grand thing to live in a country where one can buy a great-coat."

The argument had got so far, Mr. Moulder certainly having the best of it, when a ring at the outer door was heard.

"Now who on earth is that?" said Moulder.

"Snengkeld, I shouldn't wonder," said his wife.

"I hope it ain't no stranger," said Mrs. Smiley. "Situated as John and I are now, strangers is so disagreeable." And then the door was opened by the maid-servant, and Mr. Kantwise was shown into the room.

"Halloo, Kantwise!" said Mr. Moulder, not rising from his chair, or giving any very decided tokens of welcome. "I thought you were down somewhere among the iron foundries?"

"So I was, Mr. Moulder, but I came up yesterday. Mrs. Moulder, allow me to have the honor. I hope I see you quite well; but looking at you I need not ask. Mr. Kenneby, Sir, your very humble servant. The day's coming on fast; isn't it, Mr. Kenneby? Ma'am, your very obedient. I believe I haven't the pleasure of being acquainted."

"Mrs. Smiley, Mr. Kantwise. Mr. Kantwise, Mrs. Smiley," said the lady of the house, introducing her visitors to each other in the appropriate way.

"Quite delighted, I'm sure," said Kantwise.

"Smiley as is, and Kenneby as will be this day three weeks," said Moulder; and then they all enjoyed that little joke, Mrs. Smiley by no means appearing bashful in the matter although Mr. Kantwise was a stranger.

"I thought I should find Mr. Kenneby here," said Kantwise, when the subject of the coming nuptials had been sufficiently discussed, "and therefore I just stepped in. No intrusion, I hope, Mr. Moulder."

"All right," said Moulder; "make yourself at home. There's the stuff on the table. You know what the tap is."

"I've just parted from Mr. Dockwrath," said Kantwise, speaking in a tone of voice which implied the great importance of the communication, and looking round the table to see the effect of it upon the circle.

"Then you've parted from a very low-lived party, let me tell you that," said Moulder. He had not forgotten Dockwrath's conduct in the commercial room at Leeds, and was fully resolved that he never would forgive it.

"That's as may be," said Kantwise. "I say nothing on that subject at the present moment, either one way or the other. But I think you'll all agree as to this: that at the present moment Mr. Dockwrath fills a conspicuous place in the public eye."

"By no means so conspicuous as John Kenneby," said Mrs. Smiley, "if I may be allowed in my position to hold an opinion."

"That's as may be, ma'am. I say nothing

about that. What I hold by is, that Mr. Dockwrath does hold a conspicuous place in the public eye. I've just parted with him in Gray's Inn Lane, and he says that it's all up now with Lady Mason."

"Gammon!" said Moulder. And on this occasion Mrs. Smiley did not rebuke him. "What does he know about it more than any one else? Will he bet two to one? Because, if so, I'll take it; only I must see the money down."

"I don't know what he'll bet, Mr. Moulder; only he says it's all up with her."

"Will he back his side, even-handed?"

"I ain't a betting man, Mr. Moulder. I don't think it's right. And on such a matter as this, touching the liberty and almost life of a lady whom I've had the honor of seeing, and acquainted as I am with the lady of the other party, Mrs. Mason that is of Groby Park, I should rather, if it's no offense to you, decline the subject of—betting."

"Bother!"

"Now M., in your own house, you know!" said his wife.

"So it is bother. But never mind that. Go on, Kantwise. What is this you were saying about Dockwrath?"

"Oh, that's about all. I thought you would like to know what they were doing, particularly Mr. Kenneby. I do hear that they mean to be uncommonly hard upon him."

The unfortunate witness shifted uneasily in his seat, but at the moment said nothing himself.

"Well, now, I can't understand it," said Mrs. Smiley, sitting upright in her chair, and tackling herself to the discussion as though she meant to express her opinion, let who might think differently. "How is any one to put words into my mouth if I don't choose to speak them? There's John's waistcoat is silk." Upon which they all looked at Kenneby's waistcoat, and, with the exception of Kantwise, acknowledged the truth of the assertion.

"That's as may be," said he, looking round at it from the corner of his eyes.

"And do you mean to say that all the barristers in London will make me say that it's made of cloth? It's ridiculous—nothing short of ridiculous."

"You've never tried, my dear," said Moulder.

"I don't know about being your dear, Mr. Moulder—"

"Nor yet don't I neither, Mrs. Smiley," said the wife.

"Mr. Kenneby's my dear, and I ain't ashamed to own him, before men and women. But if he allows himself to be hounded in that way, I don't know but what I shall be ashamed. I call it hounding—just hounding."

"So it is, ma'am," said Kantwise, "only this, you know, if I hocus you, why you hocus me in return; so it isn't so very unfair, you know."

"Unfair!" said Moulder. "It's the fairest thing that is. It's the bulwark of the British Constitution."

"What! being badgered and brow-beat?" asked Kenneby, who was thinking within himself that if this were so he did not care if he lived somewhere beyond the protection of that blessed *Ægis*.

"Trial by jury is," said Moulder. "And how can you have trial by jury if the witnesses are not to be cross-questioned?"

To this position no one was at the moment ready to give an answer, and Mr. Moulder enjoyed a triumph over his audience. That he lived in a happy and blessed country Moulder was well aware, and with those blessings he did not wish any one to tamper. "Mother," said a fastidious child to his parent, "the bread is gritty and the butter tastes of turnips." "Turnips indeed, and gritty!" said the mother. "Is it not a great thing to have bread-and-butter at all?" I own that my sympathies are with the child. Bread-and-butter is a great thing; but I would have it of the best if that be possible.

After that Mr. Kantwise was allowed to dilate upon the subject which had brought him there. Mr. Dockwrath had been summoned to Bedford Row, and there had held a council of war together with Mr. Joseph Mason and Mr. Matthew Round. According to his own story Mr. Matthew had quite come round and been forced to acknowledge all that Dockwrath had done for the cause. In Bedford Row there was no doubt whatever as to the verdict. "That woman Bolster is quite clear that she only signed one deed," said Kantwise.

"I shall say nothing—nothing here," said Kenneby.

"Quite right, John," said Mrs. Smiley. "Your feelings on the occasion become you."

"I'll lay an even bet she's acquitted," said Moulder. "And I'll do it in a ten-p'und note."

CHAPTER LXII.

WHAT THE FOUR LAWYERS THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

I HAVE spoken of the state of public opinion as to Lady Mason's coming trial, and have explained that for the most part men's thoughts and sympathies took part with her. But I can not say that such was the case with the thoughts of those who were most closely concerned with her in the matter, whatever may have been their sympathies. Of the state of Mr. Furnival's mind on the matter enough has been said. But if he had still entertained any shadow of doubt as to his client's guilt or innocence, none whatever was entertained either by Mr. Aram or by Mr. Chaffanbrass. From the day on which they had first gone into the real circumstances of the case, looking into the evidence which could be adduced against their client, and looking also to their means of rebutting that evidence, they had never felt a shadow of doubt upon the subject. But yet neither of them had ever said that she was guilty. Aram, in discussing with his clerks the work which it was necessary that they should do

in the matter, had never expressed such an opinion; nor had Chaffanbrass done so in the consultations which he had held with Aram. As to the verdict they had very often expressed an opinion—differing considerably. Mr. Aram was strongly of opinion that Lady Mason would be acquitted, resting that opinion mainly on his great confidence in the powers of Mr. Chaffanbrass. But Mr. Chaffanbrass would shake his head, and sometimes say that things were not now as they used to be.

"That may be so in the City," said Mr. Aram. "But you won't find a City jury down at Alston."

"It's not the juries, Aram. It's the judges. It usedn't to be so, but it is now. When a man has the last word, and will take the trouble to use it, that's every thing. If I were asked what point I'd best like to have in my favor, I'd say a deaf judge. Or if not that, one regularly tired out. I've sometimes thought I'd like to be a judge myself, merely to have the last word."

"That wouldn't suit you at all, Mr. Chaffanbrass, for you'd be sick of it in a week."

"At any rate I'm not fit for it," said the great man, meekly. "I'll tell you what, Aram, I can look back on life and think that I've done a deal of good in my way. I've prevented unnecessary bloodshed. I've saved the country thousands of pounds in the maintenance of men who've shown themselves well able to maintain themselves. And I've made the Crown lawyers very careful as to what sort of evidence they would send up to the Old Bailey. But my chances of life have been such that they haven't made me fit to be a judge. I know that."

"I wish I might see you on the bench tomorrow—only that we shouldn't know what to do without you," said the civil attorney. It was no more than the fair everyday flattery of the world, for the practice of Mr. Solomon Aram in his profession was quite as surely attained as was that of Mr. Chaffanbrass. And it could hardly be called flattery, for Mr. Solomon Aram much valued the services of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and greatly appreciated the peculiar turn of that gentleman's mind.

The above conversation took place in Mr. Solomon Aram's private room in Bucklersbury. In that much-noted city thoroughfare Mr. Aram rented the first floor of a house over an eating establishment. He had no great paraphernalia of books and boxes and clerks' desks, as are apparently necessary to attorneys in general. Three clerks he did employ, who sat in one room, and he himself sat in that behind it. So at least they sat when they were to be found at the parent establishment; but as regarded the attorney himself and his senior assistant, the work of their lives was carried on chiefly in the courts of law. The room in which Mr. Aram was now sitting was furnished with much more attention to comfort than is usual in lawyers' chambers. Mr. Chaffanbrass was at present lying, with his feet up, on a sofa against the wall, in a position of comfort never attained by

him elsewhere till the after-dinner hours had come to him, and Mr. Aram himself filled an easy lounging-chair. Some few law papers there were scattered on the library table, but none of those piles of dusty documents which give to a stranger on entering an ordinary attorney's room so terrible an idea of the difficulty and dreariness of the profession. There were no tin boxes with old names labeled on them; there were no piles of letters, and no pigeon-holes loaded with old memoranda. On the whole, Mr. Aram's private room was smart and attractive; though, like himself, it had an air rather of pretense than of steady and assured well-being.

It is not quite the thing for a barrister to wait upon an attorney, and therefore it must not be supposed that Mr. Chaffanbrass had come to Mr. Aram with any view to immediate business; but nevertheless, as the two men understood each other, they could say what they had to say as to this case of Lady Mason's, although their present positions were somewhat irregular. They were both to meet Mr. Furnival and Felix Graham on that afternoon in Mr. Furnival's chambers with reference to the division of those labors which were to be commenced at Alston on the day but one following, and they both thought that it might be as well that they should say a word to each other on the subject before they went there.

"I suppose you know nothing about the panel down there, eh?" said Chaffanbrass.

"Well, I have made some inquiries; but I don't think there's any thing especial to know—nothing that matters. If I were you, Mr. Chaffanbrass, I wouldn't have any Hamworth people on the jury, for they say that a prophet is never a prophet in his own country."

"But do you know the Hamworth people?"

"Oh yes; I can tell you as much as that. But I don't think it will matter much who is or is not on the jury."

"And why not?"

"If those two witnesses break down—that is, Kenneby and Bolster—no jury can convict her. And if they don't—"

"Then no jury can acquit her. But let me tell you, Aram, that it's not every man put into a jury-box who can tell whether a witness has broken down or not."

"But from what I hear, Mr. Chaffanbrass, I don't think either of these can stand a chance—that is, if they both come into your hands."

"But they won't both come into my hands," said the anxious hero of the Old Bailey.

"Ah! that's where it is. That's where we shall fail. Mr. Furnival is a great man, no doubt."

"A very great man—in his way," said Mr. Chaffanbrass.

"But if he lets one of those two slip through his fingers the thing's over."

"You know my opinion," said Chaffanbrass. "I think it is all over. If you're right in what you say—that they're both ready to swear in



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their direct evidence that they only signed one deed on that day, no vacillation afterward would have any effect on the judge. It's just possible, you know, that their memory might deceive them."

"Possible! I should think so. I'll tell you

what Mr. Chaffanbrass, if the matter was altogether in your hands I should have no fear—literally no fear."

"Ah, you're partial, Aram."

"It couldn't be so managed, could it, Mr. Chaffanbrass? It would be a great thing—a

very great thing." But Mr. Chaffanbrass said that he thought it could not be managed. The success or safety of a client is a very great thing—in a professional point of view a very great thing indeed. But there is a matter which in legal eyes is greater even than that. Professional etiquette required that the cross-examination of these two most important witnesses should not be left in the hands of the same barrister.

And then the special attributes of Kenneby and Bridget Bolster were discussed between them, and it was manifest that Aram knew with great accuracy the characters of the persons with whom he had to deal. That Kenneby might be made to say almost any thing was taken for granted. With him there would be very great scope for that peculiar skill with which Mr. Chaffanbrass was so wonderfully gifted. In the hands of Mr. Chaffanbrass it was not improbable that Kenneby might be made to swear that he had signed two, three, four—any number of documents on that fourteenth of July, although he had before sworn that he had only signed one. Mr. Chaffanbrass indeed might probably make him say any thing that he pleased. Had Kenneby been unsupported the case would have been made safe—so said Mr. Solomon Aram—by leaving Kenneby in the hands of Mr. Chaffanbrass. But then Bridget Bolster was supposed to be a witness of altogether a different class of character. To induce her to say exactly the reverse of that which she intended to say might, no doubt, be within the power of man. Mr. Aram thought that it would be within the power of Mr. Chaffanbrass. He thought, however, that it would as certainly be beyond the power of Mr. Furnival; and when the great man lying on the sofa mentioned the name of Mr. Felix Graham Mr. Aram merely smiled. The question with him was this: Which would be the safest course?—to make quite sure of Kenneby by leaving him with Chaffanbrass; or to go for the double stake by handing Kenneby over to Mr. Furnival, and leaving the task of difficulty to the great master?

"When so much depends upon it I do detest all this etiquette and precedence," said Aram, with enthusiasm. "In such a case Mr. Furnival ought not to think of himself."

"My dear Aram," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, "men always think of themselves first. And if we were to go out of the usual course, do you conceive that the gentlemen on the other side would fail to notice it?"

"Which shall it be, then?"

"I'm quite indifferent. If the memory of either of these two persons is doubtful—and after twenty years it may be so—Mr. Furnival will discover it."

"Then on the whole I'm disposed to think that I'd let him take the man."

"Just as you please, Aram. That is, if he's satisfied also."

"I'm not going to have my client overthrown, you know," said Aram. "And then you'll take Dockwrath also, of course. I don't know

that it will have much effect upon the case, but I shall like to see Dockwrath in your hands; I shall indeed."

"I doubt he'll be too many for me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Aram might well laugh, for when had any one shown himself able to withstand the powers of Mr. Chaffanbrass?

"They say he is a sharp fellow," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "Well, we must be off. When those gentlemen at the West End get into Parliament it does not do to keep them waiting. Let one of your fellows get a cab." And then the barrister and the attorney started from Bucklersbury for the general meeting of their forces to be held in the Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

We have heard how it came to pass that Felix Graham had been induced to become one of that legal phalanx which was employed on behalf of Lady Mason. It was now some days since he had left Noningsby, and those days with him had been very busy. He had never yet undertaken the defense of a person in a criminal court, and had much to learn—or perhaps he rather fancied that he had. And then that affair of Mary Snow's new lover was not found to arrange itself altogether easily. When he came to the details of his dealings with the different parties, every one wanted from him twice as much money as he had expected. The chemist was very willing to have a partner, but then a partnership in his business was, according to his view of the matter, a peculiarly expensive luxury. Snow père, moreover, came forward with claims which he rested on such various arguments that Graham found it almost impossible to resist them. At first—that is immediately subsequent to the interview between him and his patron described in a preceding chapter—Graham had been visited by a very repulsive attorney, who had talked loudly about the cruel wrongs of his ill-used client. This phasis of the affair would have been by far the preferable one; but the attorney and his client probably disagreed. Snow wanted immediate money, and as no immediate money was forthcoming through the attorney, he threw himself repentant at Graham's feet, and took himself off with twenty shillings. But his penitence, and his wants, and his tears, and the thwarted ambition of his parental mind were endless; and poor Felix hardly knew where to turn himself without seeing him. It seemed probable that every denizen of the courts of law in London would be told before long the sad tale of Mary Snow's injuries. And then Mrs. Thomas wanted money—more money than she had a right to want in accordance with the terms of their mutual agreement. "She had been very much put about," she said—"dreadfully put about. She had had to change her servant three times. There was no knowing the trouble Mary Snow had given her. She had, in a great measure, been forced to sacrifice her school." Poor woman! she thought she was telling the truth while making these false complaints. She did not mean to be dishonest, but it is so easy to be dishonest without meaning it when one is very

poor! Mary Snow herself made no claim on her lost lover—no claim for money or for aught besides. When he parted from her on that day without kissing her, Mary Snow knew that all that was over. But not the less did Graham recognize her claim. The very bonnet which she must wear when she stood before the altar with Fitzallen must be paid for out of Graham's pocket. That hobby of moulding a young lady is perhaps of all hobbies the most expensive to which a young gentleman can apply himself.

And in these days he heard no word from Noningsby. Augustus Staveley was up in town, and once or twice they saw each other. But, as may easily be imagined, nothing was said between them about Madeline. As Augustus had once declared, a man does not talk to his friend about his own sister. And then hearing nothing—as, indeed, how could he have heard anything?—Graham endeavored to assure himself that that was all over. His hopes had ran high at that moment when his last interview with the judge had taken place; but, after all, to what did that amount? He had never even asked Madeline to love him. He had been such a fool that he had made no use of those opportunities which chance had thrown in his way. He had been told that he might fairly aspire to the hand of any lady. And yet when he had really loved, and the girl whom he had loved had been close to him, he had not dared to speak to her! How could he now expect that she, in his absence, should care for him?

With all these little troubles around him he went to work on Lady Mason's case, and at first felt thoroughly well inclined to give her all the aid in his power. He saw Mr. Furnival on different occasions, and did much to charm that gentleman by his enthusiasm in this matter. Mr. Furnival himself could no longer be as enthusiastic as he had been. The skill of a lawyer he would still give if necessary, but the ardor of the loving friend was waxing colder from day to day. Would it not be better, if such might be possible, that the whole affair should be given up to the hands of Chaffanbrass who could be energetic without belief, and of Graham who was energetic because he believed? So he would say to himself frequently. But then he would think again of her pale face and acknowledge that this was impossible. He must go on till the end. But, nevertheless, if this young man could believe, would it not be well that he should bear the brunt of the battle? That fighting of a battle without belief is, I think, the sorriest task which ever falls to the lot of any man.

But, as the day drew nigh, a shadow of unbelief, a dim passing shade—a shade which would pass, and then return, and then pass again—fitted also across the mind of Felix Graham. His theory had been, and still was, that those two witnesses, Kenneby and Bolster, were suborned by Dockwraith to swear falsely. He had commenced by looking at the matter with a full confidence in his client's innocence—a confidence

which had come from the outer world, from his social convictions, and the knowledge which he had of the confidence of others. Then it had been necessary for him to reconcile the stories which Kenneby and Bolster were prepared to tell with this strong confidence, and he could only do so by believing that they were both false and had been thus suborned. But what if they were not false? What if he were judging them wrongfully? I do not say that he had ceased to believe in Lady Mason; but a shadow of doubt would occasionally cross his mind, and give to the whole affair an aspect which to him was very tragical.

He had reached Mr. Furnival's chambers on this day some few minutes before his new allies, and as he was seated there discussing the matter which was now so interesting to them all, he blurted out a question which nearly confounded the elder barrister.

"I suppose there can really be no doubt as to her innocence?"

What was Mr. Furnival to say? Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram had asked no such question. Mr. Round had asked no such question when he had discussed the whole matter confidentially with him. It was a sort of question never put to professional men, and one which Felix Graham should not have asked. Nevertheless it must be answered.

"Eh?" he said.

"I suppose we may take it for granted that Lady Mason is really innocent—that is, free from all falsehood or fraud in this matter?"

"Really innocent! Oh yes; I presume we take that for granted, as a matter of course."

"But you yourself, Mr. Furnival, you have no doubt about it? You have been concerned in this matter from the beginning, and therefore I have no hesitation in asking you."

But that was exactly the reason why he should have hesitated! At least so Mr. Furnival thought. "Who; I? No; I have no doubt; none in the least," said he. And thus the lie which he had been trying to avoid was at last told.

The assurance thus given was very complete as far as the words were concerned; but there was something in the tone of Mr. Furnival's voice which did not quite satisfy Felix Graham. It was not that he thought that Mr. Furnival had spoken falsely, but the answer had not been made in a manner to set his own mind at rest. Why had not Mr. Furnival answered him with enthusiasm? Why had he not, on behalf of his old friend, shown something like indignation that any such doubt should have been expressed? His words had been words of assurance; but, considering the subject, his tone had contained no assurance. And thus the shadow of doubt flitted backward and forward before Graham's mind.

Then the general meeting of the four lawyers was held, and the various arrangements necessary for the coming contest were settled. No such impertinent questions were asked then,

nor were there any communications between them of a confidential nature. Mr. Chaffanbrass and Solomon Aram might whisper together, as might also Mr. Furnival and Felix Graham; but there could be no whispering when all the four were assembled. The programme of their battle was settled, and then they parted with the understanding that they were to meet again in the court-house at Alston.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE TRIAL.

THE eve of the trial had now come, and still there had been no confidence between the mother and the son. No words of kindness had been spoken with reference to that terrible event which was so near at hand. Lucius had in his manner been courteous to his mother, but he had at the same time been very stern. He had seemed to make no allowance for her sorrows, never saying to her one of those soft words which we all love to hear from those around us when we are suffering. Why should she suffer thus? Had she chosen to lean upon him, he would have borne on her behalf all this trouble and vexation. As to her being guilty—as to her being found guilty by any twelve jurymen in England—no such idea ever entered his head. I have said that many people had begun to suspect; but no such suspicions had reached his ears. What man, unless it should be some Dockwrath, would whisper to the son the possibility of his mother's guilt? Dockwrath had done more than whisper it; but the words of such a man could have no avail with him against his mother's character.

On that day Mrs. Orme had been with Lady Mason for some hours, and had used all her eloquence to induce the mother even then to divulge her secret to her son. Mrs. Orme had suggested that Sir Peregrine should tell him; she had offered to tell him herself; she had proposed that Lady Mason should write to Lucius. But all had been of no avail. Lady Mason had argued, and had argued with some truth, that it was too late to tell him now, with the view of obtaining from him support during the trial. If he were now told, he would not recover from the first shock of the blow in time to appear in court without showing on his brow the perturbation of his spirit. His terrible grief would reveal the secret to every one. "When it is over," she had whispered at last, as Mrs. Orme continued to press upon her the absolute necessity that Lucius should give up the property—"when it is over, you shall do it."

With this Mrs. Orme was obliged to rest contented. She had not the heart to remind Lady Mason how probable it was that the truth might be told out to all the world during the next two or three days; that a verdict of Guilty might make any further telling unnecessary. And indeed it was not needed that she should do so.

In this respect Lady Mason was fully aware of the nature of the ground on which she stood.

Mrs. Orme had sat with her the whole afternoon, only leaving herself time to be ready for Sir Peregrine's dinner; and as she left her she promised to be with her early on the following morning to go with her down to the court. Mr. Aram was also to come to the Farm for her, and a closed carriage had been ordered from the inn for the occasion.

"You won't let him prevent you?" were the last words she spoke, as Mrs. Orme then left her.

"He will not wish to do so," said Mrs. Orme. "He has already given me his permission. He never goes back from his word, you know."

This had been said in allusion to Sir Peregrine. When Mrs. Orme had first proposed to accompany Lady Mason to the court and to sit by her side during the whole trial, he had been much startled. He had been startled, and for a time had been very unwilling to accede to such a step. The place which she now proposed to fill was one which he had intended to fill himself; but he had intended to stand by an innocent, injured lady, not a perpetrator of midnight forgery. He had intended to support a spotless being, who would then be his wife, not a woman who for years had lived on the proceeds of fraud and felony, committed by herself!

"Edith," he said, "you know that I am unwilling to oppose you; but I think that in this your feelings are carrying you too far."

"No, father," she answered, not giving way at all, or showing herself minded to be turned from her purpose by any thing he might say. "Do not think so; think of her misery. How could she endure it by herself?"

"Think of her guilt, Edith!"

"I will leave others to think of that. But, father, her guilt will not stain me. Are we not bound to remember what injury she might have done to us, and how we might still have been ignorant of all this, had not she herself confessed it—for our sakes—for our sakes, father?"

And then Sir Peregrine gave way. When this argument was used to him, he was forced to yield. It was true that, had not that woman been as generous as she was guilty, he would now have been bound to share her shame. The whole of this affair, taken together, had nearly laid him prostrate; but that which had gone the farthest toward effecting this ruin, was the feeling that he owed so much to Lady Mason. As regarded the outer world, the injury to him would have been much more terrible had he married her; men would then have declared that all was over with him; but as regards the inner man, I doubt whether he would not have borne that better. It was easier for him to sustain an injury than a favor, than a favor from one whom his judgment compelled him to disown as a friend.

But he had given way, and it was understood at The Cleeve that Mrs. Orme was to remain by Lady Mason's side during the trial. To the

general household there was nothing in this that was wonderful. They knew only of the old friendship. To them the question of her guilt was still an open question. As others had begun to doubt, so had they; but no one then presumed that Sir Peregrine or Mrs. Orme had any doubt. That they were assured of her innocence was the conviction of all Hamworth and its neighborhood.

"He never goes back from his word, you know," Mrs. Orme had said; and then she kissed Lady Mason, and went her way. She had never left her without a kiss, had never greeted her without a warm pressure of the hand, since that day on which the secret had been told in Sir Peregrine's library. It would be impossible to describe how great had been the worth of this affection to Lady Mason; but it may almost be said that it had kept her alive. She herself had said but little about it, uttering but few thanks; but not the less had she recognized the value of what had been done for her. She had even become more free herself in her intercourse with Mrs. Orme, more open in her mode of speech, had put herself more on an equality with her friend, since there had ceased to be any thing hidden between them. Previously Lady Mason had felt, and had occasionally expressed the feeling, that she was hardly fit to associate on equal terms with Mrs. Orme; but now there was none of this; now, as they sat together for hours and hours, they spoke, and argued, and lived together as though they were equal. But nevertheless, could she have shown her love by any great deed, there was nothing which Lady Mason would not have done for Mrs. Orme.

She was now left alone, and according to her daily custom would remain there till the servant told her that Mr. Lucius was waiting for her in the dining-room. In an early part of this story I have endeavored to describe how this woman sat alone, with deep sorrow in her heart and deep thought on her mind, when she first learned what terrible things were coming on her. The idea, however, which the reader will have conceived of her as she sat there will have come to him from the skill of the artist, and not from the words of the writer. If that drawing is now near him, let him go back to it. Lady Mason was again sitting in the same room—that pleasant room, looking out through the veranda on to the sloping lawn, and in the same chair; one hand again rested open on the arm of the chair, while the other supported her face as she leaned upon her elbow; and the sorrow was still in her heart, and the deep thought in her mind. But the lines of her face were altered, and the spirit expressed by it was changed. There was less of beauty, less of charm, less of softness; but in spite of all that she had gone through there was more of strength, more of the power to resist all that this world could do to her.

It would be wrong to say that she was in any degree a hypocrite. A man is no more a hypocrite because his manner and gait when he is alone are different from those which he assumes

in company, than he is for wearing a dressing-gown in the morning, whereas he puts on a black coat in the evening. Lady Mason, in the present crisis of her life, endeavored to be true in all her dealings with Mrs. Orme; but nevertheless Mrs. Orme had not yet read her character. As she now sat thinking of what the morrow would bring upon her—thinking of all that the malice of that man Dockwrath had brought upon her—she resolved that she would still struggle on with a bold front. It had been brought home to her that he, her son, the being for whom her soul had been imperiled and all her hopes for this world destroyed—that he must be told of his mother's guilt and shame. Let him be told, and then let him leave her while his anguish and the feeling of his shame were hot upon him. Should she be still a free woman when this trial was over she would move herself away at once, and then let him be told. But still it would be well—well for his sake, that his mother should not be found guilty by the law. It was still worth her while to struggle. The world was very hard to her, bruising her to the very soul at every turn, allowing her no hope, offering to her no drop of cool water in her thirst. But still for him there was some future career; and that career perhaps need not be blotted by the public notice of his mother's guilt. She would still fight against her foes—still show to that court, and to the world that would then gaze at her, a front on which guilt should not seem to have laid its hideous, defacing hand.

There was much that was wonderful about this woman. While she was with those who regarded her with kindness she could be so soft and womanly; and then, when alone, she could be so stern and hard! And it may be said that she felt but little pity for herself. Though she recognized the extent of her misery, she did not complain of it. Even in her inmost thoughts her plaint was this—that he, her son, should be doomed to suffer so deeply for her sin! Sometimes she would utter to that other mother a word of wailing, in that he would not be soft to her; but even in that she did not mean to complain of him. She knew in her heart of hearts that she had no right to expect such softness. She knew that it was better that it should be as it now was. Had he staid with her from morn till evening, speaking kind words to her, how could she have failed to tell him? In sickness it may irk us because we are not allowed to take the cool drink that would be grateful; but what man in his senses would willingly swallow that by which his very life would be endangered? It was thus she thought of her son, and what his love might have been to her.

Yes; she would still bear up, as she had borne up at that other trial. She would dress herself with care, and go down into the court with a smooth brow. Men, as they looked at her, should not at once say, "Behold the face of a guilty woman!" There was still a chance in the battle, though the odds were so tremendously against her. It might be that there was but

little to which she could look forward, even though the verdict of the jury should be in her favor; but all that she regarded as removed from her by a great interval. She had promised that Lucius should know all after the trial—that he should know all, so that the property might be restored to its rightful owner; and she was fully resolved that this promise should be kept. But nevertheless there was a long interval. If she could battle through this first danger—if by the skill of her lawyers she could avert the public declaration of her guilt, might not the chances of war still take some further turn in her favor? And thus, though her face was pale with suffering and thin with care, though she had realized the fact that nothing short of a miracle could save her—still she would hope for that miracle.

But the absolute bodily labor which she was forced to endure was so hard upon her! She would dress herself, and smooth her brow for the trial; but that dressing herself, and that maintenance of a smooth brow would impose upon her an amount of toil which would almost overtask her physical strength. Oh reader, have you ever known what it is to rouse yourself and go out to the world on your daily business, when all the inner man has revolted against work, when a day of rest has seemed to you to be worth a year of life? If she could have rested now it would have been worth many years of life, worth all her life. She longed for rest—to be able to lay aside the terrible fatigue of being ever on the watch. From the burden of that necessity she had never been free since her crime had been first committed. She had never known true rest. She had not once trusted herself to sleep without the feeling that her first waking thought would be one of horror, as the remembrance of her position came upon her. In every word she spoke, in every trifling action of her life, it was necessary that she should ask herself how that word and action might tell upon her chances of escape. She had striven to be true and honest—true and honest with the exception of that one deed. But that one deed had communicated its poison to her whole life. Truth and honesty—fair, unblemished truth and open-handed, fearless honesty—had been impossible to her. Before she could be true and honest it would be necessary that she should go back and cleanse herself from the poison of that deed. Such cleansing is to be done. Men have sinned deep as she had sinned, and, lepers though they have been, they have afterward been clean. But that task of cleansing one's self is not an easy one; the waters of that Jordan in which it is needful to wash are scalding hot. The cool neighboring streams of life's pleasant valleys will by no means suffice.

Since she had been home at Orley Farm she had been very scrupulous as to going down into the parlor both at breakfast and at dinner, so that she might take her meals with her son. She had not as yet omitted this on one occasion, although sometimes the task of sitting through the dinner was very severe upon her. On the

present occasion, the last day that remained to her before the trial—perhaps the last evening on which she would ever watch the sun set from those windows, she thought that she would spare herself. "Tell Mr. Lucius," she said to the servant who came to summon her, "that I would be obliged to him if he would sit down without me. Tell him that I am not ill, but that I would rather not go down to dinner!" But before the girl was on the stairs she had changed her mind. Why should she now ask for this mercy? What did it matter? So she gathered herself up from the chair, and going forth from the room, stopped the message before it was delivered. She would bear on to the end.

She sat through the dinner, and answered the ordinary questions which Lucius put to her with her ordinary voice, and then, as was her custom, she kissed his brow as she left the room. It must be remembered that they were still mother and son, and that there had been no quarrel between them. And now, as she went up stairs, he followed her into the drawing-room. His custom had been to remain below, and though he had usually seen her again during the evening, there had seldom or never been any social intercourse between them. On the present occasion, however, he followed her, and closing the door for her as he entered the room, he sat himself down on the sofa close to her chair.

"Mother," he said, putting out his hand and touching her arm, "things between us are not as they should be."

She shuddered, not at the touch, but at the words. Things were not as they should be between them. "No," she said. "But I am sure of this, Lucius, that you never had an unkind thought in your heart toward me."

"Never, mother. How could I—to my own mother, who has ever been so good to me? But for the last three months we have been to each other nearly as though we were strangers."

"But we have loved each other all the same," said she.

"But love should beget close social intimacy, and above all close confidence in times of sorrow. There has been none such between us."

What could she say to him? It was on her lips to promise him that such love should again prevail between them as soon as this trial should be over; but the words stuck in her throat. She did not dare to give him so false an assurance. "Dear Lucius," she said, "if it has been my fault I have suffered for it."

"I do not say that it is your fault—nor will I say that it has been my own. If I have seemed harsh to you, I beg your pardon."

"No, Lucius, no; you have not been harsh. I have understood you through it all."

"I have been grieved because you did not seem to trust me—but let that pass now. Mother, I wish that there may be no unpleasant feeling between us when you enter on this ordeal to-morrow."

"There is none—there shall be none."

"No one can feel more keenly—no one can

feel so keenly as I do, the cruelty with which you are treated. The sight of your sorrow has made me wretched."

"Oh, Lucius!"

"I know how pure and innocent you are—"

"No, Lucius, no."

"But I say yes; and knowing that, it has cut me to the quick to see them going about a defense of your innocence by quips and quibbles, as though they were struggling for the escape of a criminal."

"Lucius!" And she put her hands up, praying for mercy, though she could not explain to him how terribly severe were his words.

"Wait a moment, mother. To me such men as Mr. Chaffanbrass and his comrades are odious. I will not, and do not believe that their services are necessary to you—"

"But, Lucius, Mr. Furnival—"

"Yes; Mr. Furnival! It is he that has done it all. In my heart I wish that you had never known Mr. Furnival—never known him as a lawyer that is," he added, thinking of his own strong love for the lawyer's daughter.

"Do not upbraid me now, Lucius. Wait till it is all over."

"Upbraid you! No. I have come to you now that we may be friends. As things have gone so far, this plan of defense must of course be carried on. I will say no more about that. But, mother, I will go into the court with you to-morrow. That support I can at any rate give you, and they shall see that there is no quarrel between us."

But Lady Mason did not desire this. She would have wished that he might have been miles away from the court had that been possible. "Mrs. Orme is to be with me," she said.

Then again there came a black frown upon his brow—a frown such as there had often been there of late. "And will Mrs. Orme's presence make the attendance of your own son improper?"

"Oh no; of course not. I did not mean that, Lucius."

"Do you not like to have me near you?" he asked; and as he spoke he rose up, and took her hand as he stood before her.

She gazed for a moment into his face while the tears streamed down from her eyes, and then rising from her chair, she threw herself on to his bosom and clasped him in her arms. "My boy! my boy!" she said. "Oh, if you could be near me, and away from this—away from this!"

She had not intended thus to give way, but the temptation had been too strong for her. When she had seen Mrs. Orme and Peregrine together—when she had heard Peregrine's mother, with words expressed in a joyful tone, affect to complain of the inroads which her son made upon her, she had envied her that joy. "Oh, if it could be so with me also!" she always thought; and the words too had more than once been spoken. Now at last, in this last moment, as it might be, of her life at home, he

had come to her with kindly voice, and she could not repress her yearning.

"Lucius," she said; "dearest Lucius! my own boy!" And then the tears from her eyes streamed hot on to his bosom.

"Mother," he said, "it shall be so. I will be with you."

But she was now thinking of more than this—of much more. Was it possible for her to tell him now? As she held him in her arms, hiding her face upon his breast, she struggled hard to speak the word. Then in the midst of that struggle, while there was still something like a hope within her that it might be done, she raised her head and looked up into his face. It was not a face pleasant to look at, as was that of Peregrine Orme. It was hard in its outlines, and perhaps too manly for his age. But she was his mother, and she loved it well. She looked up at it, and raising her hands she stroked his cheeks. She then kissed him again and again, with warm, clinging kisses. She clung to him, holding him close to her, while the sobs which she had so long repressed came forth from her with a violence that terrified him. Then again she looked up into his face with one long wishful gaze; and after that she sank upon the sofa and hid her face within her hands. She had made the struggle, but it had been of no avail. She could not tell him that tale with her own voice.

"Mother," he said, "what does this mean? I can not understand such grief as this." But for a while she was quite unable to answer. The flood-gates were at length opened, and she could not restrain the torrent of her sobbings.

"You do not understand how weak a woman can be," she said at last.

But in truth he understood nothing of a woman's strength. He sat down by her, now and then taking her by the hand when she would leave it to him, and in his way endeavored to comfort her. All comfort, we may say, was out of the question; but by degrees she again became tranquil. "It shall be to-morrow as you will have it. You will not object to her being with me also?"

He did object, but he could not say so. He would have much preferred to be the only friend near to her, but he felt that he could not deny her the solace of a woman's aid and a woman's countenance. "Oh no," he said, "if you wish it." He would have found it impossible to define even to himself the reason for his dislike to any assistance coming from the family of the Ormes; but the feeling was there, strong within his bosom.

"And when this is over, mother, we will go away," he said. "If you would wish to live elsewhere, I will sell the property. It will be better perhaps after all that has passed. We will go abroad for a while."

She could make no answer to this except pressing his hand. Ah, if he had been told—if she had allowed Mrs. Orme to do that kindness for her, how much better for her would it

now have been! Sell the property! Ah, me! Were they not words of fearful sound in her ears—words of terrible import?

"Yes, it shall be so," she said, putting aside that last proposition of his. "We will go together to-morrow. Mr. Aram said that he would sit at my side, but he can not object to your being there between us." Mr. Aram's name was odious to Lucius Mason. His close presence would be odious to him. But he felt that he could urge nothing against an arrangement that had now become necessary. Mr. Aram, with all his quibbles, had been engaged, and the trial must now be carried through with all the Aram tactics.

After that Lucius left his mother, and took himself out into the dark night, walking up and down on the road between his house and the outer gate, endeavoring to understand why his mother should be so despondent. That she must fear the result of the trial, he thought, was certain, but he could not bring himself to have any such fear. As to any suspicion of her guilt, no such idea had even for one moment cast a shadow upon his peace of mind.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE FIRST JOURNEY TO ALSTON.

AT that time Sir Richard Leatherham was the Solicitor-General, and he had been retained as leading counsel for the prosecution. It was quite understood by all men who did understand what was going on in the world, that this trial had been in truth instituted by Mr. Mason, of Groby, with the hope of recovering the property which had been left away from him by his father's will. The whole matter had now been so much discussed that the true bearings of it were publicly known. If on the former trial Lady Mason had sworn falsely, then there could be no doubt that that will, or the codicil to the will, was an untrue document, and the property would in that case revert to Mr. Mason, after such further legal exertations on the subject as the lawyers might find necessary and profitable. As far as the public were concerned, and as far as the Masons were concerned, it was known and acknowledged that this was another struggle on the part of the Groby Park family to regain the Orley Farm estate. But then the question had become much more interesting than it had been in the days of the old trial, through the allegation which was now made of Lady Mason's guilt. Had the matter gone against her in the former trial, her child would have lost the property, and that would have been all. But the present issue would be very different. It would be much more tragical, and therefore of much deeper interest.

As Alston was so near to London, Sir Richard, Mr. Furnival, Mr. Chaffanbrass, and others, were able to go up and down by train—which arrangement was at ordinary assizes a great

heart-sore to the hotel-keepers and owners of lodging-houses in Alston. But on this occasion the town was quite full in spite of this facility. The attorneys did not feel it safe to run up and down in that way, nor did the witnesses. Mr. Aram remained, as did also Mr. Mat Round. Special accommodation had been provided for John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster, and Mr. Mason, of Groby, had lodgings of his own.

Mr. Mason, of Groby, had suggested to the attorneys in Bedford Row that his services as a witness would probably be required, but they had seemed to think otherwise. "We shall not call you," Mr. Round had said, "and I do not suppose that the other side will do so. They can't if they do not first serve you." But in spite of this Mr. Mason had determined to be at Alston. If it were true that this woman had robbed him; if it could be proved that she had really forged a will, and then by crime of the deepest dye taken from him for years that which was his own, should he not be there to see? Should he not be a witness to her disgrace? Should he not be the first to know and feel his own tardy triumph? Pity! Pity for her! When such a word was named to him, it seemed to him as though the speaker were becoming to a certain extent a partner in her guilt. Pity! Yes; such pity as an Englishman who had caught the Nena Sahib might have felt for his victim. He had complained twenty times since this matter had been mooted of the folly of those who had altered the old laws. That folly had probably robbed him of his property for twenty years, and would now rob him of half his revenge. Not that he ever spoke even to himself of revenge. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." He would have been as able as any man to quote the words, and as willing. Justice, outraged justice, was his theme. Whom had he ever robbed? To whom had he not paid all that was owing? "All that have I done from my youth upward." Such were his thoughts of himself; and with such thoughts was it possible that he should willingly be absent from Alston during such a trial?

"I really would stay away if I were you," Mat Round had said to him.

"I will not stay away," he had replied, with a look black as a thunder-cloud. Could there really be any thing in those suspicions of Dockwrath, that his own lawyer had willfully thrown him over once, and was now anxious to throw him over again? "I will not stay away," he said; and Dockwrath secured his lodgings for him. About this time he was a good deal with Mr. Dockwrath, and almost regretted that he had not followed that gentleman's advice at the commencement of the trial, and placed the management of the whole concern in his hands.

Thus Alston was quite alive on the morning of the trial, and the doors of the court-house were thronged long before they were opened. They who were personally concerned in the matter, whose presence during the ceremony would be necessary, or who had legal connection with

the matter in hand, were of course not driven to this tedious manner of obtaining places. Mr. Dockwrath, for instance, did not stand waiting at the door, nor did his friend Mr. Mason. Mr. Dockwrath was a great man as far as this day was concerned, and could command admittance from the door-keepers and others about the court. But for the outer world, for men and women who were not lucky enough to be lawyers, witnesses, jurymen, or high sheriff, there was no means of hearing and seeing the events of this stirring day except what might be obtained by exercise of an almost unlimited patience.

There had been much doubt as to what arrangement for her attendance at the court it might be best for Lady Mason to make, and some difficulty too as to who should decide as to these arrangements. Mr. Aram had been down more than once, and had given a hint that it would be well that something should be settled. It had ended in his settling it himself—he, with the assistance of Mrs. Orme. What would Sir Peregrine have said had he known that on any subject these two had been leagued in council together?

"She can go from hence in a carriage—a carriage from the inn," Mrs. Orme had said.

"Certainly, certainly; a carriage from the inn; yes. But in the evening, ma'am?"

"When the trial is over?" said Mrs. Orme, inquiring from him his meaning.

"We can hardly expect that it shall be over in one day, ma'am. She will continue to be on bail, and can return home. I will see that she is not annoyed as she leaves the town."

"Annoyed?" said Mrs. Orme.

"By the people, I mean."

"Will there be any thing of that, Sir?" she asked, turning pale at the idea. "I shall be with her, you know."

"Through the whole affair, ma'am?"

"Yes, through the whole affair."

"They'll want to have a look at her, of course; but, Mrs. Orme, we'll see that you are not annoyed. Yes; she had better come back home the first day. The expense won't be much, will it?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Orme. "I must return home, you know. How many days will it be, Sir?"

"Well, perhaps two—perhaps three. It may run on all the week. Of course you know, Mrs. Orme—"

"Know what?" she asked.

"When the trial is over, if—if it should go against us—then you must return alone."

And so the matter had been settled, and Mr. Aram himself had ordered the carriage from the inn. Sir Peregrine's carriage would have been at their disposal—or rather Mrs. Orme's own carriage; but she had felt that The Cleeve arms on The Cleeve panels would be out of place in the streets of Hamworth on such an occasion. It would of course be impossible that she should not be recognized in the court, but she would do as little as possible to proclaim her own presence.

When the morning came, the very morning of the terrible day, Mrs. Orme came down early from her room, as it was necessary that she should breakfast two hours before the usual time. She had said nothing of this to Sir Peregrine, hoping that she might have been able to escape in the morning without seeing him. She had told her son to be there; but when she made her appearance in the breakfast-parlor she found that his grandfather was already with him. She sat down and took her cup of tea almost in silence, for they all felt that on such a morning much speech was impossible for them.

"Edith, my dear," said the baronet, "you had better eat something. Think of the day that is before you."

"Yes, father, I have," said she, and she lifted a morsel of bread to her mouth.

"You must take something with you," said he, "or you will be faint in the court. Have you thought how many hours you will be there?"

"I will see to that," said Peregrine, speaking with a stern decision in his voice that was by no means natural to him.

"Will you be there, Perry?" said his mother.

"Of course I shall. I will see that you have what you want. You will find that I will be near you."

"But how will you get in, my boy?" asked his grandfather.

"Let me alone for that. I have spoken to the sheriff already. There is no knowing what may turn up; so if any thing does turn up you may be sure that I am near you."

Then another slight attempt at eating was made, the cup of tea was emptied, and the breakfast was finished. "Is the carriage there, Perry?" asked Mrs. Orme.

"Yes; it is at the door."

"Good-by, father; I am so sorry to have disturbed you."

"Good-by, Edith; God bless you, and give you strength to bear it. And Edith—"

"Sir?"—and she held his hand as he whispered to her.

"Say to her a word of kindness from me—a word of kindness. Tell her that I have forgiven her; but tell her also that man's forgiveness will avail her nothing."

"Yes, father, I will."

"Teach her where to look for pardon. But tell her all the same that I have forgiven her."

And then he handed her into the carriage. Peregrine, as he stood aside, had watched them as they whispered, and to his mind also as he followed them to the carriage a suspicion of what the truth might be now made its way. Surely there would be no need of all this solemn mourning if she were innocent. Had she been esteemed as innocent, Sir Peregrine was not the man to believe that any jury of his countrymen could find her guilty. Had this been the reason for that sudden change—for that breaking off of the intended marriage? Even Peregrine, as he went down the steps after his mother, had begun to suspect the truth; and we may say that

he was the last within all that household who did so. During the last week every servant at The Cleeve had whispered to her fellow-servant that Lady Mason had forged the will.

"I shall be near you, mother," said Peregrine as he put his hand into the carriage; "remember that. The judge and the other fellows will go out in the middle of the day to get a glass of wine: I'll have something for both of you near the court."

Poor Mrs. Orme as she pressed her son's hand felt much relieved by the assurance. It was not that she feared any thing, but she was going to a place that was absolutely new to her—to a place in which the eyes of many would be fixed on her—to a place in which the eyes of all would be fixed on the companion with whom she would be joined. Her heart almost sank within her as the carriage drove away. She would be alone till she reached Orley Farm, and there she would take up not only Lady Mason but Mr. Aram also. How would it be with them in that small carriage while Mr. Aram was sitting opposite to them? Mrs. Orme by no means regretted this act of kindness which she was doing, but she began to feel that the task was not a light one. As to Mr. Aram's presence in the carriage, she need have been under no uneasiness. He understood very well when his presence was desirable, and also when it was not desirable.

When she arrived at the door of Orley Farm house she found Mr. Aram waiting there to receive her. "I am sorry to say," said he, raising his hat, "that Lady Mason's son is to accompany us."

"She did not tell me," said Mrs. Orme, not understanding why this should make him sorry.

"It was arranged between them last night, and it is very unfortunate. I can not explain this to her; but perhaps—"

"Why is it unfortunate, Sir?"

"Things will be said which—which—which would drive me mad if they were said about my mother." And immediately there was a touch of sympathy between the high-bred lady and the Old Bailey Jew lawyer.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Orme. "It will be dreadful."

"And then if they find her guilty? It may be so, you know. And how is he to sit there and hear the judge's charge, and then the verdict, and the sentence? If he is there he can not escape. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Orme, he should not be there at all."

But what could she do? Had it been possible that she should be an hour alone with Lady Mason, she would have explained all this to her—or if not all, would have explained much of it. But now, with no minutes to spare, how could she make this understood? "But all that will not come to-day, will it, Sir?"

"Not all—not the charge or the verdict. But he should not be there even to-day. He should have gone away, or if he remained at home, he should not have shown himself out of the house."

But this was too late now, for as they were still speaking Lady Mason appeared at the door, leaning on her son's arm. She was dressed from head to foot in black, and over her face there was a thick black veil. Mr. Aram spoke no word further as she stepped up the steps from the hall door to the carriage, but stood back, holding the carriage-door open in his hand. Lucius merely bowed to Mrs. Orme as he assisted his mother to take her place; and then following her, he sat himself down in silence opposite to them. Mr. Aram, who had carefully arranged his own programme, shut the door, and mounted on to the box beside the driver.

Mrs. Orme had held out her own hand, and Lady Mason having taken it still held it after she was seated. Then they started, and for the first mile no word was spoken between them. Mrs. Orme was most anxious to speak, if it might only be for the sake of breaking the horrid stillness of their greeting; but she could think of no word which it would be proper on such an occasion to say, either to Lucius or even before him. Had she been alone with Lady Mason there would have been enough of words that she could have spoken. Sir Peregrine's message was as a burden upon her tongue till she could deliver it; but she could not deliver it while Lucius Mason was sitting by her.

Lady Mason herself was the first to speak. "I did not know yesterday that Lucius would come," she said, "or I should have told you."

"I hope it does not inconvenience you," he said.

"Oh no; by no means."

"I could not let my mother go out without me on such an occasion as this. But I am grateful to you, Mrs. Orme, for coming also."

"I thought it would be better for her to have some lady with her," said Mrs. Orme.

"Oh yes, it is better—much better." And then no further word was spoken by any of them till the carriage drove up to the court-house door. It may be hoped that the journey was less painful to Mr. Aram than to the others, seeing that he solaced himself on the coach-box with a cigar.

There was still a great crowd round the front of the court-house when they reached it, although the doors were open, and the court was already sitting. It had been arranged that this case—the great case of the assize—should come on first on this day, most of the criminal business having been completed on that preceding; and Mr. Aram had promised that his charge should be forthcoming exactly at ten o'clock. Exactly at ten the carriage was driven up to the door, and Mr. Aram, jumping from his seat, directed certain policemen and sheriff's servants to make a way for the ladies up to the door, and through the hall of the court-house. Had he lived in Alston all his life, and spent his days in the purlieus of that court, he could not have been more at home or have been more promptly obeyed.

"And now I think we may go in," he said,



LADY MASON IN COURT.

opening the door and letting down the steps with his own hands.

At first he took them into a small room within the building, and then bustled away himself into the court. "I shall be back in half a

minute," he said; and in half a dozen half-minutes he was back. "We are all ready now, and shall have no trouble about our places. If you have any thing to leave—shawls, or things of that sort—they will be quite safe here: Mrs

Hitcham will look after them." And then an old woman, who had followed Mr. Aram into the room on the last occasion, courtesied to them. But they had nothing to leave, and their little procession was soon made.

Lucius at first offered his arm to his mother, and she had taken it till she had gone through the door into the hall. Mr. Aram also had, with some hesitation, offered his arm to Mrs. Orme; but she, in spite of that touch of sympathy, had managed, without speaking, to decline it. In the hall, however, when all the crowd of gazers had turned their eyes upon them, and was only kept off from pressing on them by the policemen and sheriff's officers, Lady Mason remembered herself, and suddenly dropping her son's arm, she put out her hand for Mrs. Orme. Mr. Aram was now in front of them, and thus they two followed him into the body of the court. The veils of both of them were down; but Mrs. Orme's veil was not more than ordinarily thick, and she could see every thing that was around her. So they walked up through the crowded way, and Lucius followed them by himself.

They were very soon in their seats, the crowd offering them no impediment. The judge was already on the bench—not our old acquaintance Justice Staveley, but his friend and colleague Baron Maltby. Judge Staveley was sitting in the other court. Mrs. Orme and Lady Mason soon found themselves seated on a bench, with a slight standing desk before them, much as though they were seated in a narrow pew. Up above them, on the same seat, were the three barristers employed on Lady Mason's behalf; nearest to the judge was Mr. Furnival; then came Felix Graham, and below him sat Mr. Chaffanbrass, somewhat out of the line of precedence, in order that he might more easily avail himself of the services of Mr. Aram. Lucius found himself placed next to Mr. Chaffanbrass, and his mother sat between him and Mrs. Orme. On the bench below them, immediately facing a large table which was placed in the centre of the court, sat Mr. Aram and his clerk.

Mrs. Orme, as she took her seat, was so confused that she could hardly look around her; and it may be imagined that Lady Mason must have suffered at any rate as much in the same way. But they who were looking at her—and it may be said that every one in the court was looking at her—were surprised to see that she raised her veil as soon as she was seated. She raised her veil, and never lowered it again till she left the court, and repassed out into the hall. She had thought much of this day—even of the little incidents which would occur—and she was aware that her identification would be necessary. Nobody should tell her to unveil herself, nor would she let it be thought that she was afraid to face her enemies. So there she sat during the whole day, bearing the gaze of the court.

She had dressed herself with great care. It may be said of most women who could be found

in such a situation, that they would either give no special heed to their dress on such a morning, or that they would appear in garments of sorrow studiously unbecoming and lachrymose, or that they would attempt to outface the world, and have appeared there in bright trappings, fit for happier days. But Lady Mason had dressed herself after none of these fashions. Never had her clothes been better made, or worn with a better grace; but they were all black, from her bonnet-ribbon down to her boot, and were put on without any attempt at finery or smartness. As regards dress, she had never looked better than she did now; and Mr. Furnival, when his eye caught her as she turned her head round toward the judge, was startled by the grace of her appearance. Her face was very pale, and somewhat hard; but no one on looking at it could say that it was the countenance of a woman overcome either by sorrow or by crime. She was perfect mistress of herself, and as she looked round the court, not with defiant gaze, but with eyes half raised, and a look of modest but yet conscious intelligence, those around her hardly dared to think that she could be guilty.

As she thus looked her gaze fell on one face that she had not seen for years, and their eyes met. It was the face of Joseph Mason, of Groby, who sat opposite to her, and as she looked at him her own countenance did not quail for a moment. Her own countenance did not quail; but his eyes fell gradually down, and when he raised them again she had averted her face.

MARGINALIA, BY JOHN ADAMS.

THE following Marginalia are copied from books in the library of JOHN ADAMS, second President of the United States; and were all found in his own handwriting, some of them being written after he had arrived at a great age.

I.—NOTES WRITTEN IN CONDORCET ON THE MIND.

"God has established no equality among men in practice or theory, but a moral equality. The giant has a natural right to his stature of eight feet, and his strength equal to 500 lbs.; and the dwarf to his three feet, and his strength equal to 50 lbs."

"Aug. 14, 1811. This book is more learned and entertaining than the Sophiometer of John Stewart, the pedestrian traveler, which I received from him in England, three days ago, but not much more solid."

"The Logos of Plato, the Ratio of Manlius, and the Mind of Condorcet, all plausible and specious as they are, will be, three thousand year longer, more delusive than useful. Not one of them takes human nature as it is for its foundation. Equality is one of those equivocal words which the philosophy of the eighteenth century has made fraudulent. The word, as it

is used, is a swindler. In the last twenty-five years it has cheated millions out of their lives, and tens of millions out of their property."

"The public mind was improving in knowledge, and the public heart in humanity, equity, and benevolence. The fragments of Feudality, the Inquisition, the Rack, the Cruelty of Punishments, Negro Slavery, were giving way. But the Philosophers must arrive at perfection *per saltum*. Ten times more furious than Jack in the Tale of a Tub, they rent and tore the whole government to pieces, and left not one thread in it. They have been compelled to resort to Napoleon, and Gibbon himself became an advocate of the Inquisition. What an amiable and glorious Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty they have established in Europe!"

II.—NOTES WRITTEN IN "THE SOCIAL COMPACT" OF ROUSSEAU.

[*On the fly-leaf.*] "Jean Jac! Thou art eloquent, brilliant, profound; but wild, whimsical, chimerical—in one word, injudicious—more wit than sense—more fancy than judgment—more cloquence than reason—more elegance and harmony than solidity. Thou hast many good ideas borrowed from English writers, especially Sidney and Locke; but this work is not well digested."

A whole people never can be corrupted, but they may be often mistaken, and it is in such a case only that they appear to seek their own disadvantage.—*Rousseau*.

"May not a majority be corrupt?"

There is often a considerable difference between the will of all the members and the general will of the whole body; and the latter regards only the common interest, the other respects the private interests of individuals, and is the aggregated sum of their particular wills; but if we take from this sum those contradictory wills that mutually destroy each other, the sum of the remaining differences is the general will.—*Rousseau*.

"This is too witty or too mathematical to be clear."

It is requisite, therefore, in order that each resolution may be dictated by the general will, that no such partial societies shall be formed in a State, and that each citizen should think for himself.—*Rousseau*.

"Not very accurate, nor quite intelligible."

In the most flourishing age of Rome that city suffered under flagitious acts of tyranny, and beheld itself on the brink of ruin for having intrusted the sovereign power and the legislative authority to the same hands.—*Rousseau*.

"Inaccurate."

I can not but surmise that the little island of Corfica will, one day or other, be the astonishment of Europe.—*Rousseau*.

"It has been, and it is!"

No one citizen should be rich enough to buy another; and none should be so poor as to be obliged to sell himself. This supposes a moderation of possessions and credit on the side of the great, and the moderation of desires and covetousness on the part of the little.—*Rousseau*.

"But when or where did such moderation ever exist? Absolutely never, where riches existed."

Would you give a State consistency and strength, prevent the two extremes as much as possible; let there be no rich men nor beggars.—*Rousseau*.

"What becomes of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal?' Must you steal from the rich men their property and give it to the beggars? Property! property!—that is the difficulty. Without property there would be no rich men to be sure—but there would not be fewer beggars for that."

Remain barbarous and illiterate; you will live the more at ease, and be, perhaps, more virtuous, assuredly more happy.—*Rousseau*.

"The ease is doubted; and the virtue and happiness denied."

A nation is in any case at liberty to change even the best law when it pleases; for if the people have a mind even to do themselves an injury, who hath a right to prevent them?—*Rousseau*.

"These cases may be pushed too far. A great way. Who has a right to prevent a madman from hurting himself?"

Every citizen should live in a state of perfect independence on all the rest, and in a state of the greatest dependence on the city.—*Rousseau*.

"An admirable maxim of government and liberty."

It is the power of the State only that constitutes the liberty of its members.—*Rousseau*.

"A principle of liberty not so well relished as his doctrine of equality by the populace."

III.—MEMORANDUM IN GIBBON.

If the French nation had been contented with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy.—*Gibbon to Lord Sheffield*.

"These sentiments are so exactly mine that I know this was derived from my book."

IV.—NOTES IN BRYANT'S MYTHOLOGY.

[*These are very numerous, and only a selection is given.*]

The later Greek antiquaries and historians condescended to quote innumerable authors, and some of great antiquity; to whom the pride of Greece never would have appealed.—*Dissert. on the Hellad. Writers*.

"Can accident alone account for the perdition of all these writers?"

The most dry and artless historians are in general the most authentic.—*Same*.

"Is not Rapin more authentic than Hume?"

Diodorus, Josephus, Oedrenus, Syncellus, Zonaras, and numberless more, are crowded with extracts from the most curious and most ancient histories.—*Diss. on Hellad*.

"Have all these authors been destroyed by

accident or design. Superstition, priestcraft, and despotism have been burning fiery furnaces for offensive books in all ages down to the missionary who boasted that he burned manuscripts in India. Man! how long will you continue to put out your own eyes—to be your own willful deceiver, tempter, and tormentor?"

It is said of Pythagoras and Solon that they resided for some time in Egypt, where the former was instructed by a Sen-chen or priest. But I could never hear of any great good that was the consequence of his travels.—*Diss. on Hellad.*

"Pythagoras and Plato resided in Greece—so did Solon. But neither dared to tell the Greeks the truth. Priests and demagogues were as popular in Greece as elsewhere, and as dangerous. Socrates felt their power."

The Athenians were greatly affected by the example of the Asiatic Greeks. They awoke, as it were, out of a long and deep sleep, and as if they had been in the training of science for ages.—*Diss. on Hellad.*

"Such perfection is not attained in a moment."

The Greeks had no love for any thing genuine, no desire to be instructed. Their history could not be reformed but by an acknowledgment which their pride would not suffer them to make.—*Diss. on Hellad.*

"This may be said of all nations. No wonder Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato did not tell them the truth."

They (the Greeks) went so far as to deem inquiry a crime, and thus precluded the only means by which the truth could be obtained.—*Myth.*, i., 154.

"Just so now (1817)."

Such were the principles that gave birth to the mythology of the Grecians; from which their ancient history is in great measure derived.—*Myth.*, i., 163.

"What a mass of testimony of the willful ignorance and falsification of the Greeks!"

Among those who have given a list of the Argive Kings is Tatianus Assyrius, who advises every person of sense, when he meets with these high pretensions, to consider attentively that there was not even a single voucher, not even a tradition of any record to authenticate these histories.—*Myth.*, i., 165.

"Vouchers or not, it is not possible to account for the language of Homer without the supposition of nations of great antiquity before him. These Kings may have existed."

Herodotus informs us that Amphi-tritus was a diviner of Acharnan, and that he came to Pisistratus with a commission from heaven. By this he induced the prince to prosecute a scheme which he recommended.—*Myth.*, i., 259.

"So did Christopher Macpherson, Parson Austin, and Abraham Brown come to me; but they never induced me to prosecute any scheme which they recommended."

The narrow strait into the Euxine Sea was a passage of difficult navigation. This is the reason that upon each

side were temples, and sacred columns erected to the deity of the country to obtain his assistance. And there is room to think that the pillars and obelisks were made use of for beacons, and that every temple was a Pharos.—*Myth.*, i., 262.

"The tower at Corunna? Has this monument ever been examined? I have seen it, and wondered at its obscurity among the learned."

Among the Hebrews, the word Iōnas signifies a revealer of the will, or the voice of the Most High; also a pigeon or dove.—*Myth.*, ii., p. 294.

"I wonder not that a pigeon brought down the vial of holy oil to Rheims."

The person who escaped the deluge, being a messenger of the Deity and an interpreter of His will, was, in consequence of these properties, particularly represented by the dove, Iōnah.—*Myth.*, ii., 299.

"The dove, John, after whom, it seems, I have the honor to be named. How deep a thinker thou art, my friend Bryant! Thy name has been familiar to me from my infancy; thy person has been known, esteemed, and revered by me, and I have a grandson-in-law who bears thy name. From these materials you could build a system, and so could I. But I do not believe that the salvation of the human race depends upon a critical decision of all the questions between Bryant, Jones, Gibelin, and Dupuis."

It is said of the Patriarch, after the deluge, that he became a man of earth, or husbandman.—*Myth.*, ii., 300.

"Noah a farmer! Salve, Frater, Man of Earth!"

The confusion of language was a partial event; the whole of mankind are by no means to be included in the dispersion from Babel.... It related chiefly to the sons of Chus, whose intention was to have founded a great, if not a universal empire; but by this judgment their purpose was defeated.—*Myth.*, iii., 23.

"Americans! have a care. Form no scheme of Universal Empire! The Lord will always come down and defeat all such projects."

All the best architecture in Greece may be traced to its original in Egypt.—*Myth.*, iii., 300.

"See even the Catholic and classical priest, Eustace."

Isaiah, xix., 14: The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst of Egypt, etc.—*Myth.*, iii., 303.

"A little like Voltaire; but his censures were universal—the Prophet's only particular. There are the prophecies of common sense as well as of divine wisdom. THE RUIN OF A DIVIDED PEOPLE IS A THING OF COURSE! One Deity, the sublimest, profoundest of all philosophy, all religion, all policy, all manners! What circumstance in antiquity is not attended with some absurdity?"

The priests of Egypt delighted in obscurity.—BRYANT, *Myth.*, iii., 531.

"And so have all priests."

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Miss Hilary reached home, Elizabeth opened the door to her; the parlor was deserted.

Miss Leaf had gone to lie down, and Miss Selina was away to see the Lord Mayor's Show with Mr. Peter Ascott.

"With Mr. Peter Ascott!" Hilary was a little surprised; but on second thoughts she found it natural; Selina was glad of any amusement—to her, not only the narrowness but the dullness of their poverty was inexpressibly galling. "She will be back to dinner, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth, briefly.

Had Miss Hilary been less preoccupied, she would have noticed something not quite right about the girl—something that at any other time would have aroused the direct question, "What is the matter, Elizabeth?" For Miss Hilary did not consider it beneath her dignity to observe that things might occasionally go wrong with this solitary young woman, away from her friends, and exposed to all the annoyances of London lodgings; that many trifles might happen to worry and perplex her. If the mistress could not set them right, she could at least give the word of kindly sympathy, as precious to "a poor servant" as to the Queen on her throne.

This time, however, it came not, and Elizabeth disappeared below stairs immediately.

The girl was revolving in her own mind a difficult ethical question. To-day, for the first time in her life, she had not "told Miss Hilary every thing." Two things had happened, and she could not make up her mind as to whether she ought to communicate them.

Now Elizabeth had a conscience, by nature a very tender one, and which, from circumstances, had been cultivated into a much higher sensitiveness than, alas! is common among her class, or, indeed, in any class. This, if an error, was Miss Hilary's doing: it probably caused Elizabeth a few more miseries, and vexations, and painful shocks in the world than she would have had had she imbibed only the ordinary tone of morality, especially the morality of ordinary domestic servants; but it was an error upon which, in summing up her life, the Recording Angel would gravely smile.

The first trial had happened at breakfast-time. Ascott, descending earlier than his wont, had asked her, Did any gentleman, short and dirty, with a hooked-nose, inquire for him yesterday?

Elizabeth thought a minute, and recollected that some person answering the above not too flattering description had called, but refused to leave his name, saying he did not know the ladies, but was a particular friend of Mr. Leaf's.

Ascott laughed. "So he is—a very particular friend; but my aunts would not fancy him, and I don't want him to come here. Say, if he calls, that I'm gone out of town."

"Very well, Sir. Shall you start before dinner?" said Elizabeth, whose practical mind immediately recurred to that meal, and to the joint, always contrived to be hot on the days that Ascott dined at home.

He seemed excessively tickled. "Bless you, you are the greatest innocent! Just say what I tell you, and never mind—hush! here's Aunt Hilary."

And Miss Hilary's anxious face, white with long wakefulness, had put out of Elizabeth's head the answer that was coming; indeed the matter slipped from her mind altogether, in consequence of another circumstance which gave her much more perplexity.

During her young mistress's absence, supposing Miss Selina out too, and Miss Leaf up stairs, she had come suddenly into the parlor without knocking. There, to her amazement, she saw Miss Selina and Mr. Ascott standing, in close conversation, over the fire. They were so engrossed that they did not notice her, and she shut the door again immediately. But what confounded her was, that she was certain, absolutely certain, Mr. Ascott had his arm round Miss Selina's waist!

Now that was no business of hers, and yet the faithful domestic was a good deal troubled; still more so, when, by Miss Leaf's excessive surprise at hearing of the visitor who had come and gone, carrying Miss Selina away to the city, she was certain the elder sister was completely in the dark as to any thing going to happen in the family.

Could it be a wedding? Could Miss Selina really love, and be intending to marry, that horrid little man? For, strange to say, this young servant had, what many a young beauty of rank and fashion has not, or has lost forever—the true, pure, womanly creed, that loving and marrying are synonymous terms; that to let a man put his arm round your waist when you do not intend to marry him, or to intend to marry him for money or any thing else when you do not really love him, are things quite impossible and incredible to any womanly mind. A creed somewhat out of date, and perhaps existing only in stray nooks of the world; but, thank God! it does exist. Hilary had it, and she had taught it to Elizabeth.

"I wonder whether Miss Hilary knows of this? I wonder what she would say to it?"

And now arose the perplexing ethical question aforesaid, as to whether Elizabeth ought to tell her.

It was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines—the

same for the kitchen as for the parlor, nay, preached strongest in the kitchen, where the mysteries of the parlor are often so cruelly exposed—that a secret accidentally found out should be kept as sacred as if actually confided; also, that the secret of an enemy should no more be betrayed than that of a beloved and trusting friend.

"Miss Selina isn't my enemy," smiled Elizabeth; "but I'm not overfond of her, and so I'd rather not tell of her, or vex her if I can help it. Any how, I'll keep it to myself for a bit."

But the secret weighed heavily upon her, and besides, her honest heart felt a certain diminution of respect for Miss Selina. What could she see to like in that common-looking, commonplace man, whom she could not have met a dozen times, of whose domestic life she knew nothing, and whose personality Elizabeth, with the sharp observation often found in her class, probably because coarse people do not care to hide their coarseness from servants, had speedily set down at her own valuation—"Neither carriage nor horses, nor nothing, will ever make him a gentleman!"

He, however, sent Miss Selina home magnificently in the said carriage; Ascott with her, who had been picked up somewhere in the City, and who came in to his dinner, without the slightest reference to going "out of town."

But in spite of her Lord Mayor's Show, and the great attention which she said she had received from "various members of the Common Council of the City of London," Miss Selina was, for her, meditative, and did not talk quite so much as usual. There was in the little parlor an uncomfortable atmosphere, as if all of them had something on their minds. Hilary felt the ice must be broken, and if she did not do it nobody else would. So she said, stealing her hand into Johanna's, under shelter of the dim fire-light,

"Selina, I wanted to have a little family consultation. I have just received an offer."

"An offer!" repeated Miss Selina, with a visible start. "Oh, I forgot; you went to see your friend, Miss Balquidder, this morning. Did you get any thing out of her? Has she any nephews and nieces wanting a governess?"

"She has no relations at all. But I will just tell you the story of my visit."

"I hope it's interesting," said Ascott, who was lying on the sofa, half asleep, his general habit after dinner. He woke, however, during his Aunt Hilary's relation, and when she reached its climax, that the offer was for her to manage a stationer's shop, he burst out, heartily laughing:

"Well, that is a rich idea. I'll come and buy of you. You'll look so pretty standing behind a counter."

But Selina said, angrily, "You can not even think of such a thing. It would be a disgrace to the family."

"No," said Hilary, clasping tightly her eldest sister's hand—they two had already talked

the matter over: "I can not see any disgrace. If our family is so poor that the women must earn their living as well as the men, all we have to see is that it should be honestly earned. What do you say, Ascott?"

She looked earnestly at him; she wanted sorely to find out what he really thought.

But Ascott took it, as he did every thing, very easily. "I don't see why Aunt Selina should make such a fuss. Why need you do any thing, Aunt Hilary? Can't we hold out a little longer, and live upon tick till I get into practice? Of course, I shall then take care of you all; I'm the head of the family. How horridly dark this room is!"

He started up, and gave the fire a fierce poke, which consumed in five minutes a large lump of coal that Hilary had hoped—oh, cruel, sordid economy—would have lasted half the evening.

She broke the uneasy silence which followed by asking Johanna to give her opinion.

Johanna roused herself and spoke:

"Ascott says right; he is the head of the family, and, by-and-by, I trust will take care of us all. But he is not able to do it now, and meantime we must live."

"To be sure we must, Auntie."

"I mean, my boy, we must live honestly; we must not run into debt:" and her voice sharpened as with the reflected horror of her young days—if, alas! there ever had been any youth for Henry Leaf's eldest daughter. "No, Ascott, out of debt out of danger. For myself"—she laid her thin old fingers on his arm, and looked up at him with a pitiful mixture of reliance and hopelessness—"I would rather see you breaking stones in the road than living like a gentleman, as you call it, and a swindler, as I call it, upon other people's money."

Ascott sprang up, coloring violently. "You use strong language, Aunt Johanna. Never mind. I dare say you are right. However, it's no business of mine. Good-night, for I have an engagement."

Hilary said, gravely, she wished he would stay and join in the family consultation.

"Oh no; I hate talking over things. Settle it among yourselves. As I said, it isn't my business."

"You don't care, then, what becomes of us all? I sometimes begin to think so."

Struck by the tone, Ascott stopped in the act of putting on his lilac kid gloves. "What have I done? I may be a very bad fellow, but I'm not quite so bad as that, Aunt Hilary."

"She didn't mean it, my boy," said Aunt Johanna, tenderly.

He was moved, more by the tenderness than the reproach. He came and kissed his eldest aunt in that warm-hearted, impulsive way which had won him forgiveness for many a boyish fault. It did so now.

"I know I'm not half good enough to you, Auntie, but I mean to be. I mean to work hard, and be a rich man some day; and then you may be sure I shall not let my Aunt Hilary keep a

shop. Now, good-night, for I must meet a fellow on business—really business—that may turn out good for us all, I assure you.”

He went away whistling, with that air of untroubled, good-natured liveliness peculiar to Ascott Leaf, which made them say continually that he was “only a boy,” living a boy’s life, as thoughtless and as free. When his handsome face disappeared the three women sat down again round the fire.

They made no comments on him whatever; they were women, and he was their own. But—passing him over as if he had never existed—Hilary began to explain to her sisters all particulars of her new scheme for maintaining the family. She told these details in a matter-of-fact way, as already arranged; and finally hoped Selina would make no more objections.

“It is a thing quite impossible,” said Selina, with dignity.

“Why impossible? I can certainly do the work; and it can not make me less of a lady. Besides, we had better not be ladies if we can not be honest ones. And, Selina, where is the money to come from? We have none in the house; we can not get any till Christmas.”

“Opportunities might occur. We have friends.”

“Not one in London; except, perhaps, Mr. Ascott, and I would not ask him for a farthing. You don’t see, Selina, how horrible it would be to be helped, unless by some one dearly loved. I couldn’t bear it! I’d rather beg, starve; almost steal!”

“Don’t be violent, child.”

“Oh, but it’s hard!” and the cry of long-smothered pain burst out. “Hard enough to have to earn one’s bread in a way one doesn’t like; harder still to have to be parted from Johanna from Monday morning till Saturday night. But it must be. I’ll go. It’s a case between hunger, debt, and work; the first is unpleasant, the second impossible, the third is my only alternative. You must consent, Selina, for I *will* do it.”

“Don’t!” Selina spoke more gently, and not without some natural emotion. “Don’t disgrace me, child; for I may as well tell you—I meant to do so to-night—Mr. Ascott has made me an offer of marriage, and I—I have accepted it.”

Had a thunder-bolt fallen in the middle of the parlor at No. 15, its inmates—that is, two of them—could not have been more astounded.

No doubt this surprise was a great instance of simplicity on their part. Many women would have prognosticated, planned the thing from the first; thought it a most excellent match; seen glorious visions of the house in Russell Square, of the wealth and luxury that would be the portion of “dear Selina,” and the general benefit that the marriage would be to the whole Leaf family.

But these two were different from others. They only saw their sister Selina, a woman no longer young, and not without her peculiarities,

going to be married to a man she knew little or nothing about—a man whom they themselves had endured rather than liked, and for the sake of gratitude. He was trying enough merely as a chance visitor; but to look upon Mr. Ascott as a brother-in-law, as a husband—

“Oh, Selina! you can not be in earnest?”

“Why not? Why should I not be married as well as my neighbors?” said she, sharply.

Nobody arguing that point, both being indeed too bewildered to argue at all, she continued, majestically,

“I assure you, sisters, there could not be a more unexceptionable offer. It is true, Mr. Ascott’s origin was rather humble; but I can overlook that. In his present wealth, and with his position and character, he will make the best of husbands.”

Not a word was answered; what could be answered? Selina was free to marry if she liked, and whom she liked. Perhaps, from her nature, it was idle to expect her to marry in any other way than this; one of the thousand and one unions where the man desires a handsome, lady-like wife for the head of his establishment, and the woman wishes an elegant establishment to be mistress of; so they strike a bargain—possibly as good as most other bargains.

Still, with one faint lingering of hope, Hilary asked if she had quite decided.

“Quite. He wrote to me last night, and I gave him his answer this morning.”

Selina certainly had not troubled any body with her “love affairs.” It was entirely a matter of business.

The sisters saw at once that she had made up her mind. Henceforward there could be no criticism of Mr. Peter Ascott.

Now all was told, she talked freely of her excellent prospects.

“He has behaved handsomely—very much so. He makes a good settlement on me, and says how happy he will be to help my family, so as to enable you always to make a respectable appearance.”

“We are exceedingly obliged to him.”

“Don’t be sharp, Hilary. He means well. And he must feel that this marriage is a sort of—ahem! condescension on my part, which I never should have dreamed of twenty years ago.”

Selina sighed: could it be at the thought of that twenty years ago? Perhaps, shallow as she seemed, this woman might once have had some fancy, some ideal man whom she expected to meet and marry; possibly a very different sort of man from Mr. Peter Ascott. However, the sigh was but momentary; she plunged back again into all the arrangements of her wedding, every one of which, down to the wedding-dress, she had evidently decided.

“And therefore you see,” she added, as if the unimportant, almost forgotten item of discussion had suddenly occurred to her, “it’s quite impossible that my sister should keep a shop. I shall tell Mr. Ascott, and you will see what he says to it.”

But when Mr. Ascott appeared next day in solemn state as an accepted lover, he seemed to care very little about the matter. He thought it was a good thing for every body to be independent; did not see why young women—he begged pardon, young ladies—should not earn their own bread if they liked. He only wished that the shop were a little further off than Kensington, and hoped the name of Leaf would not be put over the door.

But the bride-elect, indignant and annoyed, begged her lover to interfere, and prevent the scheme from being carried out.

"Don't vex yourself, my dear Selina," said he, dryly—how Hilary started to hear this stranger use the household name—"but I can't see that it's my business to interfere. I marry you; I don't marry your whole family."

"Mr. Ascott is quite right; we will end the subject," said Johanna, with grave dignity: while Hilary sat with burning cheeks, thinking that, miserable as the family had been, it had never till now known real degradation.

But her heart was very sore that day. In the morning had come the letter from India, never omitted, never delayed; Robert Lyon was punctual as clock-work in every thing he did. It came, but this month it was a short and somewhat sad letter—hinting of failing health, uncertain prospects; full of a bitter longing to come home, and a dread that it would be years before that longing was realized.

"My only consolation is," he wrote, for once betraying himself a little, "that however hard my life out here may be, I bear it alone."

But that consolation was not so easy to Hilary. That they two should be wasting their youth apart, when just a little heap of yellow coins—of which men like Mr. Ascott had such profusion—would bring them together; and, let trials be many or poverty hard, give them the unutterable joy of being once more face to face and heart to heart—oh, it was sore, sore!

Yet when she went up from the parlor, where the newly-affianced couple sat together, "making-believe" a passion that did not exist, and acting out the sham courtship, proper for the gentleman to pay and the lady to receive—when she shut her bedroom door, and there, sitting in the cold, read again and again Robert Lyon's letter to Johanna, so good, so honest; so sad, yet so bravely enduring—Hilary was comforted. She felt that true love, in its most unsatisfied longings, its most cruel delays, nay, even its sharpest agonies of hopeless separation, is sweeter ten thousand times than the most "respectable" of loveless marriages such as this.

So, at the week's end, Hilary went patiently to her work at Kensington, and Selina began the preparations for her wedding.

She was a person easy enough to be overlooked. She never put herself forward, not even now, when Miss Hilary's absence caused the weight of housekeeping and domestic management to fall chiefly upon her. She went about her duties as soberly and silently as she had done in her girlhood; even Miss Leaf could not draw her into much demonstrativeness: she was one of those people who never "come out" till they are strongly needed, and then— But it remained to be proved what this girl would be.

Years afterward Hilary remembered with what a curious reticence Elizabeth used to go about in those days: how she remained as old-fashioned as ever; acquired no London ways, no fripperies of dress or flippancies of manner. Also, that she never complained of any thing; though the discomforts of her lodging-house life must have been great—greater than her mistresses had any idea of at the time. Slowly, out of her rough, unpliant girlhood, was forming that character of self-reliance and self-control, which, in all ranks, makes of some women the helpers rather than the helped, the laborers rather than the pleasure-seekers; women whose constant lot it seems to be to walk on the shadowed side of life, to endure rather than to enjoy.

Elizabeth had very little actual enjoyment. She made no acquaintances, and never asked for holidays. Indeed she did not seem to care for any. Her great treat was when, on a Sunday afternoon, Miss Hilary sometimes took her to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; when her pleasure and gratitude always struck her mistress—nay, even soothed her, and won her from her own many anxieties. It is such a blessing to be able to make any other human being, even for an hour or two, entirely happy!

Except these bright Sundays, Elizabeth's whole time was spent in waiting upon Miss Leaf, who had seemed to grow suddenly frail and old. It might be that living without her child six days out of the seven was a greater trial than had at first appeared to the elder sister, who until now had never parted with her since she was born; or it was perhaps a more commonplace and yet natural cause, the living in London lodgings, without even a change of air from room to room; and the want of little comforts and luxuries, which, with all Hilary's care, were as impossible as ever to their limited means.

For Selina's engagement, which, as a matter of decorum, she had insisted should last six months, did not lessen expenses. Old gowns were shabby, and omnibuses impossible to the future Mrs. Ascott of Russell Square; and though, to do her justice, she spent as little as to her self-pleasing nature was possible, still she spent something.

"It's the last; I shall never cost you any more," she would say, complacently; and revert to that question of absorbing interest, her *trousseau*, an extremely handsome one, provided liberally by Mr. Ascott. Sorely had this arrangement jarred upon the pride of the Leaf family: yet it was inevitable. But no personal favors

CHAPTER XV.

Is relating so much about her mistresses, I have lately seemed to overlook Elizabeth Hand.

would the other two sisters have accepted from Mr. Ascott, even had he offered them—which he did not—save a dress each for the marriage, and a card for the marriage-breakfast, which, he also arranged, was to take place at a hotel.

So, in spite of the expected wedding, there was little change in the dull life that went on at No. 15. Its only brightness was when Miss Hilary came home from Saturday to Monday. And in those brief glimpses, when, as was natural, she on her side, and they on theirs, put on their best face, so to speak, each trying to hide from the other any special care, it so fell out that Miss Hilary never discovered a thing which, week by week, Elizabeth resolved to speak to her about, and yet never could. For it was not her own affair; it seemed like presumptuously meddling in the affairs of the family. Above all, it involved the necessity of something which looked like tale-bearing and backbiting of a person she disliked, and there was in Elizabeth—servant as she was—an instinctive chivalrous honor which made her especially anxious to be just to her enemies.

Enemy, however, is a large word to use; and yet day by day her feelings grew more bitter toward the person concerned—namely, Mr. Ascott Leaf. It was not from any badness in him: he was the sort of young man always likely to be a favorite with what would be termed his "inferiors;" easy, good-tempered, and gentlemanly, giving a good deal of trouble certainly, but giving it so agreeably that few servants would have grumbled, and paying for it—as he apparently thought every thing could be paid for—with a pleasant word and a handful of silver.

But Elizabeth's distaste for him had deeper roots. The principal one was his exceeding indifference to his aunts' affairs, great and small, from the marriage, which he briefly designated as a "jolly lark," to the sharp economies which, even with the addition of Miss Hilary's salary, were still requisite. None of these latter did he ever seem to notice, except when they pressed upon himself; when he neither scolded nor argued, but simply went out and avoided them.

He was now absent from home more than ever, and apparently tried as much as possible to keep the household in the dark as to his movements—leaving at uncertain times, never saying what hour he would be back, or if he said so, never keeping to his word. This was the more annoying as there were a number of people continually inquiring for him, hanging about the house, and waiting to see him "on business;" and some of these occasionally commented on the young gentleman in such unflattering terms that Elizabeth was afraid they would reach the ear of Mrs. Jones, and henceforward tried always to attend to the door herself.

But Mrs. Jones was a wide-awake woman. She had not let lodgings for thirty years for nothing. Ere long she discovered, and took good care to inform Elizabeth of her discovery, that Mr. Ascott Leaf was what is euphuistically termed "in difficulties."

And here one word, lest in telling this poor lad's story I may be supposed to tell it harshly or uncharitably, as if there was no crime greater than that which a large portion of society seems to count as none; as if, at the merest mention of the ugly word debt, this rabid author flew out, and made all the ultra-virtuous persons whose history is here told, fly out, like turkeys after a bit of red cloth, which is a very harmless scrap of red cloth after all.

Most true, some kind of debt deserves only compassion. The merchant suddenly failing; the tenderly reared family who by some strange blunder or unkind kindness have been kept in ignorance of their real circumstances, and been spending pounds for which there was only pence to pay; the individuals, men or women, who, without any laxity of principle, are such utter children in practice, that they have to learn the value and use of money by hard experience, much as a child does, and are little better than children in all that concerns L. S. D. to the end of their days.

But these are debtors by accident, not error. The deliberate debtor, who orders what he knows he has no means of paying for; the pleasure-loving debtor, who can not renounce one single luxury for conscience' sake; the well-meaning, lazy debtor, who might make "ends meet," but does not, simply because he will not take the trouble; upon such as these it is right to have no mercy—they deserve none.

To which of these classes young Ascott Leaf belonged his story will show. I tell it, or rather let it tell itself, and point its own moral; it is the story of hundreds and thousands.

That a young fellow should not enjoy his youth would be hard; that it should not be pleasant to him to dress well, live well, and spend with open hand upon himself as well as others, no one will question. No one would ever wish it otherwise. Many a kindly spendthrift of twenty-one makes a prudent paterfamilias at forty, while a man who in his twenties showed a purposeless niggardliness, would at sixty grow into the most contemptible miser alive. There is something even in the thoughtless liberality of youth to which one's heart warms, even while one's wisdom reproves. But what struck Elizabeth was that Ascott's liberalities were always toward himself, and himself only.

Sometimes when she took in a parcel of new clothes, while others yet unpaid for were tossing in wasteful disorder about his room, or when she cleaned indefinite pairs of handsome boots, and washed dozens of the finest cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, her spirit grew hot within her to remember Miss Hilary's countless wants and contrivances in the matter of dress, and all the little domestic comforts which Miss Leaf's frail health required—things which never once seemed to cross the nephew's imagination. Of course not, it will be said; how could a young man be expected to trouble himself about these things?

But they do though. Answer, many a widow's son; many a heedful brother of orphan

sisters; many a solitary clerk living and paying his way upon the merest pittance; is it not better to think of others than one's self? Can a man, even a young man, find his highest happiness in mere personal enjoyment?

However, let me cease throwing these pebbles of preaching under the wheels of my story; as it moves on it will preach enough for itself.

Elizabeth's annoyances, suspicions, and conscience-pricks as to whether she ought or ought not to communicate both, came to an end at last. Gradually she made up her mind that, even if it did look like tale-bearing, on the following Saturday night Miss Hilary must know all.

It was an anxious week; for Miss Leaf had fallen ill. Not seriously: and she never complained until her sister had left, when she returned to her bed and did not again rise. She would not have Miss Hilary sent for, nor Miss Selina, who was away paying a ceremonious pre-nuptial visit to Mr. Ascott's partner's wife at Dulwich.

"I don't want any thing that you can not do for me. You are becoming a first-rate nurse, Elizabeth," she said, with that passive, peaceful smile which almost frightened the girl; it seemed as if she were slipping away from this world and all its cares into another existence. Elizabeth felt that to tell her any thing about her nephew's affairs was perfectly impossible. How thankful she was that in the quiet of the sick-room her mistress was kept in ignorance of the knocks and inquiries at the door, and especially of a certain ominous paper which had fallen into Mrs. Jones's hands, and informed her, as she took good care to inform Elizabeth, that any day "the bailiffs" might be after her young master.

"And the sooner the whole set of you clear out of my house the better; I am a decent, respectable woman," said Mrs. Jones, that very morning; and Elizabeth had had to beg her as a favor not to disturb her sick mistress, but to wait one day, till Miss Hilary came home.

Also, when Ascott, ending with a cheerful and careless countenance his ten minutes' after-breakfast chat in his aunt's room, had met Elizabeth on the staircase, he had stopped to bid her say if any body wanted him he was gone to Birmingham, and would not be home till Monday. And on Elizabeth's hesitating, she having determined to tell no more of these involuntary lies, he had been very angry, and then stooped to entreaties, begging her to do as he asked, or it would be the ruin of him. Which she understood well enough when, all the day, she—grown painfully wise, poor girl!—watched a Jewish-looking man hanging about the house, and noticing every body that went in or out of it.

Now, sitting at Miss Leaf's window, she fancied she saw this man disappear into the gin-palace opposite, and at the same moment a figure darted hurriedly round the street-corner, and into the door of No. 15.

Elizabeth looked to see if her mistress were

asleep, and then crept quietly out of the room, shutting the door after her. Listening, she heard the sound of the latch-key, and of some one coming stealthily up stairs.

"Hollo!—Oh, it's only you, Elizabeth."

"Shall I light your candle, Sir?"

But when she did the sight was not pleasant. Drenched with rain, his collar pulled up, and his hat slouched, so as in some measure to act as a disguise, breathless and trembling—hardly any body would have recognized in this discreditable object that gentlemanly young man, Mr. Ascott Leaf.

He staggered into his room and threw himself across the bed.

"Do you want any thing, Sir?" said Elizabeth, from the door.

"No—yes—stay a minute. Elizabeth, are you to be trusted?"

"I hope I am, Sir."

"The bailiffs are after me. I've just dodged them. If they know I'm here the game's all up—and it will kill my aunt."

Shocked as she was, Elizabeth was glad to hear him say that—glad to see the burst of real emotion with which he flung himself down on the pillow, muttering all sorts of hopeless self-accusations.

"Come, Sir, 'tis no use taking on so," said she, much as she would have spoken to a child, for there was something childish rather than man-like in Ascott's distress. Nevertheless, she pitied him, with the unreasoning pity a kind heart gives to any creature who, blameworthy or not, has fallen into trouble. "What do you mean to do?"

"Nothing. I'm cleaned out. And I haven't a friend in the world."

He turned his face to the wall in perfect despair.

Elizabeth tried hard not to sit in judgment upon what the catechism would call her "betters;" and yet her own strong instinct of almost indefinite endurance turned with something approaching contempt from this weak, lightsome nature, broken by the first touch of calamity.

"Come, it's no use making things worse than they are. If nobody knows that you are here, lock your door and keep quiet. I'll bring you some dinner when I bring up Missis's tea, and not even Mrs. Jones will be any the wiser."

"You're a brick, Elizabeth—a regular brick!" cried the young fellow, brightening up at the least relief. "That will be capital. Get me a good slice of beef, or ham, or something. And mind you, don't forget!—a regular stunning bottle of pale ale."

"Very well, Sir."

The acquiescence was somewhat sullen, and had he watched Elizabeth's face he might have seen there an expression not too flattering. But she faithfully brought him his dinner, and kept his secret, even though, hearing from over the staircase Mrs. Jones resolutely deny that Mr. Leaf had been at home since morning, she felt very much as if she were conniving at a lie.

With a painful, half-guilty consciousness she waited for her mistress's usual question, "Is my nephew come home?" but fortunately it was not asked. Miss Leaf lay quiet and passive, and her faithful nurse settled her for the night with a strangely solemn feeling, as if she were leaving her to her last rest, safe and at peace before the overhanging storm broke upon the family.

But all shadow of this storm seemed to have passed away from him who was its cause. As soon as the house was still Ascott crept down and fell to his supper with as good an appetite as possible. He even became free and conversational.

"Don't look so glum, Elizabeth. I shall soon weather through. Old Ascott will fork out; he couldn't help it. I'm to be his nephew, you know. Oh, that was a clever catch of Aunt Selina's. If only Aunt Hilary would try another like it."

"If you please, Sir, I'm going to bed."

"Off with you, then, and I'll not forget the gown at Christmas. You're a sharp young woman, and I'm much obliged to you." And for a moment he looked as if he were about to make the usual unmannerly acknowledgment of civility from a young gentleman to a servant maid, viz., kissing her, but he pulled a face and drew back. He really couldn't; she was so very plain.

At this moment there came a violent ring, and "Fire!" was shouted through the keyhole of the door. Terrified, Elizabeth opened it, when, with a burst of laughter, a man rushed in and laid hands upon Ascott.

It was the sheriff's officer.

When his trouble came upon him Ascott's manliness returned. He turned very white, but he made no opposition; had even enough of his wits about him—or something better than wits—to stop Mrs. Jones from rushing up in alarm and indignation to arouse Miss Leaf.

"No; she'll know it quite soon enough. Let her sleep till morning. Elizabeth, look here." He wrote upon a card the address of the place he was to be taken to. "Give Aunt Hilary this. Say if she can think of a way to get me out of this horrid mess; but I don't deserve—Never mind. Come on, you fellows."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, jumped into the cab, and was gone. The whole thing had not occupied five minutes.

Stupefied, Elizabeth stood and considered what was best to be done. Miss Hilary must be told; but how to get at her in the middle of the night, thereby leaving her mistress to the mercy of Mrs. Jones. It would never do. Suddenly she thought of Miss Balquidder. She might send a message. No, not a message—for the family misery and disgrace must not be betrayed to a stranger—but a letter to Kensington.

With an effort Elizabeth composed herself sufficiently to write one—her first—to her dear Miss Hilary.

"HONORED MADAM,—Mr. Leaf has got himself into trouble, and is taken away somewhere; and I dare not

tell missis; and I wish you was at home, as she is not well, but better than she has been, and she shall know nothing about it till you come.—Your obedient and affectionate servant,
ELIZABETH HAND."

Taking Ascott's latch-key she quitted the house and slipped out into the dark night, almost losing her way among the gloomy squares, where she met not a creature except the solitary policeman, plashing steadily along the wet pavement. When he turned the glimmer of his bull's-eye upon her she started like a guilty creature, till she remembered that she really was doing nothing wrong, and so need not be afraid of any thing. This was her simple creed, which Miss Hilary had taught her, and it upheld her, even till she knocked at Miss Balquidder's door.

There, poor girl, her heart sank, especially when Miss Balquidder, in an anomalous costume and a severe voice, opened the door herself, and asked who was there, disturbing a respectable family at this late hour?

Elizabeth answered, what she had before determined to say, as sufficiently explaining her errand, and yet betraying nothing that her mistress might wish concealed.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Miss Leaf's servant. My missis is ill, and I want a letter sent at once to Miss Hilary."

"Oh! come in, then. Elizabeth, I think, your name is?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What made you leave home at this hour of the night? Did your mistress send you?"

"No."

"Is she so very ill? It seems sudden. I saw Miss Hilary to-day, and she knew nothing at all about it."

Elizabeth shrank a little before the keen eye that seemed to read her through.

"There's more amiss than you have told me, young woman. Is it because your mistress is in serious danger that you want to send for her sister?"

"No."

"What is it, then? You had better tell me at once. I hate concealment."

It was a trial; but Elizabeth held her ground.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think missis would like any body to know, and therefore I'd rather not tell you."

Now the honest Scotswoman, as she said, hated any thing underhand, but she respected the right of every human being to maintain silence if necessary. She looked sharply in Elizabeth's face, which apparently reassured her, for she said not unkindly,

"Very well, child, keep your mistress's secrets by all means. Only tell me what you want. Shall I take a cab and fetch Miss Hilary at once?"

Elizabeth thanked her, but said she thought that would not do; it would be better just to send the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and then Miss Hilary would come home just as if nothing had happened, and Miss Leaf

would not be frightened by her sudden appearance.

"You are a good, mindful girl," said Miss Balquidder. "How did you learn to be so sensible?"

At the kindly word and manner, Elizabeth, bewildered and exhausted with the excitement she had gone through, and agitated by the feeling of having, for the first time in her life, to act on her own responsibility, gave way a little. She did not actually cry, but she was very near it.

Miss Balquidder called over the stair-head, in her quick, imperative voice—

"David, is your wife away to her bed yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then tell her to fetch this young woman to the kitchen and give her some supper. And afterward, will you see her safe home, poor lassie? She's awfully tired, you see."

"Yes, ma'am."

And following David's gray head, Elizabeth, for the first time since she came to London, took a comfortable meal in a comfortable kitchen, seasoned with such stories of Miss Balquidder's goodness and generosity, that when, an hour after, she went home and to sleep, it was with a quieter and more hopeful spirit than she could have believed possible under the circumstances.

SOUTH CAROLINA NULLIFICATION.

"THAT we are essentially aristocratic I can not deny; but we can and do yield much to Democracy," said John C. Calhoun to the now venerable Commodore Stewart in the year 1812. "This is our sectional policy," he continued: "we are from necessity thrown upon and solemnly wedded to that party, however it may occasionally clash with our feelings, for the conservation of our interests. It is through an affiliation with that party in the Middle and Western States we control, under the Constitution, the Government of these United States; but when we cease thus to control this nation, through a disappointed Democracy or any material obstacle in that party which shall tend to throw us out of that rule and control, *we shall then resort to the dissolution of the Union.*"*

Thus spoke the great Preacher of Disunion fifty years ago.

"When the President of the United States commands me to do one act, and the Executive of Mississippi commands me to do another thing inconsistent with the first order, I obey the Governor of my State," wrote Jacob Thompson from his seat in the National House of Representatives in the early autumn of 1850. "To Mississippi," he said, "I owe *allegiance*; and because *she* commands me I owe *obedience* to the United States. But when she says I owe obedience no longer, right or wrong, come weal or woe, I stand for my *legitimate sovereign*; and to dis-

obey her behests is, to my conscience, treason."*

Thus spoke a Disciple of Calhoun, the great Preacher of Disunion, seven years before President Buchanan invited that Disciple to a seat in his Cabinet as one of his constitutional advisers.

In 1832 the Preacher attempted to execute his threat made in 1812. He thought the contingency had occurred—that the political supremacy of his "section" in the National Government was passing away. The Disciple plotted treason after the prescription of the Preacher while nourished in the very bosom of the Republic, and honored with its confidence from 1857 to 1861. The Preacher had been lying in his grave almost six months when the Disciple uttered his disloyal sentiments in 1850. Twelve years later that Disciple was in arms as a rebel against his Government—the natural result of such dangerous teachings and apt scholarship.

The avowed principles which actuated both the Preacher and the Disciple found birth and sustenance in the political heresy by which the actors in and abettors of the Great Rebellion of 1861 seek to justify it, namely, SUPREME STATE SOVEREIGNTY. This was the justification offered by the disappointed Calhoun and his followers in 1832-'33 for their defiance of the authority of the National Government and their attempt to dissolve the Union. Let us see what the records say about that defiance and attempt, thirty years ago, which is known in history as SOUTH CAROLINA NULLIFICATION.

The commercial restrictions imposed by the Congress of the United States and the hostile position toward neutrals of England and France from 1809 until the close of the war with Great Britain in 1815, stimulated home industry to a remarkable degree. During that war a large number of manufacturing establishments had been nurtured into vigorous life by great demands and high prices; but when peace returned, and European manufactures flooded the country at very low prices, wide-spread ruin ensued, and thousands of men were compelled to seek other employments. Real estate and every product of industry and skill fell immensely in value; and labor found an inadequate demand for its services, and an equally inadequate remuneration. Cotton alone, of all the staple productions of the United States, was exempted from the depression. It was raw material for which the skill and industry of two hemispheres loudly called.

Statesmen were appalled when appealed to for a remedy for existing distress, and wise men devised many schemes for the public good. Then it was that the idea of a tariff for the protection of home manufactures filled the minds of a few, and national legislation was soon evoked to aid in the establishment of what was called *The American System*, the great champion of which

* Letter of Commodore Stewart to George W. Childs, May 4, 1861.

* Letter to Governor Quitman, of Mississippi, September 2, 1850. See Claiborne's "Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman," vol. II., page 62.

was Henry Clay, of Kentucky. Hamilton's financial scheme, adopted in 1790, established a tariff for revenue chiefly, and had worked admirably for more than thirty years; the new scheme (an amplification of one on similar principles put in operation in 1816) ingrafted upon that old system of duties on imports the policy of *protection* in such a form that it was not obnoxious to the charge of unconstitutionality. It was also thought to be desirable, for it would increase the revenue and enhance the means for liquidating the public debt, which at the period in question (the closing year of Monroe's second administration) was \$90,000,000.

It was early in 1824 that a revision of the tariff and augmentation of duties were proposed; and on that subject Henry Clay made one of his ablest speeches on the last day of March, in which he drew a most dismal picture of the condition of the country. "It was indicated," he said, "by the diminished exports of native produce; by the depressed and reduced state of our foreign navigation; by our diminished commerce; by successive unthrashed crops of grain perishing in our barns and barn-yards for the want of a market; by the alarming diminution of the circulating medium; by the numerous bankruptcies, not limited to the trading classes but extending to all orders of society; by a universal complaint of the want of employment and a consequent reduction of the wages of labor; by the ravenous pursuit after public situations, not for the sake of their honors and the performance of their public duties, but as a means of private subsistence; by the reluctant resort to the perilous use of paper money; by the intervention of legislation in the delicate relation between debtor and creditor; and, above all, by the low and depressed state of the value of almost every description of the whole mass of the property of the nation, which has, on an average, sunk not less than about fifty per cent. within a few years." Such was the sad picture drawn by the eminent statesman of Kentucky. "I have exaggerated nothing," he said. "Perfect fidelity to the original would have authorized me to have thrown on deeper and darker hues."

Mr. Webster, the representative of New England feeling and policy—New England, where the class to be benefited by a high protective tariff most abounded—denied that the distress spoken of was universal. He claimed exemption for his section. He denied the assumed cause for the distress where it did exist, and attributed it chiefly to the over-expansion and recent collapse of the paper-money system, which had encouraged over-trading, excited speculation, and communicated an artificial value to property. He denied the necessity for protection to domestic manufactures, and deprecated high and prohibitory duties for such a purpose, believing that the tendency of the enlightened age was toward free trade. "Society," he said, "is full of excitement; competition comes in place of monopoly; and intelligence and industry ask only for fair play and an open field."

The bill for an increase of the tariff was finally passed by a small majority in each House—in the Senate, 25 to 21; in the Representatives, 107 to 102. The measure formed one of the elements of dispute in the canvass for the election of President of the United States during the ensuing autumn, when John Quincy Adams, known to be in favor of it, was elected. The cotton-growing States professed to be much dissatisfied, for they regarded the measure as injurious to their particular interests, because it would, as they said, curtail the foreign demand for their staple.

Forgetting that, at the very outset of the Government (1790), a tariff for the *protection of cotton-growers* was laid; forgetting that, because a member of the Senate from South Carolina had declared in his place that cotton was "in contemplation" in his own and the neighboring State of Georgia, and that "if good seed could be procured he hoped it might succeed," a duty of three cents a pound was laid on imported cotton, to the injury of manufacturers, then in struggling competition with Arkwright's machines in the hands of English operatives exclusively; forgetting that, as Mr. Everett has said, "radicle and plumule, root and branch, blossom and boll, the culture of the cotton-plant in the United States was, in its infancy, the foster-child of the protective system," the ungenerous cry of "aggression" was raised. It had a deeper meaning than its sound indicated. The then undiscovered voice of old Virginia disloyalty was in the tones. The "Southern heart must be fired."

The census of 1820 had appeared like the dim, mysterious hand of fate writing prophetically upon the walls of the National Capitol the sentence, "Found wanting," against the political domination of Mr. Calhoun's "section." But he, the high-priest of the great heresy of State Supremacy, was sitting upon the throne of power next to the Chief Ruler, for he had been elected Vice-President of the Republic. From that eminence he surveyed the whole field of national politics, and with vigilant and comprehensive appreciation of every event, he watched the signs of the times for eight consecutive years, and moulded the minds of the leaders of the people of his section for unholy deeds.

In 1828 another revision of the tariff laws took place. In July, 1827, a National Convention was held at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, to discuss the subject of protective tariffs. For reasons which the light of subsequent history revealed, only four slave States were represented in that Convention. The result of the conference was a memorial to Congress, asking an augmentation of duties on several articles then manufactured in the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury called the attention of Congress to it in his report in December following, and early in the session that ensued that body took up the matter. It had become a political and sectional measure; and as Mr. Clay had avowed the intention of the new tariff laws of

1824 to be for the protection of domestic interests, a great variety of such interests were now clamorous for recognition.

A presidential election was approaching. The tariff had been made an Administration measure, and was to be an issue in the canvass. Mr. Webster who, in 1824, had opposed the policy, now advocated it, chiefly on the ground that it having become a part of the Government policy, his constituency and their neighbors had adapted their industrial operations to it. Under the guardianship of protective duties New England manufactures had prospered, and they, too, notwithstanding they were warned not to wed their interests to politics, were mostly in favor of still higher protective duties. It was charged that this new tariff bill was brought forward exclusively for the benefit of New England, and by her agency, to gratify the cupidity of her wealthy manufacturers—a charge wholly untrue.

The *South*, as the cotton-planting States were now called, had become excessively jealous of the *North*, as the region including Pennsylvania and all east of it was called. "The South," says Mr. Benton, "believed itself impoverished to enrich the North by this system; and certainly a singular and unexpected result had been seen in these two sections. In the colonial state the Southern were the rich part of the colonies, and expected to do well in a state of independence. They had the exports, and felt sure of their prosperity. Not so of the North, whose agricultural resources were few, and who expected privations from the loss of British favor. But in the first half century after independence this expectation was reversed. The wealth of the North was enormously aggrandized; that of the South had declined. Northern towns had become great cities; Southern cities had decayed, or become stationary; and Charleston, the principal port of the South, was less considerable than before the Revolution. *The North became a money-lender to the South, and Southern citizens made pilgrimages to Northern cities to raise money upon the hypothecation of their patrimonial estates.* And this in the face of Southern exports since the Revolution to the value of eight hundred millions of dollars—a sum equal to the product of the Mexican mines since the days of Cortez. The Southern States attributed this result to the action of the Federal Government—its alleged double action of levying revenue upon the industry of one section of the Union and expending it on another—and especially to its protective tariffs. But the protective system, in any degree, except in favor of cotton-planting, had been in existence only twelve years, and this reversed condition of the two sections had commenced long before that time. Philosophy and observation have long since discovered the cause to be found, not in the operations of the National Government, which has always been beneficent, but in the social character and the industrial systems of the two sections. But such was the pretense—a mere *pretense*, as President Jackson alleged—used by

Mr. Calhoun and his associates for justifying disloyal speech in Congress, and action in South Carolina.

The tariff bill of 1828 became a law. It laid a heavy duty on woolen and cotton fabrics, making the former dearer for the Southern consumer and promising a decreased demand for raw cotton abroad. But this deficiency was more than made up by the increased demand of Northern looms. The Southern consumers felt the tariff on woolen goods, and disloyal politicians took advantage of the fact to declare it to be the result of "Northern exaction," and "a tribute to Northern capital." Bitter sectional feelings were excited for treasonable purposes; and public meetings were held in South Carolina at which resolutions were adopted indicative of a determination of the people to resist the act. The politicians had obtained possession of much of the common mind in that State, and large numbers were led by them in abject submission to the behests of mere demagogues, who, strutting in State pride, talked in a defiant manner of State supremacy and independence.

This extreme State Rights doctrine was at length, and for the first time, distinctly avowed in the National Congress. At the commencement of the session of 1829-'30, a Connecticut Senator offered a resolution of inquiry into the expediency of limiting the sales of the public lands to those then in the market, to suspend the surveys of the public lands, and to abolish the office of Surveyor-General. This brought the Western Senators to their feet. It was regarded as a proposition to check emigration, and to surrender the great West to the dominion of wild beasts. It was regarded as a most injurious and insulting proposition, and one not fit to be considered by a committee, much less to be reported upon and adopted. "I take my stand," said a Western Senator, "upon a great moral principle: that it is never right to inquire into the expediency of doing wrong."

The debate took wide latitude, and became at times very acrimonious. It also assumed strong sectional features. The Western members reiterated the old charges against the people of New England, that it was their early and persistent policy to check the growth of the West, so as to maintain political power in the Eastern and Middle States. Crimination and recrimination followed, until Mr. Webster endeavored to get rid of the unprofitable proceedings by moving an indefinite postponement of the whole subject. In arguing in defense of his motion he was led into remarks that kindled other fires, and instead of ending the discussion he enlarged the scope of debate and extended it. The ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise were brought in as topics, and these opened anew the slavery question. In the course of his remarks Mr. Webster spoke of the depressing effects of slavery upon the progress and prosperity of a State; and, in illustration of his position, he pointed to Ohio and Kentucky, lying opposite each other, in contrasting which the

latter appeared very unfavorably. This was a most tender point for the Southerners; and the impetuous Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, resented as an insult the disadvantageous comparison which Mr. Webster had made. He assailed New England, and inveighed sharply against the Free States for expressing any opinion concerning a subject which, he alleged, was none of their business. At length the relations of the State and National Governments formed a topic in the debate, when Mr. Hayne—speaking, it was understood, the sentiments of Mr. Calhoun—boldly asserted the *right and duty* of a State to decide upon the constitutionality of a National law, and to refuse to obey it if thus decided to be unconstitutional—in other words, to pronounce it null and void. He had made some pointed remarks about the disloyalty of the New England people during the war of 1812, and pointed to the Hartford Convention as an assemblage of traitors; when Mr. Webster retorted by calling attention to the public meetings recently held in South Carolina, in which contemplated resistance to the tariff laws was plainly manifested. In a warm reply Mr. Hayne avowed nullification sentiments freely—sentiments which, if correct in theory and feasible in practice, might not only produce but justify a dissolution of the Union if a single State should so elect. State authority was magnified, and placed higher than that of the National Government. *Allegiance* was due to the State, and only *obedience* to the National Government by the permission or command of the State, was the leading idea.

This bold utterance of not only heretical but disloyal doctrines—this plain defiance of the clause of the National Charter which says, "*The Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND, any thing in the Constitution and laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding*"—that disorganizing claim of State authority to the right of deciding whether laws passed by Congress are constitutional or not, in plain rebellion to that other article of the National Charter which declares "*that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States*"—aroused Mr. Webster, and evoked that "*Reply to Hayne*" which stands peerless among the productions of mind upon the records of our National Legislature. He answered sophistry with reason, and assertion with argument. With prophetic sagacity he delineated in vivid colors a programme of performances in South Carolina, should an attempt be made there to put Hayne's nullification doctrines into practice, which was about literally followed in that State two years later.

In this speech Webster demolished every battery and intrenchment and bulwark of the great acting leader of nullification in South Carolina—the chief instrument in the hands of the high-priest of disunion in the Vice-President's chair—and closed it with the following magnificent

peroration, then misunderstood and unappreciated, but now fearfully significant in every line: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in the heavens," he said, "may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogative as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterward*; but every where spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart: *LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!*"*

On the 13th of April, 1830, there was a remarkable dinner-party in the National metropolis. It was the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, and those who attended the party did so avowedly for the purpose of honoring the memory of the author of the Declaration of Independence. Such was the tenor of the invitation. Andrew Jackson, the President of the United States, was there. So was John C. Calhoun, the Vice-President. Three of the cabinet ministers, namely, Van Buren, Eaton, and Branch were also present; and members of Congress and citizens not a few. The guests assembled early, and soon there were clusters of them in the ante-rooms warmly discussing some of the regular toasts for the occasion. It soon became manifest to the more sagacious ones that this dinner-party and the day were to be made the occasion for inaugurating the new doctrine of nullification, and to fix the paternity of it on Mr. Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy in America, and author of the nullifying resolutions offered to the Kentucky Legislature in 1798. With

* The late Thomas H. Benton, who took part in this debate, utterly unable to comprehend its significance then, ridiculed this peroration. "Among the novelties of this debate," he said, "is that part of the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts which dwells with such elaboration of declamation and ornament upon the love and blessings of union—the hatred and horror of disunion." He then ridiculed it as entirely uncalled-for and out of place. It might have been appropriate, he said, "when the five-striped banner was waving over the North—when the Hartford Convention was in session! But here, in this loyal and quiet assemblage, in this season of general tranquillity and universal allegiance, the whole performance has lost its effect for want of affinity, connection, or relation to any subject depending or sentiment expressed in the Senate; for want of any application, or reference to any event impending in this country."

Twenty-five years later Mr. Benton acknowledged his own blindness and Webster's wonderful sagacity at that time. He saw no sign of the calamity hinted at, he said. "I was slow to believe in any design to subvert this Union. I positively discredited it, and publicly proclaimed my incredulity. I did not want to believe it."—Benton's *Thirty Years' View*, etc., I., 142.

such noble parentage as the father of the Democratic party, it was believed that that party would accept the new doctrine and become the instruments of the South Carolina conspirators in their attempts to destroy the Union. They believed that it would produce a "divided North," and that secession would be made easy. Many gentlemen present, perceiving the drift of the whole performance, withdrew in disgust before summoned to the table; but the sturdy old President, perfectly informed, remained.

When the dinner was over and the cloth removed, a call was made for the regular toasts. These were twenty-four in number, eighteen of which, it is alleged, were written by Mr. Calhoun. These, in multifarious forms, shadowed forth, now dimly, now clearly, the new doctrine. They were all received and honored in various degrees, when Volunteer Toasts were announced as in order. The President was, of course, first called upon for a sentiment. His tall form rose majestically, and with the sternness appropriate to the peculiar occasion, he cast that appalling bomb-shell of words into the camp of the conspirators, which will forever be a theme for the commendation of the patriot and the historian—**THE FEDERAL UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED!** He was followed by the Vice-President, who gave as his sentiment—"The Union: next to our Liberty the most dear: may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and burden of the Union!" Those who before doubted the intentions of Calhoun and his South Carolina friends, and were at a loss to understand the exact meaning of the dinner-party to which they were bidden, were no longer embarrassed by ignorance. In that toast was presented the issue—*liberty before Union*—supreme State sovereignty—false complaint of inequality of benefits and burdens—*our rights*, as we choose to define them, or *disunion*. In that toast was seen the soul of Hayne's speech, and its light revealed the deep significance of Webster's peroration. From that moment the conviction took possession of the public mind that there was a party in the country intent upon the destruction of the American Government, and that the Vice-President of the United States was the animating soul and leader of that party. From that hour the vigilant old President watched the South Carolina conspirator, his lieutenant, with the searching eyes of unslumbering suspicion.

The Nullifiers intended, for all time, to celebrate annually the birthday of Mr. Jefferson; but that was the first and the last time that the attempt was made. The Virginia Legislature soon afterward passed resolves intended to wipe from Mr. Jefferson's fair fame the stigma of nullification which Calhoun and his partisans had thus attempted to fasten upon it; and Mr. Madison, the author of the Virginia Resolutions of 1789, which Mr. Hayne declared contained his political creed, scornfully resented this attempt "of the nullifiers to make the name of Mr. Jefferson the pedestal of their colossal heresy."

Timid men in Congress, alarmed by these demonstrations, hastened to modify the tariff laws so as to appease the dissatisfied people of the cotton-growing States. They did not go far enough to meet the demand of Calhoun and his friends, but sufficiently so to give them courage and make them more bold and exacting. Their attitude became more threatening and defiant, and to the uninformed their pretended grievances assumed the aspect of real ones. Then came the Presidential election in 1832. The *American System* bore a conspicuous part in the canvass. South Carolina had virtually threatened to secede from the Union unless the policy of that system should be abandoned by the Government. A nervous apprehension of some dire impending calamity appears to have taken possession of the public mind, and the Congressional elections resulted unfavorably to the system. It was evident that its speedy extinction would ensue, and those who loved peace in the National household fondly expected to see the smile of satisfaction on the face of South Carolina. They were disappointed. She was sulky, and her frowns were more ominous than ever. She refused to take an honest part in the Presidential election, and petulantly gave her votes to citizens who were not candidates. She had resolved (or rather the conspirators had resolved for her) not to be pacified; and she hastened to assert her disloyalty and disturb the integrity of the Union before the pretense for her disloyalty should become untenable by the removal of the ostensible cause.

Jackson, the chosen standard-bearer of the Democratic party, which the conspirators professed to pet as their darling so long as it was docile and subservient to their wishes, was re-elected, and the way for the accomplishment of their schemes seemed unobstructed; yet they continued to defy the Government, and exhibited the falsity of their professions of attachment to that party by immediately, when the result of the election was known, calling a convention of the delegates of the people of South Carolina at Columbia, their State capital, for a rebellious purpose. In that convention, composed of politicians, the professed representatives of the people took into their own hands violent instrumentalities for the redress of alleged grievances, which the chief conspirators had prescribed. Just a fortnight after the election (November 24, 1832), which really decided the fate of the *American System*, they sent forth from that convention an Ordinance of Nullification against it, its title being, "An ordinance to nullify certain acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws laying duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities." Mr. Hayne was the President of that convention, and chairman of the committee of twenty-one who reported the Ordinance of Nullification. A fortnight after this labor was performed the Legislature of his State, made up chiefly of Calhoun's disciples, evinced their sympathy with his political opinions by electing him Governor of that commonwealth.

The Ordinance of Nullification forbade all constituted authorities, State or National, within the boundaries of South Carolina, to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the tariff laws; and that in no case of law or equity, decided in the courts of South Carolina, touching the authority of the Ordinance, or the validity of acts of the Legislature of that commonwealth for giving effect thereto, should there be an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was also ordained that all public officers should take an oath to obey that Ordinance on penalty of forfeiture of office. Having thus bound the people of the State hand and foot to self-created despotism (for they did not submit the ordinance to the people), without a chance of appeal to the accustomed tribunal, the conspirators defiantly declared that they would not submit to "coercion" by the United States, and that they should consider the passage by Congress of any act declaring the ports of that State abolished or closed, or in any way interfering with their commerce, as "inconsistent with the longer continuance of South Carolina in the Union;" and that the people of the State would henceforth "hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other States," and would proceed forthwith to "organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent States may of right do." The ordinance was to take effect on the first day of February ensuing after its passage. It was signed by more than one hundred leading citizens of South Carolina, and thus officially communicated to the President of the United States.

Fortunately for the country there was a man at the head of the Government whose patriotism and courage had never been found wanting. It was equal to this emergency. South Carolina, through her unscrupulous politicians, had been placed in the attitude of open, forcible resistance to the laws of the United States, which the President had solemnly sworn to execute. Andrew Jackson was not a man to be trifled with. He quickly perceived his duty, and as quickly hastened to the performance of it. The Ordinance of Nullification reached him on the 1st of December. On the 10th of the same month he issued a Proclamation, kind but firm, persuasive but admonitory, in which he denounced the pernicious doctrine of State supremacy, and warned the people of South Carolina that they had been deceived by demagogues. "Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your State pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury," he said, "were used to prepare you for the period when the mask, which concealed the hideous features of disunion, should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which, not long since, you would have regarded with horror." He reasoned fraternally with them, and begged them to retrace their steps. "Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention; bid its members to reassemble, and

promulgate the decided expression of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor. Tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Declare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country. Its destroyers you can not be. You may disturb its peace; you may interrupt the course of its prosperity; you may cloud its reputation for stability; but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stains upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder."

Meanwhile Governor Hayne had called the Legislature of South Carolina together to take measures for enforcing the Ordinance of Nullification. They authorized the Governor to call out the militia of the State for the purpose, and ordered the purchase of ten thousand stand of arms, and a requisite quantity of equipments and munitions of war. The feelings of the politicians of other States were consulted. Those of Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama approved of the action of the "Palmetto State," and gave assurance that, in the event of secession, those States would join her in forming a Southern Confederacy. But North Carolina, always patriotic at heart, nobly refused to stain her annals with even the semblance of treason and rebellion.

The time for action had now arrived, and Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency and took his seat in the Senate of the United States, where he might do battle for disunion more potently. The President had resolved to arrest him on his arrival at Washington, have him tried for high treason, and hang if found guilty. This, in the then condition of public feeling in the Southern States, might have been a most pernicious step, one that would have kindled the flames of civil war instantly. Webster and others persuaded Jackson not to adopt that extreme measure, but endeavor to win back the deluded *people*. The proclamation already mentioned followed; and on the assembling of Congress the President, in his annual Message, called attention to the attitude of South Carolina, and asked for co-operation in suppressing the rising rebellion. He had already taken precautionary measures. Quite a large body of troops, under General Scott, were stealthily thrown into Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor, and a sloop of war was sent to the same waters to protect the national officers of customs, if necessary, in the performance of their duties. Before the inhabitants of Charleston were aware that the President would resort to force in the maintenance of the laws these troops were before their faces, and the guns of Fort Moultrie were silently but admonishingly telling them to be careful not to interfere with the business of the Charleston Custom-house.

The President had declared, in substance, in his Message that his policy would be a peaceful one toward the rebellious State so long as peaceful measures promised to be effectual; but in the event of persistent contumacy, he was prepared to force South Carolina into submission. This determination of the Government, the presence of General Scott with a competent force, and the sloop of war in the harbor, caused a material abatement of rebellious zeal in the capital of the turbulent State, and it became evident to the leaders there that South Carolina would not be permitted to sever the bond that bound her to the Union. Her famous Ordinance was not enforced; the revenues were regularly collected; and the national laws continued to be executed without interruption. Such being the case, the conspirators in the Convention, illy concealing their mortification after such a display of arrogance, resolved to postpone their intended forcible resistance until the first of February.

On the very first day of the session of Congress bills for the reduction of the tariff were introduced. One reported by Mr. Verplanck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, was very favorably received, especially by those who wished to conciliate the radical opponents of the tariff, of the South Carolina school. But long debates followed, and February, as well as the session of Congress, was drawing to a close, when, to the astonishment of every body, Mr. Letcher, of Kentucky, an ardent friend of Mr. Clay, rose in his place and moved to strike out every word of the bill except the enacting clause, and insert in lieu of it a bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Clay, which has since been called the Compromise Bill. It was a formal abandonment of the American System, and confessedly a measure to heal disaffection and save the Union. It proposed a gradual reduction of the tariff in the course of ten years, in such a way that all interests would be unharmed. Mr. Clay professed to believe that it would not only heal all present dissensions, but prevent future ones; and that by separating the question of tariffs from politics, the business of the country would become more stable. It was ably opposed in the House by John Davis, of Massachusetts, who sagaciously remarked: "You propose to bind us [New England] hand and foot, to pour out our blood upon the altar, and sacrifice us as a burnt-offering to appease the unnatural and unfounded discontent of the South—a *discontent, I fear, having deeper root than the tariff, and will continue when that is forgotten.*" John Davis simply wrote history in advance of events.

This Compromise Bill was passed, and the voice of disunion was hushed for a while. The secret history of the measure will be noticed presently.

In a Message to Congress on the subject of affairs in South Carolina, the President recommended that body to revive some old acts which would enable him to enforce the revenue laws in that State, and crush rebellion in the bud. In accordance with this recommendation, Mr.

Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, from the Judiciary Committee, submitted a bill on the 21st of January, known as the Force Bill. It was immediately assailed with the greatest violence as unconstitutional. At about the same time Mr. Calhoun introduced his series of *Resolutions on the Powers of the Government*, in which were involved the doctrines of nullification and the right of secession. In the course of the debates on these Resolutions and the Force Bill, he first promulgated, publicly, those mischievous sentiments concerning the nature of our government, the bitter fruit of which is the present rebellion. He made the Virginia Resolutions of 1798 his text, and the avowed source of his political creed; and with his clear, logical, subtle mind he framed utterances of such amazing sophistries, in most ingenious aspects, that many were confounded, and a few were, for the moment, half converted to his views. But he so misrepresented the real character and design of those resolutions, so falsely declared that they afforded a warrant for nullification and secession, that Senator Rives, of Virginia, for the honor of his State and the truth of history, rebuked him. Madison, their author, had already declared that the resolutions and the debates in the Virginia House of Delegates disclosed "no reference whatever to a constitutional right in an individual State to arrest by force the operation of a law of the United States."* And that venerable statesman, then over eighty years of age, vehemently spurned the doctrine of the nullifiers, that our government is only a *league of States*, saying, "What can be more preposterous than to say that the United States, as united, are in no respect or degree a *nation*, which implies a sovereignty?"†

It is worthy of notice, that in the course of these debates Calhoun, generally reticent and cautious, revealed, almost unconsciously, the secret spring of his desires for a dissolution of the Union and a Southern Confederacy to be *inordinate personal ambition*. He was a disappointed man. He had ardently desired a nomination for the office of Chief Magistrate of the Republic. In this aspiration he had totally failed, and as he viewed the growing wealth, population, and political strength of the Free States, the possibility of ever being crowned with such honor seemed more remote than ever. With the bitterness of a disappointed spirit he said, in the course of these debates, "The contest between the North and the South will, in fact, be a contest between power and liberty, and such he considered the present—a contest in which the weaker section, with its peculiar labor, productions, and situation, has at stake all that is dear to freemen. Should they be able to maintain in their full vigor their reserved rights, liberty and prosperity will be their portion; but if they yield, and permit the stronger interest to consolidate within itself all the powers of the government,‡ then will its fate be more wretched

* Letter to Edward Everett, August, 1830.

† Letter to William C. Rives, March 12, 1833.

‡ A favorite design of Mr. Calhoun was to secure, by

than that of the Aborigines whom they have expelled, or of their slaves..... Every Southern man, true to the interests of his section, and faithful to the duties which Providence has allotted him, *will be forever excluded from the honors and emoluments of this government*, which will be reserved for those only who have qualified themselves, by political prostitution, for admission into the Magdalen Asylum." Past and subsequent history convict that malignant conspirator of uttering a willful untruth—uttered for the sole purpose of "firing the Southern heart," until, in the language of an Alabama conspirator of our day (Yancey), "at the proper moment, by an organized concerted action, they could precipitate the Cotton States into a revolution."

Allusion has been made to the secret history of the Compromise Bill, which, for the time, quelled the turbulence of the South Carolina politicians, and foiled the weapons of disunion so adroitly wielded by Calhoun and his fellow-conspirators. He and Clay had long been rival aspirants for the Presidency and antagonistic in political principles. Now, to the surprise of every body, they appeared to be in coalition. It was a deep mystery to the uninitiated, and remained so until in after years, when Clay and Calhoun became more bitterly antagonistic, that the latter revealed some of the secret history of that apparent coalition. It was substantially this, according to Mr. Benton:

The relative position of the National Government and South Carolina, and of the President of the United States and Mr. Calhoun, in the winter of 1833, placed the latter in great personal peril, which his friends perceived and tried to avert. Among others consulted on the subject by them was Letcher, of Kentucky, Clay's warm personal friend. He knew that South Carolina must yield, on some terms, to the authority and power of the National Government, and he conceived the idea of a compromise by which, in so yielding, she might preserve her dignity. He proposed it to Mr. Clay, who, sincerely desiring reconciliation, entertained the idea, and submitted it to Webster. The amazing intellectual plummet of the latter had fathomed the turbid waters of Nullification far deeper than had the brilliant Kentuckian, and he instantly said, "No—it will be yielding great principles to faction. The time has come to test the strength of the

an amendment to the Constitution, what he adroitly termed "the rights of the minority," by giving to the States the veto power, by which every law passed by the Congress of the United States might be made null and void. This was nullification in its mildest form. If it had been ingrafted upon the national Constitution the Slave States would have controlled the government forever. But such a doctrine was opposed to the fundamental idea of a republican government, namely, submission to the will of the majority; and Mr. Calhoun and his followers, knowing such an amendment to the Constitution could never be obtained, resolved to secede, and form what the modern conspirators call a "homogeneous government"—that is, an aristocratic government, representing slaveholding communities only, and having no affinity with men who believe in the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, written by one of their caste.

Constitution and the Government." He had heartily supported the Force Bill. Although opposed, politically, to the Administration, he had said: "I believe the country is in considerable danger; I believe an unlawful combination threatens the integrity of the Union. I believe the crisis calls for a mild, temperate, forbearing, but inflexibly firm execution of the laws. And, under this conviction, I give a hearty support to this Administration in all measures which I deem to be fair, just, and necessary. And in supporting these measures I mean to take my fair share of responsibility, to support them frankly and fairly, without reflections on the past and mixing other topics in their discussion." He was utterly opposed to compromising and temporizing measures with a rebellious faction, and told Mr. Clay so; and from that time he was not approached by those who were willing to shield conspirators from the sword of justice.

Mr. Clay drew up a compromise bill and sent it to Mr. Calhoun by Mr. Letcher. Calhoun objected to parts of the bill most decidedly, and remarked that if Clay knew the nature of his objections he would at least modify those portions of the bill. Letcher made arrangements for a personal interview between these eminent Senators, who had not been on speaking terms for some time. The imperious Clay demanded that it should be at his own room. The imperiled Calhoun consented to go there. The meeting was civil but icy. The business was immediately entered upon. The principals were unyielding, and the conference ended without results.

Letcher now hastened to the President and sounded him on the subject of compromise. "Compromise!" said the stern old man, stern only toward wickedness, "I will make no compromise with traitors. I will have no negotiations. I will execute the laws. Calhoun shall be tried for treason, and hanged if found guilty, if he does not instantly cease his rebellious course." Letcher now flew to M^r. Duffie, Calhoun's ardent friend, and alarmed him with a startling picture of the President's wrath. That night, after he had retired to bed, Letcher was aroused by a Senator from Louisiana, who informed him that Jackson would not allow any more delay, and that Calhoun's arrest might take place any hour. He begged Letcher to warn Calhoun of his danger. He did so. He found the South Carolinian in bed. He told him of the temper and the intentions of the President, and the conspirator was much alarmed.

Meanwhile Mr. Clay and J. M. Clayton of Delaware had been in frequent consultations on the subject. Clayton had said to Clay, while his bill was lingering in the House, "These South Carolinians act very badly, but they are good fellows, and it is a pity to let Jackson hang them;" and advised him to get his bill referred to a new committee, and so modify it as to make it acceptable to a majority. Clay did so, and Clayton exerted all his influence to avert the

calamity which hung over Calhoun and his friends. He assembled the manufacturers who had hurried to the capital when they heard of the Compromise Bill, to see whether they would not yield something for the sake of conciliation and the Union. At a sacrifice of their interests, these loyal men did yield, and agreed to withdraw all opposition to the bill, and let it pass the Senate, providing all the nullifiers should vote for certain amendments made by the Lower House, as well as the bill itself. The nullifiers in committee would not yield. The crisis had arrived. The gallows was placed before Calhoun's eyes. Clayton earnestly remonstrated with him. He pointed out the danger, the folly, the wickedness of his course; and notified him that unless the amendments were adopted, and that by the votes of himself and political friends, the bill should not pass; that he (Clayton) would move to lay it on the table when it should be reported to the Senate, and that he had strength enough in that House pledged to do it. "The President will then," he said, "be left free to execute the laws in full rigor." His object, he told them plainly, was to put them squarely on the record; to make *all* the nullifiers vote for the amendments and the bill, and thus cut them off from the plea of "unconstitutionality," which they would raise if the bill and amendments did not receive their votes. Unless they were so bound he knew that the present pacification would be only a hollow truce, and that they would make this very measure, probably, a pretense for renewing their resistance to what they were pleased to call "unconstitutional measures" of the National Government, and for resuming their march toward secession and independence. He was peremptory with both Clay and Calhoun, and warned them that this was the last chance for compromise.

Mr. Clayton was inexorable. Clay and Calhoun agreed to the amendments. These with the bill were reported to the Senate. All the nullifiers voted for the amendments in order, until they came to the last, that of home valuation, which was so revolting to the great leader of the conspirators. When that came up Calhoun and his friends met it with the most violent opposition. It was the last day but one of the session, and a late hour in the day. Finding the nullifiers persistent in their opposition, Clayton, to their great consternation, suddenly executed his threat. He moved to lay the bill on the table, and declared it should continue to lie there. Mr. Clay begged him to withdraw his motion. Others entreated him to give a little more time. He was inflexible. There was fluttering in the bevy of nullifiers. Calhoun and his friends retired behind the colonnade back of the Speaker's chair, over which was the portrait of Washington, the great Unionist, and there held a brief consultation. It was very brief, for time and opportunity were precious. Senator Bibb came from the trembling conclave and asked Clayton to give a little more time. This was a token of yielding, and he complied. He

withdrew his motion, but with the declaration that unless the measure, in full, was voted for by all the nullifiers he should renew it. Instantly one of their friends moved an adjournment. It was carried, and the conspirators went home

—"to sleep, perchance to dream,"

on their predicament. They knew of only one way, and that a most thorny one for their pride, still open for their escape. They all knew the character of the President, and the reliability of his promises. So they concluded to vote as Mr. Clayton demanded, but begged that gentleman to spare Mr. Calhoun the mortification of appearing on the record in favor of a measure against which at that very time, and at his instance, troops were being raised in South Carolina, and because of which the politicians of that State were preparing to declare her secession from the Union! Mr. Clayton would not yield a jot. Calhoun was the chief of sinners in this matter, and he, of all others, must give the world public and recorded evidence of penitence, whatever his "mental reservations" might be. "Nothing would be secured," Mr. Clayton said, "unless his vote appears in favor of the measure."

The Senate met; the bill was taken up; and the nullifiers and their friends, one after another, yielded their objections on various pretenses. At length, when all had voted but Mr. Calhoun, he arose, pale and haggard, for he had had a most terrible struggle. He declared that he had then to determine which way he should vote, and at the termination of his brief remarks he gave his voice in the affirmative with the rest. It was a bitter pill for that proud man to swallow. The alternative presented to him was absolute humiliation or the gallows. He chose the former. With that act fell the great conspiracy to break up the Government of the United States in 1832. The violent clamors raised in South Carolina and the Gulf States on the appearance of Jackson's Proclamation soon ceased. The Ordinance of Nullification was repealed, and *Nullifier* became, as it deserved to be, a term of reproach throughout most of the Union.

Jackson warned his countrymen that slavery would be the next pretense used by the conspirators against the life of the nation. The fulfillment of that prophecy commenced almost on the day of its utterance. About the year 1831 there was established in the city of Washington a newspaper entitled the *United States Telegraph*, which was the confidential organ if not the private property of Mr. Calhoun. "Of all the vehicles—tracts, pamphlets, and newspapers—circulated by the abolitionists," said Governor Hill, of New Hampshire, in 1836, in allusion to it, "there is no ten or twenty of them that have contributed so much to the excitement as a single newspaper printed in this city. I need not name this paper when I inform you that, for the last five years, it has been laboring to produce a Northern and a Southern party—to fan the flame of sectional prejudice, to open wider the breach, to drive harder the wedge

which shall divide the North from the South." In the columns of that paper, and in his speeches, Mr. Calhoun became the eulogist of slavery, and ungenerously and falsely accused the people of the North of a desire to interfere with that system in the Southern States. "Until he spoke," says a late writer, "the South generally felt that slavery was only to be regarded as a choice of evils—an unfortunate inheritance, to be endured as long as it must be endured, to be abolished as soon as it could be abolished safely. It was John C. Calhoun that effaced from the heart of the South the benign sentiments of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Randolph. It was Calhoun who began all that is to be deplored in the agitation of slavery questions. It was he who strove to rob the people of the North of their right to petition, and the right of the people of the South to receive what they chose through the mail. It was he who cut the magnetic cord that connected the South with the feeling of the age, and thus made the peaceful solution of the problem difficult."*

CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are few readers of the works of any popular author who have not felt an ardent curiosity to see the Man as well as the Writer; and in the absence of the ability to see him, their curiosity is equally great to "hear all about him;" to learn how he looks, acts, "walks, and talks;" each particular as to his personal appearance, dress, manners, etc.; whether he is shy and silent in company, or scintillating and brilliant in conversation, etc., etc.

Perhaps no writer in modern times has excited this very natural desire more generally, or to a greater degree, than Charles Dickens. Even as we write, we see by the public journals that an offer has been made, "from responsible parties" in New York, to guarantee to Mr. Dickens *fifty thousand dollars* for one year's "Readings" (three times a week) from his popular works in this country; while a similar sum, with his expenses paid, awaited his acceptance in Australia. Now in all this there is only the evidence of a general desire to see and hear the Author and the Man; for every work from which he will read is as "familiar as household words" to all who will attend his "Readings." How many hundreds has the writer known who have made pilgrimages from our city to Sunnyside, simply to look upon Washington Irving; possibly with the hope to hear him in familiar conversation, but at all events to see him; and failing in that, at least to look upon the place where he "lived, and moved, and had his being." "And were the journey for this purpose one of fifty miles, and on foot," said a friend not long ago, an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Irving, "it would be well repaid to hear once more his living voice."

The first announcement of Mr. Dickens's in-

tended visit to America was made in the following characteristic letter to his friend and correspondent, Mr. L. Gaylord Clark, then editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*:

"Twenty-eighth September, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I condole with you from my heart on the loss you have sustained,* and I feel proud of your permitting me to sympathize with your affliction. It is a great satisfaction to me to have been addressed, under similar circumstances, by many of your countrymen since the 'Curiosity Shop' came to a close. Some simple and honest hearts in the remote wilds of America have written me letters on the loss of children—so numbering my little book, or rather heroine, with their household gods; and so pouring out their trials, and sources of comfort in them, before me as a friend, that I have been inexpressibly moved, and am whenever I think of them, I do assure you. You have already all the comfort that I could lay before you; all, I hope, that the affectionate spirit of your brother, now in happiness, can shed into your soul.

....."On the Fourth of next January, if it please God, I am coming with my wife on a three or four months' visit to America. The British and North American packet will bring me, I hope, to Boston, and enable me, in the third week of the new year, to set my foot upon the soil I have trodden in my day-dreams many times, and whose sons (and daughters) I yearn to know and to be among.

"I hope you are surprised, and I hope not unpleasantly. Faithfully yours,
CHAS. DICKENS."

Not long after his arrival at New York Mr. Dickens, with a number of gentlemen who had been specially invited to meet him, dined with the correspondent to whom the foregoing letter was addressed. I have preserved some memoranda of the things which most interested myself on this occasion. That Mr. Dickens was also interested appears from a postscript to a letter written after his return to England, in which he says: "This day twelvemonth I dined at your house: the pleasantest dinner I enjoyed in America. What a company!"

The notes of acceptance to the invitation to meet Mr. Dickens at dinner of the gentlemen who were present were pleasant and characteristic. That of Mr. Henry Inman, which I regret to have lost, was couched in a few well-chosen words, which embodied a perfect "picture in little" of Mr. Dickens's peculiar artistic characteristics. Halleck, in closing his note, in reference to an incidental hint in the letter of invitation of his host that he "must not forget the hour of dining"—a fault which his friend "John Waters" had woefully lamented—playfully said:

"A letter from you will always give me pleasure; but yours of yesterday was quite unnecessary:

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sweetly on her knee."

but I am not in the habit of forgetting the day or the hour appointed for such a dinner as that with which you tempt me."

It was certainly a great satisfaction to find seated at the same table, in all the enjoyment which mutual regard and affection could create, men so well known to the reading world in both hemispheres, and equally honored in each, as

* The death of his correspondent's twin-brother, Willis Gaylord Clark.

* Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson," III., 433.

Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bishop Wainwright, Henry Brevoort, the life-long friend of Irving; Henry Inman, the eminent artist; David Graham, Jun., the distinguished counselor and advocate; Henry Cary, the opulent banker and most delightful writer under the *nom de plume* of "John Waters"—a refined lover of refined literature and art, in all things himself the most elegant and accomplished of social hosts—"our Samuel Rogers, of Hudson Square," was a pseudonym by which he was often designated); and others, including the ladies of the host and his distinguished English guest.

Mr. Dickens's *manner* in personally describing an amusing incident was as remarkable as his written pictures. Something was said, we remember, touching the curiosity with which he was regarded by "outsiders," who were not expected to be present at the great dinner which was given to him at the old City Hotel—the crowded caravanserai of our city's old friends, Messrs. Jennings and Willard. They pressed into the large reception apartment simply to "have a look" at the great author who had so often amused and delighted them. He was reminded by the host that not a few were the exclamations of surprise that, "after all, it was only a bright-eyed young man, with 'lots' of long, curly, brown hair, and big, laughing, blue eyes."

"Yes," said Mr. Dickens; "and I heard many another shrewd criticism which was equally whimsical and expressive, and not a few which were far less flattering. I noticed especially one young fellow, who, after examining me from a near 'stand-point' very attentively, retired to take a distant or birds-eye view, surveying me from top to toe, and up again, making an inventory of my 'pints,' as if I had been a *builting*, and he was anxious to secure in his mind my architectural proportions!"

It will not be amiss, let it be hoped, at so long an interval of time, to record a few of the many objects of interest which were adverted to or discussed, and the "good things" which were said on the occasion in question.

Mr. Dickens had brought a letter of introduction to Rev. Dr. Wainwright from his friend the Rev. Dr. Harness, a distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal Church in London; and in allusion to this fact, and in the semi-clerical conversation which ensued, mention was casually made of the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom Dr. Wainwright had frequently met while in London, and many pleasant anecdotes were recorded of him, of which few present had ever heard before, but which have since become familiar to the public through the different volumes. It was here that we first heard of the reply said to have been made to a letter of Landseer's, the great "canine artist," who had asked the learned and witty prelate to sit to him for his portrait: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" was the characteristic biblical reply. Some doubt was expressed as to the authenticity of

this anecdote, as it indicated a want of courtesy: "And Smith," said Dr. Wainwright, "was the most courteous of gentlemen."

Mr. Irving remarked, it is well remembered, that at the time he was in the way of meeting Sydney Smith in the highest society of the British metropolis, it was easy to trace the witty clergyman through the brilliant salons of the English nobility "by the circles of light which surrounded him in the beaming countenances of his auditors." He "radiated humor; and neither bishops in their stoles, nor reverend divines, nor the most gracious and beautiful of the high-born ladies of the land were capable of resisting his quick wit and inexhaustible humor. And it was always 'good humor, too,'" added Mr. Irving.

"You were in our Sessions Court yesterday," said Mr. Graham, "and saw our mode of transacting criminal business. Is there any important difference between your forms and ours?"

"In many respects most marked," said Mr. Dickens: "in the first place, one misses the robes and wigs of the presiding judges, the badges of minor officials, and the pompous, impressive proceedings of opening and closing court. Here, I perceive, your prisoner sits by his counsel, and probably is only known to a portion of the spectators by that fact as the culprit, or by being pointed out as the principal 'party in interest.' With us, the prisoner is elevated in a dock, where he may be seen by every person in the crowd. Between him and the bench is usually a table, on which are placed certain dry herbs, as disinfectants against jail-fever." Other English customs in courts of justice were mentioned, which are entirely unknown in the courts of the United States.

But we remember an anecdote narrated by Mr. Dickens, connected with the use of disinfecting herbs as above described, which, as he told it, made an evident impression upon the guests at the table. He said that on one occasion, in the chief criminal court of London, a nervous, guilty culprit, before whom were placed the usual accompaniment of dried herbs, began to crumble them into a fine powder upon the table; and while a witness was testifying in relation to the crime which he was charged with having committed, and describing minutely the locality (a spot which, from circumstances mentioned and collateral testimony, it was contended by the prisoner's counsel he had never visited), the prisoner, all unconsciously to himself, was drawing a house, a door-yard, a Lombardy poplar-tree, a fence-paling, and a gate, in the powdered herbs upon the table—a rude but faithful picture of the very scene and surroundings, in all particulars, which it had been argued he had never seen! The guilty man's hands were seized; attention was called to the involuntary impromptu sketch; and it was considered as the strongest circumstantial evidence of guilt, which indeed was subsequently confessed.

The conversation at the head of the table turning for a moment upon circumstantial evi-

dence, Mr. Irving adverted to a singular instance in point, narrated in his presence on one occasion, if we remember rightly, by Lord Eldon, before whose "Worship" the strange incident occurred:

A man, whose features alone indicated a character of the worst description, was on trial for a murder committed near midnight in a lonely spot near Hampstead Heath. His supposed murderer was arrested about half a mile from where the deed was committed; but the only evidence which could be adduced against him was that there was found upon him a gun which bore evident marks of having been recently discharged. The bullet had been extracted from the body of the murdered man. The bearing of the suspected murderer was bold and defiant. He alleged his entire innocence of the crime for the commission of which he had been arrested; said that his gun was his own, and he had taken it for "a day's shooting" in the country; and being anxious to be off early in the morning, had started about midnight for the journey. In short, he so managed to represent the objects he had in view that there appeared scarcely a circumstance which could be reasonably regarded as connecting him with the homicide. In the mean time the bullet which had been taken from the body of the murdered man was lying on the desk before the Judge; and during the examination of the witness and the explanations of the accused he had, unconsciously to himself, been rolling it slowly between his thumb and forefinger. After a little, a small piece of thin cloth or paper, stained with blood, was rolled off from the bullet by the manipulation, when all at once the object arrested the attention of the Judge, who proceeded to moisten it and to spread it out carefully upon the desk. After a moment's hesitation he asked:

"Was there any thing found upon the person of the prisoner?"

"Nothing, your Lordship," answered the counsel for the accused, "except a single sovereign, with a few pennies, a knife, tobacco-box, and a *torn street-ballad*."

"Pass the torn ballad up to the Bench," said his Lordship, which request was at once complied with.

The Judge looked at the crumpled paper attentively, smoothed it out, and then compared it with the three-cornered piece which had been unrolled from the bullet.

The "fit" was perfect! The paper which had constituted the wad of the bullet, and which his Lordship had separated from it, was a part of the very street-ballad which had been found upon the person of the prisoner, and which thus providentially secured his conviction, the admission of his guilt, and his final execution upon the gallows.

Among the guests at the table was an old and esteemed friend of the host, Mr. D——, a scholar, a gentleman, and one of the most kind-hearted and best of men. In person he was very comfortably fleshy and compact; of fair

complexion, and with the sweetest expression gleaming through gold spectacles from his fine blue-gray eyes. He was so partridge-plump that it was jocosely remarked of him that he "looked as if his limbs had been melted and run into his garments, until they were just handsomely filled." Yes,

"Mr. D——, the beloved friend was there,
With a beautiful head, but not *very* much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig he must wear,"

it was thought and predicted, although he never "thatched," for he scorned to falsify nature, especially on so prominent a point as the top of his head.

This excellent gentleman (and most faithful of friends) was playfully nicknamed "Pickwick," because of his supposed personal resemblance to that world-renowned philosopher. This was mentioned to Mr. Dickens, and he was asked whether there really were not a great resemblance in form, feature, and kindliness of manner to his immortal creation.

"Something like the character and physique which my pictorial illustrator of 'Pickwick' has represented in that work," answered Mr. Dickens; "but not nearly so much like the veritable Pickwick in manner as an elderly gentleman whom I met yesterday, while dining at his son's table in Hudson Square. The blandness of his features, the benevolence, the sweetness of expression which shone through his gold spectacles, the deliberateness of his '*walk* and conversation'—all these, to my immediate perception, were exceedingly *Pickwickian*."

Now who does the reader—the New York reader particularly—suppose was this gentleman who so forcibly reminded Mr. Dickens of his own great character of Pickwick? None other than the venerable George Griffin!—the *long* and long-celebrated New York lawyer; a man some six feet four inches in height, of large frame, broad, but by no means as "broad as he was long," and *lathy* and angular in his general appearance to a most remarkable degree. Still, when one recalls the benevolence and simplicity of this eminent lawyer and most excellent of men, his charming kindness of manner, and the good heart which beamed in every expression and lineament of his face, it is not difficult to perceive many of the personal and moral features which go to make up the character of Pickwick in the minds and imaginations of Mr. Dickens's readers.

In Mr. Dickens's correspondence may be traced the same felicitous expressions, the same whimsical associations of thought which are so frequently to be met with in his works. The writer has been for many years an occasional correspondent of the distinguished novelist, and there is scarcely any one of his letters in which there is not *something*, some striking sentence or odd conceit, which none but himself "could or would" have written. One or two of these occur to us here, in which there can be no impropriety in our citing in corroboration of the preceding remark:

Mr. Dickens was charged with being greatly embittered against this country because of the non-passage of an International Copyright Law. We have reason, however, to know that he had not been in this country three weeks before he had ceased altogether to expect the passage of such a measure—although, perhaps, in his own case, the offer of liberal payment for advanced sheets of his popular works may have somewhat lessened his disappointment at this result. That he did not anticipate the passage of an International Copyright Law at any time after his return, even when informed by the present writer that there had sprung up a strong feeling in the country in favor of such a measure, may be gathered from the following characteristic passage from a letter of his, written while the early monthly numbers of "Chuzzlewit" were appearing in England:

"What impossible odds shall I wager against some piece of property of yours, that we shall not be in our graves, and out of them, in particles of dust, impalpable, before those worthy men at Washington, in their earthly riots, care one miserable d—n for Mind? I believe that, in this respect, Justice and the Millennium will walk down the shore of Time together."

In a letter from London, dated the 22d of October, 1849, Mr. Dickens writes:

"I have not been in London for between three and four months, having had a cottage in the Isle of Wight during that time. As no parcels were forwarded to me (only letters) I did not receive your package, with its accompanying note, until my return home on Friday last. I immediately got a portrait—an impression of one which was originally published in 'Nickleby'—and sent it by railroad, into bed as you direct; and I hope it will reach you safely some day or other."

"The cholera has been, as no doubt you know ere this, very bad in London, chiefly among the poor and badly lodged. I am happy to say we are all well, and have not lost any friends by the dire disease. It is supposed to be quite passed now, and I trust in God it is."

"..... 'Macready is playing with enormous success at the Haymarket. 'Copperfield' takes a great hold, and goes on bravely. I think that is all the news I have, after my long sojourn on the sea-shore, except that my girls, like yours, are growing taller, though they are not tall yet; that my oldest son is going to Eton at Christmas; and that Mrs. Dickens sends her love, in which I join as far as I lawfully may, to your other half."

In a letter, written about this period, in explanation of the reason why he had not been able to furnish a paper for the Magazine with which the writer had been for many years the editor, Mr. Dickens says:

"When I finish a chapter of —, which has an entire scene, capable of segregation, I can promise to send — (A long dash). But I will lay down no more pieces of stone in the Infernal pavement."

His intention, of course, was to do us the great kindness, in fulfilling a promise which he had conditionally made; but as "Hell is paved with good intentions," he would not farther commit himself. He adds, in the same note:

"I never commit thoughts to paper until I am obliged to write, being better able to keep them in regular order, on different shelves of my brain, ready ticketed and labeled to be brought out when I want them."

Much was said and written in America after Mr. Dickens's return, and before and during the

publication of "Chuzzlewit," which undoubtedly a good deal exasperated him: until at length he said, in a letter to the writer: "All the newspapers, journals, and unrecognized letters which reach me from America, go, unopened, at once into the fire: and I find my self-respect and peace of mind entirely preserved by such a course, I do assure you."

It may be remarked, in passing, that this is as good a plan as could be adopted in all similar cases. A man who can deliberately sit down and write an anonymous letter is a character so contemptible that he can only be reached by perfect contempt.

The spirit of the American portions of "Chuzzlewit" was not acceptable to our countrymen. It was thought to be unkind; and (especially after it had been followed by the "American Notes") it was deemed an ungrateful return for the attentions which had been bestowed upon the author in every part of the country. It could not be denied, however, and in fact was not denied that much of the satire, particularly the political parts of it—the egotism, for example, of candidates, and their ridiculous ideas of the effect which their "speeches" were to have upon the "policy" of the British Queen and the British Government, should the interrogated author "dare to lay them before Her Majesty and the British Parliament"—these things were really "well put;" and however distasteful as facts, were admitted to be scarcely distorted likenesses. How many pompous political "Elijah Pograms" have been recognized, ticketed, and labeled since the first publication of "Chuzzlewit!"

But the genius of the work; its humor, its pathos; the portraits of "Pecksniff" and "Mrs. Gamp," of "Tom Pinch" and his sister; and the retributions which gave to each their "portion in due season;" these took away the sting of the satire of such characters as the Hon. Elijah Pogram, Congressman; and, finally, admiration almost obliterated a general sense of injustice. But *apropos* of "Chuzzlewit," from its author:

"You will not, I think," wrote Mr. Dickens, at the time, to the present writer, "like 'Chuzzlewit' the less the farther it gets on. I especially commend to you a certain Tom Pinch and his sister, who will one day appear upon the scene."

It is worthy of a passing remark here that this was written some time before these admirable characters had been introduced: a fact which entirely disproves the charge brought first, I think, by the *Edinburgh Review* (possibly it may have been *Blackwood*) against Dickens, that he evidently had no well-conceived plan of the characters and scenes of any of his works, but that from daily observation, and perhaps from current events, these were connected and used from month to month as he wrote the successive "Parts" of his novels.

But "let that pass," as the little dog said to the thundering railroad train. Suffice it to say,

that it was thought "on *this* side" that it was "not well to be angry" with a writer, however his slurs upon our "progress" and "institutions" might have annoyed us, whose heart could have suggested the beautiful, the simple, the good, the loving and lovable creations of Tom Pinch and his sister.

As we close this desultory paper we perceive, by extracts from the London papers in our daily journals, that Mr. Dickens has recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday. What an affluent Life of Literature hath been his! How copious, how various, and how rich the golden intellectual stream which has flowed, reflowed, and is still flowing from his fertile pen! His years seem but to add to the exuberance, the ripeness of his genius. New creations spring from his teeming brain invested with undying life; and even now, while simple-hearted "Joe," and

"Pip," and pompous "Pumblechook" are stored away in the cells of Memory, we can not for a moment doubt that, in the new story upon which Dickens is now engaged, there are being characters depicted which will be as lasting in the minds and hearts of his readers as any which he has given to the world. May the Great Story speedily be given to the Public of two hemispheres, and may it be ours to be among the first to read it!—for it is one of the results of reading Dickens in numbers that, having once *begun* to read them, you *must* devour them consecutively as they appear. No writer of our time, unless it be Wilkie Collins, knows so well as he how to stimulate without satisfying curiosity; and yet his chapters are almost invariably complete in themselves; *convergent* sketches still, however, which in the end are to form one great Narrative Picture.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



PROEM.

MORE than three centuries and a half ago, in the mid spring-time of 1492, we are sure that the star-quenching angel of the dawn, as he traveled with broad slow wing from the Levant to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the summits of the Caucasus across all the snowy Alpine ridges to the dark nakedness of the western isles, saw nearly the same outline of firm land and unstable sea—saw the same great mountain shadows on the same valleys as he has seen to-day—saw olive mounts, and pine forests, and the broad plains, green with young corn or rain-freshened grass—saw the domes and spires of cities rising by the river sides or mingled with the sedge-like masts on the many-curved sea-coast, in the same spots where they rise to-day. And as the faint light of his course pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell, as now, on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the

haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the hasty uprising of the hard-handed laborer; and on the late sleep of the night-student, who had been questioning the stars or the sages, or his own soul, for that hidden knowledge which would break through the barrier of man's brief life, and show its dark path, that seemed to bend no whither, to be an arc in an immeasurable circle of light and glory. The great river-courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labor, seed-time and harvest, love and death.

Even if, instead of following the dim day-break, our imagination pauses on a certain his-

torical spot, and awaits the fuller morning, we may see a world-famous city, which has hardly changed its outline since the days of Columbus, seeming to stand as an almost unviolated symbol, amidst the flux of human things, to remind us that we still resemble the men of the past more than we differ from them, as the great mechanical principles on which those domes and towers were raised must make a likeness in human building that will be broader and deeper than all possible change. And doubtless, if the spirit of a Florentine citizen, whose eyes were closed for the last time while Columbus was still waiting and arguing for the three poor vessels with which he was to set sail from the port of Palos, could return from the shades, and pause where our thought is pausing, he would believe that there must still be fellowship and understanding for him among the inheritors of his birth-place.

Let us suppose that such a Shade has been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the golden morning, and is standing once more on the famous hill of San Miniato, which overlooks Florence from the south.

The Spirit is clothed in his habit as he lived; the folds of his well-lined black silk garment or *lucco* hang in grave unbroken lines from neck to ankle; his plain cloth cap, with its *becchetto*, or long hanging strip of drapery, to serve as a scarf in case of need, surmounts a penetrating face, not, perhaps, very handsome, but with a firm, well-cut mouth, kept distinctly human by a close-shaven lip and chin. It is a face charged with memories of a keen and various life passed below there on the banks of the gleaming river; and as he looks at the scene before him, the sense of familiarity is so much stronger than the perception of change that he thinks it might be possible to descend once more among the streets and take up that busy life where he left it. For it is not only the mountains and the westward-bending river that he recognizes; not only the dark sides of Mount Morello opposite to him, and the long valley of the Arno that seems to stretch its gray, low-tufted luxuriance to the far-off ridges of Carrara; and the steep height of Fiesole, with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses; and all the green and gray slopes sprinkled with villas which he can name as he looks at them. He sees other familiar objects much closer to his daily walks. For though he misses the seventy or more towers that once surmounted the walls, and encircled the city as with a regal diadem, his eyes will not dwell on that blank; they are drawn irresistibly to the unique tower springing, like a tall flower-stem drawn toward the sun, from the square turreted mass of the Old Palace in the very heart of the city—the tower that looks none the worse for the four centuries that have passed since he used to walk under it. The great dome, too, greatest in the world, which, in his early boyhood, had been only a daring thought in the mind of a small quick-eyed man—there it raises its large curves still, eclipsing the hills. And the well-

known bell-towers—Giotto's, with its distant hint of rich color, and the graceful spired Badia, and the rest—he looked at them all from the shoulder of his nurse.

"Surely," he thinks, "Florence can still ring her bells with the solemn hammer-sound that used to beat on the hearts of her citizens and strike out the fire there. And here, on the right, stands the long dark mass of Santa Croce, where we buried our famous dead, laying the laurel on their cold brows and fanning them with the breath of praise and of banners. But Santa Croce had no spire then: we Florentines were too full of great building projects to carry them all out in stone and marble; we had our frescoes and our shrines to pay for, not to speak of rapacious condottieri, bribed royalty, and purchased territories, and our façades and spires must needs wait. But what architect can the Frati Minori* have employed to build that spire for them? If it had been built in my day, Filippo Brunelleschi or Michelozzo would have devised something of another fashion than that—something worthy to crown the church of Arnolfo."

At this the Spirit, with a sigh, lets his eyes travel on to the city walls, and now he dwells on the change there with wonder at these modern times. Why have five out of the eleven convenient gates been closed? And why, above all, should the towers have been leveled that were once a glory and defense? Is the world become so peaceful, then, and do Florentines dwell in such harmony, that there are no longer conspiracies to bring ambitious exiles home again with armed bands at their back? These are difficult questions: it is easier and pleasanter to recognize the old than to account for the new. And there flows Arno, with its bridges just where they used to be—the Ponte Vecchio, least like other bridges in the world, laden with the same quaint shops, where our Spirit remembers lingering a little, on his way, perhaps, to look at the progress of that great palace which Messer Luca Pitti had set a-building with huge stones got from the Hill of Bogoli† close behind, or, perhaps, to transact a little business with the cloth-dressers in Oltrarno. The exorbitant line of the Pitti roof is hidden from San Miniato; but the yearning of the old Florentine is not to see Messer Luca's too ambitious palace which he built unto himself; it is to be down among those narrow streets and busy humming Piazzes where he inherited the eager life of his fathers. Is not the anxious voting with black and white beans still going on down there? Who are the *Priori* in these months, eating soberly-regulated official dinners in the Palazzo Vecchio, with removes of tripe and boiled partridges, seasoned by practical jokes against the ill-fated butt among those potent signors? Are not the significant banners still hung from the windows—still distributed with decent pomp under Orcagna's Loggia every two months?

Life had its zest for the old Florentine when he, too, trod the marble steps and shared in

* The Franciscans.

† Now Boboli.

those dignities. His politics had an area as wide as his trade, which stretched from Syria to Britain, but they had also the passionate intensity, and the detailed practical interest, which could belong only to a narrow scene of corporate action; only to the members of a community shut in close by the hills and by walls of six miles' circuit, where men knew each other as they passed in the street, set their eyes every day on the memorials of their commonwealth, and were conscious of having not only the right to vote, but the chance of being voted for. He loved his honors and his gains, the business of his counting-house, of his guild, of the public council-chamber; he loved his enmities, too, and fingered the white bean which was to keep a hated name out of the *borsa* with more complacency than if it had been a golden florin. He loved to strengthen his family by a good alliance, and went home with a triumphant light in his eyes after concluding a satisfactory *parentado*, or marriage for his son or daughter, under his favorite loggia in the evening cool; he loved his game at chess under that same loggia, and his biting jest, and even his coarse joke, as not beneath the dignity of a man eligible for the highest magistracy. He had gained an insight into all sorts of affairs at home and abroad; he had been of the "Ten" who managed the war department, of the "Eight" who attended to home discipline, of the *I priori* or *Signori* who were the heads of the executive government; he had even risen to the supreme office of *Gonfaloniere*; he had made one in embassies to the Pope and to the Venetians; and he had been commissary to the hired army of the Republic, directing the inglorious bloodless battles in which no man died of brave breast wounds—*virtuosi colpi*—but only of casual falls and trappings. And in this way he had learned to distrust men without bitterness; looking on life mainly as a game of skill, but not dead to traditions of heroism and clean-handed honor. For the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality. It was his pride, besides, that he was duly tinctured with the learning of his age, and judged not altogether with the vulgar, but in harmony with the ancients: he, too, in his prime, had been eager for the most correct manuscripts, and had paid many florins for antique vases and for disinterred busts of the ancient immortals—some, perhaps, *truncis naribus*, wanting as to the nose, but not the less authentic; and in his old age he had made haste to look at the early sheets of that fine Homer which was among the early glories of the Florentine press. But he had not, for all that, neglected to hang up a waxen image or double of himself under the protection of the Madonna Annunziata, or to do penance for his sins in large gifts to the shrines of saints whose lives had not been modeled on the study of the classics; he had not even neglected making liberal bequests toward buildings for the *Fрати*, against whom he had leveled many a jest.

For the Unseen Powers were mighty. Who

knew—who was sure—that there was any name given to them behind which there was no angry force to be appeased, no intercessory pity to be won? Were not gems medicinal, though they only pressed the finger? Were not all things charged with occult virtues? Lucretius might be right—he was an ancient and a great poet; Luigi Pulci, too, who was suspected of not believing any thing from the roof upward (*dal tetto in su*), had very much the air of being right over the supper-table, when the wine and *riboboli* were circulating fast, though he was only a poet in the vulgar tongue. There were even learned personages who maintained that Aristotle, wisest of men (unless, indeed, Plato were wiser?), was a thoroughly irreligious philosopher; and a liberal scholar must entertain all speculations. But the negatives might, after all, prove false; nay, seemed manifestly false, as the circling hours swept past him, and turned round with graver faces. For had not the world become Christian? Had he not been baptized in San Giovanni, where the dome is awful with the symbols of coming judgment, and where the altar bears a crucified Image disturbing to perfect complacency in one's self and the world? Our resuscitated Spirit was not a pagan philosopher, nor a philosophizing pagan poet, but a man of the fifteenth century, inheriting its strange web of belief and unbelief; of Epicurean levity and fetichistic dread; of pedantic impossible ethics uttered by rote, and crude passions acted out with childish impulsiveness; of inclination toward a self-indulgent paganism, and inevitable subjection to that human conscience which, in the unrest of a new growth, was filling the air with strange prophecies and presentiments.

He had smiled, perhaps, and shaken his head dubiously, as he heard simple folk talk of a Pope Angelico, who was to come by-and-by and bring in a new order of things, to purify the Church from simony, and the lives of the clergy from scandal—a state of affairs too different from what existed under Innocent the Eighth for a shrewd merchant and politician to regard the prospect as worthy of entering into his calculations. But he felt the evils of the time, nevertheless; for he was a man of public spirit, and public spirit can never be wholly immoral, since its essence is care for a common good. That very Quaresima, or Lent, of 1492, in which he died, still in his erect old age, he had listened in San Lorenzo, not without a mixture of satisfaction, to the preaching of a Dominican friar, who denounced with a rare boldness the worldliness and vicious habits of the clergy, and insisted on the duty of Christian men not to live for their own ease when wrong was triumphing in high places, and not to spend their wealth in outward pomp even in the churches, when their fellow-citizens were suffering from want and sickness. The *Frate* carried his doctrine rather too far for elderly ears; yet it was a memorable thing to see a preacher move his audience to such a pitch that the women even took off their

ornaments, and delivered them up to be sold for the benefit of the needy.

"He was a noteworthy man, that Prior of San Marco," thinks our Spirit; "somewhat arrogant and extreme, perhaps, especially in his denunciations of speedy vengeance. Ah, *Iddio non paga il Sabato**—the wages of men's sins often linger in their payment, and I myself saw much established wickedness of long-standing prosperity. But a *Frate Predicatore* who wanted to move the people—how could he be moderate? He might have been a little less defiant and curt, though, to Lorenzo de' Medici, whose family had been the very makers of San Marco: was that quarrel ever made up? And our Lorenzo himself, with the dim outward eyes and the subtle inward vision, did he get over that illness at Careggi? It was but a sad, uneasy-looking face that he would carry out of the world which had given him so much, and there were strong suspicions that his handsome son would play the part of Rehoboam. How has it all turned out? Which party is likely to be banished and have its houses sacked just now? Is there any successor of the incomparable Lorenzo, to whom the great Turk is so gracious as to send over presents of rare animals, rare relics, rare manuscripts, or fugitive enemies, suited to the tastes of a Christian Magnifico who is at once lettered and devout—and also slightly vindictive? And what famous scholar is dictating the Latin letters of the Republic—what fiery philosopher is lecturing on Dante in the Duomo, and going home to write bitter invectives against the father and mother of the bad critic who may have found fault with his classical spelling? Are our wiser heads leaning toward alliance with the Pope and the *Regno*,† or are they rather inclining their ears to the orators of France and of Milan?

"There is knowledge of these things to be had in the streets below, on the beloved *Marmi* in front of the churches, and under the sheltering *Loggie*, where surely our citizens have still their gossips and debates, their bitter and merry jests as of old. For are not the well-remembered buildings all there? The changes have not been so great in those uncounted years. I will go down and hear—I will tread the familiar pavement, and hear once again the speech of Florentines."

Go not down, good Spirit! for the changes are great, and the speech of Florentines would sound as a riddle in your ears. Or, if you go, mingle with no politicians on the *Marmi* or elsewhere; ask no questions about trade in the *Calimara*; confuse yourself with no inquiries into scholarship, official or monastic. Only look at the sunlight and shadows on the grand walls that were built solidly, and have endured in their grandeur; look at the faces of the little children, making another sunlight amidst the shadows of age; look, if you will, into the

churches, and hear the same chants, see the same images as of old—the images of willing anguish for a great end, of beneficent love and ascending glory; see upturned living faces and lips moving to the old prayers for help. These things have not changed. The sunlight and shadows bring their old beauty and waken the old heart-strains at morning, noon, and eventide; the little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own *that* life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice. For the Pope Angelico is not come yet.



CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECKED STRANGER.

THE Loggia de' Cerchi stood in the heart of old Florence, within a labyrinth of narrow streets behind the Badia, now rarely threaded by the stranger, unless in a dubious search for a certain severely-simple door-place, bearing this inscription:

QUI NACQUE IL DIVINO POETA.

To the ear of Dante the same streets rang with the shout and clash of fierce battle between rival families; but in the fifteenth century they were only noisy with the unhistorical quarrels and broad jests of wood-carders in the cloth-producing quarters of San Martino and Garbo.

Under this loggia, in the early morning of the 9th of April, 1492, two men had their eyes fixed on each other: one was stooping slightly, and looking downward with the scrutiny of curiosity; the other, lying on the pavement, was looking

* "God does not pay on a Saturday."

† The name given to Naples by way of distinction among the Italian States.

upward with the startled gaze of a suddenly-awakened dreamer.

The standing figure was the first to speak. He was a gray-haired, broad-shouldered man, of the type which, in Tuscan phrase, is moulded with the fist and polished with the pickaxe; but the self-important gravity which had written itself out in the deep lines about his brow and mouth seemed intended to correct any contemptuous inferences from the hasty workmanship which Nature had bestowed on his exterior. He had deposited a large well-filled bag, made of skins, on the pavement, and before him hung a peddler's basket, garnished partly with small woman's-ware, such as thread and pins, and partly with fragments of glass, which had probably been taken in exchange for those commodities.

"Young man," he said, pointing to a ring on the finger of the reclining figure, "when your chin has got a stiffer crop on it, you'll know better than to take your nap in street corners with a ring like that on your fore-finger. By the holy 'vangels! if it had been any body but me standing over you two minutes ago—but Bratti Ferravecchj is not the man to steal. The cat couldn't eat her mouse if she didn't catch it alive, and Bratti couldn't relish gain if it had no taste of a bargain. Why, young man, one San Giovanni, three years ago, the Saint sent a dead body in my way—a blind beggar, with his cap well-lined with pieces—but, if you'll believe me, my stomach turned against the *testoni* I'd never bargained for, till it came into my head that San Giovanni owed me the pieces for what I spend yearly at the Festa: besides, I buried the body and paid for a mass—and so I saw it was a fair bargain. But how comes a young man like you, with the face of Messer San Michele, to be sleeping on a stone bed with the wind for a curtain?"

The deep guttural sounds of the speaker were scarcely intelligible to the newly-waked, bewildered listener, but he understood the action of pointing to his ring: he looked down at it, and, with a half-automatic obedience to the warning, took it off and thrust it within his doublet, rising at the same time and stretching himself.

"Your tunic and hose match ill with that jewel, young man," said Bratti, deliberately. "Any body might say the saints had sent you a dead body; but if you took the jewels, I hope you buried him—and you can afford a mass or two for him into the bargain."

Something like a painful thrill appeared to dart through the frame of the listener, and arrest the careless stretching of his arms and chest. For an instant he turned on Bratti with a sharp frown; but he immediately recovered an air of indifference, took off the red Levantine cap which hung like a great purse over his left ear, pushed back his long dark-brown curls, and glancing at his dress, said, smilingly,

"You speak truth, friend: my garments are as weather-stained as an old sail, and they are not old either, only, like an old sail, they have

had a sprinkling of the sea as well as the rain. The fact is, I'm a stranger in Florence, and when I came in foot-sore last night I preferred flinging myself in a corner of this hospitable porch to hunting any longer for a chance hostelry, which might turn out to be a nest of blood-suckers of more sorts than one."

"A stranger in good sooth," said Bratti, "for the words come all melting out of your throat, so that a Christian and a Florentine can't tell a hook from a hanger. But you're not from Genoa? More likely from Venice, by the cut of your clothes?"

"At this present moment," said the stranger, smiling, "it is of less importance where I come from than where I can go to for a mouthful of breakfast. This city of yours turns a grim look on me just here: can you show me the way to a more lively quarter, where I can get a meal and a lodging?"

"That I can," said Bratti, "and it is your good fortune, young man, that I have happened to be walking in from Rovezzano this morning, and turned out of my way to Mercato Vecchio to say an Ave at the Badia. That, I say, is your good fortune. But it remains to be seen what is my profit in the matter. Nothing for nothing, young man. If I show you the way to Mercato Vecchio, you'll swear by your patron saint to let me have the bidding for that stained suit of yours when you set up a better—as doubtless you will."

"Agreed, by San Niccolò," said the other, laughing. "But now let us set off to this said Mercato, for I promise you I feel the want of a better lining to this doublet of mine which you are coveting."

"Coveting? Nay," said Bratti, heaving his bag on his back and setting out. But he broke off in his reply, and burst out in loud, harsh tones, not unlike the creaking and grating of a cart-wheel: "*Chi abbaratta—baratta—b'ratta—chi abbaratta cenci e vetri—b'ratta ferri vecchj?*"*

"It's worth but little," he said presently, lapsing into his conversational tone. "Hose and altogether, your clothes are worth but little. Still, if you've a mind to set yourself up with a lute worth more than any new one, or with a sword that's been worn by a Ridolfi, or with a paternoster of the best mode, I could let you have a great bargain by making an allowance for the clothes; for, simple as I stand here (*così fatto come tu mi vedi*), I've got the best-furnished shop in the Ferravecchj, and it's close by the Mercato. The Virgin be praised! it's not a pumpkin I carry on my shoulders. But I don't stay caged in my shop all day: I've got a wife and a raven to stay at home and mind the stock. *Chi abbaratta—baratta—b'ratta?*..... And now, young man, where do you come from, and what's your business in Florence?"

"I thought you liked nothing that came to you without a bargain," said the stranger.

* "Who wants to exchange rags, broken glass, or old iron?"

"You've offered me nothing yet in exchange for that information."

"Well, well; a Florentine doesn't mind bidding a fair price for news: it stays the stomach a little, though he may win no hose by it. If I take you to the prettiest damsel in the Mercato to get a cup of milk—that will be a fair bargain."

"Nay; I can find her myself if she be really in the Mercato; for pretty heads are apt to look forth of doors and windows. No, no. Besides, a sharp trader like you ought to know that he who bids for nuts and news may chance to find them hollow."

"Ah! young man," said Bratti, with a sideways glance of some admiration, "you were not born of a Sunday—the salt shops were open when you came into the world. You're not a Hebrew, eh?—come from Spain or Naples, eh? Let me tell you the Frati Minori are trying to make Florence as hot as Spain for those dogs of hell that want to get all the profits of usury to themselves and leave none for Christians; and when you walk the Calimara with a piece of yellow cloth in your cap, it will spoil your beauty more than a sword-cut across that smooth olive cheek of yours.—*Abbaratta, baratta—chi abbaratta?*—I tell you, young man, gray cloth is against yellow cloth; and there's as much gray cloth in Florence as would make a gown and cowl for the Duomo, and there's not so much yellow cloth as would make hose for Saint Christopher—blessed be his name, and send me a sight of him this day!—*Abbaratta, baratta, b'ratte—chi abbaratta?*"

"All that is very amusing information you are parting with for nothing," said the stranger, rather scornfully; "but it happens not to concern me. I am no Hebrew."

"See, now!" said Bratti, triumphantly; "I've made a good bargain with mere words. I've made you tell me something, young man, though you're as hard to hold as a lamprey. San Giovanni be praised! a blind Florentine is a match for two one-eyed men. But here we are in Mercato."

They had now emerged from the narrow streets into a broad piazza, known to the elder Florentine writers as the Mercato Vecchio, or the Old Market. This piazza, though it had been the scene of a provision market from time immemorial, and may perhaps, says fond imagination, be the very spot to which the Fesulean ancestors of the Florentines descended from their high fastness to traffic with the rustic population of the valley, had not been shunned as a place of residence by Florentine wealth. In the early decades of the fifteenth century, which was now near its end, the Medici and other powerful families of the *popolani grassi*, or commercial nobility, had their houses there, not, perhaps, finding their ears much offended by the loud roar of mingled dialects, or their eyes much shocked by the butchers' stalls, which the old poet Antonio Pucci accounts a chief glory, or *dignità*, of a market that, in his esteem, eclipsed the mark-

ets of all the earth besides. But the glory of mutton and veal (well attested to be the flesh of the right animals; for were not the skins, with the heads attached, duly displayed, according to the decree of the Signoria?) was just now wanting to the Mercato, the time of Lent not being yet over. The proud corporation, or "Art," of butchers was in abeyance, and it was the great harvest-time of the market-gardeners, the cheesemongers, the vendors of macaroni, corn, eggs, milk, and dried fruits: a change which was apt to make the women's voices predominant in the chorus. But in all seasons there was the experimental ringing of pots and pans, the chinking of the money-changers, the tempting offers of cheapness at the old-clothes' stalls, the challenges of the dicers, the vaunting of new linens and woolens, of excellent wooden-ware, kettles, and frying-pans; there was the choking of the narrow inlets with mules and carts, together with much uncomplimentary remonstrance in terms remarkably identical with the insults in use by the gentler sex of the present day, under the same imbrowning and heating circumstances. Ladies and gentlemen who came to market looked on at a larger amount of amateur fighting than could easily be seen in these later times, and beheld more revolting rags, beggary, and rascaldom than modern householders could well picture to themselves. As the day wore on, the hideous drama of the gaming-house might be seen here by any chance open-air spectator—the quivering eagerness, the blank despair, the sobs, the blasphemy, and the blows:

"E vedesi chi perde con gran soffì,
E bestemmiar colla mano alla mascella,
E ricever e dar dimolti ingoffi."

But still there was the relief of prettier sights: there were brood-rabbits, not less innocent and astonished than those of our own period; there were doves and singing-birds to be bought as presents for the children; there were even kittens for sale, and here and there a handsome *gattuccio*, or "Tom," with the highest character for mousing; and, better than all, there were young, softly rounded cheeks and bright eyes, freshened by the start from the far-off castello* at daybreak, not to speak of older faces with the unfading charm of honest good-will in them—such as are never quite wanting in scenes of human industry. And high on a pillar in the centre of the place—a venerable pillar, fetched from the church of San Giovanni—stood Donatello's stone statue of Plenty, with a fountain near it, where, says old Pucci, the good wives of the market freshened their utensils, and their throats also—not because they were unable to buy wine, but because they wished to save the money for their husbands—"Ma pe' mariti voglion risparmiare."

But on this particular morning a sudden change seemed to have come over the face of the market. The *deschi*, or stalls, were indeed partly dressed with their various commodities, and already there were purchasers assembled, on

* Walled village.

the alert to secure the finest, freshest vegetables and the most unexceptionable butter. But when Bratti and his companion entered the piazza it appeared that some common preoccupation had for the moment distracted the attention both of buyers and sellers from their proper business. Most of the traders had turned their backs on their goods, and had joined the knots of talkers who were concentrating themselves at different points in the piazza. A vendor of old clothes, in the act of hanging out a pair of long hose, had distractedly hung them round his neck in his eagerness to join the nearest group; an oratorical cheesemonger, with a piece of cheese in one hand and a knife in the other, was incautiously making notes of his emphatic pauses on that excellent specimen of *marzolino*; and elderly market-women, with their egg-baskets in a dangerously oblique position, contributed a wailing fugue of invocation.

In this general distraction, the Florentine boys, who were never wanting in any street scene, and were of an especially mischievous sort—as who should say, very sour crabs indeed—saw a great opportunity. Some made a rush at the nuts and dried figs, others preferred the farinaceous delicacies at the cooked provision stalls—delicacies to which certain four-footed dogs also, who had learned to take kindly to Lenten fare, applied a discriminating nostril, and then disappeared with much rapidity under the nearest shelter; while the mules, not without some kicking and plunging among impeding baskets, were stretching their muzzles toward the aromatic green-meat.

"Diavolo!" said Bratti, as he and his companion came, quite unnoticed, upon the noisy scene; "the Mercato is gone as mad as if the most Holy Father had excommunicated us again. I must know what this is. But never fear: it seems a thousand years to you till you see the pretty Tessa and get your cup of milk; but keep hold of me, and I'll hold to my bargain. Remember, I'm to have the first bid for your suit, specially for the hose, which, with all their stains, are the best *panno di garbo*—as good as ruined, though, with mud and weather stains."

"Où, Monna Trecca," Bratti proceeded, turning toward an old woman on the outside of the nearest group, who for the moment has suspended her wail to listen, and shouting close in her ear, "Here are the mules upsetting all your bunches of parsley: is the world coming to an end, then?"

"Monna Trecca" (equivalent to "Dame Greengrocer") turned round at this unexpected trumpeting in her right ear with a half-fierce, half-bewildered look, first at the speaker, then at her disarranged commodities, and then at the speaker again.

"A bad Easter and a bad year to you, and may you die by the sword!" she burst out, rushing toward her stall, but directing this first volley of her wrath against Bratti, who, without heeding the malediction, quietly slipped into her place, within hearing of the narrative which had

been absorbing her attention, making a sign at the same time to the young stranger to keep near him.

"I tell you I saw it myself," said a fat man, with a bunch of newly-purchased leeks in his hand. "I was in Santa Maria Novella, and saw it myself. The woman started up and threw out her arms, and cried out and said she saw a big bull with fiery horns coming down on the church to crush it. I saw it myself."

"Saw what, Goro?" said a man of slim figure, whose eye twinkled rather roguishly. He wore a close jerkin, a skull-cap lodged carelessly over his left ear as if it had fallen there by chance, a delicate linen apron tucked up on one side, and a razor stuck in his belt. "Saw the bull, or only the woman?"

"Why, the woman, to be sure; but it's all one, *mi pare*: it doesn't alter the meaning—*va!*" answered the fat man, with some contempt.

"Meaning? no, no; that's clear enough," said several voices at once, and then followed a confusion of tongues, in which "Lights shooting over San Lorenzo for three nights together"—"Thunder in the clear starlight"—"Lantern of the Duomo struck with the sword of St. Michael"—"*Palle!*"—"All smashed"—"*Lasso!*"—"Lions tearing each other to pieces"—"Ah! and they might well"—"*Boto caduto in Santissima Nunziata!*"—"Died like the best of Christians"—"God will have pardoned him"—were often-repeated phrases, which shot across each other like storm-driven hailstones, each speaker feeling rather the necessity of utterance than of finding a listener. Perhaps the only silent members of the group were Bratti, who, as a newcomer, was busy in mentally piecing together the flying fragments of information; the man of the razor; and a thin-lipped, eager-looking personage in spectacles, wearing a pen-and-ink case at his belt.

"*Ebbene*, Nello," said Bratti, skirting the group till he was within hearing of the barber. "It appears the Magnifico is dead—rest his soul!—and the price of wax will rise?"

"Even as you say," answered Nello; and then added, with an air of extra gravity, but with marvelous rapidity, "and his waxen image in the Nunziata fell at the same moment, they say; or at some other time, whenever it pleases the Frati Serviti, who know best. And several cows and women have had still-born calves this Quaresima; and for the bad eggs that have been broken since the carnival, nobody has counted them! Ah! a great man—a great politician—a greater poet than Dante. And yet the cupola didn't fall—only the lantern. *Che miracolo!*"

A sharp and lengthened "*Pst!*" was suddenly heard darting across the pelting storm of gutturals. It came from the pale man in spectacles, and had the effect he intended; for the

* Arms of the Medici.

† A votive image of Lorenzo, in wax, hung up in the Church of the Annunziata, supposed to have fallen at the time of his death. *Boto* is popular Tuscan for *l'oto*.

noise ceased, and all eyes in the group were fixed on him with a look of expectation.

"'Tis well said you Florentines are blind," he began, in an incisive high voice. "It appears to me you need nothing but a diet of hay to make cattle of you. What! do you think the death of Lorenzo is the scourge God has prepared for Florence? Go! you are sparrows chattering praise over the dead hawk. What! a man who was trying to slip a noose over every neck in the Republic that he might tighten it at his pleasure! You like that; you like to have the election of your magistrates turned into closet-work, and no man to use the rights of a citizen unless he is a Medicean. That is what is meant by qualification now: *netto di specchio** no longer means a man who pays his dues to the Republic: it means a man who'll wink at robbery of the people's money—at robbery of their daughters' dowries; who'll play the chamberer and the philosopher by turns—listen to bawdy songs at the Carnival, and cry 'Bellissimo!'—and listen to sacred lauds, and cry again 'Bellissimo!' But this is what you love: you grumble and raise a riot over your *quattrini bianchi* (white farthings), "but you take no notice when the public treasury has got a hole in the bottom for the gold to run into Lorenzo's drains. You like to pay for *staffieri* to walk before and behind one of your citizens, that he may be affable and condescending to you. 'See what a tall Pisan we keep,' say you, 'to march before him with the drawn sword flashing in our eyes; and yet Lorenzo smiles at us. What goodness!' And you think the death of a man who would soon have saddled and bridled you as the Sforza has saddled and bridled Milan—you think his death is the scourge God is warning you of by portents. I tell you there is another sort of scourge in the air."

"Nay, nay, Ser Cioni, keep astride your politics, and never mount your prophecy; politics is the better horse," said Nello. "But if you talk of portents, what portent can be greater than a pious notary? Balaam's ass was nothing to it."

"Ay, but a notary out of work, with his ink-bottle dry," said another by-stander, very much out at elbows. "Better don a cowl at once, Ser Cioni; every body will believe in your fasting."

The notary turned and left the group with a look of indignant contempt, disclosing, as he did so, the sallow but mild face of a short man who had been standing behind him, and whose bent shoulders told of some sedentary occupation.

"By San Giovanni, though," said the fat purchaser of leeks, with the air of a person rather shaken in his theories, "I'm not sure there isn't some truth in what Ser Cioni says. For I know I've good reason to find fault with the *quattrini bianchi* myself. Grumble, did he say? Suffocation! I should think we do grumble; and,

let any body say the word, I'll turn out *in piazza* with the readiest, sooner than have our money altered in our hands as if the magistracy were so many necromancers. And it's true Lorenzo might have hindered such work if he would—and for the bull with the flaming horns, why, as Ser Cioni says, there may be many meanings to it, for the matter of that; it may have more to do with the taxes than we think. For when God above sends a sign, it's not to be supposed he'd have only one meaning."

"Spoken like an oracle, Goro!" said the barber. "Why, when we poor mortals can pack two or three meanings into one sentence, it were mere blasphemy not to believe that your miraculous bull means every thing that any man in Florence likes it to mean."

"Thou art pleased to scoff, Nello," said the sallow, round-shouldered man, no longer eclipsed by the notary, "but it is not the less true that every revelation, whether by visions, dreams, portents, or the written word, has many meanings, which it is given to the illuminated only to unfold."

"Assuredly," answered Nello. "Haven't I been to hear the Frate in San Lorenzo? But then, I've been to hear Fra Menico da Ponzio in the Duomo too; and according to him, your Fra Girolamo, with his visions and interpretations, is running after the wind of Mongibello, and those who follow him are like to have the fate of certain swine that ran headlong into the sea—or some hotter place. With San Domenico roaring *è vero* in one ear, and San Francisco screaming *è falso* in the other, what is a poor barber to do—unless he were illuminated? But it's plain our Goro here is beginning to be illuminated, for he already sees that the bull with the flaming horns means first himself, and, secondly, all the other aggrieved taxpayers of Florence, who are determined to gore the magistracy on the first opportunity."

"Goro is a fool!" said a bass voice, with a note that dropped like the sound of a great bell in the midst of much tinkling. "Let him carry home his leeks and shake his flanks over his wool-beating. He'll mend matters more that way than by showing his tun-shaped body *in piazza*, as if every body might measure his grievances by the size of his paunch. The *gravezze* (burdens, i. e. taxes) that harm him most are his heavy carcass and his idleness."

The speaker had joined the group only in time to hear the conclusion of Nello's speech, but he was one of those figures for whom all the world instinctively makes way, as it would for a battering-ram. He was not much above the middle height, but the impression of enormous force which was conveyed by his capacious chest and brawny arms bared to the shoulder, was deepened by the keen sense and quiet resolution expressed in his glance and in every furrow of his cheek and brow. He had often been an unconscious model to Domenico Ghirlandajo, when that great painter was making the walls of the churches reflect the life of Florence, and trans-

* The phrase used to express the absence of disqualification, i. e., the not being entered as a debtor in the public book (*specchio*).

lating pale aërial traditions into the deep color and strong lines of the faces he knew. The naturally dark tint of his skin was additionally bronzed by the same powdery deposit that gave a polished black surface to his leathern apron—a deposit which habit had probably made a necessary condition of perfect ease, for it was not washed off with punctilious regularity.

Goro turned his fat cheek and glassy eye on the frank speaker with a look of deprecation rather than of resentment.

"Why, Niccolò," he said, in an injured tone, "I've heard you sing to another tune than that often enough, when you've been laying down the law at San Gallo on a festa. I've heard you say yourself that a man wasn't a mill-wheel, to be on the grind, grind, as long as he was driven, and then stick in his place without stirring when the water was low. And you're as fond of your vote as any man in Florence—ay, and I've heard you say, if Lorenzo—"

"Yes, yes," said Niccolò. "Don't you be bringing up my speeches again after you've swallowed them, and handing them about as if they were none the worse. I vote and I speak when there's any use in it: if there's hot metal on the anvil I lose no time before I strike; but I don't spend good hours in tinkling on cold iron, or in standing on the pavement as thou dost, Goro, with snout upward, like a pig under an oak-tree. And as for Lorenzo—who's dead and gone before his time—he was a man who had an eye for curious iron-work; and if any body says he wanted to make himself a tyrant, I say, 'Sia; I'll not deny which way the wind blows when every man can see the weather-cock.' But that only means that Lorenzo was a crested hawk, and there are plenty of hawks without crests whose claws and beaks are as good for tearing. Though if there was any chance of a real reform, so that Marzocco* might shake his mane and roar again, instead of dipping his head to lick the feet of any body that will mount and ride him, I'd strike a good blow for it."

"And that reform is not far off, Niccolò," said the sallow, mild-faced man, seizing his opportunity like a missionary among the too light-minded heathens; "for a time of tribulation is coming, and the scourge is at hand. And when the Church is purged of cardinals and prelates who traffic in her inheritance that their hands may be full to pay the price of blood, and to satisfy their own lusts, the State will be purged too—and Florence will be purged of men who love to see avarice and lechery under the red hat and the mitre because it gives them the screen of a more hellish vice than their own."

"Ay, as Goro's broad body would be a screen for my narrow person in case of missiles," said Nello; "but if that excellent screen happened to fall, I were stifled under it, surely enough. That is no bad image of thine, Nanni—or, rather of the Frate's; for I fancy there is no room in the small cup of thy understanding for any other liquor than what he pours into it."

* The stone Lion, emblem of the Republic.

"And it were well for thee, Nello," replied Nanni, "if thou couldst empty thyself of thy scoffs and thy jests, and take in that liquor too. The warning is ringing in the ears of all men: and it's no new story; for the Abbot Joachim prophesied of the coming time three hundred years ago, and now Fra Girolamo has got the message afresh. He has seen it in a vision, even as the prophets of old: he has seen the sword hanging from the sky."

"Ay, and thou wilt see it thyself, Nanni, if thou wilt stare upward long enough," said Niccolò; "for that pitiable tailor's work of thine makes thy noddle so overhang thy legs that thy eyeballs can see naught above the stitching-board but the roof of thy own skull."

The honest tailor bore the jest without bitterness, bent on convincing his hearers of his doctrine rather than of his dignity. But Niccolò gave him no opportunity for replying; for he turned away to the pursuit of his market business, probably considering further dialogue as a tinkling on cold iron.

"Ebbene," said the man with the hose round his neck, who had lately migrated from another knot of talkers, "they are safest who cross themselves and jest at nobody. Do you know that the Magnifico sent for the Frate at the last, and couldn't die without his blessing?"

"Was it so, in truth?" said several voices. "Yes, yes—God will have pardoned him." "He died like the best of Christians." "Never took his eyes from the holy crucifix." "And the Frate will have given him his blessing?"

"Well, I know no more," said he of the hosen; only Guccio there met a *staffiere* going back to Careggi, and he told him the Frate had been sent for yesternight, after the Magnifico had confessed and had the holy sacraments."

"It's likely enough the Frate will tell the people something about it in his sermon this morning; is it not true, Nanni?" said Goro. "What do you think?"

But Nanni had already turned his back on Goro, and the group was rapidly thinning; some being stirred by the impulse to go and hear "new things" from the Frate ("new things" were the nectar of Florentines); others by the sense that it was time to attend to their private business. In this general movement Bratti got close to the barber, and said:

"Nello, you've a ready tongue of your own, and are used to worming secrets out of people when you've once got them well lathered. I picked up a stranger this morning as I was coming in from Rovezzano, and I can spell him out no better than I can the letters on that scarf I bought from the French cavalier. It isn't my wits are at fault—I want no man to help me tell peas from paternosters—but when you come to foreign fashions a fool may happen to know more than a wise man."

"Ay, thou hast the wisdom of Midas, who could turn rags and rusty nails into gold, even as thou dost," said Nello; "and he had also

something of the ass about him. But where is thy bird of strange plumage?"

Bratti was looking round with an air of disappointment.

"Diavolo!" he said, with some vexation. "The bird's flown. It's true he was hungry, and I forgot him. But we shall find him in the Mercato, within scent of bread and savors, I'll answer for him."

"Let us make the round of the Mercato, then," said Nello.

"It isn't his feathers that puzzle me," continued Bratti, as they pushed their way together. "There isn't much in the way of cut and cloth on this side the Holy Sepulchre that can puzzle a Florentine."

"Or frighten him either," said Nello, "after he has seen an Inglese or a Tedesco."

"No, no," said Bratti, cordially; "one may never lose sight of the Cupola and yet know the world, I hope. Besides, this stranger's clothes are good Italian merchandise, and the hose he wears were dyed in Ognissanti before ever they were dyed with salt-water, as he says. But the riddle about him is—"

Here Bratti's explanation was interrupted by some jostling as they reached one of the entrances of the piazza, and before he could resume it they had caught sight of the enigmatical object they were in search of.

CHAPTER II.

A BREAKFAST FOR LOVE.

AFTER Bratti had joined the knot of talkers, the young stranger, hopeless of learning what was the cause of the general agitation, and not much caring to know what was probably of little interest to any but born Florentines, soon became tired of waiting for Bratti's escort, and chose to stroll round the piazza, looking out for some vendor of eatables who might happen to have less than the average curiosity about public news. But as if at the suggestion of a sudden thought he thrust his hand into a purse or wallet that hung at his waist, and explored it again and again with a look of frustration.

"Not an obolus, by Jupiter!" he murmured, in a language which was not Tuscan or even Italian. "I thought I had one poor piece left. I must get my breakfast for love, then!"

He had not gone many steps farther before it seemed likely that he had found a quarter of the market where that medium of exchange might not be rejected.

In a corner, away from any group of talkers, two mules were standing, well adorned with red tassels and collars. One of them carried wooden milk-vessels, the other a pair of panniers filled with herbs and salads. Resting her elbow on the neck of the mule that carried the milk there leaned a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen, with a red hood surrounding her face, which was all the more baby-like in its pretti-

ness from the entire concealment of her hair. The poor child, perhaps, was weary after her labor in the morning twilight in preparation for her walk to market from some castello three or four miles off, for she seemed to have gone to sleep in that half-standing half-leaning posture. Nevertheless our stranger had no compunction in awaking her, but the means he chose were so gentle that it seemed to the damsel in her dream as if a little sprig of thyme had touched her lips while she was stooping to gather the herbs. The dream was broken, however, for she opened her blue baby-eyes, and started up with astonishment and confusion to see the young stranger standing close before her. She heard him speaking to her in a voice which seemed so strange and soft that, even if she had been more collected, she would have taken it for granted that he said something hopelessly unintelligible to her, and her first movement was to turn her head a little away, and lift up a corner of her green serge mantle as a screen. He repeated his words:

"Forgive me, pretty one, for waking you. I'm dying with hunger, and the scent of milk makes breakfast seem more desirable than ever."

He had chosen the words "*muoio di fame*," because he knew they would be familiar to her ears; and he had uttered them playfully, with the intonation of a mendicant. This time he was understood; the corner of the mantle was dropped, and in a few moments a large cup of fragrant milk was held out to him. He paid no further compliments before raising it to his lips, and while he was drinking the little maiden found courage to look up at the long brown curls of this singular-voiced stranger, who had asked for food in the tones of a beggar, but who—though his clothes were much damaged—was unlike any beggar she had ever seen.

While this process of survey was going on there was another current of feeling that carried her hand into a bag which hung by the side of the mule, and when the stranger set down his cup he saw a large piece of bread held out toward him, and caught a glance of the blue eyes that seemed intended as an encouragement to him to take this additional gift.

"But perhaps that is your own breakfast," he said. "No, I have had enough without payment. A thousand thanks, my gentle one!"

There was no rejoinder in words; but the piece of bread was pushed a little nearer to him, as if in impatience at his refusal; and as the long dark eyes of the stranger rested on the baby face it seemed to be gathering more and more courage to look up and meet them.

"Ah, then, if I must take the bread," he said, laying his hand on it, "I shall get bolder still, and beg for another kiss to make the bread sweeter."

His speech was getting wonderfully intelligible in spite of the strange voice, which had at first almost seemed a thing to make her cross herself. She blushed deeply, and lifted up a corner of her mantle to her mouth again. But just as the too-presumptuous stranger was lean-

ing forward, and had his fingers on the arm that held up the screening mantle, he was startled by a harsh voice close upon his ear.

"Who are *you*—with a murrain to you? No honest buyer, I'll warrant, but a hanger-on of the dicers—or something worse. Go! dance off, and find fitter company, or I'll give you a tune to a little quicker time than you'll like."

The young stranger drew back and looked at the speaker with a glance provokingly free from alarm and deprecation, and his slight expression of saucy amusement broke into a broad beaming smile as he surveyed the figure of his threatener. She was a stout but brawny woman, with a man's jerkin slipped over her green serge gamurra or gown, and the peaked hood of some departed mantle fastened round her sunburned face, which, under all its coarseness and premature wrinkles, showed a half-sad half-ludicrous maternal resemblance to the tender baby face of the little maiden—the sort of resemblance which often seems a more croaking, shudder-creating prophecy than that of the death's-head.

"There was something irresistibly propitiating in that bright young smile, but Monna Ghita was not a woman to betray any weakness, and she went on speaking, apparently with heightened exasperation:

"Yes, yes, you can grin as well as other monkeys in cap and jerkin. You're a minstrel or a mountebank, I'll be sworn! You look for all the world as silly as a tumbler when he's been upside-down and has got on his heels again. And what fool's tricks hast thou been after, Tessa?" she added, turning to her daughter, whose frightened face was more inviting to abuse. "Giving away the milk and victuals, it seems; ay, ay, thou'dst carry water in thy ears for any idle vagabond that didn't like to stoop for it, thou silly, staring rabbit! Turn thy back and lift the herbs out of the panniers, else I'll make thee say a few Aves without counting!"

"Nay, Madonna," said the stranger, with a pleading smile, "don't be angry with your pretty Tessa for taking pity on a hungry traveler, who found himself unexpectedly without a quattrino. Your handsome face looks so well when it frowns, that I long to see it illuminated by a smile."

"*Va, va!* I know what paste you are made of. You may tickle me with that straw a good long while before I shall laugh, I can tell you. Get along, with a bad Easter! else I'll make a beauty-spot or two on that face of yours that shall spoil your kissing on this side Advent."

As Monna Ghita lifted her formidable talons by way of complying with the first and last requisite of eloquence, Bratti, who had come up a minute or two before, had been saying to his companion, "What think you of this *pappagallo*, Nello? Doesn't his tongue smack of Venice?"

"Nay, Bratti," said the barber in an under tone, "thy wisdom has much of the ass in it, as

I told thee just now; especially about the ears. This stranger is a Greek, else I'm not the barber who has had the sole and exclusive shaving of the excellent Demetrio, and drawn more than one sorry tooth from his learned jaw. And this youth might be taken to have come straight from Olympus—at least when he has had a touch of my razor."

"*Orsù!* Monna Ghita!" continued Nello, not sorry to see some sport; "what has happened to cause such a thunder-storm? Has this young stranger been misbehaving himself?"

"By San Giovanni!" said the cautious Bratti, who had not shaken off his original suspicions concerning the shabbily-clad possessor of jewels, "he did right to run away from *me*, if he meant to get into mischief. I can swear that I found him under the Loggia de' Cerchi, with a ring on his finger such as I've seen worn by Bernardo Rucellai himself. Not another rusty nail's worth do I know about him."

"*Che, che,*" said Nello, eying the stranger good-humoredly; "the fact is, this *bello giovane* has been a little too presumptuous in admiring the charms of Monna Ghita, and has attempted to kiss her while her daughter's back is turned; for I observe that the pretty Tessa is too busy to look this way at present. Was it not so, Mes-ser?" Nello concluded, in a tone of courtesy.

"You have divined the offense like a sooth-sayer," said the stranger, laughingly. "Only that I had not had the good fortune to find Monna Ghita here at first. I begged a cup of milk from her daughter, and had accepted this gift of bread, for which I was making an humble offering of gratitude, before I had had the higher pleasure of being face to face with these ripe charms which I was perhaps too bold in admiring."

"*Va, va!* be off, every one of you, and stay in purgatory till I pay to get you out, will you?" said Monna Ghita, fiercely, elbowing Nello, and leading forward her mule so as to compel the stranger to jump aside. "Tessa, thou simpleton, bring forward thy mule a bit, the cart will be upon us."

As Tessa turned to take the mule's bridle she cast one timid glance at the stranger, who was now moving with Nello out of the way of an approaching market-cart; and the glance was just long enough to seize the beckoning movement of his hand, which indicated that he had been watching for this opportunity of an adieu.

"*Ebbene,*" said Bratti, raising his voice to speak across the cart; "I leave you with Nello, young man, for there's no pushing my bag and basket any farther, and I have business at home. But you'll remember our bargain, because if you found Tessa without me it was not my fault. Nello will show you my shop in the Ferravecchj, and I'll not turn my back on you."

"A thousand thanks, friend!" said the stranger, laughing, and then turned away with Nello up the narrow street which led most directly to the Piazza del Duomo.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"To tell you the truth," said the young stranger to Nello, as they got a little clearer of the entangled vehicles and mules, "I am not sorry to be handed over by that patron of mine to one who has a less barbarous accent, and a less enigmatical business. Is it a common thing among you Florentines for an itinerant trafficker in broken glass and rags to talk of a shop where he sells lutes and swords?"

"Common? No: our Bratti is not a common man. He has a theory, and lives up to it, which is more than I can say for any philosopher I have the honor of shaving," answered Nello, whose loquacity, like an overfull bottle, could never pour forth a small dose. "Bratti means to extract the utmost possible amount of pleasure, that is to say, of hard bargaining, out of this life; winding it up with a bargain for the easiest possible passage through purgatory, by giving Holy Church his winnings when the game is over. He has had his will made to that effect on the cheapest terms a notary could be got for. But I have often said to him, 'Bratti, thy bargain is a limping one, and thou art on the lame side of it. Does it not make thee a little sad to look at the pictures of the *Paradiso*? Thou wilt never be able there to chaffer for rags and rusty nails; the saints and angels want neither pins nor tinder; and except with San Bartolommeo, who carries his skin about in an inconvenient manner, I see no chance of thy making a bargain for second-hand clothing.' But, *Dio mi perdoni*," added Nello, changing his tone, and crossing himself, "this light talk ill befits a morning when Lorenzo lies dead, and the Muses are tearing their hair—always a painful thought to a barber; and you yourself, Messer, are probably under a cloud, for when a man of your speech and presence takes up with so sorry a night's lodging, it argues some misfortune to have befallen him."

"What Lorenzo is that whose death you speak of?" said the stranger, appearing to have dwelt with too anxious an interest on this point to have noticed the indirect inquiry that followed it.

"What Lorenzo? There is but one Lorenzo, I imagine, whose death could throw the Mercato into an uproar, set the lantern of the Duomo leaping in desperation, and cause the lions of the Republic to feel under an immediate necessity to devour one another. I mean Lorenzo de' Medici, the Pericles of our Athens—if I may make such a comparison in the ear of a Greek."

"Why not?" said the other, laughingly; "for I doubt whether Athens, even in the days of Pericles, could have produced so learned a barber."

"Yes, yes; I thought I could not be mistaken," said the rapid Nello, "else I have shaved the venerable Demetrio Calcondila to little purpose; but pardon me, I am lost in wonder: your Italian is better than his, though he has

been in Italy forty years—better even than that of the accomplished Marullo, who may be said to have married the Italic Muse in more senses than one, since he has married our learned and lovely Alessandra Scala."

"It will lighten your wonder to know that I come of a Greek stock, planted in Italian soil much longer than the mulberry-trees which have taken so kindly to it. I was born at Bari, and my—I mean, I was brought up by an Italian—and, in fact, may rather be called a Græculus than a Greek. The Greek dye was subdued in me, I suppose, till I had been dipped over again by long abode and much travel in the land of gods and heroes. And, to confess something of my private affairs to you, this same Greek dye, with a few ancient gems I have about me, is the only fortune shipwreck has left me. But—when the towers fall, you know, it is an ill-business for the small nest-builders—the death of your Pericles makes me wish I had rather turned my steps toward Rome, as I should have done, but for a fallacious Minerva in the shape of an Augustinian monk. 'At Rome,' he said, 'you will be lost in a crowd of hungry scholars; but at Florence, every corner is penetrated by the sunshine of Lorenzo's patronage: Florence is the best market in Italy for such commodities as yours.'"

"*Gnaffè*, and so it will remain, I hope," said Nello. "Lorenzo was not the only patron and judge of learning in our city—Heaven forbid! Because he was a large melon, every other Florentine is not a pumpkin, *mi pare*. Have we not Bernardo Rucellai, and Alamanno Rinuccini, and plenty more? And if you want to be informed on such matters, I, Nello, am your man. It seems to me a thousand years till I can be of service to a *bel erudito* like yourself. And, first of all, in the matter of your hair. That beard, my fine young man, must be parted with, were it as dear to you as the nymph of your dreams. Here at Florence we love not to see a man with his nose projecting over a cascade of hair. But, remember, you will have passed the Rubicon when once you have been shaven: if you repent, and let your beard grow after it has acquired stoutness by a struggle with the razor, your mouth will by-and-by show no longer what Messer Angelo calls the divine prerogative of lips, but will appear like a dark cavern fringed with horrent brambles."

"That is a terrible prophecy," said the Greek, "especially if your Florentine maidens are many of them as pretty as the little Tessa I stole a kiss from this morning."

"Tessa? she is a rough-handed contadina: you will rise into the favor of dames who bring no scent of the mule-stables with them. But to that end you must not have the air of a *sgherro*, or a man of evil repute: you must look like a courtier, and a scholar of the more polished sort, such as our Pietro Crinito—like one who sines among well-bred, well-fed people, and not one who sucks down vile *vino di sotto* in a chance tavern."

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "If the Florentine Graces demand it, I am willing to give up this small matter of my beard, but—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Nello. "I know what you would say. It is the *bella zazzera*—the hyacinthine locks, you do not choose to part with; and there is no need. Just a little pruning—ecco!—and you will look not unlike the illustrious prince Pico di Mirandola in his prime. And here we are in good time in the Piazza San Giovanni, and at the door of my shop. But you are pausing, I see; naturally, you want to look at our wonder of the world, our Duomo, our Santa Maria del Fiore. Well, well, a mere glance; but I beseech you to leave a closer survey till you have been shaved: I am quivering with the inspiration of my art even to the very edge of my razor. Ah, then, come round this way."

The mercurial barber seized the arm of the stranger and led him to a point on the south side of the piazza, from which he could see at once the huge dark shell of the cupola, the slender soaring grace of Giotto's campanile, and the quaint octagon of San Giovanni in front of them, showing its unique gates of storied bronze, which still bore the somewhat dimmed glory of their original gilding. The inlaid marbles were then fresher in their pink, and white, and purple than they are now, when the winters of four centuries have turned their white to the rich ochre of well-mellowed meerschaum; the façade of the cathedral did not stand ignominious in faded stucco, but had upon it the magnificent promise of the half-completed marble inlaying and statued niches, which Giotto had devised a hundred and fifty years before; and as the campanile in all its harmonious variety of color and form led the eyes upward, high into the pure air of that April morning, it seemed a prophetic symbol, telling that human life must somehow and some time shape itself into accord with that pure aspiring beauty.

But this was not the impression it appeared to produce on the Greek. His eyes were irresistibly led upward, but as he stood with his arms folded and his curls falling backward there was a slight touch of scorn on his lip, and when his eyes fell again, they glanced round with a scanning coolness which was rather piquing to Nello's Florentine spirit.

"*Ebbene, bel giovane*," he said, with some impatience, "you seem to make as little of our cathedral as if you were the angel Gabriel come straight from Paradise. I should like to know if you have ever seen finer work than our Giotto's tower, or any cupola that would not look a mere mushroom by the side of Brunelleschi's there, or any marbles finer or more cunningly wrought than these that our Signoria got from far-off quarries, at a price that would buy a dukedom. Come, now, have you ever seen anything to equal them?"

"If you asked me that question with a cimeter at my throat, after the Turkish fashion, or even your own razor," said the young Greek,

smiling gayly, and moving on toward the gates of the Baptistery, "I dare say you might get a confession of the true faith from me. But with my throat free from peril, I venture to tell you that your buildings smack too much of Christian barbarism for my taste. I have a shuddering sense of what there is inside—hideous smoked Madonnas; fleshless saints in mosaic, staring down idiotic astonishment and rebuke from the apse; skin-clad skeletons hanging on crosses, or stuck all over with arrows, or stretched on grid-irons; women and monks with heads aside in perpetual lamentation. I have seen enough of those wry-necked favorites of heaven at Constantinople. But what is this bronze door rough with imagery? These women's figures seem moulded in a different spirit from those starved and staring saints I spoke of: these heads in high relief speak of a human mind within them, instead of looking like an index to perpetual spasms and colic."

"Yes, yes," said Nello, with some triumph. "I think we shall show you by-and-by that our Florentine art is not in a state of barbarism. These gates, my fine young man, were moulded, half a century ago, by our Lorenzo Ghiberti, when he counted hardly so many years as you do."

"Ah, I remember," said the stranger, turning away like one whose appetite for contemplation was soon satisfied. "I have heard that your Tuscan sculptors and painters have been studying the antique a little. But with monks for models, and the legends of mad hermits and martyrs for subjects, the vision of Olympus itself would be of small use to them."

"I understand," said Nello, with a significant shrug, as they walked along. "You are of the same mind as Michele Marullo, ay, and as Angelo Poliziano himself, in spite of his canonicate, when he relaxes himself a little in my shop, after his lectures, and talks of the gods awaking from their long sleep and making the woods and streams vital once more. But he rails against the Roman scholars who want to make us all talk Latin again: 'My ears,' he says, 'are sufficiently flayed by the barbarisms of the learned, and if the vulgar are to talk Latin I would as soon have been in Florence the day they took to beating all the kettles in the city because the bells were not enough to stay the wrath of the saints.' Ah, Messer Greco, if you want to know the flavor of our scholarship, you must frequent my shop: it is the focus of Florentine intellect, and in that sense the navel of the earth—as my great predecessor, Burchiello, said of his shop, on the more frivolous pretension that his street of the Calimara was the centre of our city. And here we are at the sign of 'Apollo and the Razor.' Apollo, you see, is bestowing the razor on the Triptolemus of our craft, the first reaper of beards, the sublime *Anonimo*, whose mysterious identity is indicated by a shadowy hand."

"I see thou hast had custom already, Sandro," continued Nello, addressing a solemn-looking, dark-eyed youth who made way for them on

the threshold. "And now make all clear for this signor to sit down. And prepare the finest scented lather, for he has a learned and a handsome chin."

"You have a pleasant little adytum there, I see," said the stranger, looking through a latticed screen which divided the shop from a room of about equal size, opening into a still smaller walled inclosure, where a few bays and laurels surrounded a stone Hermes. "I suppose your conclave of *eruditi* meets there?"

"There, and not less in my shop," said Nello, leading the way into the inner room, in which were some benches, a table, with one book in manuscript and one printed in capitals lying open upon it, a lute, a few oil-sketches, and a model or two of hands and ancient masks. "For my shop is a no less fitting haunt of the Muses, as you will acknowledge when you feel the sudden illumination of understanding and the serene vigor of inspiration that will come to you with a clear chin. Ah! you can make that lute discourse, I perceive. I too have some skill that way, though the serenata is useless when daylight discloses a visage like mine, looking no fresher than an apple that has stood the winter. But look at that sketch—it is a fancy of Piero di Cosimo's, a strange freakish painter, who says he saw it by long looking at a mouldy wall."

The sketch Nello pointed to represented three masks—one a drunken, laughing Satyr, another a sorrowing Magdalen, and the third, which lay between them, the rigid, cold face of a Stoic: the masks rested obliquely on the lap of a little child, whose cherub features rose above them with something of the supernal promise in the gaze which painters had by that time learned to give to the Divine Infant.

"A symbolical picture, I see," said the young Greek, touching the lute while he spoke, so as to bring out a slight musical murmur. "The child, perhaps, is the Golden Age, wanting neither worship nor philosophy. And the Golden Age can always come back as long as men are born in the form of babies, and don't come into the world in cassock or furred mantle. Or the child may mean the wise philosophy of Epicurus, removed alike from the gross, the sad, and the severe."

"Ah! every body has his own interpretation for that picture," said Nello; "and if you ask Piero himself what he meant by it, he says his pictures are an appendix which Messer Domeneddio has been pleased to make to the universe, and if any man is in doubt what they mean, he had better inquire of Holy Church. He has been asked to paint a picture after the sketch, but he puts his fingers to his ears and shakes his head at that: the fancy is passed, he says—a strange animal, our Piero. But now all is ready for your initiation into the mysteries of the razor."

"Mysteries they may well be called," continued the barber, with rising spirits at the prospect of a long monologue, as he imprisoned the young Greek in the shroud-like shaving-cloth;

"mysteries of Minerva and the Graces. I get the flower of men's thoughts, because I seize them in the first moment after shaving. (Ah! you wince a little at the lather: it tickles the outlying limits of the nose, I admit.) And that is what makes the peculiar fitness of a barber's shop to become a resort of wit and learning. For look now at a druggist's shop: there is a dull conclave at the sign of *Il Moro*, that pretends to rival mine; but what sort of inspiration, I beseech you, can be got from the scent of nauseous vegetable decoctions?—to say nothing of the fact that you no sooner pass the threshold than you see a doctor of physic, like a gigantic spider, disguised in fur and scarlet, waiting for his prey; or even see him blocking up the door-way seated on a bony hack, inspecting saliva. (Your chin a little elevated, if it please you: contemplate that angel who is blowing the trumpet at you from the ceiling. I had it painted expressly for the regulation of my clients' chins.) Besides, your druggist, who herborizes and decocts, is a man of prejudices: he has poisoned people according to a system, and is obliged to stand up for his system to justify the consequences. Now a barber can be dispassionate; the only thing he necessarily stands by is the razor, always providing he is not an author. That was the flaw in my great predecessor Burchiello: he was a poet, and had consequently a prejudice about his own poetry. I have escaped that; I saw very early that authorship is a narrowing business, in conflict with the liberal art of the razor, which demands an impartial affection for all men's chins. Ecco, Messer! the outline of your chin and lip are as clear as a maiden's; and now fix your mind on a knotty question—ask yourself whether you are bound to spell Virgil with an *i* or an *e*, and say if you do not feel an unwonted clearness on the point. Only, if you decide for the *i*, keep it to yourself till your fortune is made, for the *e* hath the stronger following in Florence. Ah! I think I see a gleam of still quicker wit in your eye. I have it on the authority of our young Niccolò Machiavelli, himself keen enough to discern *il pelo nell'uovo*, as we say, and a great lover of delicate shaving, though his beard is hardly of two years' date, that no sooner do the hairs begin to push themselves than he perceives a certain grossness of apprehension creeping over him."

"Suppose you let me look at myself," said the stranger, laughing. "The happy effect on my intellect is perhaps obstructed by a little doubt as to the effect on my appearance."

"Behold yourself in this mirror, then; it is a Venetian mirror from Murano, the true *noce teipsum*, as I have named it, compared with which the finest mirror of steel or silver is mere darkness. See now how by diligent shaving the nether region of your face may preserve its human outline, instead of presenting no distinction from the physiognomy of a bearded owl or a Barbary ape. I have seen men whose beards have so invaded their cheeks that one might have pitied them as the victims of a sad, brutalizing



"SUPPOSE YOU LET ME LOOK AT MYSELF."

chastisement befitting our Dante's *Inferno*, if they had not seemed to strut with a strange triumph in their extravagant hairiness."

"It seems to me," said the Greek, still looking into the mirror, "that you have taken away some of my capital with your razor—I mean a year or two of age, which might have won me more ready credit for my learning. Under the inspection of a patron whose vision has grown somewhat dim, I shall have a perilous resem-

blance to a maiden of eighteen in the disguise of hose and jerkin."

"Not at all," said Nello, proceeding to clip the too extravagant curls; "your proportions are not those of a maiden. And for your age, I myself remember seeing Angelo Poliziano begin his lectures on the Latin language when he had a younger beard than yours; and between ourselves, his juvenile ugliness was not less signal than his precocious scholarship. Whereas

you—no, no, your age is not against you; but between ourselves, let me hint to you that your being a Greek, though it be only an Apulian Greek, is not in your favor. Certain of our scholars hold that your Greek learning is but a wayside degenerate plant until it has been transplanted into Italian brains, and that now there is such a plentiful crop of the superior quality, your native teachers are mere propagators of degeneracy. Ecco! your curls are now of the right proportion to neck and shoulders; rise, Messer, and I will free you from the incumbrance of this cloth. *Gnaffè!* I almost advise you to retain the faded jerkin and hose a little longer; they give you the air of a fallen prince."

"But the question is," said the young Greek, leaning against the high back of a chair, and returning Nello's contemplative admiration with a look of inquiring anxiety—"the question is, in what quarter I am to carry my princely air, so as to rise from the said fallen condition. If your Florentine patrons of learning share this scholarly hostility to the Greeks, I see not how your city can be a hospitable refuge for me, as you seemed to say just now."

"*Pian piano*—not so fast," said Nello, sticking his thumbs into his belt, and nodding to Sandro to restore order. "I will not conceal from you that there is a prejudice against Greeks among us; and though, as a barber, unsnared by authorship, I share no prejudices, I must admit that the Greeks are not always such pretty youngsters as yourself: their erudition is often of an uncombed, unmannerly aspect, and incrustated with a barbarous utterance of Italian, that makes their converse hardly more euphonious than that of a Tedesco in a state of vinous loquacity. And then, again, excuse me—we Florentines have liberal ideas about speech, and consider that an instrument which can flatter and promise so cleverly as the tongue must have been partly made for those purposes; and that truth is a riddle for eyes and wit to discover which it were a mere spoiling of sport for the tongue to betray. Still we have our limits beyond which we call dissimulation treachery. But it is said of the Greeks that their honesty begins at what is the hanging-point with us, and that since the old Furies went to sleep your Christian Greek is of so easy a conscience that he would make a stepping-stone of his father's corpse."

The flush on the stranger's face indicated what seemed so natural a movement of resentment that the good-natured Nello hastened to atone for his want of reticence.

"Be not offended, *bel giovane*; I am but repeating what I hear in my shop; as you may perceive, my eloquence is simply the cream which I skim off my clients' talk. Heaven forbid I should fetter my impartiality by entertaining an opinion. And for that same scholarly objection to the Greeks," added Nello, in a more mocking tone, and with a significant grimace, "the fact is, you are heretics, Messer; jealousy has nothing to do with it: if you would just

change your opinion about Leaven, and alter your Doxology a little, our Italian scholars would think it a thousand years till they could give up their chairs to you. Yes, yes; it is chiefly religious scruple, and partly also the authority of a great classic—Juvenal, is it not? He, I gather, had his bile as much stirred by the swarm of Greeks as our Messer Angelo, who is fond of quoting some passage about their incorrigible impudence—*audacia perdit*."

"Pooh! the passage is a compliment," said the Greek, who had recovered himself, and seemed wise enough to take the matter gayly—

"*Ingenium volec, audacia perdit, sermo Promptus, et Isao torrentior.*"

A rapid intellect and ready eloquence may carry off a little impudence."

"Assuredly," said Nello. "And since, as I see, you know Latin literature as well as Greek, you will not fall into the mistake of Giovanni Argiropulo, who ran full tilt against Cicero, and pronounced him all but a pumpkin-head. For, let me give you one bit of advice, young man—trust a barber who has shaved the best chins, and kept his eyes and ears open for twenty years—oil your tongue well when you talk of the ancient Latin writers, and give it an extra dip when you talk of the modern. A wise Greek may win favor among us; witness our excellent Demetrio, who is loved by many, and not hated immoderately even by the most renowned scholars."

"I discern the wisdom of your advice so clearly," said the Greek, with the bright smile which was continually lighting up the fine form and color of his young face, "that I will ask you for a little more. Who now, for example, would be the most likely patron for me? Is there a son of Lorenzo who inherits his tastes? Or is there any other wealthy Florentine specially addicted to purchasing antique gems? I have a fine Cleopatra cut in sardonyx, and one or two other intagli and camei, both curious and beautiful, worthy of being added to the cabinet of a prince. Happily, I had taken the precaution of fastening them within the lining of my doublet before I set out on my voyage. Moreover, I should like to raise a small sum for my present need on this ring of mine" (here he took out the ring and replaced it on his finger), "if you could recommend me to any honest trafficker."

"Let us see, let us see," said Nello, perusing the floor, and walking up and down the length of his shop. "This is no time to apply to Piero de' Medici, though he has the will to make such purchases if he could always spare the money; but I think it is another sort of Cleopatra that he covets most.....Yes, yes, I have it. What you want is a man of wealth, and influence, and scholarly tastes—not one of your learned porcupines, bristling all over with critical tests, but one whose Greek and Latin are of a comfortable laxity. And that man is Bartolommeo Scala, the secretary of our republic. He came to Florence as a poor adventurer himself—a miller's son—a 'branny monster,' as he has been nick-

named by our honey-lipped Poliziano, who agrees with him as well as my teeth agree with lemon-juice. And, by-the-by, that may be a reason why the secretary may be the more ready to do a good turn to a strange scholar. For, between you and me, *bel giovane*—trust a barber who has shaved the best scholars—friendliness is much such a steed as Ser Benghi's: it will hardly show much alacrity unless it has got the thistle of hatred under its tail. However, the secretary is a man who'll keep his word to you, even to the halving of a fennel seed; and he is not unlikely to buy some of your gems."

"But how am I to get at this great man?" said the Greek, rather impatiently.

"I was coming to that," said Nello. "Just now every body of any public importance will be full of Lorenzo's death, and a stranger may find it difficult to get any notice. But in the mean time I could take you to a man who, if he has a mind, can help you to a chance of a favorable interview with Scala sooner than any body else in Florence—worth seeing, for his own sake too, to say nothing of his collections, or of his daughter Romola, who is as fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome, and turned red."

"But if this father of the beautiful Romola makes collections, why should he not like to buy some of my gems himself?"

Nello shrugged his shoulders. "For two good reasons—want of sight to look at the gems, and want of money to pay for them. Our old Bardo de' Bardi is so blind that he can see no more of his daughter than, as he says, a glimmering of something bright when she comes very near him: doubtless her golden hair, which, as Messer Luigi Pulci says of his Meridiana's, '*raggia come stella per sereno*.' Ah, here come some clients of mine, and I shouldn't wonder if one of them could serve your turn about that ring."

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"GOOD-DAY, Messer Domenico," said Nello to the foremost of the two visitors who entered the shop, while he nodded silently to the other. "You come as opportunely as cheese on macaroni. Ah! you are in haste—wish to be shaved without delay—ecco! And this is a morning when every one has grave matter on his mind. Florence orphaned—the very pivot of Italy snatched away—heaven itself at a loss what to do next. *Lasso!* Well, well; the sun is nevertheless traveling on toward dinner-time again; and, as I was saying, you come like *cacio alla lasagna*. For this young stranger was wishing for an honorable trader who would advance him a sum on a certain ring of value, and if I had counted every goldsmith and money-lender in Florence on my fingers I couldn't have found a better name than Menico Cennini. Besides, he hath other ware in which you deal—Greek learn-

ing and young eyes—a double implement which you printers are always in need of."

The grave, elderly man, son of that Bernardo Cennini who, twenty years before, having heard of the new process of printing carried on by Germans, had cast his own types in Florence, remained necessarily in lathered silence and passivity while Nello showered this talk in his ears, but turned a slow, sideway gaze on the stranger.

"This fine young man has unlimited Greek, Latin, or Italian at your service," continued Nello, fond of interpreting by very ample paraphrase. "He is as great a wonder of juvenile learning as Francesco Filelfo or our own incomparable Poliziano. A second Guarino, too, for he has had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, and has doubtless lost a store of precious manuscripts that might have contributed some correctness even to your correct editions, Domenico. Fortunately he has rescued a few gems of rare value. His name is—you said your name, Messer, was—?"

"Tito Melema," said the stranger, slipping the ring from his finger and presenting it to Cennini, whom Nello, not less rapid with his razor than with his tongue, had now released from the shaving-cloth.

Meanwhile the man who had entered the shop in company with the goldsmith—a tall figure, about fifty, with a short-trimmed beard, wearing an old felt hat and a thread-bare mantle—had kept his eye fixed on the Greek, and now said, abruptly,

"Young man, I am painting a picture of Sinon deceiving old Priam, and I should be glad of your face for my Sinon, if you'd give me a sitting."

Tito Melema started and looked round with a pale astonishment in his face, as if at a sudden accusation; but Nello left him no time to feel at a loss for an answer: "Piero," said the barber, "thou art the most extraordinary compound of humors and fancies ever packed into a human skin. What trick wilt thou play with the fine visage of this young scholar to make it suit thy traitor? Ask him rather to turn his eyes upward, and thou mayst make a Saint Sebastian of him that will draw troops of devout women; or, if thou art in a classical vein, put myrtle about his curls and make him a young Bacchus, or say rather a Phœbus Apollo, for his face is as warm and bright as a summer morning; it made me his friend in the space of a *credo*."

"Ay, Nello," said the painter, speaking with abrupt pauses; "and if thy tongue can leave off its everlasting chirping long enough for thy understanding to consider the matter, thou mayst see that thou hast just shown the reason why the face of Messer will suit my traitor. A perfect traitor should have a face which vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile—eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them—checks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard. I say not this young man is a traitor: I

mean, he has a face that would make him the more perfect traitor if he had the heart of one, which is saying neither more nor less than that he has a beautiful face, informed with rich young blood, that will be nourished enough by food, and keep its color without much help of virtue. He may have the heart of a hero along with it; I aver nothing to the contrary. Ask Domenico there if the lapidaries can always tell a gem by the sight alone. And now I'm going to put the tow in my ears, for thy chatter and the bells together are more than I can endure; so say no more to me, but trim my beard."

With these last words Piero (called "di Cosimo," from his master, Cosimo Rosselli) drew out two bits of tow, stuffed them in his ears, and placed himself in the chair before Nello, who shrugged his shoulders and cast a grimacing look of intelligence at the Greek, as much as to say, "A whimsical fellow, you perceive! Every body holds his speeches as mere jokes!"

Tito, who had stood transfixed, with his long dark eyes resting on the unknown man who had addressed him so equivocally, seemed recalled to his self-command by Piero's change of position, and, apparently satisfied with his explanation, was again giving his attention to Cennini, who presently said,

"This is a curious and a valuable ring, young man. This intaglio of the fish with the crested serpent above it, in the black stratum of the onyx, or rather nicolo, is well shown by the surrounding blue of the upper stratum. The ring has doubtless a history?" added Cennini, looking up keenly at the young stranger.

"Yes, indeed," said Tito, meeting the scrutiny very frankly. "The ring was found in Sicily, and I have understood from those who busy themselves with gems and sigils, that both the stone and intaglio are of virtue to make the wearer fortunate, especially at sea, and also to restore to him whatever he may have lost. But," he continued, smiling, "though I have worn it constantly since I quitted Greece, it has not made me altogether fortunate at sea, you perceive, unless I am to count escape from drowning as a sufficient proof of its virtue. It remains to be seen whether my lost chests will come to light; but to lose no chance of such a result, Messer, I will pray you only to hold the ring for a short space as pledge for a small sum far beneath its value, and I will redeem it as soon as I can dispose of certain other gems which are secured within my doublet, or indeed as soon as I can earn something by any scholarly employment, if I may be so fortunate as to meet with such."

"That may be seen, young man, if you will come with me," said Cennini. "My brother Pietro, who is a better judge of scholarship than I, will perhaps be able to supply you with a task that may test your capabilities. Meanwhile, take back your ring until I can hand you the necessary florins, and, if it please you, come along with me."

"Yes, yes," said Nello, "go with Messer Domenico; you can not go in better company;

he was born under the constellation that gives a man skill, riches, and integrity, whatever that constellation may be, which is of the less consequence because babies can't choose their own horoscopes, and indeed, if they could, there might be an inconvenient rush of babies at particular epochs. Besides, our Phoenix, the incomparable Pico, has shown that your horoscopes are all a nonsensical dream—which is the less troublesome opinion. *Addio, bel giovane!* don't forget to come back to me."

"No fear of that," said Tito, beckoning a farewell, as he turned round his bright face at the door. "You are to do me a great service—that is the most positive security for your seeing me again."

"Say what thou wilt, Piero," said Nello, as the young stranger disappeared, "I shall never look at such an outside as that without taking it as a sign of a lovable nature. Suffocation! why, thou wilt say next that Lionardo, whom thou art always raving about, ought to have made his Judas as beautiful as St. John! But thou art as deaf as the top of Mount Morello with that accursed tow in thy ears. Well, well: I'll get a little more of this young man's history from him before I take him to Bardo Bardi."

CHAPTER V.

THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE Via de' Bardi, a street noted in the history of Florence, lies in Oltrarno, or that portion of the city which clothes the southern bank of the river. It extends from the Ponte Vecchio to the Piazza de' Mozzi at the head of the Ponte alle Grazie; its right-hand line of houses and walls being backed by the rather steep ascent which in the fifteenth century was known as the Hill of Bogoli, the famous stone-quarry whence the city got its pavement—of dangerously unstable consistence when penetrated by rains; its left-hand buildings flanking the river and making on their northern side a length of quaint, irregularly-pierced façade, of which the waters give a softened loving reflection as the sun begins to decline toward the western heights. But quaint as these buildings are, some of them seem to the historical memory a too modern substitute for the famous houses of the Bardi family, destroyed by popular rage in the middle of the fourteenth century.

They were a proud and energetic stock, these Bardi: conspicuous among those who clutched the sword in the earliest world-famous quarrels of Florentines with Florentines, when the narrow streets were darkened with the high towers of the nobles, and when the old tutelar god Mars, as he saw the gutters reddened with neighbors' blood, might well have smiled at the centuries of lip-service paid to his rival, the Baptist. But the Bardi hands were of the sort that not only clutch the sword-hilt with vigor, but love the more delicate pleasure of fingering minted metal; they

were matched, too, with true Florentine eyes, capable of discerning that power was to be won by other means than by rending and riving, and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find them risen from their original condition of *popolani* to be possessors, by purchase, of lands and strongholds, and the feudal dignity of Counts of Vernio, disturbing to the jealousy of their republican fellow-citizens. These lordly purchases are explained by our seeing the Bardi disastrously signalized only a few years later as standing in the very front of European commerce—the Christian Rothschilds of that time—undertaking to furnish specie for the wars of our Edward the Third, and having revenues “in kind” made over to them; especially in wool, most precious of freights for Florentine galleys. Their august debtor left them with an august deficit, and alarmed Sicilian creditors made a too sudden demand for the payment of deposits, causing a ruinous shock to the credit of the Bardi and that of associated houses, which was felt as a commercial calamity along all the coasts of the Mediterranean. But, like more modern bankrupts, they did not, for all that, hide their heads in humiliation; on the contrary, they seem to have held them higher than ever, and to have been among the most arrogant of those *grandi*, who under certain noteworthy circumstances, open to all who will read the honest pages of Giovanni Villani, drew upon themselves the exasperation of the armed people in 1343. The Bardi, who had made themselves fast in their street between the two bridges, kept these narrow inlets, like panthers at bay, against the oncoming gonfalons of the people, and were only made to give way by an assault from the hill behind them. Their houses by the river, to the number of twenty-two (*palagi e case grandi*), were sacked and burned, and many among the chief of those who bore the Bardi name were driven from the city. But an old Florentine family was many-rooted, and we find the Bardi maintaining importance and rising again and again to the surface of Florentine affairs in a more or less creditable manner, implying an untold family history that would have included even more vicissitudes and contrasts of dignity and disgrace, of wealth and poverty, than are usually seen on the back-ground of wide kinship.* But the Bardi never resumed their proprietorship in the old street on the banks of the river, which in 1492 had long been associated with other names of mark, and especially with the Neri, who possessed a considerable range of houses on the side toward the hill. In one of

these Neri houses there lived, however, a descendant of the Bardi, and of that very branch which a century and a half before had become Counts of Vernio: a descendant who had inherited the old family pride and energy, the old love of pre-eminence, the old desire to leave a lasting track of his footsteps on the fast-whirling earth. But the family passions lived on in him under altered conditions: this descendant of the Bardi was not a man swift in street warfare, or one who loved to play the signor, fortifying strongholds and asserting the right to hang vassals, or a merchant and usurer of keen daring, who delighted in the generalship of wide commercial schemes: he was a man with a deep-veined hand cramped by much copying of manuscripts, who ate sparing dinners, and wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice and at last from necessity; who sat among his books and his marble fragments of the past, and saw them only by the light of those far-off younger days which still shone in his memory: he was a moneyless, blind old scholar—the Bardo de' Bardi to whom Nello, the barber, had promised to introduce the young Greek, Tito Melema.

The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined entrance court, empty of every thing but a massive lamp-iron suspended from the centre of the groin. A smaller grim door on the left hand admitted to the stone staircase and the rooms on the ground-floor. These last were used as a warehouse by the proprietor; so was the first floor; and both were fitted with precious stores, destined to be carried, some perhaps to the banks of the Scheldt, some to the shores of Africa, some to the isles of the Ægean, or to the banks of the Euxine. Maso, the old serving-man, who returned from the Mercato with the stock of cheap vegetables, had to make his slow way up to the second story before he reached the door of his master, Bardo, through which we are about to enter only a few mornings after Nello's conversation with the Greek.

We follow Maso across the ante-chamber to the door on the left hand, through which we pass as he opens it. He merely looks in and nods, while a clear young voice says, “Ah, you are come back, Maso. It is well. We have wanted nothing.”

The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room, surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs sev-

* A sign that such contrasts were peculiarly frequent in Florence is the fact that Saint Antonine, Prior of San Marco, and afterward archbishop, in the first half of this fifteenth century, founded the society of Buonomini di San Martino (Good Men of St. Martin) with the main object of succoring the *poveri vergognosi*—in other words, paupers of good family. In the records of the famous Panciatichi family we find a certain Girolamo in this century who was reduced to such a state of poverty that he was obliged to seek charity for the mere means of sustaining life, though other members of his family were enormously wealthy.



THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

ered from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts; and two or three vases of Magna Grecia. A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The color of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre; the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial; the once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room

had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright color in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio*, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in

the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold color, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia*, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her: one long, white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside toward his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuosity: an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread; the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud at the eightieth chapter, to the following effect:

"There was a certain nymph of Thebes named Chariclo, especially dear to Pallas; and this nymph was the mother of Teiresias. But once when in the heat of summer, Pallas, in company with Chariclo, was bathing her disrobed limbs in the Heliconian Hippocrene, it happened that Teiresias coming as a hunter to quench his thirst at the same fountain, inadvertently beheld Minerva unveiled, and immediately became blind. For it is declared in the Saturnian laws that he who beholds the gods against their will shall atone for it by a heavy penalty.....When Teiresias had fallen into this calamity, Pallas, moved by the tears of Chariclo, endowed him with prophecy and length of days, and even caused his prudence and wisdom to continue after he had entered among the shades, so that an oracle spake from his tomb; and she gave him a staff, wherewith, as by a guide, he might walk without stumbling.....And hence Nonnus, in the fifth book of the *Dionysiaca*, introduces Actæon exclaiming that he calls Teiresias happy, since, without dying, and with the loss of his eyesight merely, he had beheld Minerva unveiled, and thus, though blind, could for evermore carry her image in his soul."

At this point in the reading the daughter's hand slipped from the back of the chair and met her father's, which he had that moment uplifted;

but she had not looked round, and was going on, though with a voice a little altered by some suppressed feeling, to read the Greek quotation from Nonnus, when the old man said:

"Stay, Romola; reach me my own copy of Nonnus. It is a more correct copy than any in Poliziano's hands, for I made emendations in it which have not yet been communicated to any man. I finished it in 1477, when my sight was fast failing me."

Romola walked to the farther end of the room, with the queenly step which was the simple action of her tall, finely-wrought frame, without the slightest conscious adjustment of herself.

"Is it in the right place, Romola?" asked Bardo, who was perpetually seeking the assurance that the outward fact continued to correspond with the image which lived to the minutest detail in his mind.

"Yes, father; at the west end of the room, on the third shelf from the bottom, behind the bust of Hadrian, above Apollonius Rhodius and Callimachus, and below Lucan and Silius Italicus."

As Romola said this a fine ear would have detected in her clear voice and distinct utterance a faint suggestion of weariness struggling with habitual patience. But as she approached her father, and saw his arms stretched out a little with nervous excitement to seize the volume, her hazel eyes filled with pity; she hastened to lay the book on his lap, and kneeled down by him, looking up at him as if she believed that the love in her face must surely make its way through the dark obstruction that shut out every thing else. At that moment the doubtful attractiveness of Romola's face, in which pride and passion seemed to be quivering in the balance with native refinement and intelligence, was transfigured to the most lovable womanliness by mingled pity and affection: it was evident that the deepest fount of feeling within her had not yet wrought its way to the less changeable features, and only found its outlet through her eyes.

But the father, unconscious of that soft radiance, looked flushed and agitated as his hand explored the edges and back of the large book.

"The vellum is yellowed in these thirteen years, Romola."

"Yes, father," said Romola, gently; "but your letters at the back are dark and plain still—fine Roman letters; and the Greek character," she continued, laying the book open on her father's knee, "is more beautiful than that of any of your bought manuscripts."

"Assuredly, child," said Bardo, passing his finger across the page as if he hoped to discriminate line and margin. "What hired amanuensis can be equal to the scribe who loves the words that grow under his hand, and to whom an error or indistinctness in the text is more painful than a sudden darkness or obstacle across his path? And even these mechanical printers who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing—even they must depend on the manuscript over which we scholars have bent with

that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the *mens divinator* of the poet himself—unless they would flood the world with grammatical falsities and inexplicable anomalies that would turn the very fountains of Parnassus into a deluge of poisonous mud. But find the passage in the fifth book to which Poliziano refers. I know it very well."

Seating herself on a low stool close to her father's knee, Romola took the book on her lap and read the four verses containing the exclamation of Actæon.

"It is true, Romola," said Bardo, when she had finished; "it is a true conception of the poet; for what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-stretching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the life of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows? For me, Romola, even when I could see, it was with the great dead that I lived; while the living often seemed to me mere spectres—shadows dispossessed of true feeling and intelligence; and unlike those Lamiae to whom Poliziano, with that superficial ingenuity which I do not deny to him, compares our inquisitive Florentines, because they put on their eyes when they went abroad, and took them off when they got home again, I have returned from the converse of the streets as from a forgotten dream, and have sat down among my books, saying with Petrarca, the modern who is least unworthy to be named after the ancients, '*Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur.*'"

"And in one thing you are happier than your favorite Petrarca, father," said Romola, affectionately humoring the old man's disposition to dilate in this way; "for he used to look at his copy of Homer and think sadly that the Greek was a dead letter to him: so far, he had the inward blindness that you feel is worse than your outward."

"True, child; for I carry within me the fruits of that fervid study which I gave to the Greek tongue under the teaching of the younger Crisolora, and Filelfo, and Argiropulo, though that great work in which I had desired to gather, as into a firm web, all the threads that my research had laboriously disentangled, and which would have been the vintage of my life, was cut off by the failure of my sight and my want of a fitting coadjutor; for the sustained zeal and unconquerable patience demanded from those who would tread the unbeaten paths of knowledge are still less reconcilable with the wandering, vagrant propensity of the feminine mind than with the feeble powers of the feminine body."

"Father," said Romola, with a sudden flush and an injured tone, "I read any thing you wish me to read; and I will look out any passages for you, and make whatever notes you want."

Bardo shook his head and smiled with a bit-

ter sort of pity. "As well try to be a pentathlos and perform all the five feats of the palaestra with the limbs of a nymph. Have I forgotten thy fainting in the mere search for the references I needed to explain a single passage of Callimachus?"

"But, father, it was the weight of the books, and Maso can help me—it was not want of attention and patience."

Bardo shook his head again. "It is not mere bodily organs that I want: it is the sharp edge of a young mind to pierce the way for my somewhat blunted faculties. For blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-traveled channels and hindering the course onward. If my son had not forsaken me, deluded by debasing fanatical dreams, worthy only of an energumen whose dwelling is among tombs, I might have gone on and seen my path broadening to the end of my life; for he was a youth of great promise..... But it has closed in now," the old man continued, after a short pause; "it has closed in now—all but the narrow track he has left me to tread—alone, in my blindness."

Romola started from her seat and carried away the large volume to its place again, stung too acutely by her father's last words to remain motionless as well as silent; and when she turned away from the shelf again, she remained standing at some distance from him, stretching her arms downward and clasping her fingers tightly as she looked with a sad dreariness in her young face at the lifeless objects around her—the parchment backs, the unchanging mutilated marble, the bits of obsolete bronze and clay.

Bardo, though usually susceptible to Romola's movements and eager to trace them, was now too entirely preoccupied by the pain of rankling memories to notice her departure from his side.

"Yes," he went on, "with my son to aid me, I might have had my due share in the triumphs of this century: the names of the Bardi, father and son, might have been held reverently on the lips of scholars in the ages to come; not on account of frivolous verses or philosophic treatises, which are superfluous and presumptuous attempts to imitate the inimitable, such as allure vain men like Panhormita, and from which even the admirable Poggio did not keep himself sufficiently free; but because we should have given a lamp whereby men might have studied the supreme productions of the past. For why is a young man like Poliziano, who was not yet born when I was already held worthy to maintain a discussion with Thomas of Sarzana, to have a glorious memory as a commentator on the Pandects—why is Ficino, whose Latin is an offense to me, and who wanders purblind among the superstitious fancies that marked the decline at once of art, literature, and philosophy, to descend to posterity as the very high priest of Platonism, while I, who am more than their equal, have not effected any thing but scattered work, which will be appropriated by other men? Why? but because my son, whom I had brought up to replenish my

ripe learning with young enterprise, left me and all liberal pursuits that he might lash himself and howl at midnight with besotted friars—that he might go wandering on pilgrimages befitting men who know of no past older than the missal and the crucifix?—left me when the night was already beginning to fall on me.”

In these last words the old man's voice, which had risen high in indignant protest, fell into a tone of reproach so tremulous and plaintive that Romola, turning her eyes again toward the blind aged face, felt her heart swell with forgiving pity. She seated herself by her father again, and placed her hand on his knee—too proud to obtrude consolation in words that might seem like a vindication of her own value, yet wishing to comfort him by some sign of her presence.

“Yes, Romola,” said Bardo, automatically letting his left hand, with its massive prophylactic rings, fall a little too heavily on the delicate blue-veined back of the girl's right, so that she bit her lip to prevent herself from starting. “If even Florence only is to remember me, it can but be on the same ground that it will remember Niccolò Niccoli—because I forsook the vulgar pursuit of wealth in commerce that I might devote myself to collecting the precious remains of ancient art and wisdom, and leave them, after the example of the munificent Romans, for an everlasting possession to my fellow-citizens. But why do I say Florence only? If Florence remembers me, will not the world remember me?..... Yet,” added Bardo, after a short pause, his voice falling again into a saddened key, “Lorenzo's untimely death has raised a new difficulty. I had his promise—I should have had his bond—that my collection should always bear my name and should never be sold, though the harpies might clutch every thing else; but there is enough for them—there is more than enough—and for thee, too, Romola, there will be enough. Besides, thou wilt marry; Bernardo reproaches me that I do not seek a fitting *parentado* for thee, and we will delay no longer, we will think about it.”

“No, no, father; what could you do? besides, it is useless: wait till some one seeks me,” said Romola, hastily.

“Nay, my child, that is not the paternal duty. It was not so held by the ancients, and in this respect Florentines have not degenerated from their ancestral customs.”

“But I will study diligently,” said Romola, her eyes dilating with anxiety. “I will become as learned as Cassandra Fedele: I will try and be as useful to you as if I had been a boy, and then perhaps some great scholar will want to marry me, and will not mind about a dowry; and he will like to come and live with you, and he will be to you in place of my brother..... and you will not be sorry that I was a daughter.”

There was a rising sob in Romola's voice as she said the last words, which touched the fatherly fibre in Bardo. He stretched his hand upward a little in search of her golden hair, and as she placed her head under his hand, he gen-

tly stroked it, leaning toward her as if his eyes discerned some glimmer there.

“Nay, *Romola mia*, I said not so: if I have pronounced an anathema on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late? And even in learning thou art not, according to thy measure, contemptible. Something perhaps were to be wished in thy capacity of attention and memory, not incompatible even with the feminine mind. But as Calcondila bore testimony when he aided me to teach thee, thou hast a ready apprehension, and even a wide-glancing intelligence. And thou hast a man's nobility of soul: thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires as thy mother did. It is true, I have been careful to keep thee aloof from the debasing influence of thy own sex, with their sparrow-like frivolity and their enslaving superstition, except, indeed, from that of our cousin Brigida, who may well serve as a scarecrow and a warning. And though—since I agree with the divine Petrarca, when he declares, quoting the *Avularia* of Plautus, who again was indebted for the truth to the supreme Greek intellect, ‘Optimam fœminam nullam esse, alia licet alia pejor sit’—I can not boast that thou art entirely lifted out of that lower category to which Nature assigned thee, nor even that in erudition thou art on a par with the more learned women of this age; thou art nevertheless—yes, *Romola mia*,” said the old man, his pedantry again melting into tenderness, “thou art my sweet daughter, and thy voice is as the lower notes of the flute, ‘dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans aëra et auribus sedens,’ according to the choice words of Quintilian; and Bernardo tells me thou art fair, and thy hair is like the brightness of the morning, and indeed it seems to me that I discern some radiance from thee. Ah! I know how all else looks in this room, but thy form I only guess at. Thou art no longer the little woman six years old, that faded for me into darkness: thou art tall, and thy arm is but little below mine. Let us walk together.”

The old man rose, and Romola, soothed by these beams of tenderness, looked happy again as she drew his arm within hers, and placed in his right hand the stick which rested at the side of his chair. While Bardo had been sitting, he had seemed hardly more than sixty: his face, though pale, had that refined texture in which wrinkles and lines are never deep; but now that he began to walk he looked as old as he really was—rather more than seventy; for his tall, spare frame had the student's stoop of the shoulders, and he stepped with the undecided gait of the blind.

“No, Romola,” he said, pausing against the bust of Hadrian, and passing his stick from the right to the left that he might explore the familiar outline with a “seeing hand.” “There will be nothing else to preserve my memory and carry down my name as a member of the great re-

public of letters—nothing but my library and my collection of antiquities. And they are choice,” continued Bardo, pressing the bust and speaking in a tone of insistence. “The collections of Niccolò I know were larger: but take any collection which is the work of a single man—that of the great Boccaccio even, which Niccolò bought—mine will surpass it. That of Poggio was contemptible compared with mine. It will be a great gift to unborn scholars. And there is nothing else. For even if I were to yield to the wish of Aldo Manuzio when he sets up his press at Venice, and give him the aid of my annotated manuscripts, I know well what would be the result: some other scholar’s name would stand on the title-page of the edition—some scholar who would have fed on my honey and then declared in his preface that he had gathered it all himself fresh from Hymettus. Else, why have I refused the loan of many an annotated codex? why have I refused to make public any of my translations? why, but because scholarship is a system of licensed robbery, and your man in scarlet and furred robe who sits in judgment on thieves, is himself a thief of the thoughts and the fame that belong to his fellows. But against that robbery Bardo de’ Bardi shall struggle—though blind and forsaken, he shall struggle. I too have a right to be remembered—as great a right as Pontanus or Merula, whose names will be foremost on the lips of posterity, because they sought patronage and found it; because they had tongues that could flatter, and blood that was used to be nourished from the client’s basket. I have a right to be remembered.”

The old man’s voice had become at once loud and tremulous, and a pink flush overspread his proud, delicately-cut features, while the habitually raised attitude of his head gave the idea that behind the curtain of his blindness he saw some imaginary high tribunal to which he was appealing against the injustice of Fame.

Romola was moved with sympathetic indignation, for in her nature too there lay the same large claims, and the same spirit of struggle against their denial. She tried to calm her father by a still prouder word than his.

“Nevertheless, father, it is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. Yours is a higher lot, never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honors won by dishonor. There is strength in scorn, as there was in the martial fury by which men became insensible to wounds.”

“It is well said, Romola. It is a Promethean word thou hast uttered,” answered Bardo, after a little interval, in which he had begun to lean on his stick again, and to walk on. “And I indeed am not to be pierced by the shafts of Fortune. My armor is the *æs triplex* of a clear conscience, and a mind nourished by the precepts of philosophy. ‘For men,’ says Epictetus, ‘are disturbed not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things.’ And again, ‘whosoever will be free, let him not

desire or dread that which it is in the power of others either to deny or inflict: otherwise, he is a slave.’ And of all such gifts as are dependent on the caprice of fortune or of men, I have long ago learned to say, with Horace—who, however, is too wavering in his philosophy, vacillating between the precepts of Zeno and the less worthy maxims of Epicurus, and attempting, as we say, ‘*duabus sellis sedere*’—concerning such accidents, I say, with the pregnant brevity of the poet,

‘*Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.*’

He is referring to gems, and purple, and other insignia of wealth; but I may apply his words not less justly to the tributes men pay us with their lips and their pens, which are also matters of purchase, and often with base coin. Yes, ‘*inanis*’—hollow, empty—is the epithet justly bestowed on Fame.”

They made the tour of the room in silence after this; but Bardo’s lip-born maxims were as powerless over the passion which had been moving him as if they had been written on parchment and hung round his neck in a sealed bag; and he presently broke forth again in a new tone of insistence.

“*Inanis?* yes, if it is a lying fame; but not if it is the just meed of labor and a great purpose. I claim my right: it is not fair that the work of my brain and my hands should not be a monument to me—it is not just that my labor should bear the name of another man. It is but little to ask,” the old man went on, bitterly, “that my name should be over the door—that men should own themselves debtors to the Bardi Library in Florence. They will speak coldly of me, perhaps: ‘a diligent collector and transcriber,’ they will say, ‘and also of some critical ingenuity, but one who could hardly be conspicuous in an age so fruitful in illustrious scholars. Yet he merits our pity, for in the latter years of his life he was blind, and his only son, to whose education he had devoted his best years—’ Nevertheless my name will be remembered, and men will honor me; not with the breath of flattery, purchased by mean bribes, but because I have labored, and because my labor will remain. Debts! I know there are debts; and there is thy dowry, Romola, to be paid. But there must be enough—or, at least, there can lack but a small sum, such as the Signoria might well provide. And if Lorenzo had not died, all would have been secured and settled. But now.....”

At this moment Maso opened the door, and advancing to his master, announced that Nello, the barber, has desired him to say that he was come with the Greek scholar whom he had asked leave to introduce.

“It is well,” said the old man. “Bring them in.”

Bardo, conscious that he looked more dependent when he was walking, liked always to be seated in the presence of strangers, and Romola, without needing to be told, conducted him to his chair. She was standing by him at her full

height, in quiet, majestic self-possession when the visitors entered; and the most penetrating observer would hardly have divined that this proud pale face, at the slightest touch on the fibres of affection or pity, could become passion-

ate with tenderness, or that this woman, who imposed a certain awe on those who approached her, was in a state of girlish simplicity and ignorance concerning the world outside her father's books.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE THEIR TRIALS.

IF Philip and his friend had happened to pass through High Street, Marylebone, on their way to Thornhaugh Street to reconnoitre the Little Sister's house, they would have seen the Reverend Mr. Hunt, in a very dirty, battered, crest-fallen, and unsatisfactory state, marching to Marylebone from the station, where the reverend gentleman had passed the night, and under the custody of the police. A convoy of street boys followed the prisoner and his guard, making sarcastic remarks on both. Hunt's appearance was not improved since we had the pleasure of meeting him on the previous evening. With a grizzled beard and hair, a dingy face, a dingy shirt, and a countenance mottled with dirt and drink, we may fancy the reverend man passing in tattered raiment through the street to make his appearance before the magistrate.

You have no doubt forgotten the narrative which appeared in the morning papers two days after the Thornhaugh Street incident, but my

clerk has been at the pains to hunt up and copy the police report, in which events connected with our history are briefly recorded.

"MARYLEBONE, *Wednesday*. — Thomas Tufton Hunt, professing to be a clergyman, but wearing an appearance of extreme squalor, was brought before Mr. Beaksby at this office, charged by Z 24 with being drunk and very disorderly on Tuesday se'nnight, and endeavoring by force and threats to effect his re-entrance into a house in Thornhaugh Street, from which he had been previously ejected in a most unclerical and inebriated state.

"On being taken to the station-house the reverend gentleman lodged a complaint on his own side, and averred that he had been stupefied and hounded in the house in Thornhaugh Street by means of some drug, and that while in this state he had been robbed of a bill for £388, drawn by a person in New York, and accepted by Mr. P. Firmin, barrister, of Parchment Buildings, Temple.

"Mrs. Brandon, the landlady of the house, No. — Thornhaugh Street, has been in the habit of letting lodgings for many years past, and several of her friends, including Mr. Firmin, Mr. Ridley, the Rl. Acad., and other gentlemen, were in attendance to speak to her character, which is most respectable. After Z 24 had given evidence the servant deposed that Hunt had been more than once disorderly and drunk before that house, and had been forcibly ejected from it. On the night when the alleged robbery was said to have taken place he had visited the house in Thornhaugh Street, had left it in an inebriated state, and returned some hours afterward vowing that he had been robbed of the document in question.

"Mr. P. Firmin said: 'I am a barrister, and have chambers at Parchment Buildings, Temple, and know the person calling himself Hunt. I have not accepted any bill of exchange, nor is my signature affixed to any such document.'

"At this stage the worthy magistrate interposed, and said that this only went to prove that the bill was not completed by Mr. F.'s acceptance, and would by no means conclude the case set up before him. Dealing with it, however, on the merits, and looking at the way in which the charge had been preferred, and the entire absence of sufficient testimony to warrant him in deciding that even a piece of paper had been abstracted in that house, or by the person accused, and believing that if he were to commit a conviction would be impossible, he dismissed the charge.

"The lady left the court with her friends, and the accuser, when called upon to pay a fine for drunkenness, broke out into very unclerical language, in the midst of which he was forcibly removed."

Philip Firmin's statement that he had given no bill of exchange was made not without hesitation on his part, and indeed at his friends' strong entreaty. It was addressed not so much to the sitting magistrate as to that elderly individual at New York, who was warned no more to forge his son's name. I fear a coolness ensued between Philip and his parent in consequence of the younger man's behavior. The doctor had thought better of his boy than to suppose that, at a *moment of necessity*, Philip would desert him. He forgave Philip, nevertheless.

Perhaps since his marriage *other influences* were at work upon him, etc. The parent made further remarks in this strain. A man who takes your money is naturally offended if you remonstrate; you wound his sense of delicacy by protesting against his putting his hand in your pocket. The elegant doctor in New York continued to speak of his unhappy son with a mournful shake of the head; he said, perhaps believed, that Philip's imprudence was in part the cause of his own exile. "This is not the kind of entertainment to which I would have invited you at my own house in England," he would say. "I thought to have ended my days there, and to have left my son in comfort, nay splendor. I am an exile in poverty: and he—but I will use no hard words." And to his female patients he would say: "No, my dear madam! Not a syllable of reproach shall escape these lips regarding that misguided boy! But you can feel for me; I know you can feel for me." In the old days a high-spirited highwayman, who took a coach-passenger's purse, thought himself injured, and the traveler a shabby fellow, if he secreted a guinea or two under the cushions. In the doctor's now rare letters he breathed a manly sigh here and there, to think that he had lost the confidence of his boy. I do believe that certain ladies of our acquaintance were inclined to think that the elder Firmin had been not altogether well used, however much they loved and admired the Little Sister for her lawless act in her boy's defense. But this main point we had won. The doctor at New York took the warning, and wrote his son's signature upon no more bills of exchange. The good Goodenough's loan was carried back to him in the very coin which he had supplied. He said that his little nurse Brandon was *splendide mendax*, and that her robbery was a sublime and courageous act of war.

In so far, since his marriage, Mr. Philip had been pretty fortunate. At need, friends had come to him. In moments of peril he had had succor and relief. Though he had married without money, fate had sent him a sufficiency. His flask had never been empty, and there was always meal in his bin. But now hard trials were in store for him: hard trials which we have said were endurable, and which he has long since lived through. Any man who has played the game of life or whist, knows how for one while he will have a series of good cards dealt him, and again will get no trumps at all. After he got into his house in Milman Street and quitted the Little Sister's kind roof, our friend's good fortune seemed to desert him. "Perhaps it was a punishment for my pride, because I was haughty with her, and—and jealous of that dear good little creature," poor Charlotte afterward owned in conversation with other friends: "but our fortune seemed to change when we were away from her, and that I must own."

Perhaps, when she was yet under Mrs. Brandon's roof, the Little Sister's provident care had done a great deal more for Charlotte than Char-

lotte knew. Mrs. Philip had the most simple tastes in the world, and upon herself never spent an unnecessary shilling. Indeed, it was a wonder, considering her small expenses, how neat and nice Mrs. Philip ever looked. But she never could deny herself when the children were in question; and had them arrayed in all sorts of fine clothes; and stitched, and hemmed all day and night to decorate their little persons; and in reply to the remonstrances of the matrons her friends, showed how it was impossible children *could* be dressed for less cost. If any thing ailed them, quick, the doctor must be sent for. Not worthy Goodenough, who came without a fee, and pooh-poohed her alarms and anxieties; but dear Mr. Bland, who had a feeling heart, and was himself a father of children, and who supported those children by the produce of the pills, draughts, powders, visits, which he bestowed on all families into whose doors he entered. Bland's sympathy was very consolatory; but it was found to be very costly at the end of the year. "And, what then?" says Charlotte, with kindling cheeks. "Do you suppose we should grudge that money which was to give health to our dearest, dearest babies? No. You can't have such a bad opinion of me as that!" And accordingly Mr. Bland received a nice little annuity from our friends. Philip had a joke about his wife's housekeeping which perhaps may apply to other young women who are kept by overwatchful mothers too much *in statu pupillari*. When they were married, or about to be married, Philip asked Charlotte what she would order for dinner? She promptly said she would order leg of mutton. "And after leg of mutton?" "Leg of beef, to be sure!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking very pleased and knowing. And the fact is, as this little housekeeper was obliged demurely to admit, their household bills increased *prodigiously* after they left Thornhaugh Street. "And I can't understand, my dear, how the grocer's book should mount up so; and the but-terman's, and the beer," etc., etc. We have often seen the pretty little head bent over the dingy volumes, puzzling, puzzling: and the eldest child would hold up a warning finger to ours, and tell them to be very quiet, as mamma was at her "atounts."

And now, I grieve to say, money became scarce for the payment of these accounts; and though Philip fancied he hid his anxieties from his wife, be sure she loved him too much to be deceived by one of the clumsiest hypocrites in the world. Only, being a much cleverer hypocrite than her husband, she pretended to be deceived, and acted her part so well that poor Philip was mortified with her gayety, and chose to fancy his wife was indifferent to their misfortunes. She ought not to be so smiling and happy, he thought; and, as usual, bemoaned his lot to his friends. "I come home racked with care, and thinking of those inevitable bills; I shudder, Sir, at every note that lies on the hall table, and would tremble as I dashed them open as they do on the stage. But I laugh and put

on a jaunty air, and humbug Char. And I hear her singing about the house and laughing and cooing with the children, by Jove. *She's* not aware of any thing. *She* does not know how dreadfully the *res domi* is squeezing me. But *before marriage* she did, I tell you. Then, if any thing annoyed me, she divined it. If I felt ever so little unwell, you should have seen the alarm in her face! It was 'Philip, dear, how pale you are!' or, 'Philip, how flushed you are!' or, 'I am sure you have had a letter from your father. Why do you conceal any thing from me, Sir? You never should—never!' And now when the fox is gnawing at my side under my cloak, I laugh and grin so naturally that she believes I am all right, and she comes to meet me flouncing the children about in my face, and wearing an air of consummate happiness! I would not deceive her for the world, you know. But it's mortifying. Don't tell me! It is mortifying to be tossing awake all night, and racked with care all day, and have the wife of your bosom chattering and singing and laughing, as if there were no cares, or doubts, or duns in the world. If I had the gout, and she were to laugh and sing, I should not call that sympathy. If I were arrested for debt, and she were to come grinning and laughing to the sponging-house, I should not call that consolation. Why doesn't she feel? She ought to feel. There's Betsy, our parlor-maid. There's the old fellow who comes to clean the boots and knives. *They* know how hard up I am. And my wife sings and dances while I am on the verge of ruin, by Jove; and giggles and laughs as if life was a pantomime!"

Then the man and woman into whose ears poor Philip roared out his confessions and griefs hung down their blushing heads in humbled silence. They are tolerably prosperous in life, and, I fear, are pretty well satisfied with themselves and each other. A woman who scarcely ever does any wrong, and rules and governs her own house and family, as my —, as the wife of the reader's humble servant most notoriously does, often becomes—must it be said?—too certain of her own virtue, and is too sure of the correctness of her own opinion. We virtuous people give advice a good deal, and set a considerable value upon that advice. We meet a certain man who has fallen among thieves, let us say. We succor him readily enough. We take him kindly to the inn and pay his score there; but we say to the landlord, "You must give this poor man his bed; his medicine at such a time, and his broth at such another. But, mind you, he must have that physic, and no other; that broth when we order it. We take his case in hand, you understand. Don't listen to him or any body else. We know all about every thing. Good-by. Take care of him. Mind the medicine and the broth!" and Mr. Benefactor or Lady Bountiful goes away perfectly self-satisfied.

Do you take this allegory? When Philip complained to us of his wife's friskiness and gay-

ety; when he bitterly contrasted her levity and carelessness with his own despondency and doubt, Charlotte's two principal friends were smitten by shame. "Oh, Philip! dear Philip!" his female adviser said (having looked at her husband once or twice as Firmin spoke, and in vain endeavored to keep her guilty eyes down on her work), "Charlotte has done this because she is humble, and because she takes the advice of friends who are not. She knows every thing, and more than every thing; for her dear, tender heart is filled with apprehension. But we told her to show no sign of care, lest her husband should be disturbed. And she trusted in us; and she puts her trust elsewhere, Philip; and she has hidden her own anxieties, lest yours should be increased; and has met you gayly when her heart was full of dread. We think she has done wrong now; but she did so because she was so simple, and trusted in us who advised her wrongly. Now we see that there ought to have been perfect confidence always between you, and that it is her simplicity and faith in us which have misled her."

Philip hung down his head for a moment and hid his eyes; and we knew, during that minute when his face was concealed from us, how his grateful heart was employed.

"And you know, dear Philip—" says Laura, looking at her husband, and nodding to that person, who certainly understood the hint.

"And I say, Firmin," breaks in the lady's husband, "you understand, if you are at all—that is, if you—that is, if we can—"

"Hold your tongue!" shouts Firmin, with a face beaming over with happiness. "I know what you mean. You beggar, you are going to offer me money! I see it in your face; bless you both! But we'll try and do without, please Heaven. And—and it's worth feeling a pinch of poverty to find such friends as I have had, and to share it with such a—such a—dash—dear little thing as I have at home. And I won't try and humbug Char any more. I'm bad at that sort of business. And good-night, and I'll never forget your kindness—never!" And he is off a moment afterward, and jumping down the steps of our door, and so into the park. And though there were not five pounds in the poor little house in Milman Street, there were not two happier people in London that night than Charlotte and Philip Firmin. If he had his troubles, our friend had his immense consolations. Fortunate he, however poor, who has friends to help, and love to console him in his trials.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES VERY MUCH AGAINST US.

EVERY man and woman among us has made his voyage to Liliput, and his tour in the kingdom of Brobdingnag. When I go to my native country town the local paper announces our ar-



rival; the laborers touch their hats as the pony-chaise passes; the girls and old women drop courtesies; Mr. Hicks, the grocer and hatter, comes to his door, and makes a bow, and smirks and smiles. When our neighbor Sir John arrives at the hall he is a still greater personage; the bell-ringers greet the hall family with a peal; the rector walks over on an early day and pays his visit; and the farmers at market press round for a nod of recognition. Sir John at home is in Liliput: in Belgrave Square he is in Brobdingnag, where almost every body we meet is ever so much taller than ourselves. "Which do you like best, to be a giant among the pigmies, or a pigmy among the giants?" I know what sort of company I prefer myself; but that is not the point. What I would hint is, that we possibly give ourselves patronizing airs before small people, as folks higher placed than ourselves give themselves airs before us. Patronizing airs? Old Miss Mumbles, the half-pay lieutenant's daughter, who lives over the plumber's, with her maid, gives herself in her degree more airs than any duchess in Belgravia, and would leave the room if a tradesman's wife sat down in it.

Now it has been said that few men in this city of London are so simple in their manners as Philip Firmin, and that he treated the patron whose bread he ate, and the wealthy relative who condescended to visit him, with a like freedom. He is blunt but not familiar, and is not a whit more polite to my lord than to Jack or Tom at the coffee-house. He resents familiarity from vulgar persons, and those who venture on it retire maimed and mortified after coming into col-

lision with him. As for the people he loves, he grovels before them, worships their boot-tips and their gown-hems. But he submits to them, not for their wealth or rank, but for love's sake. He submitted very magnanimously at first to the kindnesses and caresses of Lady Ringwood and her daughters, being softened and won by the regard which they showed for his wife and children.

Although Sir John was for the Rights of Man every where all over the world, and had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, and Washington in his library, he likewise had portraits of his own ancestors in that apartment, and entertained a very high opinion of the present representative of the Ringwood family. The character of the late chief of the house was notorious. Lord Ringwood's life had been irregular and his morals loose. His talents were considerable, no doubt, but they had not been devoted to serious study or directed to useful ends. A wild man in early life, he had only changed his practices in later life in consequence of ill health, and became a hermit as a Certain Person became a monk. He was a frivolous person to the end, and was not to be considered as a public man and statesman; and this light-minded man of pleasure had been advanced to the third rank of the peerage, while his successor, his superior in intellect and morality, remained a Baronet still. How blind the Ministry was which refused to recognize so much talent and worth! Had there been public virtue or common sense in the governors of the nation, merits like Sir John's never could have been overlooked. But Ministers were notoriously a family clique, and only helped each other. Promotion and patronage were disgracefully monopolized by the members of a very few families who were not better men of business, men of better character, men of more ancient lineage (though birth, of course, was a mere accident) than Sir John himself. In a word, until they gave him a peerage, he saw very little hope for the cabinet or the country.

In a very early page of this history mention was made of a certain Philip Ringwood, to whose protection Philip Firmin's mother confided her boy when he was first sent to school. Philip Ringwood was Firmin's senior by seven years; he came to Old Parr Street twice or thrice during his stay at school, condescended to take the "tips," of which the poor doctor was liberal enough, but never deigned to take any notice of young Firmin, who looked up to his kinsman with awe and trembling. From school Philip Ringwood speedily departed to college, and then entered upon public life. He was the eldest son of Sir John Ringwood, with whom our friend has of late made acquaintance.

Mr. Ringwood was a much greater personage than the baronet his father. Even when the latter succeeded to Lord Ringwood's estates and came to London, he could scarcely be said to equal his son in social rank; and the younger patronized his parent. What is the secret of great social success? It is not to be gained by

beauty, or wealth, or birth, or wit, or valor, or eminence of any kind. It is a gift of Fortune, bestowed, like that goddess's favors, capriciously. Look, dear madam, at the most fashionable ladies at present reigning in London. Are they better bred, or more amiable, or richer, or more beautiful than yourself? See, good Sir, the men who lead the fashion, and stand in the bow-window at Black's; are they wiser, or wittier, or more agreeable people than you? And yet you know what your fate would be if you were put up at that club. Sir John Ringwood never dared to be proposed there, even after his great accession of fortune on the earl's death. His son did not encourage him. People even said that Ringwood would blackball his father if he dared to offer himself as a candidate.

I never, I say, could understand the reason of Philip Ringwood's success in life, though you must acknowledge that he is one of our most eminent dandies. He is affable to dukes. He patronizes marquises. He is not witty. He is not clever. He does not give good dinners. How many baronets are there in the British empire? Look to your book and see. I tell you there are many of these whom Philip Ringwood would scarcely admit to wait at one of his bad dinners. By calmly asserting himself in life, this man has achieved his social eminence. We may hate him; but we acknowledge his superiority. For instance, I should as soon think of asking him to dine with me as I should of slapping the Archbishop of Canterbury on the back.

Mr. Ringwood has a meagre little house in May Fair, and belongs to a public office, where he patronizes his *chef*. His own family bow down before him; his mother is humble in his company; his sisters are respectful; his father does not brag of his own liberal principles, and never alludes to the rights of man in the son's presence. He is called "Mr. Ringwood" in the family. The person who is least in awe of him is his younger brother, who has been known to make faces behind the elder's back. But he is a dreadfully headstrong and ignorant child, and respects nothing. Lady Ringwood, by-the-way, is Mr. Ringwood's step-mother. His own mother was the daughter of a noble house, and died in giving birth to this paragon.

Philip Firmin, who had not set eyes upon his kinsman since they were at school together, remembered some stories which were current about Ringwood, and by no means to that eminent dandy's credit—stories of intrigue, of play, of various libertine exploits on Mr. Ringwood's part. One day Philip and Charlotte dined with Sir John, who was talking, and chirping, and laying down the law, and bragging away according to his wont, when his son entered and asked for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine at Garterton House. The duke had one of his attacks of gout just before dinner. The dinner was off. If Lady Ringwood would give him a slice of mutton he would be very much obliged to her. A place was soon found for him. "And, Philip, this is your namesake and our

cousin, Mr. Philip Firmin," said the baronet, presenting his son to his kinsman.

"Your father used to give me sovereigns when I was at school. I have a faint recollection of you, too. Little white-headed boy, weren't you? How is the doctor and Mrs. Firmin? All right?"

"Why, don't you know his father ran away?" calls out the youngest member of the family. "Don't kick me, Emily. He *did* run away!"

Then Mr. Ringwood remembered, and a faint blush tinged his face. "Lapse of time. I know. Shouldn't have asked after such a lapse of time." And he mentioned a case in which a duke, who was very forgetful, had asked a marquis about his wife, who had run away with an earl, and made inquiries about the duke's son, who, as every body knew, was not on terms with his father.

"This is Mrs. Firmin—Mrs. Philip Firmin!" cried Lady Ringwood, rather nervously; and I suppose Mrs. Philip blushed, and the blush became her; for Mr. Ringwood afterward condescended to say to one of his sisters that their new-found relative seemed one of your rough-and-ready sort of gentlemen, but his wife was really very well bred, and quite a pretty young woman, and presentable any where—really any where. Charlotte was asked to sing one or two of her little songs after dinner. Mr. Ringwood was delighted. Her voice was perfectly true. What she sang she sang admirably. And he was good enough to hum over one of her songs (during which performance he showed that his voice was not exempt from little frailties), and to say he had heard Lady Philomela Shakerley sing that very song at Glenmavis last autumn; and it was such a favorite that the duchess asked for it every night—actually every night. When our friends were going home Mr. Ringwood gave Philip almost the whole of one finger to shake; and while Philip was inwardly raging at his impertinence, believed that he had entirely fascinated his humble relatives, and that he had been most good-natured and friendly.

I can not tell why this man's patronage chafed and goaded our worthy friend so as to drive him beyond the bounds of all politeness and reason. The artless remarks of the little boy, and the occasional simple speeches of the young ladies, had only tickled Philip's humor and served to amuse him when he met his relatives. I suspect it was a certain free-and-easy manner which Mr. Ringwood chose to adopt toward Mrs. Philip which annoyed her husband. He had said nothing at which offense could be taken: perhaps he was quite unconscious of offending; nay, thought himself eminently pleasing: perhaps he was not more impertinent toward her than toward other women: but in talking about him Mr. Firmin's eyes flashed very fiercely, and he spoke of his new acquaintance and relative, with his usual extreme candor, as an upstart, and an arrogant conceited puppy whose ears he would like to pull.

How do good women learn to discover men who are not good? Is it by instinct? How do

they learn those stories about men? I protest I never told my wife any thing good or bad regarding this Mr. Ringwood, though of course, as a man about town, I have heard—who has not?—little anecdotes regarding his career. His conduct in that affair with Miss Willowby was heartless and cruel; his behavior to that unhappy Blanche Painter nobody can defend. My wife conveys her opinion regarding Philip Ringwood, his life, principles, and morality, by looks and silences which are more awful and killing than the bitterest words of sarcasm or reproof. Philip Firmin, who knows her ways, watches her features, and, as I have said, humbles himself at her feet, marked the lady's awful looks when he came to describe to us his meeting with his cousin, and the magnificent patronizing airs which Mr. Ringwood assumed.

"What?" he said, "you don't like him any more than I do? I thought you would not; and I am so glad."

Philip's friend said she did not know Mr. Ringwood, and had never spoken a word to him in her life.

"Yes; but you know of him," cries the impetuous Firmin. "What do you know of him, with his monstrous puppyism and arrogance?" Oh, Mrs. Laura knew very little of him. She did not believe—she had much rather not believe—what the world said about Mr. Ringwood.

"Suppose we were to ask the Woolcombes their opinion of your character, Philip?" cries that gentleman's biographer, with a laugh.

"My dear!" says Laura, with a yet severer look, the severity of which glances I must explain. The differences of Woolcombe and his wife were notorious. Their unhappiness was known to all the world. Society was beginning to look with a very, very cold face upon Mrs. Woolcombe. After quarrels, jealousies, battles, reconciliations, scenes of renewed violence and furious language, had come indifference, and the most reckless gayety on the woman's part. Her home was splendid, but mean and miserable; all sorts of stories were rife regarding her husband's brutal treatment of poor Agnes, and her own imprudent behavior. Mrs. Laura was indignant when this unhappy woman's name was ever mentioned, except when she thought how our warm true-hearted Philip had escaped from the heartless creature. "What a blessing it was that you were ruined, Philip, and that she deserted you!" Laura would say. "What fortune would repay you for marrying such a woman?"

"Indeed it was worth all I had to lose her," says Philip, "and so the doctor and I are quits. If he had not spent my fortune, Agnes would have married me. If she had married me, I might have turned Othello, and have been hung for smothering her. Why, if I had not been poor, I should never have been married to little Char—and fancy not being married to Char!" The worthy fellow here lapses into silence, and indulges in an inward rapture at the idea of his own excessive happiness. Then he is scared

again at the thought which his own imagination has raised.

"I say! Fancy being without the kids and Char!" he cries, with a blank look.

"That horrible father—that dreadful mother—pardon me, Philip; but when I think of the worldliness of those unhappy people, and how that poor unhappy woman has been bred in it, and ruined by it—I am so, so, so—*enraged*, that I can't keep my temper!" cries the lady. "Is the woman answerable, or the parents, who hardened her heart, and sold her—sold her to that—O!" Our illustrious friend Woolcombe was signified by "that O," and the lady once more paused, choked with wrath as she thought about that O, and that O's wife.

"I wonder he has not Othello'd her," remarks Philip, with his hands in his pockets. "I should, if she had been mine, and gone on as they say she is going on."

"It is dreadful, dreadful to contemplate!" continues the lady. "To think she was sold by her own parents, poor thing, poor thing!" The guilt is with them who led her wrong."

"Nay," says one of the three interlocutors. "Why stop at poor Mr. and Mrs. Twysden? Why not let them off, and accuse *their* parents? who lived worldly too in their generation. Or, stay; they descend from William the Conqueror. Let us absolve poor Weldone Twysden, and his heartless wife, and have the Norman into court."

"Ah, Arthur! Did not our sin begin with the beginning," cries the lady, "and have we not its remedy? Oh, this poor creature, this poor creature! May she know where to take refuge from it, and learn to repent in time!"

The Georgian and Circassian girls, they say, used to submit to their lot very complacently, and were quite eager to get to market at Constantinople and be sold. Mrs. Woolcombe wanted nobody to tempt her away from poor Philip. She hopped away from the old love as soon as ever the new one appeared with his bag of money. She knew quite well to whom she was selling herself, and for what. The tempter needed no skill, or artifice, or eloquence. He had none. But he showed her a purse, and three fine houses—and she came. Innocent child, forsooth! She knew quite as much about the world as papa and mamma; and the lawyers did not look to her settlement more warily and coolly than she herself did. Did she not live on it afterward? I do not say she lived reputably, but most comfortably: as Paris, and Rome, and Naples, and Florence can tell you, where she is well known; where she receives a great deal of a certain kind of company; where she is scorned and flattered, and splendid, and lonely, and miserable. She is not miserable when she sees children: she does not care for other persons' children, as she never did for her own, even when they were taken from her. She is, of course, hurt and angry, when quite common, vulgar people, not in society, you understand, turn away from her, and avoid her, and

won't come to her parties. She gives excellent dinners which jolly fogys, rattling bachelors, and doubtful ladies frequent; but she is alone and unhappy—unhappy because she does not see parents, sister, or brother? *Allons, mon bon Monsieur!* She never cared for parents, sister, or brother; or for baby; or for man (except once for Philip a little, little bit, when her pulse would sometimes go up two beats in a minute at his appearance). But she is unhappy, because she is losing her figure, and from tight lacing her nose has become very red, and the pearl powder won't lie on it somehow. And though you may have thought Woolcombe an odious, ignorant, and underbred little wretch, you must own that at least he had red blood in his veins. Did he not spend a great part of his fortune for the possession of this cold wife? For whom did *she* ever make a sacrifice, or feel a pang? I am sure a greater misfortune than any which has befallen friend Philip might have happened to him, and so congratulate him on his escape.

Having vented his wrath upon the arrogance and impertinence of this solemn puppy of a Philip Ringwood, our friend went away somewhat soothed to his club in St. James's Street. The Megatherium Club is only a very few doors from the much more aristocratic establishment of Black's. Mr. Philip Ringwood and Mr. Woolcombe were standing on the steps of Black's. Mr. Ringwood waved a graceful little kid-gloved hand to Philip and smiled on him. Mr. Woolcombe glared at our friend out of his opal eyeballs. Philip had once proposed to kick Woolcombe into the sea. He somehow felt as if he would like to treat Ringwood to the same bath. Meanwhile Mr. Ringwood labored under the notion that he and his new-found acquaintance were on the very best possible terms.

At one time poor little Woolcombe loved to be seen with Philip Ringwood. He thought he acquired distinction from the companionship of that man of fashion, and would hang on Ringwood as they walked the Pall Mall pavement.

"Do you know that great hulking, overbearing brute?" says Woolcombe to his companion on the steps of Black's. Perhaps somebody overheard them from the bow-window. (I tell you every thing is overheard in London, and a great deal more too.)

"Brute, is he?" says Ringwood; "seems a rough, overbearing sort of chap."

"Blackguard doctor's son. Bankrupt. Father ran away," says the dusky man with the opal eyeballs.

"I have heard he was a rogue—the doctor; but I like him. Remember he gave me three sovereigns when I was at school. Always like a fellow who tips you when you are at school." And here Ringwood beckoned his brougham which was in waiting.

"Shall we see you at dinner? Where are you going?" asked Mr. Woolcombe. "If you are going toward—"

"Toward Gray's Inn, to see my lawyer; have

an appointment there; be with you at eight!" And Mr. Ringwood skipped into his little brougham and was gone.

Tom Eaves told Philip. Tom Eaves belongs to Black's Club, to Bays's, to the Megatherium, I don't know to how many clubs in St. James's Street. Tom Eaves knows every body's business, and all the scandal of all the clubs for the last forty years. He knows who has lost money, and to whom; what is the talk of the opera-box, and what the scandal of the *coulisses*; who is making love to whose daughter. Whatever men and women are doing in May Fair is the farrago of Tom's libel. He knows so many stories that, of course, he makes mistakes in names sometimes, and says that Jones is on the verge of ruin when he is thriving and prosperous, and it is poor Brown who is in difficulties; or informs us that Mrs. Fanny is flirting with Captain Ogle when both are as innocent of a flirtation as you and I are. Tom certainly is mischievous, and often is wrong; but when he speaks of our neighbors he is amusing.

"It is as good as a play to see Ringwood and Othello together," says Tom to Philip. "How proud the black man is to be seen with him! Heard him abuse you to Ringwood. Ringwood stuck up for you and for your poor governor—spoke up like a man—like a man who sticks up for a fellow who is down. How the black man brags about having Ringwood to dinner! Always having him to dinner. You should have seen Ringwood shake him off! Said he was going to Gray's Inn. Heard him say Gray's Inn Lane to his man. Don't believe a word of it."

Now I dare say you are much too fashionable to know that Milman Street is a little *cul-de-sac* of a street which leads into Guildford Street, which leads into Gray's Inn Lane. Philip went his way homeward, shaking off Tom Eaves, who, for his part, trolled off to his other clubs, telling people how he had just been talking with that bankrupt doctor's son, and wondering how Philip should get money enough to pay his club subscription. Philip then went on his way, striding homeward at his usual manly pace.

Whose black brougham was that?—the black brougham with the chestnut horse walking up and down Guildford Street. Mr. Ringwood's crest was on the brougham. When Philip entered his drawing-room, having opened the door with his own key, there sat Mr. Ringwood, talking to Mrs. Charlotte, who was taking a cup of tea at five o'clock. She and the children liked that cup of tea. Sometimes it served Mrs. Char for dinner when Philip dined from home.

"If I had known you were coming here, you might have brought me home and saved me a long walk," said Philip, wiping a burning forehead.

"So I might—so I might!" said the other. "I never thought of it. I had to see my lawyer in Gray's Inn; and it was then I thought of coming on to see you, as I was telling Mrs. Firmin; and a very nice quiet place you live in!"



MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

This was very well. But for the first and only time of his life Philip was jealous.

"Don't drub so with your feet! Don't like to ride when you jog so on the floor," said Philip's eldest darling, who had clambered on papa's knee. "Why do you look so? Don't squeeze my arm, papa!"

Mamma was utterly unaware that Philip had any cause for agitation. "You have walked all the way from Westminster and the club, and you are quite hot and tired!" she said. "Some tea, my dear?"

Philip nearly choked with the tea. From under his hair, which fell over his forehead, he

looked into his wife's face. It wore such a sweet look of innocence and wonder that, as he regarded her, the spasm of jealousy passed off. No: there was no look of guilt in those tender eyes. Philip could only read in them the wife's tender love and anxiety for himself.

But what of Mr. Ringwood's face? When the first little blush and hesitation had passed away Mr. Ringwood's pale countenance reassumed that calm, self-satisfied smile which it customarily wore. "The coolness of the man madened me," said Philip, talking about the little occurrence afterward, and to his usual confidant.

"Gracious powers!" cries the other. "If I went to see Charlotte and the children would you be jealous of me, you bearded Turk? Are you prepared with sack and bow-string for every man who visits Mrs. Firmin? If you are to come out in this character you will lead yourself and your wife pretty lives. Of course you quarreled with Lovelace then and there, and threatened to throw him out of window then and there? Your custom is to strike when you are hot; witness—"

"Oh dear, no!" cried Philip, interrupting me. "I have not quarreled with him yet." And he ground his teeth, and gave a very fierce glare with his eyes. "I sate him out quite civilly. I went with him to the door; and I have left directions that he is never to pass it again—that's all. But I have not quarreled with him in the least. Two men never behaved more politely than we did. We bowed and grinned at each other quite amiably. But I own, when he held out his hand I was obliged to keep mine behind my back, for they felt very mischievous, and inclined to— Well, never mind. Perhaps it is as you say, and he means no sort of harm."

Where, I say again, do women learn all the mischief they know? Why should my wife have such a mistrust and horror of this gentleman? She took Philip's side entirely. She said she thought he was quite right in keeping that person out of his house. What did she know about that person? Did I not know myself? He was a libertine, and led a bad life. He had led young men astray, and taught them to gamble, and helped them to ruin themselves. We have all heard stories about the late Sir Philip Ringwood; that last scandal in which he was engaged three years ago, and which brought his career to an end at Naples, I need not, of course, allude to. But fourteen or fifteen years ago, about which time this present portion of our little story is enacted, what did she know about Ringwood's misdoings?

No: Philip Firmin did not quarrel with Philip Ringwood on this occasion. But he shut his door on Mr. Ringwood. He refused all invitations to Sir John's house, which, of course, came less frequently, and which then ceased to come at all. Rich folks do not like to be so treated by the poor. Had Lady Ringwood a notion of the reason why Philip kept away from her house? I think it is more than possible. Some of Phil-

ip's friends knew her; and she seemed only pained, not surprised or angry, at a quarrel which somehow *did* take place between the two gentlemen not very long after that visit of Mr. Ringwood to his kinsman in Milman Street.

"Your friend seems very hot-headed and violent-tempered," Lady Ringwood said, speaking of that very quarrel. "I am sorry he keeps that kind of company. I am sure it must be too expensive for him."

As luck would have it, Philip's old school-friend, Lord Ascot, met us a very few days after the meeting and parting of Philip and his cousin in Milman Street, and invited us to a bachelor's dinner on the river. Our wives (without whose sanction no good man would surely ever look a whitebait in the face) gave us permission to attend this entertainment, and remained at home, and partook of a tea-dinner (blessings on them!) with the dear children. Men grow young again when they meet at these parties. We talk of flogging, proctors, old cronies; we recite old school and college jokes. I hope that some of us may carry on these pleasant entertainments until we are fourscore, and that our toothless old gums will mumble the old stories, and will laugh over the old jokes with ever-renewed gusto. Does the kind reader remember the account of such a dinner at the commencement of this history? On this afternoon, Ascot, Maynard, Burroughs (several of the men formerly mentioned), reassembled. I think we actually like each other well enough to be pleased to hear of each other's successes. I know that one or two good fellows, upon whom fortune has frowned, have found other good fellows in that company to help and aid them; and that all are better for that kindly free-masonry.

Before the dinner was served the guests met on the green of the hotel, and examined that fair landscape, which surely does not lose its charm in our eyes because it is commonly seen before a good dinner. The crested elms, the shining river, the emerald meadows, the painted parterres of flowers around, all wafting an agreeable smell of *friture*, of flowers and flounders exquisitely commingled. Who has not enjoyed these delights? May some of us, I say, live to drink the '58 claret in the year 1900! I have no doubt that the survivors of our society will still laugh at the jokes which we used to relish when the present century was still only middle-aged. Ascot was going to be married. Would he be allowed to dine next year? Frank Berry's wife would not let him come. Do you remember his tremendous fight with Biggs? Remember? who didn't? Marston was Berry's bottle-holder; poor Marston, who was killed in India. And Biggs and Berry were the closest friends in life ever after. Who would ever have thought of Brackley becoming serious, and being made an archdeacon? Do you remember his fight with Ringwood? What an infernal bully he was, and how glad we all were when Brackley thrashed him! What different fates await men! Who would ever have imag-

ined Nosey Brackley a curate in the mining districts, and ending by wearing a rosette in his hat? Who would ever have thought of Ringwood becoming such a prodigious swell and leader of fashion? He was a very shy fellow; not at all a good-looking fellow: and what a wild fellow he had become, and what a lady-killer! Isn't he some connection of yours, Firmin? Philip said yes, but that he had scarcely met Ringwood at all. And one man after another told anecdotes of Ringwood; how he had young men to play in his house; how he had played in that very "Star and Garter;" and how he always won. You must please to remember that our story dates back some sixteen years, when the dice-box still rattled occasionally, and the king was turned.

As this old school-gossip is going on, Lord Ascot arrives, and with him this very Ringwood about whom the old school-fellows had just been talking. He came down in Ascot's phaeton. Of course, the greatest man of the party always waits for Ringwood. "If we had had a duke at Greyfriars," says some grumbler, "Ringwood would have made the duke bring him down."

Philip's friend, when he beheld the arrival of Mr. Ringwood, seized Firmin's big arm and whispered—

"Hold your tongue. No fighting. No quarrels. Let by-gones be by-gones. Remember, there can be no earthly use in a scandal."

"Leave me alone," says Philip, "and don't be afraid."

I thought Ringwood seemed to start back for a moment, and perhaps fancied that he looked a little pale; but he advanced with a gracious smile toward Philip, and remarked, "It is a long time since we have seen you at my father's."

Philip grinned and smiled too. "It was a long time since he had been in Hill Street." But Philip's smile was not at all pleasing to behold. Indeed, a worse performer of comedy than our friend does not walk the stage of this life.

On this the other gayly remarked he was glad Philip had leave to join the bachelor's party. Meeting of old school-fellows very pleasant. Hadn't been to one of them for a long time: though the "Friars" was an abominable hole: that was the truth. Who was that in the shovel-hat? a bishop? what bishop?"

It was Brackley, the Archdeacon, who turned very red on seeing Ringwood. For the fact is, Brackley was talking to Pennystone, the little boy about whom the quarrel and fight had taken place at school, when Ringwood had proposed forcibly to take Pennystone's money from him. "I think, Mr. Ringwood, that Pennystone is big enough to hold his own now, don't you?" said the Archdeacon; and with this the Venerable man turned on his heel, leaving Ringwood to face the little Pennystone of former years, now a gigantic country squire, with health ringing in his voice, and a pair of great arms and fists that would have demolished six Ringwoods in the field.

The sight of these quondam enemies rather disturbed Mr. Ringwood's tranquillity.

"I was dreadfully bullied at that school," he said, in an appealing manner, to Mr. Pennystone. "I did as others did. It was a horrible place, and I hate the name of it. I say, Ascot, don't you think that Barnaby's motion last night was very ill-timed, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?"

This became a cant phrase among some of us wags afterward. Whenever we wished to change a conversation, it was, "I say, Ascot, don't you think Barnaby's motion was very ill-timed, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?" You know Mr. Ringwood would scarcely have thought of coming among such common people as his old school-fellows, but seeing Lord Ascot's phaeton at Black's, he condescended to drive down to Richmond with his lordship, and I hope a great number of his friends in St. James's Street saw him in that noble company.

Windham was the chairman of the evening—elected to that post because he is very fond of making speeches to which he does not in the least expect you to listen. All men of sense are glad to hand over this office to him: and I hope, for my part, a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at the side-table, as we now have the carving. Don't you find that you splash the gravy, that you mangle the meat, that you can't nick the joint in helping the company to a dinner-speech? I, for my part, own that I am in a state of tremor and absence of mind before the operation; in a condition of imbecility during the business; and that I am sure of a headache and indigestion the next morning. What then? Have I not seen one of the bravest men in the world, at a city-dinner last year, in a state of equal panic?.....I feel that I am wandering from Philip's adventures to his biographers, and confess I am thinking of the dismal *fiasco* I myself made on this occasion at the Richmond dinner.

You see, the order of the day at these meetings is to joke at every thing—to joke at the chairman, at all the speakers, at the army and navy, at the venerable the legislature, at the bar and bench, and so forth. If we toast a bar-rister we show how admirably he would have figured in the dock: of a sailor, how lamentably sea-sick he was: if a soldier, how nimbly he ran away. For example, we drank the Venerable Archdeacon Brackley and the army. We deplored the perverseness which had led him to adopt a black coat instead of a red. War had evidently been his vocation, as he had shown by the frequent battles in which he had been engaged at school. For what was the *other* great warrior of the age famous? for that Roman feature in his face, which distinguished, which gave a name to, our Brackley—a name by which we fondly clung. (Cries of "Nosey, Nosey!") Might

that feature ornament ere long the face of—one of the chiefs of that army of which he was a distinguished field-officer! Might— Here I confess I fairly broke down, lost the thread of my joke—at which Brackley seemed to look rather severe—and finished the speech with a gobble about regard, esteem, every body respect you, and good health, old boy—which answered quite as well as a finished oration, however the author might be discontented with it.

The Archdeacon's little sermon was very brief, as the discourses of sensible divines sometimes will be. He was glad to meet old friends—to make friends with old foes. (Loud cries of "Bravo, Nosey!") In the battle of life, every man must meet with a blow or two; and every brave one would take his facer with good-humor. Had he quarreled with any old school-fellow in old times? He wore peace not only on his coat but in his heart. Peace and good-will were the words of the day in the army to which he belonged; and he hoped that all officers in it were animated by one *esprit de corps*.

A silence ensued, during which men looked toward Mr. Ringwood as the "old foe" toward whom the Archdeacon had held out the hand of amity: but Ringwood, who had listened to the Archdeacon's speech with an expression of great disgust, did not rise from his chair—only remarking to his neighbor Ascot, "Why should I get up? Hang him, I have nothing to say. I say, Ascot, why did you induce me to come into this kind of thing?"

Fearing that a collision might take place between Philip and his kinsman, I had drawn Philip away from the place in the room to which Lord Ascot beckoned him, saying, "Never mind, Philip, about sitting by the Lord," by whose side I knew perfectly well that Mr. Ringwood would find a place. But it was our lot to be separated from his lordship by merely the table's breadth, and some intervening vases of flowers and fruits through which we could see and hear our opposite neighbors. When Ringwood spoke "of this kind of thing" Philip glared across the table, and started as if he was going to speak; but his neighbor pinched him on the knee, and whispered to him, "Silence—no scandal. Remember!" The other fell back, swallowed a glass of wine, and made me far from comfortable by performing a tattoo on my chair.

The speeches went on. If they were not more eloquent they were more noisy and lively than before. Then the aid of song was called in to enliven the banquet. The Archdeacon, who had looked a little uneasy for the last half hour, rose up at the call for a song, and quitted the room. "Let us go too, Philip," said Philip's neighbor. "You don't want to hear those dreadful old college songs over again?" But Philip sulkily said, "You go; I should like to stay."

Lord Ascot was seeing the last of his bachelor life. He liked those last evenings to be merry; he lingered over them, and did not wish them to end too quickly. His neighbor was long since tired of the entertainment, and sick of our com-

pany. Mr. Ringwood had lived of late in a world of such fashion that ordinary mortals were despicable to him. He had no affectionate remembrance of his early days, or of any body belonging to them. While Philip was singing his song of Doctor Luther I was glad that he could not see the face of surprise and disgust which his kinsman bore. Other vocal performances followed, including a song by Lord Ascot, which, I am bound to say, was hideously out of tune; but was received by his near neighbor complacently enough.

The noise now began to increase, the choruses were fuller, the speeches were louder and more incoherent. I don't think the company heard a speech by little Mr. Vanjohn, whose health was drunk as representative of the British Turf, and who said that he had never known any thing about the turf or about play, until their old school-fellow, his dear friend—his swell friend, if he might be permitted the expression—Mr. Ringwood, taught him the use of cards; and once, in his own house, in May Fair, and once in this very house, the "Star and Garter," showed him how to play the noble game of Blind Hookey. "The men are drunk. Let us go away, Ascot. I didn't come for this kind of thing!" cried Ringwood, furious, by Lord Ascot's side.

This was the expression which Mr. Ringwood had used a short time before, when Philip was about to interrupt him. He had lifted his gun to fire then, but his hand had been held back. The bird passed him once more, and he could not help taking aim. "This kind of thing is very dull, isn't it, Ringwood?" he called across the table, pulling away a flower, and glaring at the other through the little open space.

"Dull, old boy? I call it doosed good fun," cries Lord Ascot, in the height of good-humor.

"Dull? What do you mean?" asked my lord's neighbor.

"I mean, you would prefer having a couple of packs of cards, and a little room, where you could win three or four hundred from a young fellow? It's more profitable and more quiet than 'this kind of thing.'"

"I say, I don't know what you mean!" cries the other.

"What! You have forgotten already? Has not Vanjohn just told you, how you and Mr. Deuceace brought him down here, and won his money from him; and then how you gave him his revenge at your own house in—"

"Did I come here to be insulted by that fellow?" cries Mr. Ringwood, appealing to his neighbor.

"If that is an insult you may put it in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Ringwood!" cried Philip.

"Come away, come away, Ascot! Don't keep me here listening to this bla—"

"If you say another word," says Philip, "I'll send this decanter at your head!"

"Come, come—nonsense! No quarreling! Make it up! Every body has had too much! Get the bill, and order the omnibus round!" A crowd was on one side of the table and the other.

One of the cousins had not the least wish that the quarrel should proceed any farther.

When, being in a quarrel, Philip Firmin assumes the calm and stately manner he is perhaps in his most dangerous state. Lord Ascot's phaeton (in which Mr. Ringwood showed a great unwillingness to take a seat by the driver) was at the hotel gate, an omnibus and a private carriage or two were in readiness to take home the other guests of the feast. Ascot went into the hotel to light a final cigar, and now Philip, springing forward, caught by the arm the gentleman sitting on the front seat of the phaeton.

"Stop!" he said. "You used a word just now—"

"What word? I don't know any thing about words!" cries the other, in a loud voice.

"You said 'insulted,'" murmured Philip, in the gentlest tone.

"I don't know what I said," said Ringwood, peevishly.

"I said, in reply to the words which you forget, 'that I would knock you down,' or words to that effect. If you feel in the least aggrieved, you know where my chambers are—with Mr. Vanjohn, whom you and your mistress inveigled to play cards when he was a boy. You are not fit to come into an honest man's house. It was only because I wished to spare a lady's feelings that I refrained from turning you out of mine. Good-night, Ascot!" and with great majesty Mr. Philip returned to his companion and the Hansom cab which was in waiting to convey these two gentlemen to London.

I was quite correct in my surmise that Philip's antagonist would take no further notice of the quarrel to Philip, personally. Indeed, he affected to treat it as a drunken brawl, regarding which no man of sense would allow himself to be seriously disturbed. A quarrel between two men of the same family—between Philip and his own relative who had only wished him well? It was absurd and impossible. What Mr. Ringwood deplored was the obstinate ill-temper and known violence of Philip, which were forever leading him into these brawls, and estranging his family from him. A man seized by the coat, insulted, threatened with a decanter! A man of station so treated by a person whose own position was most questionable, whose father was a fugitive, and who himself was struggling for precarious subsistence! The arrogance was too great. With the best wishes for the unhappy young man, and his amiable (but empty-headed) little wife, it was impossible to take further notice of them. Let the visits cease. Let the carriage no more drive from Berkeley Square to Milman Street. Let there be no presents of game, poultry, legs of mutton, old clothes, and what not. Henceforth, therefore, the Ringwood carriage was unknown in the neighborhood of the Foundling, and the Ringwood footmen no more scented with their powdered heads the Firmens' little hall-ceiling. Sir John said to the end that he was about to procure a comfortable place for Philip when his deplorable violence

obliged Sir John to break off all relations with the most misguided young man.

Nor was the end of the mischief here. We have all read how the gods never appear alone—the gods bringing good or evil fortune. When two or three little pieces of good luck had befallen our poor friend, my wife triumphantly cried out, "I told you so! Did I not always say that Heaven would befriend that dear, innocent wife and children; that brave, generous, imprudent father?" And now when the evil days came, this monstrous logician insisted that poverty, sickness, dreadful doubt and terror, hunger and want almost, were all equally intended for Philip's advantage, and would work for good in the end. So that rain was good, and sunshine was good; so that sickness was good, and health was good; that Philip ill was to be as happy as Philip well, and as thankful for a sick house and an empty pocket as for a warm fire-side and a comfortable larder. Mind, I ask no Christian philosopher to revile at his ill-fortunes, or to despair. I will accept a toothache (or any evil of life) and bear it without too much grumbling. But I can not say that to have a tooth pulled out is a blessing, or fondle the hand which wrenches at my jaw.

"They can live without their fine relations, and their donations of mutton and turnips," cries my wife, with a toss of her head. "The way in which those people patronized Philip and dear Charlotte was perfectly intolerable. Lady Ringwood knows how dreadful the conduct of that Mr. Ringwood is, and—and I have no patience with her!" How, I repeat, do women know about men? How do they telegraph to each other their notices of alarm and mistrust? and fly as birds rise up with a rush and a skurry when danger appears to be near? All this was very well. But Mr. Tregarvan heard some account of the dispute between Philip and Mr. Ringwood, and applied to Sir John for further particulars; and Sir John—liberal man as he was and ever had been, and priding himself little, Heaven knew, at the privilege of rank, which was merely adventitious—was constrained to confess that this young man's conduct showed a great deal too much *laissez aller*. He had constantly, at Sir John's own house, manifested an independence which had bordered on rudeness; he was always notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and lately had so disgraced himself in a scene with Sir John's eldest son, Mr. Ringwood—had exhibited such brutality, ingratitude, and—and inebriation, that Sir John was free to confess he had forbidden the gentleman his door.

"An insubordinate, ill-conditioned fellow, certainly!" thinks Tregarvan. (And I do not say, though Philip is my friend, that Tregarvan and Sir John were altogether wrong regarding their *protégé*.) Twice Tregarvan had invited him to breakfast, and Philip had not appeared. More than once he had contradicted Tregarvan about the Review. He had said that the Review was not getting on, and if you asked Philip

his candid opinion, it would not get on. Six numbers had appeared, and it did not meet with that attention which the public ought to pay to it. The public was careless as to the designs of that Great Power which it was Tregarvan's aim to defy and confound. He took council with himself. He walked over to the publisher's and inspected the books; and the result of that inspection was so disagreeable that he went home straightway and wrote a letter to Philip Firmin, Esq., New Milman Street, Guildford Street, which that poor fellow brought to his usual advisers.

That letter contained a check for a quarter's salary, and bade adieu to Mr. Firmin. The writer would not recapitulate the causes of dissatisfaction which he felt respecting the conduct of the Review. He was much disappointed in its progress, and dissatisfied with its general management. He thought an opportunity was lost which never could be recovered for exposing the designs of a Power which menaced the liberty and tranquillity of Europe. Had it been directed with proper energy that Review might have been an ægis to that threatened liberty, a lamp to lighten the darkness of that menaced freedom. It might have pointed the way to the cultivation *bonarum literarum*; it might have fostered rising talent; it might have chastised the arrogance of so-called critics; it might have served the cause of truth. Tregarvan's hopes were disappointed: he would not say by whose remissness or fault. He had done his utmost in the good work, and, finally, would thank Mr. Firmin to print off the articles already purchased and paid for, and to prepare a brief notice for the next number, announcing the discontinuance of the Review; and Tregarvan showed my wife a cold shoulder for a considerable time afterward, nor were we asked to his tea-parties, I forget for how many seasons.

This to us was no great loss or subject of annoyance: but to poor Philip? It was a matter of life and almost death to him. He never could save much out of his little pittance. Here were fifty pounds in his hand, it is true; but bills, taxes, rent, the hundred little obligations of a house, were due and pressing upon him; and in the midst of his anxiety our dear little Mrs. Philip was about to present him with a third ornament to his nursery. Poor little Tertius arrived duly enough; and, such hypocrites were we, that the poor mother was absolutely thinking of calling the child Tregarvan Firmin, as a compliment to Mr. Tregarvan, who had been so kind to them, and Tregarvan Firmin would be such a pretty name, she thought. We imagined the Little Sister knew nothing about Philip's anxieties. Of course, she attended Mrs. Philip through her troubles, and we vow that we never said a word to her regarding Philip's own. But Mrs. Brandon went into Philip one day, as he was sitting very grave and sad with his two first-born children, and she took both his hands and said, "You know, dear, I have saved ever

so much: and I always intended it for—you know who." And here she loosened one hand from him, and felt in her pocket for a purse, and put it into Philip's hand, and wept on his shoulder. And Philip kissed her, and thanked God for sending him such a dear friend, and gave her back her purse, though indeed he had but five pounds left in his own when this benefactress came to him.

Yes; but there were debts owing to him. There was his wife's little portion of fifty pounds a year, which had never been paid since the second quarter after their marriage, which had happened now more than three years ago. As Philip had scarce a guinea in the world, he wrote to Mrs. Baynes, his wife's mother, to explain his extreme want, and to remind her that this money was due. Mrs. General Baynes was living at Jersey at this time in a choice society of half-pay ladies, clergymen, captains, and the like, among whom I have no doubt she moved as a great lady. She wore a large medallion of the deceased General on her neck. She wept dry tears over that interesting cameo at frequent tea-parties. She never could forgive Philip for taking away her child from her, and if any one would take away others of her girls she would be equally unforgiving. Endowed with that wonderful logic with which women are blessed, I believe she never admitted, or has been able to admit in her own mind, that she did Philip and her daughter a wrong. In the tea-parties of her acquaintance she groaned over the extravagance of her son-in-law and his brutal treatment of her blessed child. Many good people agreed with her and shook their respectable noddles when the name of that prodigal Philip was mentioned over her muffins and Bohea. He was prayed for; his dear widowed mother-in-law was pitied, and blessed with all the comfort reverend gentlemen could supply on the spot. "Upon my honor, Firmin, Emily and I were made to believe that you were a monster, Sir—with cloven feet and a forked tail, by George!—and now I have heard your story, by Jove, I think it is you and not Eliza Baynes who were wronged. She has a deuce of a tongue, Eliza has: and a temper—poor Charles knew what *that* was!" In fine, when Philip, reduced to his last guinea, asked Charlotte's mother to pay her debts to her sick daughter, Mrs. General B. sent Philip a ten-pound note, open, by Captain Swang, of the Indian army, who happened to be coming to England. And that, Philip says, of all the hard knocks of fate, has been the very hardest which he has had to endure.

But the poor little wife knew nothing of this cruelty, nor, indeed, of the poverty which was hemming round her curtain; and in the midst of his griefs Philip Firmin was immensely consoled by the tender fidelity of the friends whom God had sent him. Their griefs were drawing to an end now. Kind readers all, may your sorrows, may mine, leave us with hearts not embittered, and humbly acquiescent to the Great Will!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 2d of July, while the issue of the operations before Richmond, to which all eyes have been so long turned, remains undecided. The official returns from the army have been so carefully withheld by Government that we can only give a bare outline of the leading events which have occurred during the month:—After the bloody but undecisive battle of Fair Oaks, fought on the 31st of May and the 1st of June, nothing of decisive importance took place until the 26th, though there was continual skirmishing and firing at different portions of the line. At this time the right wing of our army had extended to the north of Richmond, covering an extent of many miles, the general dépôt for stores and munitions being at the White House, on the Pamunky River, some twenty miles in the rear; three army corps had crossed the Chickahominy, and were posted between that stream and Richmond. It became apparent that the enemy had been largely reinforced from various quarters, and that our forces were not sufficiently numerous to maintain their long line, much less to assail the Confederate capital from that direction.

It would seem that some days before General McClellan, now that the destruction of the *Merrimac* had put the James River under our control, had determined to make that his base of operations, and had made preparations to withdraw his right wing from its position. The supplies at the White House were accordingly moved down the Pamunky and York rivers, to be sent up the James, upon which the army, commencing with the left wing, was to be moved, crossing the Chickahominy, to be followed by the right wing. On the 26th the enemy made an attack in force upon our extreme right, at Mechanicsville; our troops, according to orders, falling back. Severe fighting took place on the three following days, the details of which, from official sources, will be published before this number of the Magazine reaches our readers; we do not therefore reproduce the isolated accounts furnished by various newspaper correspondents. By Monday our army had taken up its new position, resting on the James River, within the support of our gun-boats. Here their rear was assailed by forces from Richmond; and at the close of Monday, June 30, the date of our latest intelligence, it was presumed that the action would be renewed on the following day. As we have said, the official reports have not been published, and as we close it is impossible to say whether these operations of our army are to be considered a retreat or a strategic movement to secure a more favorable assailing position.

An unsuccessful demonstration was made upon Charleston on the 16th of June. The whole available force of this Department had been concentrated upon James Island, and the enemy were in force near the centre of the island to prevent the advance upon Charleston. At Secessionville they had erected a strong intrenchment. General Benham, who was temporarily in command—General Hunter having left for the head-quarters at Hilton Head—undertook to carry these works, in order to open a passage for direct operations against Fort Johnson and Charleston. The assault was bravely made, but was wholly unsuccessful; after a severe fight of five hours our forces were repulsed, and driven back with a loss estimated at about 700 in killed, wounded, and miss-

ing. James Island was subsequently abandoned by us, and our troops withdrawn to the head-quarters of the Southern Division at Hilton Head.

General Pope having been appointed by the President to the chief command in the Shenandoah Valley, including the corps under Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, General Frémont asked to be relieved from the command of his corps, on the ground that "the position assigned to him, by the appointment of Major-General Pope as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Virginia, was subordinate and inferior to that heretofore held by him, and to remain in the subordinate command now assigned would largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service." His request was immediately granted.

On the 1st of July the President, in response to the official request of the Governors of eighteen States, issued a call for 300,000 additional men for the army.

From the extreme South and Southwest the intelligence is of comparatively slight importance. New Orleans is perfectly quiet under the government of General Butler, and General Shepley, the military commander; but neither there nor in Memphis is there apparent any considerable Union feeling. The report that Governor Stanly, of North Carolina, had closed the schools for colored people, adverted to in our last Record, proves to have been erroneous. —The position of the body of the army of Beauregard is not yet ascertained; the reports of the large numbers of prisoners taken during their retreat turn out to be unfounded. —It is reported that our gun-boats from up and down the Mississippi have met at Vicksburg, and that the attack upon that place has commenced. —The Cumberland Gap, the main avenue of communication between the Southwest and Virginia, was seized by our forces under General Morgan on the 18th of June, it having been evacuated by the enemy. —A gun-boat expedition sent from Memphis up the White River, in Arkansas, had an action, on the 18th, at Fort Charles, 85 miles from the mouth of the river. The fort was taken, with considerable loss; ours was also severe, a shot penetrating the boiler of the *Mound City*, one of our gun-boats, and a large part of her crew were killed or disabled by the escaping steam. —On the 25th the first train from Memphis to Corinth was attacked, twelve miles from the former place, by a body of the enemy's cavalry. On it were a company of Ohio soldiers, of whom ten were killed and a number made prisoners.

The Tax-bill has finally passed both Houses of Congress. Its special provisions are so numerous that our space will not permit us to give an abstract. We note only a few of the most important general features: They include direct *imposts*, averaging 3 per cent. upon manufactured articles, most of which, however, are specially enumerated; of those enumerated distilled spirits pay 20 cents per gallon, ales 1 dollar per barrel; *licenses*, varying from 5 to 200 dollars, upon almost every profession; *stamps*, from 3 cents to 1 dollar upon the paper used for bills of exchange, and from 1 to 20 dollars upon conveyances of real estate; the *income-tax* is 3 per cent. on the excess over \$600 of all incomes up to \$10,000, and 5 per cent. on those greater. To collect these taxes a Commissioner of Internal Revenue is to be appointed, at a salary of \$4000, and various district collectors and assessors, as specified in the bill. Every

person liable to taxation must—on or before August 1, 1862, and before the first Monday of May thereafter—make a return to the district collector of his district of his income, manufactures, etc., according to forms to be prepared by the Commissioner. The assessors are then to proceed throughout their respective districts and make strict inquiry in relation to all matters belonging to the taxation; if any person neglects to make out the required list, it is to be made out by the officer; any attempt at fraud is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$500; if any person, after being notified so to do, neglects or refuses to make out the list, the assessor is to add 50 per cent. to the amount. The bill contains minute provisions for the collection of all the taxes imposed by the bill.

EUROPE.

In both France and Great Britain reports are again rife of an intention on the part of these Governments to interfere directly, by mediation or otherwise, in the affairs of America. Nothing, however, has as yet transpired which warrants the belief that such a determination has actually been formed. In Parliament, on the 13th, Earl Russell, in reply to a question, said: "No proposals of this kind have been made either on the part of her Majesty's Government to the Government of France, or from the French Government to ours. The French Ambassador in London has received no instructions from his Government on the subject, and there certainly has been no communication upon the part of her Majesty's Government to the French Government. There was certainly no intention on the part of her Majesty's Government to interfere at the present moment."—On the 17th Mr. Lindsay, who had given notice that he should on that day offer a resolution for the recognition of the Southern States, said that he should postpone it until the 11th of July; before that time he trusted that her Majesty's Government would see the necessity of taking in hand a question so grave and important, for it must be apparent to all men that before long those States must become an independent nation.—Mr. Hopwood gave notice that on the 1st of July he should offer a resolution, "That it was the duty of her Majesty's Government to use every means consistent with the maintenance of peace, either in concert with the Great Powers or otherwise, as they may think it expedient, to endeavor to terminate the civil war now raging in America."—General Butler's proclamation concerning women who insult our flag or soldiers in the streets has been sharply condemned in Parliament and by the press. It was pronounced absolutely without precedent. Lord Palmerston said that it was "infamous, and, as an Englishman, he blushed to think that in our age such an act has been committed by a man belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race." The purport of the order seems to have been wholly misunderstood by all except Earl Russell, who said he had been informed that "there being in New Orleans a local regulation that women of the town creating a disturbance in the streets should be liable to be sent to prison, the meaning of the order was, that all women who should treat the American officers with contumely in the public streets should be held to be women creating a disturbance in the streets, and be sent to prison." Even on this interpretation he thought the order liable to lead to great brutalities, and wholly without justification.—The news of the reverse to the French arms in Mexico caused great excitement in France, and it was at once resolved to dispatch considerable

reinforcements to that country; 12,000 men are to be dispatched forthwith. The French Government have also officially announced the blockade of the Mexican ports.

Editor's Easy Chair.

LISTENING the other evening to Gottschalk's playing at the Academy, the Easy Chair naturally remembered and contrasted the various great players he has heard. Such recollections make a garden of the memory, and it is not easy to say which flower is the fairest. One thing is clear enough—that when you hear a fine player in a huge opera-house you are merely looking at a cabinet picture too far off to estimate it correctly. But do not hasten to say that nowhere else would such a thing be thought of as a pianist in a theatre, for Thalberg used constantly to play at *matinées* in Her Majesty's Opera-house in London; and there, in the gairish gaslight reflected from yellow silk hangings, the Easy Chair first heard him on one of the softest and brightest of English June days.

The performance was much the same that we all heard afterward in this country. The well-dressed, smooth-shaven, quiet man came on without pretension, seated himself, and played, without a single grimace. His manner was perfectly cool; his most wonderful effects were produced with the utmost repose. The one word which described the impression was "Gentlemanly." As was said of Wordsworth's poetry, "This is the kind that every educated gentleman ought to be able to write," so it seemed of Thalberg's playing that it was what should naturally be expected of every gentleman. Correctness was apparently an instinct, not a result of training. There was the same kind of sensuous delight in listening to the smooth, flowing, trickling, trilling, gurgling, yet broad and massive and firm playing, that there is in tasting a delicious fruit or a perfectly made soup.

And it was characteristic of Thalberg that he accurately understood the capacity of the instrument. He did not try to make the piano an orchestra, nor yet a flute, or a voice, or a violoncello. He respected its limitations, and therefore you did not say, "What a pity that it is only a piano!" There are other exquisite and excellent players who treat the instrument as if it were something else. Their temperaments are sensitive, aspiring, discontented; and the discontent betrays itself subtly in the very style of their playing. But that is bad art. The artist would throw it all into the playing itself, and express it *through* that, not through the method of manipulation.

Some of the most charming pieces that Thalberg played were his fantasias from operas, and especially one from Don Giovanni, including the music of the ball and the trio. The parts and selections were so exquisitely blended that the effect was hardly less delightful than hearing it from the orchestra. But that regulated propriety of behavior, that well-bred coolness of the man permeated the music. It was polished and smooth and delicious, but it was also cold. It might be symbolized by a perfect marble statue, not by a breathing, palpitating human being. For you feel that if Thalberg were an artist of another kind he would be a sculptor, not a painter; and a sculptor of Graces and Nymphs, not of Niobes and Clyties.

Gottschalk's playing is very difficult to charac-

terize, except as the most marvelous mechanical mastery of the piano ever known. His legerdemain is perfect. Each finger is a positive power; and the clearness and symmetry of the effects he produces are not less striking than the precision and force. In the Academy the instrument itself sounds thin and rattling; and the size of the hall, the character of the audience, and the paralysis of the characters of the piano, prevent his being heard except as a sensation player who astounds by *tours de force*. If he does not despise the audience there his expression does his real feeling great injustice.

Yet some years ago, upon his first visit to New York, the Easy Chair was one of a party one Saturday evening at Gottschalk's room in the old Irving House, now Delmonico's, at the corner of Chambers Street. There were but a few persons present, all fond of music, many skilled and learned in it. On that evening Gottschalk was truly pleasing. He was young, and simple, and modest. His face had that glazed vagueness which it still has, and was inscrutable. That is, it was impossible to tell if it wore a natural mask which it was in vain to study, or if it were merely dullness. The general impression was of a boy who had been kept very constantly at severe practice of the piano, and knew little else. He seated himself at the instrument. The room was small; the company discriminating and interested; and we sat comfortably in chairs, or lounged upon sofas. After running his hands about the keyboard he struck into a grand polonaise of Chopin's, and delivered it with masterly precision and vigor. It was a thoroughly appreciative and respectful performance, without niggling or affectation of any kind. He followed it with a rapid series of selections from Chopin—mazurkas, études, preludes, waltzes, sonatas, fantasias, nocturnes—and they were all so delicately discriminated and so exquisitely "interpreted," that those who had supposed that in Gottschalk they were to hear only a prodigious athlete were entirely surprised.

He played then one or two merely bravura compositions which revealed his unsurpassed skill, and glided into his own *Bamboula*, full of rocking tropical languor and warmth. There seemed nothing to be asked. The Chopin performances were as simple and rich and honest as any one could ask; and the others were as glittering and magnificent as they could be. It was clear that the player must be personally known before his performance could be accurately appreciated. The technical details were perfect. But there was an after-taste of the want of imagination. You heard Chopin, for instance, as exactly as Chopin's self could have played; but there is an atmosphere in his music, as there doubtless was in his playing, which separated his own rendering from that of any one else in the world. He could not have changed a note of Gottschalk's; but from his own finger it would have dropped with an indefinable and unapproachable grace.

Since that evening Gottschalk has presented his claims to the world as one of the chief living pianists. He has also composed music, which is graceful and intricate and agreeable, but which does not indicate a marked or original power. Merely as a pianist he is doubtless unrivaled. If he pleases less than Thalberg, it is only because he is younger and cruder, and shows too constantly a kind of power which should be reserved. The horse that charms most is not the one that trots at his utmost all the time, but the one that decorates his quiet pace with the impression of a possibility of infinite speed.

Thalberg and Gottschalk are virtuosos like Paganini and Ernst. Of course all such men, interesting and admirable as they may be, are to great musicians what actors are to dramatists, what Kean and Kemble were to Shakespeare. So when we hear Gottschalk play a fantasia of Chopin's, we do not indeed hear the master himself, but we hear the best living performer of his work.

There was a great deal of lively sarcasm in the opera-house and the newspapers because Gottschalk played between some of the acts of the opera, and Hermann juggled between others. But certainly, so far as the hearing of the opera is in question, the unity of interest is no more destroyed by listening to exquisite piano-playing during the interval than in attending to the tattle of a dull neighbor or staring at the audience. The *entr'acte* itself is the absurdity, not the occupation of the listener, while it continues. The best use to which it could be put upon any evening when *Lucrezia Borgia* is played, for instance, would be the playing of Venetian music, barcaroles and dances, by the orchestra. Then the imagination would still unconsciously linger in Venice, and not drop suddenly back into Irving Place.

The constant crowds certainly showed that it was worth while for a manager to give the best he could for the lowest sum. To be sure it is sharply said that the director charged fifty cents to enter and fifty more to sit down, and then called it an entertainment for fifty cents, which was a juggle. Still he is technically correct; "admission to all parts of the house" was given for fifty cents. Yet managers do not win love and troops of friends by such conduct. But if you should offer them love or money, which do you think they would take?

A NEW hero has suddenly appeared, and we have seen him in New York. His name is Prim. He is a Spanish General and the Count de Reus. He came as commander of the Spanish contingent in the combined forces of England, France, and Spain, to insure the payment of the annual interest upon the Mexican debt. But when the French Admiral said, "*Nous autres*, Frenchmen, can not possibly see how our interest is to be paid unless we make the Archduke Maximilian of Austria King or Emperor of Mexico," then Sir Charles Wyke and the English, and General Prim and the Spaniards, wished the French Admiral good-morning.

As he went General Prim received a letter from Louis Napoleon and answered it. His reply is one of the best political letters that has been lately made public. The Count de Reus says that, with many thanks, and fervent prayers for his Majesty's greatness and glory, Spain will decline to pull the hot chestnuts out of the ashes for his Majesty's luncheon. If Majesty must eat chestnuts—Amen! But how about a burned mouth? It may be easy enough for France to seat the young Austrian in Mexico—for what can not France do? but how are you going to hold him there? When your Majesty removes your hand your Majesty's puppet will tumble down. There is no taste for puppet-shows in Mexico; and if there were, some of the neighbors are dreadfully annoyed by them.

A franker or politer letter it would be hard to imagine. The truth was never more plainly told to a monarch, or in a more convincing and unexceptionable manner. Spain, hints the Count, has the most natural and warmest interest in Mexico. We are here to fight, if it must be; but I have no fear that Mexico will refuse to do justice. If you choose

to undertake a war against Mexico, to compel the people to receive a man they detest, and to change the Government to a monarchy, by a pretended election under the sanction of the imposed emigrant, it is your affair; what can not France do? Meanwhile, I beg a thousand pardons of your Majesty, but the English have withdrawn. It is an important fact. And we are going. Modesty forbids that I should call that important. Let it count for what it is worth. Yet not only do England and Spain withdraw, but the United States dearly love republicanism upon this continent. It is not for me to insinuate. I testify my profound devotion, and hope Madame and the infant portent themselves excessively bien.

Louis Napoleon is not the shrewd man he is believed to be if he does not value that letter as he values few he has ever received. The case is not so complicated that the hangers-on of the Easy Chair may not readily comprehend it, and we are all sure to talk of it a great deal before it is ended.

Two years ago this summer a neighbor used to drop in upon the Easy Chair and say to him, "You are mistaken in two things. If Mr. Lincoln is elected there *will* be a civil war, though you disbelieve it; and the great question of this country is not Slavery—that is done for—but it is Mexico. I can not persuade any statesman to see it, but it is so. Mexico is in trouble, but there is a way out of it. The Juarez party is truly the people's party. They can secure and maintain peace if the national debt could be guaranteed for a certain time. It ought to be guaranteed, and by this country. If we do not do it there will be a foreign intervention in Mexico.

He was perfectly sure of it. He had lived long in the country. He knew the leaders. He knew also the feeling in the South of this country; believed that Mr. Lincoln would be elected; that the war would follow, and that Europe would at once trample the Monroe doctrine into the mud of Mexico. Events have proved his sagacity; and it is through Mexico that we are now most seriously threatened with foreign complications. For, taking advantage of our domestic troubles, the three great Powers appeared in Mexico for the express and only purpose of securing the regular payment of the interest on their debt. Satisfactory arrangements were making; but in the midst of the negotiations arrives French reinforcements, beyond the stipulated number, and with them a party of people hateful to the Mexicans, identified only with the Church or despotic party, one of whom some of the French soldiers elect President of Mexico, with the acknowledged intention of subverting the republic and erecting a monarchy. England and Spain thereupon retire, and France remains. The Mexicans rise; a battle is fought and the French defeated. What will your Majesty do next?

Just as this question is asking General Prim steams into the harbor of New York. His position is so manly and honorable that his welcome is truly hearty. He goes to Washington, and penetrates the peninsula far enough to see our army before Richmond. It is sure to conquer, he says; and we all like General Prim. Then he returns to New York and sits for his photograph—for we must all have a likeness of General Prim. The Spanish residents invite him to a banquet at Delmonico's new restaurant, the house of Moses H. Grinnell, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and the Fifth Avenue. The feast is sumptuous, brilliant, and elegant. There are colored lanterns at the doors, and ranges of gor-

geous flowers within; while the guests are the Spanish Minister and a swarthy crowd of Dons representing all the Spanish American governments. Don William H. Seward, our Secretary of State, is strongly urged to come. He writes from Auburn that he is "at home but three days in the year," and begs to be excused; but also desires to salute General Prim as a worthy representative of renovated Spain. The feast is an exchange of congratulations between Spain and Spanish America. Even Yankee America is not absent, for among the guests we read the names of Señor Don Sidney Mason and Señor Don Frederico Grund.

The Spanish Minister, Señor Don Tassara, makes a glowing speech. Every Señor Don Minister makes a glowing speech; and General Prim says that not only does Spain respect the independence of Mexico, but it shall yet be her duty to make the liberty of America respected every where. It is a brilliant and happy banquet. Spain clasps hands with her sometime children; and that all may share the delight General Prim, in sitting down, drinks to the prosperity of the United States and the success of our arms.

The next day the Count de Reus sailed away, and of all Spaniards who have recently written or spoken none has written more wisely or spoken more frankly than he. In the agitation of the Mexican Question he is sure to appear again; and surely every loyal American will hail his appearance with pleasure, and reciprocate all his kind wishes of prosperity to General Prim.

DURING the month there has been a summer season of opera. In times past the June season has been very gay with the guests from Southern cities and from Cuba upon the wing to the watering-places of the North. But this year they have been absent; although had they been here, where could they have been placed in the crowds that have filled the Academy? Elsewhere the Easy Chair has spoken of Gottschalk's playing; but a word is due in these columns to Madame Borchard, an unheralded prima donna, and the most finished and excellent singer we have had since La Grange.

She came upon the town, as the old theatre chroniclers used to say, as *Lucrezia Borgia*, and she gave the music and the drama in so broad and satisfactory a manner that her future success is surd. Her style is French; that is to say, peculiarly polished and ladylike. Her method of singing is strictly Italian. Her success shows the wisdom of not blowing loud trumpets in advance.

After Jenny Lind came to this country, and indeed sometimes before, the advent of each new singer, or pianist, or violinist, was announced by a flourish of puffs on satin paper in the guise of biographies. A serenade upon the arrival was found a good advertisement. But after Parodi, whose coming was managed so as to parody Jenny Lind's throughout, this puff system was much discontinued. It was revived a little in the case of Musard, but his sad failure slew it utterly. Parodi had sung in London as a pupil of Pasta. She had made her "hit" as Trinculo, in a musical olio from the "Tempest" by Hal-levy; and as Trinculo she was chiefly remarked for a saucy drinking song. Suddenly translated to New York she was manipulated into a famous prima donna, and after the arrival and serenade she appeared at the Astor Place Opera-house as Norma. The house was crowded. White doves with Italian odes were flown from the gallery. Flowers were cast

upon the stage. The machinery was in full play—and Parodi failed. She was an ordinary singer, and doves and serenades could not conceal it.

Ullman has not made the mistakes of Maretzek. But in every country the opera is a game. It is a *Rouge et Noir*, a faro, more or less. The manager enjoys the excitement and literally "runs for luck." Like all gamblers he loses in the long-run. When the Government helps him he repairs his losses and tries again. The remedy, of course, lies in more moderate salaries. The wages of a singer are ludicrously disproportioned to those of all other workers in the world. It is true that a fine voice is as seldom found as a fine pearl, and that the rivalry for its possession is intense. But it is a rivalry, after all, among poor men, or men of precarious fortunes, as all managers are. Were they more reasonable, singers and managers, the opera might be as permanent and secure as the theatre. As it is, it is only an intermittent fever.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S book upon North America is neither so profound as De Tocqueville's, nor so broadly amusing and exaggerated as Dickens's; but it is the work of a genial, observant Englishman, intensely English and honest, and doing us all the justice that he possibly can. He does not like our railroad cars, nor our hotel manners, nor our old children, nor the eternal rush, and row, and I'm-as-good-as-you of the Yankee nation. On the other hand, he does not quote an extravagant exception as a rule, nor suppose that what a passing stranger sees upon the outside is necessarily the only thing there is to see.

His journey in America fell at a time when we were more profoundly disturbed and excited than we have been for many years; when a wild, civil war was raging, and the public mind was turned exclusively to military affairs. It happened, also, when the growing sympathy between England and America had been suddenly and rudely checked by the course adopted by England, and which she persists, with amusing solemnity, in calling her "impartiality"—an impartiality which consisted in calling a furious faction, seeking the overthrow of the Government, an equal belligerent power with that Government, in the most incessant sneering at the loyal people of the country, in the active sympathy of the English colonies with the authors of our misfortunes, unchecked by a solitary word from the organs of British public opinion, and in the plain declaration of the English Foreign Minister that the faction was fighting for liberty and the Government for power.

This is the impartiality and neutrality upon which John Bull so complacently congratulates himself, which Mr. Trollope thinks is the most natural and reasonable position for Bull in the world, but which, with equal naturalness and reason, had disgusted and exasperated the nation through which his journey lay. Still, it is to the great credit of the traveler that he tries to hold a fair mind; and does so, enough to admit that, were he an American, he should doubtless take the American view, and object to the abject and utter destruction of his nation without a word of protest.

There is a great deal of droll sketching in the volume—sketching of circumstances and subjects very familiar to every American traveler. It does not, however, often occur to Mr. Trollope, nor does it to most foreign tourists here, that the key of society being entirely changed, the most familiar things

will necessarily make a different impression. For instance, railroad traveling is a daily commonplace both of England and America; but in England comparatively few persons travel, and here every body travels. Consequently you are very sure to see and hear a great many very funny things. But then Mr. Trollope's wonder that money will not buy in traveling what it buys every where else is the remark of every intelligent American. A railroad ticket-office is the only place where money loses its power. Upon any steamer you may buy a whole state-room if you wish to, but you can not buy a whole seat in a car. At a hotel you may have a room at any price; you may have silence, solitude, heat, cold, comfort. But in a car you are at the mercy of any drunken, dirty man who smells like a gutter and acts like a hog, and who chooses to seat himself next to you. The *principle* of choice is indeed conceded in the two classes of cars, but the practice is indefinitely postponed.

A book like this of Mr. Trollope's is of real service, because it shows us just what an intelligent, open-eyed man thinks of us. We are inevitably so used to our own ways that we can not estimate them impartially. In such a book we have the chance of looking at ourselves from the outside, and appreciating the impression we make. We shall all laugh at a great deal the author says. We shall differ with much, and we shall profit by much more. It is useless, when he makes a home-thrust, to cry, "You're another!" It does not follow that a man who squirts his tobacco-juice through his mouth and his words through his nose is an agreeable fellow because John Bull is a snob. That English women are dowdy does not prove that pert and vulgar American women are elegant; and that the English are servile does not make it impossible for Americans to be insolent.

The book is well worth reading.

THE death of Henry Thomas Buckle, who had scarcely reached the prime of life, is an event of the greatest interest and regret to every man who, believing in a divine purpose in human history, has faithfully studied Buckle's analysis of human progress.

The mere facts of his life were remarkable. Ill-health delayed his education until he was a grown boy. His early and chief occupation, as an invalid, was chess-playing, in which he became a master. When he was eighteen his father left him a fortune, and then, conceiving the vast plan of a history of human civilization—in other words, a complete Philosophy of Human Progress—he surrounded himself with books, devoted himself with unflagging intrepidity to every branch of knowledge; noted, collated, digested, and, at the age of thirty-five, after seventeen or eighteen years of such study as few men can imagine, he published his first volume, the mere erudition of which was so imposing that it was said, as a high praise of the Astor Library, that almost all of Mr. Buckle's quotations and allusions could be verified from its shelves.

The central idea of his doctrine was that civilization is a mental and not a moral result; and he subordinates all moral and religious to intellectual influences so broadly and vehemently that the superficial reader supposed he denied the existence, or excellence, or value of the moral nature of man; and the publication was followed by a tremendous clatter of "atheist!" "infidel!" "irreligion!" "irreverence!" and the usual tantamarra that explodes when-

ever a thinker announces a fundamental principle at variance with the received belief.

The whole controversy may be very simply stated. The general opinion of Christendom—it can not be called a faith so much as a tradition—is that religion or Christianity is the controlling influence of civilization. It is assumed, it is not debated. But a student and a thinker assumes nothing in questions that depends upon evidence. "It is so," said public opinion. "Is it so?" replied Buckle. His offense is first in asking the question, and then in answering it accordingly to his conviction. "I have looked into this question," he says, "as deeply as most people. I have studied it in all its facts and bearings. I can have no other object than the truth, and I don't think that your view is the truth. It is not enough to be moral, you must be intelligently moral."

That was his persuasion, and he wrote it down and the reasons for it in his remarkable work. There was no disguise in it, no deceit of any kind. "I have weak spots, doubtless," his very frankness said; "pierce them, and let me learn." Then as the loud and vague clamor rose around him, it is easy to fancy the look and tone of a man to whom every aspect of ignorance and bigotry in every age and nation was familiar, as he asked, "We all want truth, I suppose? We are not more interested in our own notions than in the truth, are we? We sincerely believe in moral liberty, do we not?"

In his second volume, published three years after the first, he expresses his convictions only the more strongly; and he speaks with warmth, yet with perfect dignity and pathos, of the barriers which tradition, ignorance, and superstition build in the path of Liberty. Whoever, he says, will truly write history must be "prepared for that obliquity which always awaits those who, by opening up new veins of thought, disturb the prejudices of their contemporaries. While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him; while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached; while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, and of attacking the foundation of all religion, as if he were some public enemy who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenor of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he can not but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke."

He goes on to confess that the plan of his work was too vast, that he had hoped too much, and that the task requires not only several minds but the successive experience of several generations. But his own ample and splendid contributions to that work will be his great monument, and an integral part of what is most valuable in English literature. His work is not likely to be continued by other hands, for the necessary preparation would consume the lifetime of most men. Besides, it must be conceived as clearly and vigorously as he conceived it, or it could not be done. As with the statues of Michael Angelo upon the Medici tomb, its incompleteness is so much finer than much completion, that we will be grateful for what was actually accomplished rather than despondent for what was necessarily left undone. England herself has hardly counted Buckle among her memorable men of this time. Macaulay, a purveyor of history rather than a historian, is her

elected literary favorite of the age. But Buckle, with Carlyle, with John Stuart Mill, with all who belong to the truly catholic church of lovers of moral liberty, will mould the age which praises lesser men.

Mr. Buckle was scarcely forty-two years old and unmarried. He died at Damascus in May. It was only at the close of the winter that he was heard of in Egypt, the guest of our Consul General, Thayer. He then intended to come to this country, to enlighten himself by actual observation of our life and character. Had he done so the secret springs of our national significance and prosperity would have been contemplated as they have not yet been, with all of De Tocqueville's calmness, of Gurowski's perspicacity, with the shrewd eye of all our other critics, but also with the breadth and incisive universality with which he grasps the France of Louis XIV., and with a comprehensive exposition of the doctrine of Liberty that would have inspirited all our hearts.

THE war has now lasted more than a year. The wild amazement and excitement of its beginning are past. The national incredulity that any party or faction would actually take up arms has changed into the calm conviction that our rights and liberties, like those of every nation, are held only by our courage and self-sacrifice. There is no amulet which will protect national life but the hearty devotion of the citizens. There is no charm against selfishness and crime: no talisman that will dispense with personal heroism.

Meanwhile the aspect of the city is almost unchanged. There is no less thronging and moving along the streets: no less crowding in brilliant theatres: no less swarming to the Central Park on Saturday afternoons when the band plays. Broadway is as full as ever: the shops are not less gay; and if you roll slowly down in an omnibus at five o'clock in the afternoon you would be amazed to see how a great war may be raging only two days' journey off, and yet the city be as apparently unconcerned as in the most halcyon hour of peace.

Now and then, however, in strolling about the streets you are suddenly arrested by what is indeed an unwonted spectacle to us. Yesterday, for instance, as I was—not strolling, but hastening along Cortlandt Street, I met a little wagon rolled rapidly along, and in it sat a man in uniform, both of whose legs had been shot away. His face was cheerful. The wagon was pushed by some friendly hand, the crowd parted silently before it, and every eye fell wistfully upon the melancholy sight.

A little farther on and I met a pale, emaciated youth, also in uniform and leaning heavily upon a cane, while he dragged himself slowly along. His sallow, wasted face showed the victim of fever. His rusty uniform was the credential of honorable service. I lifted my hat involuntarily. "I bow instinctively to a wounded soldier," said a friend at my side.

These are the not infrequent spectacles which now meet the eye of the loiterer or rapid passenger in the great city, whose only previous impression for two or three generations had been that of too fervent and exhaustive life. These wounded and forever disabled soldiers stop a man's thoughts as they arrest his steps, and remind him of the entirely changed aspects of the future. Peace, even after a just war, comes so sadly. It comes so shrouded in sorrow and poignant regret! The woes of war are so material and obvious, its advantages so spiritual

and often remote, that it requires a strong, sweet faith not to think peace desirable at any cost.

Yet it is no paradox, though it seems so, that it is the lovers of peace who are generally obliged to make war. Men who respect their own rights and those of others, and who wish that the rights of all shall be maintained, are by nature in direct opposition to those who acknowledge no rights whatever but their own wills. When the laws which defend those rights are violated, or when the laws themselves violate those rights, there is no alternative but acquiescence or resistance. But acquiescence is merely the forging of the first link of the chain of submission; and unless slavery, and torpidity, and degradation, and death are peace, the lovers of peace must withstand their first assaults.

These wounded soldiers, too, solitary, as it were, among the crowd, remind us how few the soldiers of the army are when measured by the great population of the country. And of those soldiers, too, how many are filled full with ardent conviction? How many know clearly what they are fighting for? More, doubtless, than the soldiers of any other army ever marshaled. But if their convictions were commensurate with their numbers, how irresistible they would be! They are combating now, God bless them! But if all men could see and feel what a few do a thousand would be terrible, and ten thousand invincible.

Good reader, think of these soldiers who have given their limbs, their health, and would willingly have given their lives for your security and comfort. Think of them wounded, wasted, weary: unfitted henceforth, perhaps, for their ordinary business; with wives and children to provide for, with old parents and sisters—think of them, and of the cause for which they have suffered, and ask yourself what you can do. Can you help this man to get a wooden leg: or give that one a lift in learning a new trade? Can you pay this one's rent for a little while, until he gets upon his pins again; or have you some clothes, books, magazines, newspapers, to send to the hospital where so many lie listless in the warm summer days? Can you go and sit with them, read to them, nurse them? Can you send fruit, or delicate food? Can you do something, or don't you care—and think they were great fools not to stay at home and mind their own business?

Yes, but what was their business? To let things go as they would? Well, it was no more their business to do that than it was Luther's, or John Wesley's, or Washington's, or Jefferson's? Why didn't Washington stay at home, and mind his business at Mount Vernon, and keep his feet warm and his head cool, instead of camping at Valley Forge in a frightfully bleak winter? Why didn't John Wesley preach comfortably in the comfortable churches, and let things slide as he found them? Who the dickens was John Wesley that he must find fault with his betters, and discover that the world was not good enough for him? It was good enough for the kings and the bishops; it was good enough for other people; but an obscure student must needs try to upset the settled order of things with his enthusiasms, and fanaticisms, and extravagances of every kind.

Poor miserable sinners that we are! It is these men, and men like them, who make the world worth living in. They purify the air of human life. They keep society sweet and decent, that otherwise, left to you and me and our kind, would stagnate and rot. These are the soldiers who fight the battles of the holy war; sometimes with spiritual, sometimes with car-

nal weapons. Oftentimes they are wounded, often wasted, but never weary. They believe that God is worth living for, and man worth dying for. Mind their business! Oh yes, Cain, we have heard your voice before. Their brother is their business. His peace, ease, liberty, rights, general welfare, these are their affair. These are the soldiers whose every wound is sacred—of whom the Great Captain says, "Whoso doeth it unto the least of these my little ones, doeth it unto me."

THACKERAY has left the editorship of the *Cornhill*, and is finishing his "Philip," which has been a standing dish in the feast of this Magazine for many a month past. This story has all his characteristic excellences: simplicity, exquisite detail of delineation, thorough comprehension of his range of character, unsparing exposure of the most startling infamy.

It is still true of Thackeray that he is an unsurpassed painter of human life. Virtue and vice are never unmitigated in his pages. If it be not the business of a novelist to show people exactly as they are, then he is a poor novelist. But the usual criticism that is made of his works, that they are only portraits of ordinary people, is pointless, because the very substance of his literary morality is, that literature, to be of service, must hold the mirror up to nature. We are perhaps warned as much by the contemplation of our weakness as of our wisdom. And it is at least an open question whether the human family is not as sensibly stimulated by seeing how bad it is as how good it might be.

Of course it is not to be supposed that Thackeray proposes to himself a fine moral purpose when he begins a novel. It is a fine offer from the publisher which induces him to begin, and the moral follows. No man, indeed, can truly paint human life without being a great moralist. Victor Hugo is not a moralist, for instance, because he does not paint human life. He is a rhapsodist in sentiment and a caricaturist in delineation. Victor Hugo is like Doré. His works are grotesque and powerful, but they are all unreal. They are not men or women in his pages more than the figures are truly human or the houses actual brick and stone in Doré's sketches.

Thackeray's range is limited. His genius is not opulent, but it is profuse. He does not create many types, but he endlessly illustrates what he does create. In this he reminds a traveler of Ruysdael and Wouvermann, the old painters. There are plenty of their pictures in the German galleries, and there is no mistaking them. This is a Ruysdael, how rich and tranquil! this is a Wouvermann, how open and smiling! are the instinctive words with which you greet them. The scope, the method, almost the figures and the composition are the same in each Ruysdael, in each Wouvermann, but you are not troubled. Ruysdael's heavy tree, Wouvermann's white horse, are not less agreeable in Dresden than in Berlin, or Munich, or Vienna. And shall we not be as tolerant in literature as in painting? Why should we expect simple pastoral nature in Victor Hugo, or electrical bursts of passion in Scott, or the "ideal" in Thackeray?

The reading world has been going into factitious hysterics over "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo, and will say that "Philip" is the same old story. No man is foolish enough, let us hope, to remonstrate with public opinion; but, speaking of old stories, what is "Les Misérables?" Its moral is that a bad man may have good traits. But the treatment is in

such excessive *chiaroscuro*, it so blazes and darkens that the figures glimmer and glower and reel off in fantastic diablerie. The bad man is so good that the influence is lost, and the story vanishes like a fairy tale. The moral of "Philip," what is that? Simply that motives are mixed, that people are not absolutely good nor irredeemably bad—substantially the moral is the same as in "Les Misérables," but the morality is wonderfully different. The goodness does not gloze the vice, nor is the reader confused in his perceptions. In short, the one book is moral, and the other is not. Yet the one has a great deal of talk about religion, a great deal of preaching, and the other has no more sermon than the ordinary John Bull has imagination.

Now that Thackeray has almost finished his novel, we wish he would undertake a work for which he is peculiarly fitted, and of which we have spoken before—a history of the reign of Queen Anne. It would take up Macaulay's story where the brilliant story-teller laid it down; and Thackeray's hearty sympathy with the bigwigs and hooped skirts and flowered waistcoats of the period—with his special studies in the manners, morals, and literature of the period, would give us a most sparkling and entertaining and veracious history. Moreover, he is evidently tired of story-telling, even if the public is not tired of listening. Let him begin the new work; for his mind is ripe, and his readers are ready.

Editor's Drawer.

A CHAPLAIN in the army of the Union writes to us from beyond the Mississippi River and says:

"In a return to civilization the first outlay of 'green-back' is for 'Harper'; and the first leaves cut are those that open the Drawer."

And another chaplain writing to his friends in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers, asks for *Harper's Magazine*, for the Drawer is full of medicine that does them a heap of good.

A NEW correspondent in Lebanon writes to the Drawer:

"A week or two ago there was a 'match' which 'took fire' rather romantically. The hero and heroine were from this place. The former knew of things which happened long ago, but the latter was but a half-fledged school-girl. Among the bride's school-mates were some but half her age. Tillie was one of them. Tillie came running to her mother the other day, saying,

"Mother, is it true that Mary H.—is married?"

"Yes, my dear. Why?"

"Why, she's only half through her botany!"

"WHEN I was at college, not long ago, there was a young student fresh from the country there, whose verdancy made him subject to many persecutions by the 'more experienced.' Sometimes the fun came without the assistance of his persecutors—or 'imposers,' as he thought. One morning he came in great haste and excitement to his chum, crying, 'Chum! chum! somebody stole our keyhole!'

"He meant the escutcheon!"

"ABOUT a year or two after that, at the beginning of one of the sessions of the same college, among the new students was a big boorish fellow, who might have claimed descent from the family of Goliath of Gath without fear of contradiction. He did not seem

to have had much experience without the limits of his father's fences. He was sent to room with a student whom he never saw before. As he was being introduced to his new domicile he asked his chum:

"Are there not two keys to this room?"

"Yes, of course," answered his chum.

"Why, there's only one keyhole!" said the new-comer."

GRACE AND I.

GRACE came to my chair—the sweet little pet,
With the sunniest hair that ever was yet—
And asked, with her blue eyes wide opened and fixed
On a passing idea our faces betwixt,
"Dear Aunt, what makes all the meadow so white,
Through the trees without leaves, as I see it to-night?"
I said 'twas the snow; but she quickly said, "No;
'Tis lambs lying there, and each time the winds blow
I watch one little fleecy thing frik up and go."

Then quoth darling Grace, with her soft baby face
Upturned to the south window's uncurtained space—
(The candle was dim, or not lighted mayhap)—
"What is it makes shadows run over your lap?"
"The clouds," I replied, "with the moon up above."
She shook her fair curls till they all interwove.
"Lambs too—spirit lambs—some of gray, some of gold;
The brightest my brother, of whom you've oft told,
And the moon is the shepherd that bears them to fold."

My head threw eclipse as a kiss from my heart
I bent on her lips, rosy-hued and apart;
Then I raised her to sit where the shadows had been,
And told of the Lamb that was slain for our sin;
Of a home he has promised, where winter and night
Are eternally banished for gladness and light.
Nor yet was I sure her faith simple and pure,
Like the kiss I had given, those teachings mature,
Instead of assuring, would only obscure.

CONNECTICUT boasts of some great farmers. They have a curious way of doing things on *shares*, and the results of these operations sometimes offer a fine field for the display of logic. One of their farmers leased to his son-in-law three acres of land, to be planted with corn and cultivated by him "at the halves." In the fall the lessee said that was the poorest land he ever worked on: for, said he, "I worked hard all summer, and at harvest-time, when we came to divide the crop, I not only had no corn left for myself, but I had to go and buy five bushels of shelled corn to make out my father-in-law's half."

Here is another case illustrating the workings of this "peculiar institution" of doing things on shares: Farmer A happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor, B, had more milk than he could dispose of. One day A brought two pigs over and deposited them in B's pen, saying that he wished B to keep them on shares, and that he might keep them two months and have *one* of them as his share. B replied that, as he had plenty of feed, he would keep them four months and have them both, *as, of course, that would amount to the same thing!* A left, saying that he supposed it was all right; but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

DOCTOR JEBB was once paid three guineas by a rich patient from whom he had a right to expect five. He dropped them on the floor, when a servant picked them up and restored them. The doctor, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked the rich man.

"There must be two still on the floor," said the

Doctor, "for I have only three."

The hint was taken, and the two immediately handed over.

"I HAVE fifty dollars in property," said an Irishman to a young lawyer; "but Bill Smead has got a judgment against me, and I should like you to advise how I can hide away my property so he shall not get one sint."

"Well," said the lawyer, "make it over to H——, your old employer."

"And faith I'll do that," said Pat, hurrying from the office. The next day our sprig of the law met Pat in the street and gently reminded him that he forgot to pay the small fee for the advice received.

"And didn't your Honor say I should give my property to Mr. H——, and so I have; and now you and Smead may get it from Mr. H—— if you can!"

AWAY DOWN East a wealthy old gentleman, who was especially fond of a glass of good brandy, had established a bank, and liking his own face better than any one's else, had the frankness to confess it by placing it on both ends of his bank-bills. One evening a bill of this description was offered at the village hotel, and was thought to be a counterfeit. "Put a glass of brandy to the picter," proposed a wag, "and if his mouth opens you may be sure it is one of old Vintner's."

"DEAR DRAWER,—I am now living on a vast prairie away West of the Mississippi; yet even here in this solitude my heart is made glad by the host of good things in the Drawer; and feeling that all who enjoy this feast should contribute, I send you my offering:

"Several years ago the Rev. Mr. C——, a minister of the Troy Conference, was in charge of — Circuit. Father C—— was eminently pious himself, and was truly anxious that his whole flock should be likewise pure; and his constant theme was for all the members of his church to seek 'holiness of heart,' or, in other words, 'entire sanctification.' But his congregation was in a wretchedly backslidden state, and his zeal was almost wholly unrewarded. There was one, however, who was ever ready with the earliest excitement to become converted and reconverted; and, I am sorry to add, quite as ready to go astray when all was over. But while the excitement lasted none labored more earnestly, or exhorted others more vehemently, than Joseph H——. Yet even in his most pious moods Joseph had one great besetting sin; viz., profanity, with which he had battled for many years, but had never been able to entirely overcome; and often did poor Joe repent over some dreadful oath that had escaped him while off his guard. Joseph unfortunately had a great physical defect as well as a moral one—he was blind in one eye.

"Well, Joseph was the only one whose heart was melted under the ministrations of Father C——, and professed to have received the 'blessing.' Now it happened a few days after Joseph's last experience, that as he went into the field one warm day in June to plow a piece of tough and stony soil with a pair of very unhandy oxen he completely lost his temper, and with it the 'blessing,' and was lashing his steers, not only with his whip, but also with his tongue, and in language the most wicked, wherein the name of his Maker was oft repeated in vain; when suddenly, as he turned the corner, what should meet his astonished eye but Father C——, who had come up to within a short distance of him, on the blind side, and had listened to his unlucky tirade.

"Joe's presence of mind was wonderful in cases of emergency; and hoping to deceive the good man,

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he instantly resolved to sing, and thus have it appear that he had been engaged in that innocent pleasure all the while. Accordingly, with infinite tact, he commenced in his loudest strain. Then, as though he had just discovered Father C——, he stopped short, and with extended hand walked up to him, saying, 'Father C——, I am glad to see you here. Them steers jerk me about so among the stones that I can scarcely sing a tune.'

"Stop that, you profane wretch! Don't add a lie to the sin you have already committed."

"Poor Joe was fairly caught, and had to own up, and submitted for a long time to the indignant reproof of Father C—— without a murmur. Then, after explaining the many vexations to which he had been subjected in the way of the heat, unruly cattle, and a hard and stony soil, and making a solemn promise to never sin in like manner again, he was dismissed with the following reply by Father C——: 'Joseph, you have committed a very grave sin; but if God can forgive you I can too.'

"A few weeks after Joe, in great confidence, related to me his unlucky visit from Father C—— in the field; and slyly added that if it had not been for his blind eye Father C—— would never have caught him at that dodge."

STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN '56 and '57 (the glory days of Minnesota) one Olldritch made some investments in town lots in F——, then one of the most flourishing towns in the State, but since the "crisis," like the balance, somewhat under a cloud. Olldritch was a fussy, crotchety old fellow, with a great many old maidish notions in his head, especially in regard to the management of his property. After remaining in F—— a year or so, and long enough to erect three or four buildings on his lots, he was obliged to return to his former home in Indiana, where he had left his family. This was in the spring of '57, and just before the winter of our financial discontent had fairly set in. Of course he went away with the somewhat romantic notions of the prospects of the town, and the value of his property, common to the country at that time. As agent to look after his business here he selected a young man by the name of C——, who, though he had never worn the judicial ermine, rejoined in the sobriquet of Judge. The Judge was a man of good standing for honesty and capacity, but of all things he hated to be "bothered;" still, as he was always willing to oblige a friend, he consented to take charge of the property. One of the buildings which came under his oversight was a small, one-storied, unpainted bass-wood structure, built, as most of its neighbors were, on general principles, so as to be adapted to almost any purpose required in a new country. When it came into the Judge's hands it was occupied as a dwelling-house, but the tenant failing to recognize the obligation to pay rent was, after a good deal of argument on the Judge's part, brought to a realizing sense of the necessity of giving up possession; which he at length did, evidently regarding it as a favor on his part. The house remained vacant for a number of weeks, when the Judge, after a good deal of discussion as to terms and conditions, let it to an Irishman. Mr. Irishman took possession with his family, but finding his quarters rather more airy than is desirable even in a climate where the air is as pure and invigorating as it is here, he banked up the house nearly to the eaves with chips, and turf, and saw-dust, and gravel, and such other materials as were handy. The Judge,

supposing that the property was well let, did not enter to view until several weeks after his new tenant had gone into possession; but when he saw the banking he was very much offended, both because it injured the appearance of the premises, and because it was a reflection on himself and the landlord. But when, on applying for the first quarter's rent, he discovered that Mr. Irishman was not the "gentleman who paid the *rent*," his wrath rose to the boiling point, and he gave notice to quit forthwith. Mr. Irishman hadn't come across the stormy Atlantic to be "trated" in this summary manner by an overbearing landlord, so in spite of the Judge's threats he remained there till spring, rent free, under the shadow of the banking which his thoughtful care had shoveled up against the winter's cold.

The house was once more vacant and in the Judge's control, and, determined to profit by experience, the Judge resolved, inwardly and outwardly, that no man, woman, or child, should again enter it without bringing a good character, and paying rent in advance. To make this sure, he removed the window-sash and padlocked the door. And in his capacity of agent the Judge derived great inward satisfaction from the reflection that, under this line of policy, if his landlord and principal was not deriving any income from his property, he was not at least being defrauded out of his honest rents by dishonest tenants. Things remained in this condition for some time, when, one day in the month of August following, the Judge was sitting in his office (for, by-the-way, the Judge had been dabbling in politics, and had been recently elected to a position of responsibility in the county) smoking his meerschaum and digesting his dinner, when the door was opened by a middle-aged daughter of Erin, who inquired in a shrill voice, "Is the gentleman they call the 'Jooge' in?" The Judge replied that he supposed that meant him. "An' shure," said she, "we hadn't any *boords* to make a pen to put the little pigs in, and we was afraid they would *rin* away, and we couldn't afford to lose the little pigs, and we thought it would be a good, dry, warrum place, and so last Thursday was a week we put the little pigs into your schmall house jist across the *sthrate* from our shanty, and very convanient it is for us and for the little pigs, and very kind of yez—God bless yez, Sir!—not to complain."

The Judge was completely upset. What with the habit of conciliating the good-will of the people into which he had fallen in his political career, and his recollection of the treatment which he had received from his tenants, and the resolution which he had formed, his mind was for a few moments agitated by a storm of contending emotions. At length recovering his self-possession, and recalling the duty which he owed to Olldritch, he denounced the conduct of his visitor in his best style, with some profanity, and wound up his philippic by bidding her take her pigs out of the house immediately. The woman promised compliance, and left the office.

A few days after the Judge was sauntering leisurely down the street, and happened to have the curiosity to look into the house to see in what condition the pigs had left it. What was his surprise, on looking through the window, to see six or eight well-grown pigs comfortably quartered in the house, and apparently enjoying all the rights and privileges which the premises afforded. The Judge was thunder-struck; for not only had the rights of property been wantonly invaded, but his own dignity and authority most outrageously trampled upon. To

kick open the door and kick the pigs and their mother out into the street was but the work of a moment. But looking across the street after he had cleared the premises, the Judge saw the mistress of the pigs, swill-pail in hand, calling them together; and fearing the consequences to himself if he remained in the vicinity, he hastened to betake himself to a safe distance. Glancing back over his shoulder to see what course things were taking, and whether he was being pursued or not, he had barely time to see the Irish lady driving them all back into the house and fastening the door, and as she did so he saw her shaking her fist at him in defiance, and heard her saying something about the devil's taking the miserable spalpeen that dhrove poor people's pigs into the *sthrate*.

After this adventure the Judge was completely humbled, and made up his mind that the less he had to do with that house the less he should be bothered. Mr. Olldritch was surprised by a communication which the Judge sent him shortly after, containing the following statement of account:

— OLDRITCH, ESQ.		
1858.	To — C —	Dr.
Dec. 7.	To attempt to collect rent.....	\$2.00
1859.		
Sept. 12.	To letting house to Irishman.....	1.75
Dec. 14.	To attempt to collect rent of same.....	1.00
1860.		
May 17.	To taking out sash and padlock.....	.75
July 23.	To removing pigs.....	2.50
July 24.	To commission on sale, 20 per cent.....	.50
		\$5.50
1860.	CONTEA.	Cr.
July 24.	By proceeds house sold.....	2.50
	Balance.....	\$6.00

The Judge closed his communication by hoping that the balance of \$6 would be remitted at early convenience, and resigned his agency.

"Our baby," Charlie Rand, is a *comique*. His theological notions are of the most heterodox. When his mother first tried to impress upon him an idea of the Great Father to whom his prayers should be addressed he insisted upon knowing what He wore, and the size of His hand and His eyes, and the like. And when his attention was turned from these points to the exceeding love and care of his Heavenly Father, and he was asked if he did not love Him, he replied, with an eager clapping of his hands,

"Yes; I'll get up in His lap and kiss him when I see him."

"When the first attempt was made to teach him the Lord's Prayer he went on very well until he came to the passage, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when he added, 'and butter too.'"

"No," said his mother; "you must put in nothing but what I say. It is wrong to add your own words."

"But we want butter too," persisted he.

"No, my child," said his mother; "you must repeat it just as I do."

"Yes, yes," cried he, obstinately; "we want butter too, and drum-sticks, and bonfires!"—these last items being partially prohibited to him and his elder brother, but forming in his mind the highest pinnacle of boyish bliss.

His mother deferred the teaching of the prayer till his understanding of the matter was a little further developed; and the next day she took him upon her knee, and attempted to make him understand the position of the First Great Cause in the universe. The spring was approaching, and she told him that God gave us the gentle showers, and that He would

soon cover the earth with fresh grass and the beautiful flowers of which he was so fond, and that He was the source of all good. Shortly after she heard him telling his sister that God was down in the ground, making nice grass and flowers for us. And the next morning, when the sleep was first washed out of his eyes and he had plunged out of doors, he found that a crocus had pushed its way out of the oozy bed beneath the newly-melted snow. Quivering with excitement he rushed back into the house, exclaiming,

"God has made a flower!"

"Has He, my child?" said his mother.

"Yes, yes!" cried he, nodding vociferously with his head; "He pushed it up yeal clean out of the mud."

"His mother explained to him that though God wrought in the earth, and brought forth the beautiful flowers from thence, yet his dwelling-place was in the heavens.

"Soon after he came running into the house, his eyes sparkling with delight at having seen the first bird of spring.

"I saw a yittle God-bird out of doors!" he cried.

"My child!" said his mother, shocked at the mixture he seemed determined to make of every thing; and she made one more attempt at explanation, trying to make him understand that the air, where the birds were, was a part of our earth; but that the heaven, which was God's throne, was another thing. In this he seemed to acquiesce, and



YOUNG AMERICA.

CÆSAR.—"Young gentleman in the parlor, inquiring for you, Miss Sybil; are you at home?"

MISS SYBIL.—"Oh dear, no. I've got proofs to correct, and lots of correspondence to get through. Tell him I've gone to Agassiz's Lecture; that's a good boy."

called the birds 'the yittle air-birds' the rest of the summer.

"When the streets began to be filled with soldiers he was full of excitement, and gave his mother no peace from morning till night with teasing for a suit of soldier clothes, and drums, and swords, and the like. Thinking this rather too much military spirit for a three-year-old, his mother took him up one day after the battle of Bull Run, and showed him the dark side of the soldier's fate, telling him of the wounded on the battle-field and in the hospitals—of the trampling of horses over the slain—of the hard deaths and hasty burials. He looked very serious, and said nothing, but his military ardor was in nowise damped; he evidently thinking that being shot was a small matter compared with the glory of drums and soldier clothes.

"Some time after this he was sitting on the floor at his mother's feet, having dropped his playthings, and fallen apparently into a brown study. Finally he looked up, and said, in a whisper,

"'Mamma, if we are all cut to pieces when we go up to God's house, zen—zen' (very softly) 'God will have somesing to eat, won't He?'

"'Why!' said his mother, shocked at this super-cannibal notion; and taking him in hand again, she told him that we should have a new body, that God would make us again, and showed him what a terrible idea he had taken up.

"'Will He put us togezzzer again?' said he, earnestly.

"'Yes.'

"He sat looking into his mother's face for a few moments in childish wonder, and then, jumping off



NO IMPROVEMENT.

MISS ABARELLA.—"They talk of improvements in photography. I don't see it. This picture of me isn't half as pretty as one I had taken twenty-five years ago."

her lap, and drawing up his little dress to show where his knee and thigh joints were, he said,

"I know! Zere's a bent in my bones, zere and zere! Zat's where he will put us togezzzer again."

"At another time he asked where we should sleep when we went up to 'God's house'—a term which he persists in using. His mother told him that perhaps we should not sleep at all.

"But if we do?"

"I don't think we shall."

"But if we do? Zen—zen zose clouds would be nice places to sleep on, wouldn't zey?" pointing to some white fleecy clouds that lay against the horizon.

"One day, stopping with his father at a grocery, he took an orange from a basket, just as he would possess himself of any thing he wished. He was told that this was a theft—that if he had not money to pay the grocer for such things as he wanted, it was stealing to take them. Shortly after he was

teasing his father one morning to buy him some skates—the rest of the family having been supplied, and he persisting in the idea that he could skate as well as the rest. His father told him that he had no money to buy him skates with. That night a barrel of apples was sent home, and being rather better than usual, some of the family went into the kitchen to see them before they were stored away, and Charlie with the rest. When he returned to the parlor he walked about for a while in one of his thoughtful moods, and then, going close to one of the members of the family, he put his mouth to his ear, and said,

"I want to tell you a secret."

"Well, what is it?"

"Papa *STOLE zose apples*. Don't you tell any body."

"What makes you think so?" said the other, laughing.



"SOFT SAWDER."

ITINERANT MERCHANT.—"I don't care about sellin' the fruit, Ma'am; but as for *gettin' away*, if you only knew how I like to look on a pretty smilin' face, you'd let me stop and gaze a bit."

"'Cause he hadn't got any money. He told me so."

"The recipient of this weighty confidence was too much amused to keep the secret, and repeating the accusation with a laugh to the family ear, his father recalled what he had told him in the morning about the skates, concluding that it was best not to make vague statements to a child whose logic cut so close."

"A servant in the family had a cruel step-mother. He had been in the kitchen listening to an account of her ill-treatment one day, and coming thence to the nursery, he said,

"'God didn't make Lizzie's naughty mfuzzer, did He?'

"'Yes,' said his mother. 'He made her to be good; she made herself bad.'

"With some further explanation he seemed satisfied, and went off; but after a time he came back, and asked who made the bears."

"'God made them,' was the reply."

"'Did He? What did He make zem for? Did He make zem to be good?'

"He had taken the whooping-cough from a little girl in the neighborhood, and during one of his violent spasms of coughing he asked, when he found breath,

"'Where did I get it, mamma?'

"'From Katy Jones,' said she. 'Don't you know? She has it, and you took it from her.'

"Another paroxysm; and then, when he could breathe, he panted out, '*When she gets well I'll whip her!*'"



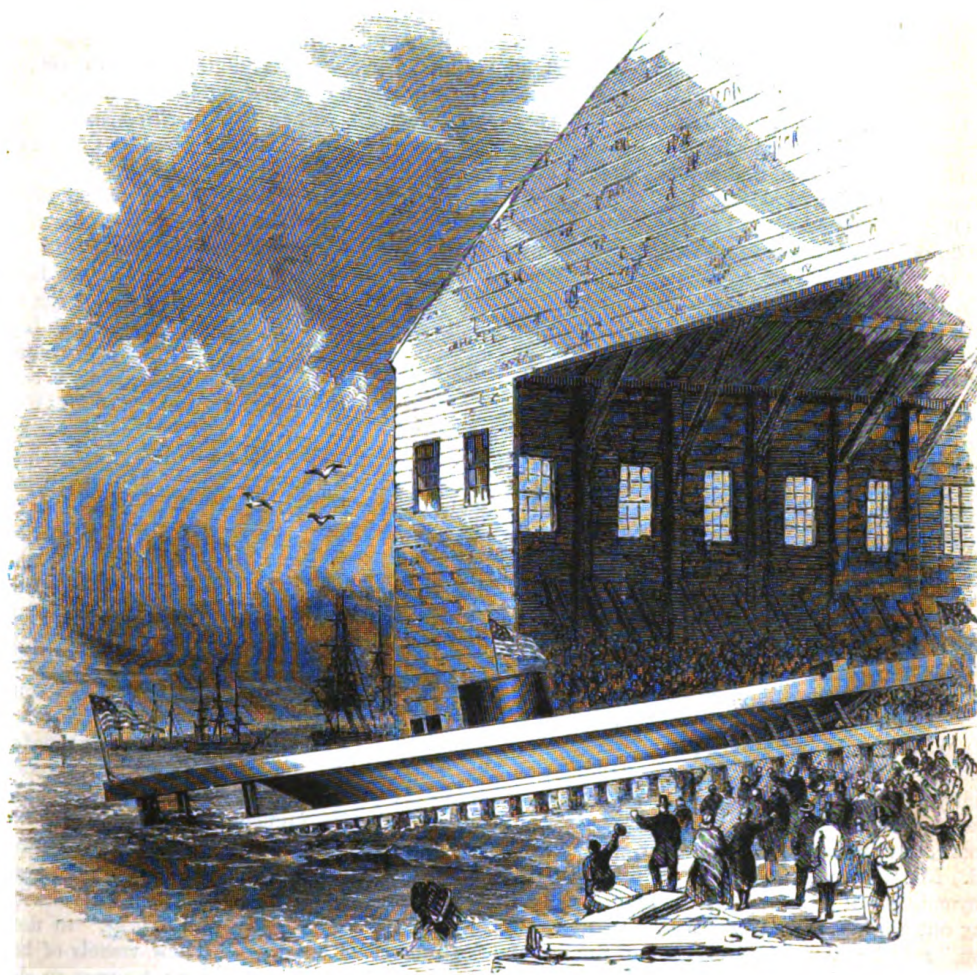
AN EXPLANATION.

OFFENDED BEAUTY.—"Such freedom with a *Lady*, Sir, is not to be excused on the plea of thoughtlessness."

REPENTANT SWAIN.—"Well, Miss Clara, the fact is, I'd just been *dining* with a party at Delmonico's, and was a little *elevated*!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



LAUNCH OF THE "MONITOR."

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

ON the 16th of September, 1861, the Committee of Naval Constructors appointed to examine the various plans presented for the building of iron-clad vessels made their report to the Secretary of the Navy. Plans and specifications were submitted to them for vessels ranging from 83 to 400 feet in length, to cost from \$32,000 to \$1,500,000. Of these they recommended three for adoption: the *Galena*; the *Ironsides*, now building at Philadelphia; and Mr. Ericsson's *Monitor*. Their approval of the *Monitor* was cautiously worded. They say:

"This is novel, but seems to be based upon a plan which will render the battery shot and shell proof. We are somewhat apprehensive that her properties for sea are not such as a sea-going vessel should possess. But she may be moved from place to place on our coast in smooth water. We recommend that an experiment be made with one battery of this description on the terms proposed, with a guaranty and forfeiture in case of a failure in any of the points and properties of the vessel as proposed."

This Committee could not have anticipated

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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that their report was the most important military event of the century; that in its results it was to annihilate not only the "wooden walls" of England, and to put an end to the building of British *Warriors* and French *Gloires*, but also to introduce an entirely new element into coast defenses not less important than the costly and elaborate fortifications with which all maritime nations have heretofore protected their harbors and great dépôts. Novel as the plan was of necessity to the Committee, it was no sudden conception of the inventor. It had been thought out to the minutest detail, and existed in the teeming brain of Mr. Ericsson, and had been constructed in drawings and models by his busy hand, years before the first actual blow had been struck upon her iron sides.

Of the *Monitor* herself and her achievements we do not now propose to speak at length. Every body knows the appearance of the low black raft, rising scarcely 18 inches above the water, with its harmless-looking "cheese" in the centre of its smooth deck. Certainly to the eye of the nautical critic she is not a beautiful vessel; but her inventor knew too well the work which she was to do to sacrifice invulnerability to wave lines. Speed even, though a very desirable thing, was secondary. He was to build a floating battery, not a clipper which could cross the Atlantic in nine days, or round Cape Horn to San Francisco in three months. The object which he proposed was immediate and pressing, and the result crowned the work.

It was fortunate for him, but still more so for the country, that the practical carrying out in iron of his plan fell into capable hands. The contract for building the hull was undertaken by Mr. J. F. Rowland of the "Continental Works," and the work was pushed forward with such rapidity that in just ninety days after the contract was signed the *Monitor*, with her engines on board, and in actual working order, was launched. Mr. Rowland modestly disclaims any credit beyond that of faithfully and successfully carrying out the ideas of the inventor. "Mr. Ericsson," said he, "was in every part of the vessel, apparently at the same moment, skipping over planks and gangways, and up and down ladders, as though he were a boy of sixteen. It seemed as though a plate could not be placed or a bolt struck without his making his appearance at the workmen's side." We think the proprietor of the "Continental Works" was over-modest. The administrative skill and energy which could set hundreds of men at work upon tasks new to them—could devise means and implements, almost upon the spur of the moment, by which ideas which only existed in lines upon paper and wood were wrought into solid iron—is of no common order. And we are glad to see that the construction of at least four of the new *Monitors*, which our Government ordered immediately after the triumphant success of the first, has been placed in the hands which so successfully executed the original. One thing, which was mentioned to us almost incidentally, shows the

prompt adaptation of means to ends. The *Monitor*, while on her "ways," was quite generally regarded as an experiment that would be sure to fail. She was deficient, it was said, in this point and that. She could not carry her weight of armor; her turret would not revolve properly; no living men could work her guns in that narrow space; and, first of all, in the judgment of experienced ship-builders, she could never be launched. If any one will look upon the illustration which heads this paper, he will see that there was plausibility in this opinion. The raft-like upper hull, projecting far beyond the lower one, was so loaded with armor as to be far heavier than water, and besides there was the weight of the ponderous turret and the heavy machinery. This would strike the water first, with nothing to sustain it, and so when the vessel slid from her inclined ways, she would go straight down to the bottom like an iron bar. "If Ericsson ever finds his battery after she is launched," it was said, "he will have to fish her up from the mud into which her stern will surely plunge." And so he would have done had she been sent alone from her "ways." But this casualty had been foreseen and provided for by Mr. Rowland. Two great wooden tanks had been prepared, which, before the launch, were chained to the almost solid overhanging stern of the upper hull, buoying it up as they touched the water until the lower hull came into the stream. Valves in the tanks were then opened, the water rushed in, sinking them down; then they were disengaged, floated off, and in a quarter of an hour the *Monitor* rested upon an even keel. As we have said, she was launched, contrary to the usual custom, with her engines on board. These had been put in working order beforehand; and as far as the builders were concerned, the battery might have put to sea in half an hour after her launch.

We shall revert to the general construction of the vessels of which the *Monitor* is the type in the course of this paper, when we describe our visit to the "Continental Works," to note the process of building the new vessels of her class. In the mean while we propose to describe the processes of the manufacture and adaptation of the solid iron plates which, when applied to ordinary wooden vessels, convert them into what our French neighbors call *Vaisseaux en cuirass*—or, as we say, "iron-clad vessels." In our Magazine for April of this year we described the "Building of a Ship" of wood. Such a vessel was the *Merrimac*, now no more. Such is the *Roanoke*, built upon the same lines, which is now at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, undergoing the process of being converted into a mail-clad vessel, by covering her wooden sides with solid plates of iron. These plates are in all essential respects the same which are made for the *Ironsides*, now building at Philadelphia. The manufacture and fitting of these plates for the *Roanoke* are performed at two establishments in New York, the "Franklin Forge" of Tugnot, Dally, and Co., and the "Novelty Works," of



JOHN ERICSSON.

which we gave a full description in this Magazine for May, 1851. In both the courtesy of the proprietors gave us every facility for observation, with the privilege of making drawings of every thing which would aid in the elucidation of the subject. We were also accompanied by a friend,* whose practical acquaintance with the subject enabled him to point out to us many subjects of interest which would otherwise have escaped our notice.

There are two methods of producing plates of iron. By one they are "rolled;" by the other "hammered." Long discussions have been held

in scientific circles as to the relative advantages of the two methods. We have not space to enter into these; but the general result of all seems to be that, for armor composed of successive layers of comparatively thin plates, rolled iron—on account of the greater speed of its manufacture—is the best upon the whole; while for solid plates that which is hammered is preferable—the close interlacing of the fibres of the metal under the hammer more than compensating for the increased labor. The plates whose manufacture we are about to describe are hammered.

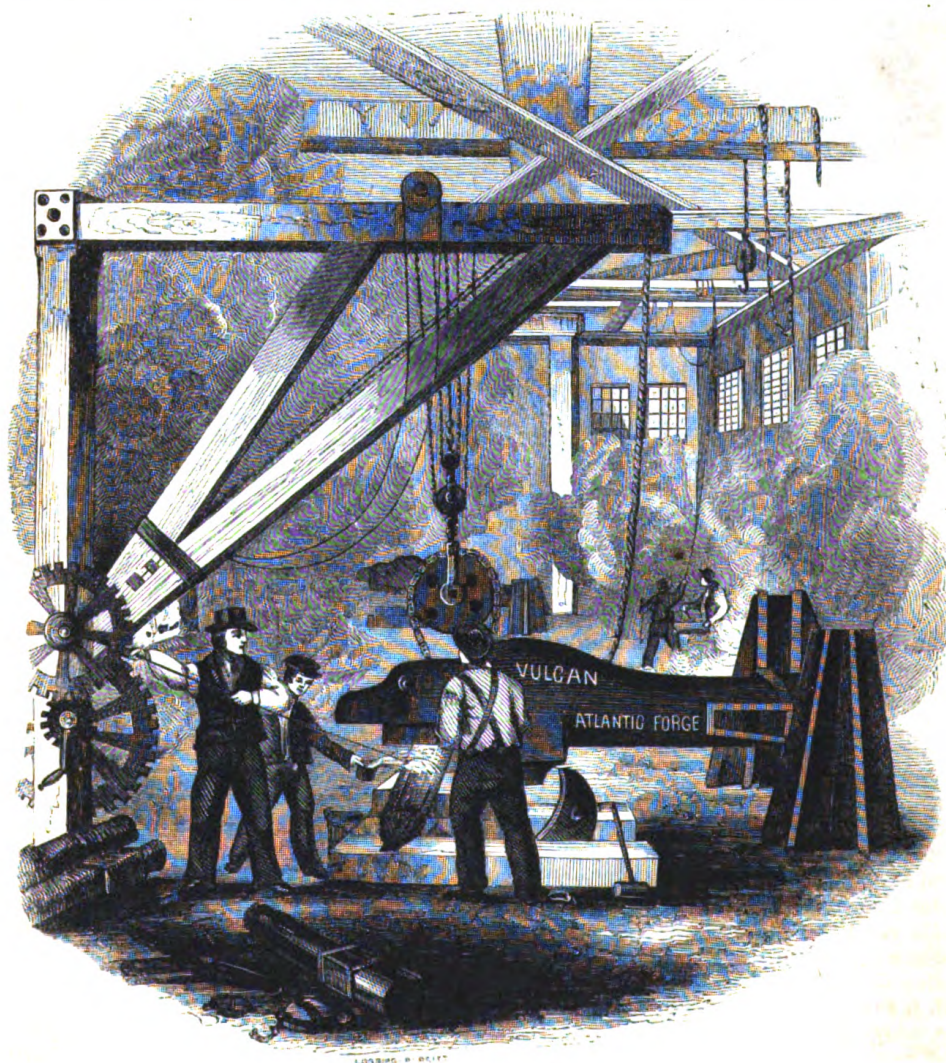
To see the production of these we go first to the "Franklin Forge," on the First Avenue, near Twenty-fifth Street. The main business of this establishment is the execution of large forgings. Here was forged the shaft of the *Adri-*

* Mr. Egbert P. Watson, an iron-worker at the Novelty Works, and the writer of some of the most charming stories of the day. Mr. Watson also furnished us with an elaborate paper on the manufacture of iron-clad vessels, which is in substance incorporated in this article.

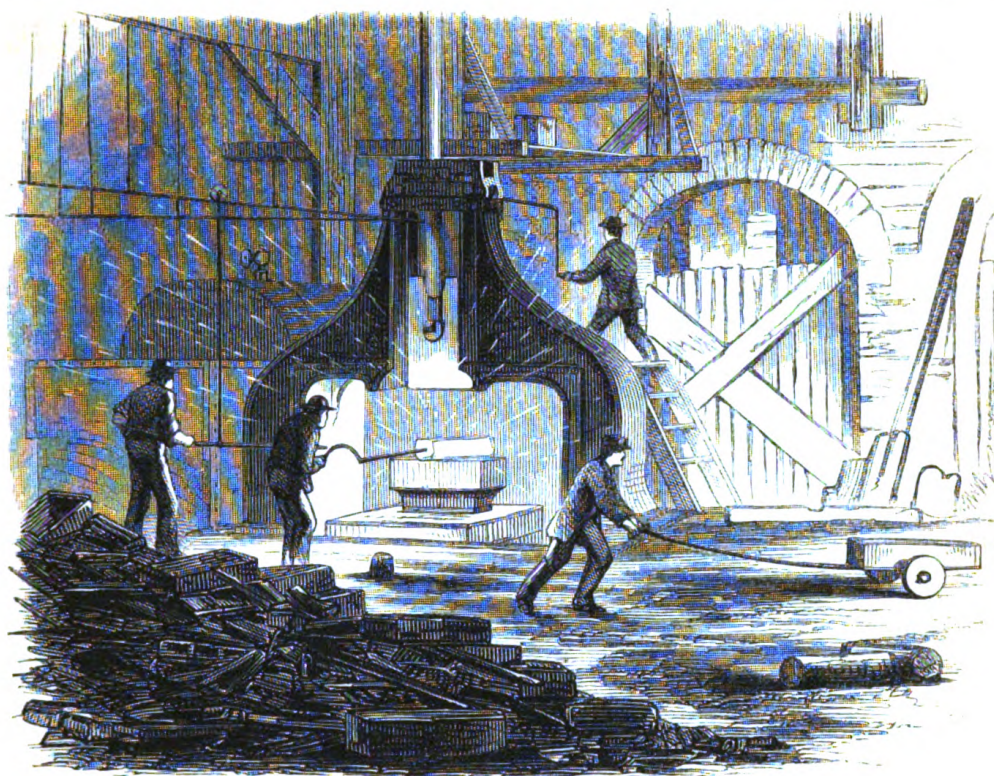
atic, larger than any one upon the *Great Eastern*. As we enter every thing shows the ponderous character of the work done here. Huge engines, steam-moved, are shaping, carving, and boring enormous masses of iron. At the outset we notice the great hammers which perform the forging. They differ in every respect from those used ten years ago, when the "Atlantic Forge" of the Novelty Works, a representation of which we reproduce, was capable of doing the heaviest work required. In an out-of-the-way corner of the "Franklin" we saw a forge of this kind laid aside as useless. The forges now used for heavy work are the "Steam Hammers," which appear in the subsequent illustrations. The hammer is raised like the piston of a steam-engine, and falls by its own weight. The largest of these forges faces the entrance, and is represented in the illustration "Forging a Plate." It looks at first view much like the gateway of a Gothic church. The hammer, which we shall soon see in operation, weighs seven and a half tons.

We wish to commence at the beginning, and

so, leaving for a time the forges, we pass on to the rear, where is heaped up the raw material which is to be wrought into plates. This is "scrap iron"—iron of every form and use, which, having performed its functions in one shape, has been brought here from a thousand quarters to undergo a new transmutation. In the economy of manufactures, as in that of nature, nothing is absolutely lost. In one heap we see piled up fragments of steam-engines, reaping machines, and the like; close by is a pile of the worn-out fragments of smaller wares. We took the trouble to note some of the articles in this pile of old iron. There were locks and padlocks, rusty keys, kitchen pokers, knife-blades, screws, steelyard beams, skate irons, curling-tongs, halves of shears, sofa springs, cork-screws, shovel-blades, tong-handles, pot-hooks, spoons, ladles, bridle-bits, and above all horse-shoes. Not a bit or fragment of iron is lost. Every ounce has its value, transmutable, if not into gold, into copper and silver when brought to any foundry. The larger pieces have to be cut up



THE ATLANTIC FORGE.



FORGING A BLOOM.

in order to get them into manageable size. This is done by the "Cutting Machine"—an instrument not unlike, in general appearance, the "straw-cutters" used by farmers, in which the knife descends perpendicularly. The thickest boiler-plates are shred by it as easily as a child cuts a sheet of paper with her scissors; bars as large as a man's ankle are cut apart with no more apparent effort than is required to slice a radish.

These scraps are piled up into "fagots" about two feet square, and thrust into the furnaces of which we see a row, looking not unlike bakers' ovens, and in fact scarcely larger. The draft of these is supplied by a fan, which revolves 1800 times in a minute, creating the most intense heat; tongues of white flame shoot out from every crack and crevice. In about an hour the loose fagot is brought to a welding heat. One workman raises the furnace-door, while another grasps the ductile fagot with a long pair of tongs, and by means of a chain suspended from a movable pulley, wheels it around and places it on the anvil of the forge. It is of an intense cherry-red, so bright that the eye can hardly look upon it, and apparently as ductile as wax. The end of a long iron rod, with a crank-like bend in the handle, is laid on the fagot. Down comes the ponderous hammer; the first blow shrinks the glowing mass to half its former dimensions, and welds it firmly to the handle, by which the stalwart workman turns it over and over. The blows fall thick and fast, and in two minutes the fagot is reduced to a solid mass, looking like

a rough fragment of joist, some four feet long and six inches square. This is called a "bloom," and is a homogeneous mass of iron; the locks, bolts, boiler-plates, pokers, screws, and horse-shoes of which it was composed having lost their personal identity. A long-handled knife is then applied; one blow of the hammer upon this severs the rod from the bloom. This is grasped, still red-hot, by another workman with a pair of tongs, placed upon a truck, and wheeled away to cool.

These blooms are to be welded and hammered into plates. As we passed the great seven-and-a-half-ton forge at the entrance, we saw behind it a row of oven-like furnaces, into the mouth of each of which was thrust a round beam of iron, some 15 feet long and as large as a man's body, suspended by a chain and pulley from the arm of a huge crane. This bar is simply the handle for managing the plate during the process of forging it from the blooms. The process is this: The end of the bar is flattened out, something like a shovel; upon this a pile of the blooms is placed, in four or more layers, crossing each other, as one "cords up" the end of a pile of wood. This is thrust into the furnace, and under the intense heat in two or three hours the mass becomes ductile. While watching the forging of the blooms we are told that they are about to begin forging a plate. We hurry back to the place, and hear a signal given. A score of stout men, whom we have seen apparently resting about, rush forward: one with a long bar pulls

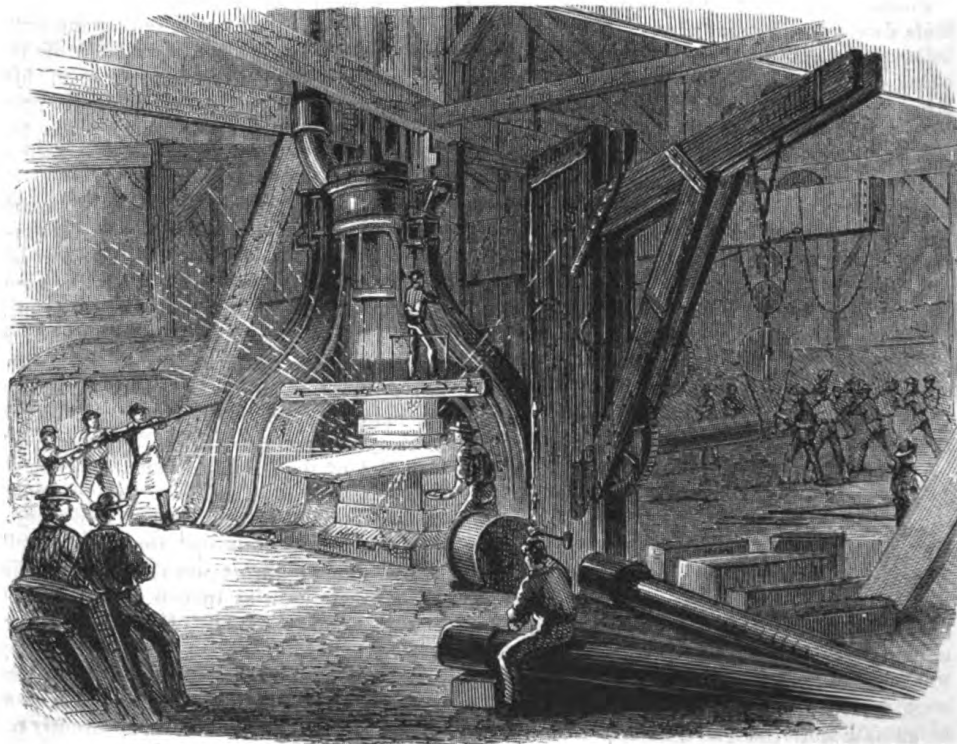
away the loose fire-brick which close the mouth of the furnace; another climbs the stairs, a tall story high, to the top of the forge, and lays hold of a lever which governs its action; a half dozen more manage the crane; while the remainder lay hold of the handles which are clamped about the solid round bar. The crane swings round; the bar is withdrawn from the furnace and wheeled under the hammer. This comes down with a heavy thud from its full height, with its 15,000 and more pounds' weight. These blows are too much for even the stubborn blooms; they seem to glow with impotent rage, and send out fiery sparks as the huge weight falls upon them and subdues them to its will. It is wonderful to see the facility with which the dozen stout, swarthy Titans manage the huge bar of iron, which is delicately balanced upon its suspending chain. They tug at the handles until every muscle of their arms and chests stand out like whip-cords; they turn it over and over, presenting now this side, now that; now one edge, and then the other to the blows of the hammer. In a few moments the piled-up blooms are blooms no more, and have been converted into a portion of a plate. This process is repeated, fresh piles of blooms being heaped up upon the end of the plate, heated and hammered out, until the required length has been attained.

The plate thus built up is still rough and covered with scales. It has to be smoothed off. This is done by the same forge which shaped it. It is again heated and water thrown upon it as it comes under the hammer. This does not, as one would suppose, flash up at once into steam,

but rolls in globules. The hammer falls upon these, they explode with a noise like the firing of a platoon of musketry, carrying off all the scales, and leaving the plate as smooth as a newly-planed board.

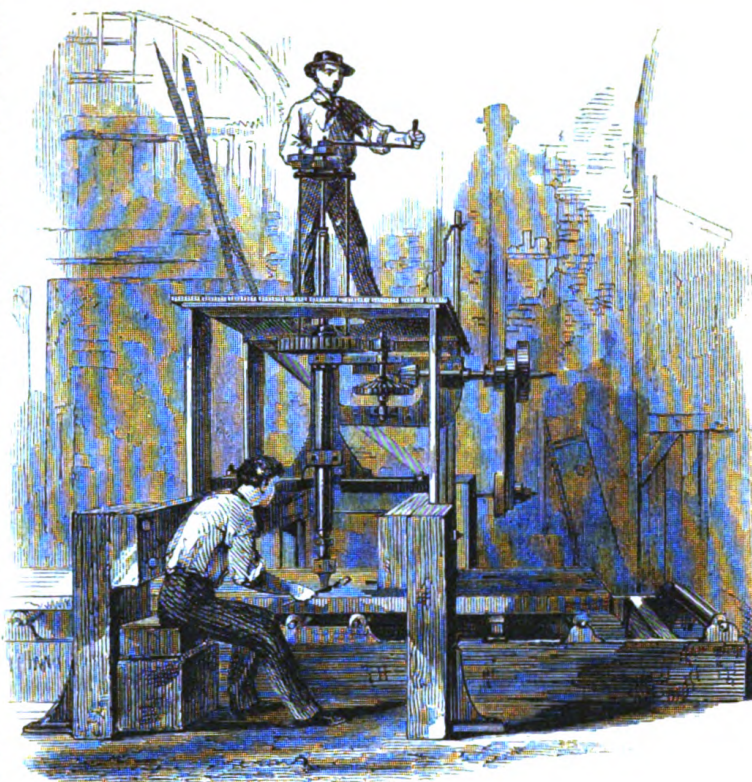
The dexterity with which this heavy hammer is managed by the workman on his high platform is something wonderful. He can give at will a blow of the full force of the ten-feet fall of the seven-and-a-half-tons hammer, aided by the expansive force of the steam let in above the piston, or a stroke as light as the tap of a lady's fan. "We can chip an egg by this hammer without crushing it," said Mr. Tugnot to us. We did not see the experiment tried; but as we watched the blows, now heavy, now light, as the sides or edges of the plate were presented, we had no doubt that the statement was literally true. We may say, in passing, that a couple of years ago one of the proprietors of the "Franklin Forge," while in Great Britain, visited the leading mechanical establishments, and found nothing equal to his own. "I would not give shop-room to their machines!" he said.

There is no limit to the size of the plates which may be made by the processes which we have described except that imposed by the facility of handling. As they leave the forge the usual size of our *Roanoke* plates is about three feet wide, twelve or fifteen long, and four and a half inches thick. The thickness of the plates, as it happens, is just that of the width of a page of this Magazine. Such a plate weighs from 4000 to 7000 pounds, according to its size. As it leaves the forge it is a solid plank of iron, at-



FORGING THE PLATE.

tached to the heavy "handle" of which we have spoken. It is cut off from this by a machine, which squares both ends. The plates of irregular shapes, which are required for special parts, are fashioned by appropriate machines. Beyond this, the whole of our *Roanoke* plates are wrought by the hammer. They are simply planks of iron, and with the production of these the work of the Franklin Forge ceases. Now as no part of the sides of a ship is a plane surface, these plates must all be bent to special curves, and the holes drilled in them for the bolts which are to fasten them to the sides of the ship. This work is performed at the "Novelty Works," to which we will follow our plates.



DRILLING PLATES.

Pending the arrival of our plates we will explain what is to be done. The holes for the bolts have already been bored in the ship's side by the carpenters, and the lines have been drawn upon her by which the size and shape of our plates has been determined. Now in order to have the holes in our plates come exactly over those bored in the wooden body we must have a fac-simile, or "templet," as it is called in carpenter's work, of every part of the hull. This is easily done by taking a piece of thin board and marking the holes in it through the vessel's side. The whole series of templets will cover the whole of the ship's sides which are to be covered with plates. Now lay "templet No. 1, bottom course," upon "plate No. 1, bottom course," marking upon it the precise place for the bolt holes, and we are ready to go on with our work of drilling. There must be the utmost precision in this. Suppose, for example, that our templet is not marked quite right, that instead of the holes coming, as they should, exactly over the ones in the frigate, one or two of them come half-way over the hole or to one side of it, it will be a difficult thing to remedy. One of two things must be done: either the wood must be cut away to suit the plate, or else the plate must be made to suit the ship, otherwise the bolt could not pass through. As our armor is four and a half inches thick, you will see that it is not a desirable task to cut through so far in so small a hole; on the other hand, the bolts must fit water-tight in the ship, and if the carpenter plugs the hole and

makes a new one, we may spring a leak in action and so lose the vessel. Having seen the necessity of caution we will mark off our plate, which has now arrived at the shop.

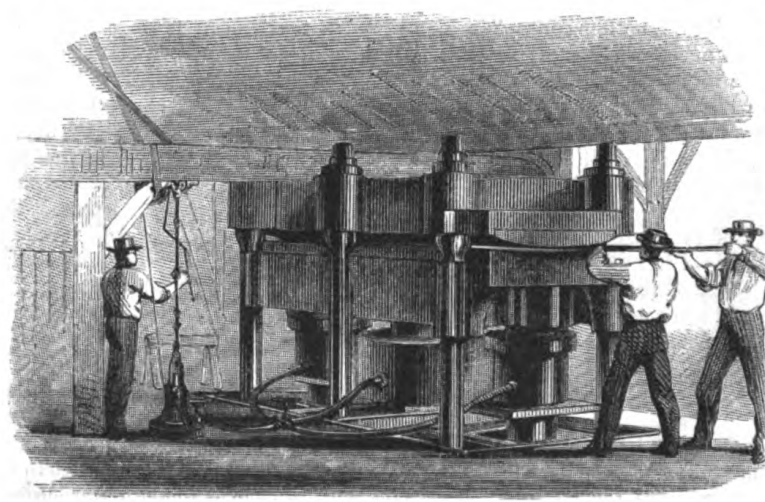
Let us then chalk our piece of armor all around the place where the holes are to be drilled, lay the fac-simile of the ship's side upon it, and mark through with a steel point; now remove the templet, and you will see a number of little circles which you are to follow in drilling. Now call some of those strong-armed laborers, and they with the aid of the crane will transport the mail to the shop where it is to be drilled. Here they will place it on a long bed, which is provided with rollers so that it can move easily. The drill is set revolving, and in a short time the hole is bored through the plate. This hole must also be "countersunk." As you may not know what that is, I will tell you that it is a depression in the shape of an inverted cone, so that the head of a common wood-screw would fit in it, except in ours it is many times larger. You will look at the top end of the drill now, and where it enters into the machine will see that there is a V-shaped part. This is the countersink; it being flat and having sharp edges, revolves in the hole which the drill has made first, and so leaves its own impression there. It is not customary to have the drills made in this manner; but we have many holes to drill, and can not wait to change it for another. We have countersunk our plate, so that the bolts which go in the holes may sink in even with the outer surface.

If they were square on the head outside, when shot struck them they would be broken off and the plate would become loose. Now, if an enemy will only hit one of these countersunk bolts, we should be very much obliged to him, as we could then screw up the nut on the other end of the bolt, and so make the armor more secure. The drill is "fed" through the plate by means of a screw, and you will see the iron starting out from it in a thin spiral. It is supplied with soft soap and water, not because it is dirty, but to keep it cool: were it not for this it would speedily become hot with friction, lose its temper, and do nothing. We have now got our first plate drilled and countersunk according to our template. The plate must now be made to conform to the ship's side. It is merely a straight flat piece; but the vessel has a beautiful curve throughout its length except in the middle, where the curvature is slight, and to this the solid plates must be made to fit as closely as a glove does to the hand.

As it happens they are not quite ready to show us the operation of bending these solid plates, but in the mean while we are asked to see the mode of building a "turret," like that of the *Monitor*; for our ship, the *Roanoke*, is to have three of these turrets. These are made of a series of plates of rolled iron, eleven in number, each an inch thick. As they come here from the mills where they are rolled they are simply iron boards, nine feet long, three wide, and an inch thick. Each of them is to be bent into the shape of the segment of a circle, twenty-three feet in diameter, which is to be the size of the turrets. For this purpose a massive press has been prepared. The bed, which is movable up and down, has its upper surface turned to the precise curve of the turret. This is raised by a hydraulic ram capable of giving a pressure of 1400 tons against a stationary plate, whose lower surface has the same curve as the bed. The flat turret plate is slid into this press, the ram is worked, the bed rises, and the plate is bent to the curve of the mould. This is done without

heating the plates, the enormous pressure being sufficient to give them the form required, without the necessity of rendering these inch plates ductile by heat. They are now taken to an adjacent building and temporarily set up into a turret. Here a circle of solid oak timber has been laid down as a foundation. Upon this a frame-work of boards has been built of the shape of the turret, to support the plates in the position which they are to assume. This looks much like the skeleton of a gigantic cistern. Against this frame the plates of the first course are placed, the necessary holes for the bolts having been meanwhile punched in them. Then the second course is set up against this, the bolt holes of which must be made to correspond exactly with those of the first. This is done by a simple process. The end of a pine stick, of the size of the holes in the first plate, is covered with paint, thrust through the holes, leaving its mark on the plate of the second course. These white marks show exactly where the holes in the second course are to be made. This being done, the third course is set up in like manner; the places for the holes marked, the plates taken away and punched, brought back again, set up in place; and so on with the whole eleven courses of which the turret is composed. The holes in these plates are punched instead of being drilled, as we have seen done in the thick plates. This is performed by a powerful punching machine, which, at a single stroke, drives out a "button," making a clean hole of the size required as rapidly as the workmen can move the plates under the punch. We have seen twenty holes of this size punched in a minute. The courses are all so arranged as to "break joints;" that is, the joints between no two courses are directly opposite each other. The courses being all set up, if we look through the holes we shall see that, although they come very well in a line, there are some little irregularities—a very slight variation in each plate becoming quite noticeable when multiplied by the whole eleven. This is very easily remedied by means

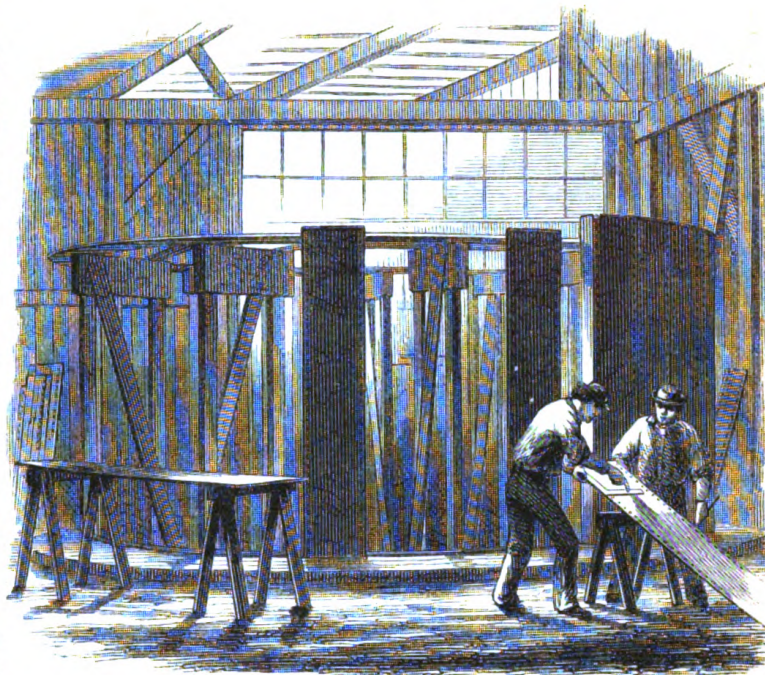
of a steel instrument called a "reamer"—a bit, in fact, with two sharp edges. This is passed through the whole length of the hole, and turned about, trimming off all the irregularities, and making the hole as smooth as the bore of a gun. Our turret is now set up and finished, with the exception of the fixtures and the port-holes for the two guns. These are to be drilled out of the solid mass, and the edges of the plates properly secured. Each plate has



BENDING THE TURRET PLATES.

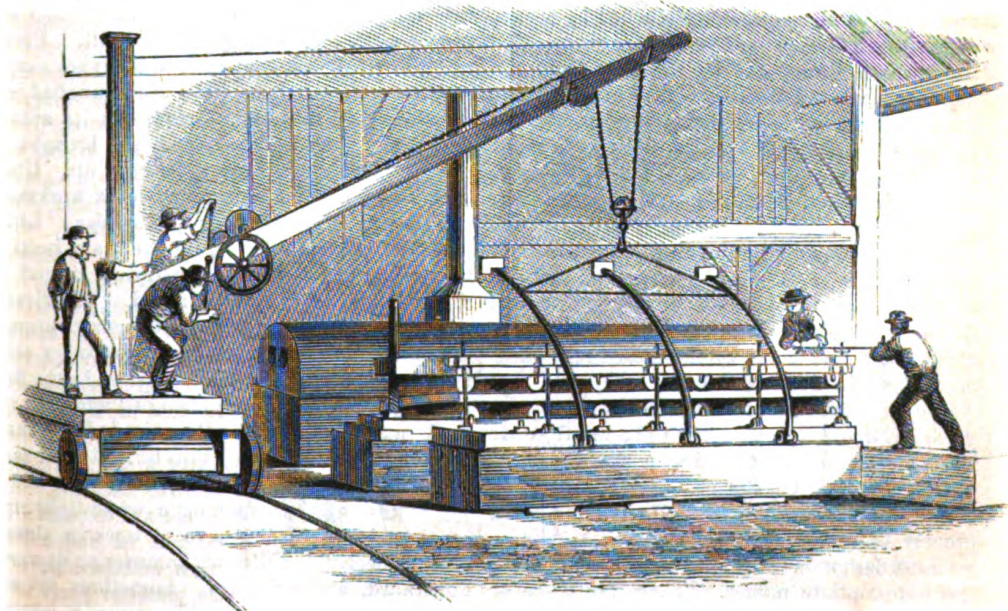
of course been numbered — "Plate 1, Course 1," and so on through the whole series, 242 for each turret, if we count correctly; so that, having been taken down, they can be readily set up on board the vessel itself in just the same order. On the vessel the turret rests upon a circular base of brass, which revolves upon a similar plate upon the deck, by means of a shaft worked by a steam-engine.

We are now told that the operation of bending the *Roanoke* plates is to begin. We cross to another shed, where we see a furnace about the size of a carpenter's work-bench, with a movable iron cover. In this lies the plate, resting upon its fiery bed; for these plates must be softened by heat, since we have not yet attained to machinery powerful enough to bend such a solid mass of iron when cold. A few yards distant is the press, which differs wholly from that which we saw bending the turret-plates. As no half-dozen of the ship-plates have precisely the same curve, it is necessary to have a pair of dies for each shape. To make so many separate dies would be a work of enormous labor and cost.

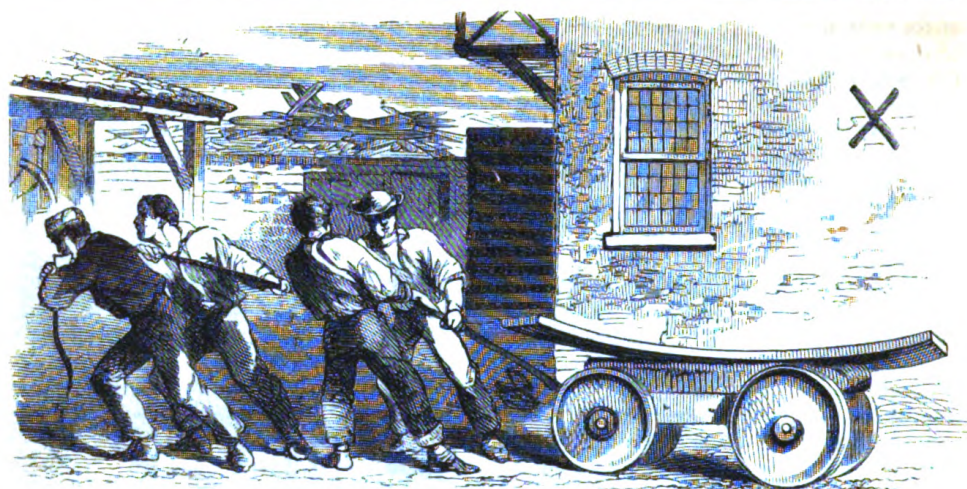


SETTING UP THE TURRET.

The necessity of this is obviated by a very simple contrivance. The bed, or lower die, consists of a series of large iron bars running across the width of the press. Each of these rests upon a stout screw at each end, by which it can be raised or lowered at will. A templet representing a model of a particular part of the ship's side is laid upon these bars, which are raised or lowered, at one end or both, until they exactly fit the model. The upper die, which is movable, is a heavy iron casting, with adjustable bars on its lower surface, like those on the top of the lower



BENDING THE PLATES.



TRUCKING PLATES.

die; this is let down, and the bars are adjusted to those of its mate, and then we have a mould for this particular plate. In this way any required curve can be given with a single pair of dies by adjusting the bars in the proper position. The plate, which has been for two hours in the furnace, has become thoroughly heated to a cherry red, in which state it is apparently almost as ductile as lead, and is ready for bending. A sort of three-fingered iron hand has been resting under it. A crane mounted on a truck moving upon rails is wheeled up, the chain attached to the hand, the plate withdrawn from the furnace, wheeled to the press, and swung between the dies. The upper one, which has been raised a yard or so, is let go, and comes down with a rush, and the softened plate is bent nearly to the form of the dies at once. There are also a set of screws along the sides for tightening the dies where necessary. The foreman glances along the plate, and if any part has not come down the screws at the place are tightened by means of a wrench turned by two stalwart men; the perspiration, forced out by the heat from the glowing plate and their own exertions, streams from every pore; but slowly and surely the screws are tightened, and the plate is brought exactly to the required sweep. The whole operation of bending, after the plate has once been put in the press, hardly occupies five minutes. It is then swung out by the crane, and deposited upon a truck to be wheeled away and suffered to cool. Our plate is now finished, and will fit to its required place on the ship's side as closely as a coat made by the most accomplished master of the sartorial art.

We will now follow our plate to the Navy-yard, in Brooklyn, where it is to be fitted to our ship, the *Roanoke*, which lies in the dry dock, waiting for us. On the way, however, we stop at the "Continental Works," to observe the process of building the new *Monitors*, for so we must designate them until they have received their appropriate names. There are three of them in different stages of construction; so that

we can take in at a glance the different processes of constructing the hulls of an iron vessel.

In our Magazine for April of the present year we described minutely the processes of building a wooden ship. All the preliminaries are the same for an iron vessel. The model, plans, and working drawings are made in precisely the same manner. But they are to be wrought out in iron instead of wood, which requires a great deviation in details. In place of large oaken "knees" and "futtocks," we have slender-looking "ribs" of iron; instead of thick planks for the "skin," we have iron plates of less than an inch in thickness. If we conceive an Indian canoe enlarged to the size of a man-of-war, we shall have an almost perfectly accurate idea of the hull of an iron vessel, as we see it in process of construction, bearing in mind only that the birch-bark sides and slender ashen supports are replaced by iron plates and ribs. These plates and ribs are riveted together in the most elaborate manner, and this constitutes the chief apparent work of building an iron hull. Plates and ribs have been bent each to its exact shape, and the countless holes have been punched, every one being to a hair's-breadth in its appropriate place, before the pieces are brought to the stocks where they are to be built up. Upon each vessel are a hundred or two of workmen, seeming to cling like bees to its sides. Little portable furnaces at short intervals are heating the rivets, which boys are carrying around to the places where they are wanted. The riveter takes one of these, red-hot, and thrusts it through the hole; another workman, on the other side, holds a heavy iron bar against the end; the first workman, or, more likely, two of them—for the work must be done while the rivet is hot—hammers it home. A head is thus formed upon each side, and the rivet contracting in cooling binds the plates together, making a water-tight and air-tight joint. They have to work in almost every conceivable position; hammering upward, downward, and sideways. Sometimes we see them flat upon their backs, like miners in narrow

seams of coal veins, striking upward. So plate by plate the hull is built up, from keel to deck. As we look upon her the first impression is one of extreme fragility. If we cut an egg-shell lengthwise through the centre, one half of it would present an appearance not unlike, in shape and the comparative thickness of structure, our iron hull, which is to float the defensive armor and aggressive turret of our new *Monitor*. In fact if it were to be exposed to a cannon-ball, it would be pierced as easily as an egg-shell would be by a pistol-bullet. But it is to be exposed to no such hazard. It is to be protected by a shield which, in a general way, we may consider impregnable.

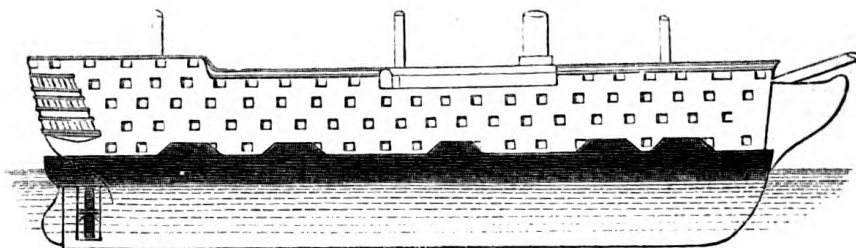
Whether any thickness of armor can be absolutely impregnable may be a matter of doubt. There is an old paradox of the schoolmen which runs in this form: "We can conceive of an irresistible force and also of an immovable body. Now suppose this irresistible force meets that immovable body what will be the result?" The answer is, that the irresistible force will be resisted, and the immovable body will be moved. A question not unlike this is presented to artillerymen and naval constructors of our day: "Can a gun be constructed which will send a ball through any armor that can be made? and can an armor be constructed which will resist a ball from any possible gun?" Theoretically, we must answer both of these questions in the affirmative, and so give the paradox: "We can make armor which will resist any shot, and can make guns that will penetrate any armor." Practically—the vaunted English experiments of Sir William Armstrong to the contrary notwithstanding—we think the advantage lies on the side of the armor. We believe that our new *Monitors* will be, for all practical purposes, impregnable. We think the chances are a hundred to one that the turrets which we have described would not be injured by any gun yet constructed; and that if additional strength should be required to repel an additional projectile force, that the thickness of armor can be increased more easily than the projectile force. Theoretically, there is no limit to either. Practically, there is a limit to both; and this, we think, will be reached in the case of the cannon sooner than in that of the armor.

Let us now look at the means which were taken to render the hulls of our new *Monitors* impregnable. The thin shells which we have seen building are to be placed beyond the reach of the shot of the enemy, which would pierce them as if they were parchment. About five feet from the top of our hull an iron shelf, strongly braced, projects about four feet from the side. The width of this shelf is filled up first to the thickness of more than three feet with blocks of solid oak, all around the vessel. Outside of this solid mass of wood, braced with iron, are bolted the armor plates. It is yet a moot question whether a given thickness of iron possesses more resisting power if composed of one solid plate or of a series of thinner plates. Our *Ro-*

anoke armor, as we have seen, is of solid plates; that of the new *Monitors* is to be of a series of five plates, one over another, each an inch thick, or five inches in all. This armor-shelf, as we have seen, projects about four feet over the sides of the thin hull, which we have described. It is some five feet high. This hull and all but two feet of the armor-shelf is below the water when the vessel is afloat; consequently, no shot fired from an opposing vessel or battery can possibly reach the lower hull without first having penetrated the iron-plated armor timbers. This "platform"—for this is the most convenient term by which to designate it—projects at the sides, as we have seen, about four feet beyond the proper hull; but at the bow and stern much more, in order to afford a like protection to the rudder, propeller, anchor, and capstan. The projection at the stern is about ten feet, at the bow about sixteen. In the illustration which heads this article, the original *Monitor*, as she appeared out of water, is accurately given from a drawing "made to scale" at the "Continental Works." In the new *Monitors*—for so we must provisionally call them—some modifications in lines and proportions have been introduced, which we do not think proper to specify. They only affect points of detail. The first *Monitor* was so thoroughly "thought out" by Mr. Ericsson that in all essential features the others are copies of her upon a larger scale, with increased powers of offense and defense—thicker armor, sharper lines, stronger turrets, and heavier armament.

We note in leaving the "Continental" that they are "putting up" the turrets. The process is the same as that which we saw at the "Novelty," with the exception that the plates are bent heated instead of cold; and so the powerful hydraulic press is dispensed with. A plate, after being brought to a red heat, is brought to a mould of the required curvature. One edge is fixed under a stationary clamp; a movable clamp is screwed down upon the other edge, and thus the plate is bent to the shape of the mould, the operation being aided by hammering down the plates with heavy wooden beetles. The result is the same in both cases: the plates take the required form. Which mode is better is purely a question of economy and time. In the one case the work is done by costly machinery, without heating and by few men; in the other, by simple and inexpensive machinery, but with a larger force of workmen.

The description of the armament of these vessels—that is, of their offensive power—does not come properly within the scope of this paper. We merely say in passing that the revolving turret of Mr. Ericsson—one of the two most striking features of the *Monitor*—is designed simply as a means of always keeping an enemy before her guns; as they command the whole range of the horizon, no manœuvring can elude them. They can be pointed in an instant in any direction. The two guns are thus rendered equal in effective force to at least eight mounted on stationary carriages.



LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP CUT DOWN.

We now pass on to the Navy-yard, where our *Roanoke* is awaiting the arrival of the plate whose manufacture we have so patiently watched. She was once a double-decked frigate, the companion and counterpart of the ill-omened *Merrimac*; but has now been cut down, so that when afloat she will present a comparatively small surface to the fire of an enemy. The accompanying diagram will illustrate what we mean by "cutting down" a vessel. We do not think it advisable to give the exact lines of the *Roanoke*. Our diagram represents the hull of the English *Royal Sovereign*, 131 guns, as she was, and as she is to be when cut down to a "cupola battery" with five turrets. The light lines give her original appearance with her five rows of port-holes; the dark lines show her shape as cut down. A change something like this, only not so great, has been made in the appearance of our *Roanoke*. We may here note that Captain Coles of the English navy claims to be the inventor of the "cupolas" or "turrets," as applied to the protection of guns. His cupolas differ in form and construction from those of Mr. Ericsson, but the idea is the same. It is abundantly capable of proof that Mr. Ericsson proposed this mode long before Captain Coles broached it to the British Government; and while we are not justified in affirming that the Englishman borrowed it from the American, it is certain that the reverse was not the case. Not improbably the idea may have occurred to each, quite independently of the other. It is certain, however, that Captain Coles's project met with no favor from his own Government until the success of the *Monitor* had demonstrated the value of the idea.

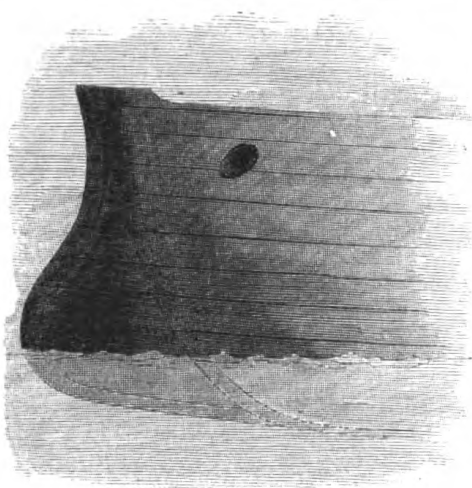
We now come to our *Roanoke*. She lies in the Dry-Dock, held up by blocks and shores, and surrounded by scaffolding, upon which a small army of men are busily engaged. The plate is lowered to the scaffold by guys and blocks, after which it must be managed by handspikes, levers, and movable "rams;" for the sides and ends of

the ship below the water-line retire so rapidly that we can not get at them with cranes and pulleys. After infinite tugging the plate is lifted to its place. We find it fits exactly, and the holes in it come directly over those in the ship's side. The bolts are driven in; their heads fit tight into the "countersink," leaving a smooth surface outside; the nut is put on on the inside, and screwed up by a heavy wrench. So plate by plate, and course by course, the ship's sides, from some distance below the water-line, are armed in mail.

The bow is also to be furnished with a "ram." To construct this the forward plates, instead of terminating at the stem of the vessel, are allowed to project some feet beyond. At the extremity a solid piece of iron is placed between the plates projecting from the two sides, and the angular space between this and the proper bow of the ship is filled up with solid timber, all firmly bolted together. The accompanying diagram shows the form of the ram, the shape of the bow being indicated by faint lines. Having such a solid projection as this at the bow, our ship—provided it can get a chance—would crush in the sides of any wooden vessel at a blow. The *Congress* offered no more effectual resistance than an egg-shell to the rush of the *Merrimac*. To be sure the iron prow was, if we are rightly informed, broken off in the collision, seriously damaging the assailant, but this was owing to the faulty method of its construction. We think no casualty of this sort possible in the case of the *Roanoke*.



SCREWING UP THE BOLTS.



THE RAM.

The bow offense being thus provided for, the stern defense must not be overlooked. At the stern are placed the screw, which forms her propelling power, and the rudder which directs her. A steamer crippled here becomes a helpless log upon the water. These are protected, as we have seen, in the *Monitors* by the projecting armor platform; in the *Roanoke* they are defended by an iron "hood," which looks very much like the shell of a huge turtle, bolted to the ship's side in such a manner that the screw can play freely. The deck must now be covered with iron plates of sufficient thickness to render it bomb-proof, and proof against a plunging fire from the guns of a fortress, and the top of the turrets likewise guarded by proper iron grating. The vessel is now complete, as far as her armature is concerned. She is in effect a floating iron fortress, impregnable, we believe, to any assault to which she will be exposed. Of her armament we do not now propose to speak. The subject of cannon must be reserved for another paper.

We now propose to visit a vessel wholly different in plan and model, involving some peculiar principles. This is the "Stevens Battery," which has been for years in course of construction at Hoboken, in New Jersey, just across the Hudson River from New York. We must premise that grave doubts are entertained whether this vessel will meet the requirements demanded by the improvements in offensive warfare made since her plan was formed. But considering the large amount which has been already expended, and the still larger sums which will be required to complete her, we think it proper to present a somewhat minute description of her construction, and of the offensive and defensive qualities which it is claimed she will possess. For this we are wholly indebted to Mr. Watson, of whom we have previously made mention. He says:

It was a beautiful afternoon in June when we started on a visit to the Stevens Battery at Hoboken. Arriving at the yard we were courteously received, and at once given

the required admission. So down through gardens edged with sweet-smelling box, through green lawns, we went to the coffer-dam, or dock, where she has been lying ever since 1854, now more than eight years. We passed over the narrow gang-plank which boards her, and found beneath our feet a long black massive hull of peculiar and ingenious form. She is a shot-proof vessel of war, capable of great speed and under extraordinary control, throwing a broadside of great weight. The Messrs. Robert L. and Edwin A. Stevens are the designers and inventors, and suggested her to the Government as long ago as 1841. There has, however, been but twenty months' work in all upon the battery. The hull is completed, with the exception of some of the deck's bulkheads and minor matters; the engines, propeller-shafting, blowing and pumping machinery, and boilers are finished and in place; the armor, the armament, the decks, the screw-propeller, and upper works are yet to be completed. The cost of the work done has been \$728,435, of which Congress appropriated \$500,000, the remainder having been advanced by the Messrs. Stevens. Subjoined are some of the details of the vessel:

THE HULL.

Length over all	420 feet.
Breadth over all	52 feet.
Depth from upper or fighting deck ..	28 feet.
Draft of water without coal or stores	17 feet 2 inches.
Draft of water with coal and stores	20 feet 6 inches.
Fighting draft	22 feet 6 inches.

The vessel is an iron screw-steamer, constructed in the usual way of the best-selected plates, beams, and angle-bars. Her lines are unusually sharp, resembling those of the fastest North River and ocean steamers. Unusual strength of hull is secured by longitudinal bulkheads, by a heavy box-keelson running from stem to stern, and by the shot-proof decks and continuous side armor.

THE ENGINES.

Number of screw-propellers	2
Number of engines	8
Diameter of cylinders	3 feet 9 inches.
Length of stroke	3 feet 6 inches.
Number of boilers	10
Horse power	8600

The screws are under the quarters, or a little on one side of the after-end of the ship, and work independently; each being driven by four compact beam engines entirely below water. For the information of the mechanic we attach a few details which are necessarily technical, for which we hope the non-professional reader will spare us his displeasure. The valve-gear is the link motion adjusted by separate engines as in modern screw-steamers. The engine-frames, eight in number, are in effect cross arches connecting the bottom, sides, and main deck of the vessel: they are composed of wrought-iron plates formed into box-girders on the Britannia Bridge principle. The strength, proportions, and workmanship of the engines are not excelled, it is believed, by any commercial or war steamer. The boilers are of the flue-tubular variety, as used in modern ocean steamboats and the best river steamboats.

THE ARMOR.

The two leading principles of the vessel for protection from shot and shell are as follows: *First*. The vessel is settled two feet lower in the water in action, by letting water into compartments arranged to be emptied rapidly by powerful steam-pumps. This is done for the purpose of saving the weight and cost of two feet of the depth of the armor, which otherwise would be necessary; of allowing a flatter slope, and hence a greater resistance of the armor; of employing, to the greatest practical extent, the best known armor—that is, water; of giving the vessel greater speed while cruising, chasing, or retreating, by throwing overboard the weight of water in the tanks, or, in other words, by dispensing with this two feet of water protection; and of enabling her, for the same reason, to pass over bars into harbors which she could not otherwise reach.

Second. The use of inclined instead of vertical armor for the purpose of changing the direction instead of stopping the whole force of the enemy's projectiles. The side armor consists of a triangular structure of locust timber extending outside the shell of the vessel from stem to

stern. Its lower slope is plated with iron $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick to a depth of four feet below the fighting line. From the outer corner of this side protection the shot-proof casement or main armor proceeds, upward and inward, at an angle of one vertical to two horizontal, to a height of 28 feet from the bottom of the ship, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the fighting line, where it is covered by a flat shot-proof deck. The main armor extends only over the engine's boilers, blowing and pumping machinery, that is 107 feet forward and 74 feet aft the centre. Its ends slope upward and inward at a similar angle, from the 21 feet deck, which is shot-proof, and which extends forward and aft the armor to the extreme bow and stern. The inclined armor, or casemate, is composed of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron plates, backed by 14 inches of locust timber, in which are imbedded six-inch wrought-iron girders two feet apart. The whole is lined with half-inch plate iron. It is supported by the engine frames, by heavy braces, and girders between the boilers, and by the frames and sides of the ship. The horizontal shot-proof decks are composed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron plates, resting on 6-inch wrought-iron girders, filled in with locust timber and backed with half-inch iron plate.

THE ARMAMENT.

This consists of five 16-inch guns, weighing 25 tons each and capable of throwing round shot of 425 pounds in weight, and two 10-inch rifled guns. The guns rest on wrought-iron shot-proof carriages, of which the recoil is taken up by India-rubber springs, the carriages are situated on top of the casemates, and are trained by steam-power by means of a shaft passing through the gun-deck to within the casemate. Each gun is loaded with celerity by being pointed to a hole in the deck protected by a shot-proof hood, below which is a steam-cylinder of which the piston-rod is the ramrod of the gun. All the machinery and men for working the guns are thus within the shot-proof armor. The guns are protected by a covering of wrought-iron armor in addition to their own immense thickness—sixteen and a half inches maximum—outside the bore.

THE UPPER WORKS, ETC.

The twenty-one feet shot-proof deck, fore and aft the central armor or casemate, affords ample accommodation for men and officers. Above this deck, and flush with the twenty-eight feet gun-deck which forms the top of the casemate, is a light deck, extending at the sides of the casemate, and forward and aft from stem to stern. The entire twenty-eight feet, or gun-deck, is thus level (excepting the usual camber), and unincumbered over the whole vessel. Only the part of it that forms the top of the casemate is shot-proof. Above the twenty-eight feet deck are flying bulwarks to be turned down in time of action. The height of the bulwarks from the water at the load line will be thirteen and one half feet. The fourteen feet deck affords ample space for stores, etc., and for the salt-water tanks for settling the vessel to the fighting line. Below the fourteen feet deck, forward of the boilers, are the blowers and pumping-engines and coal-bunkers. Aft the engines are coal-bunkers also. Capacity for coal, 1000 tons. The fresh-water for consumption on board will be condensed from the exhaust steam; besides which there will be fresh-water tanks. The vessel will be lighted with gas made on board. The ventilation of the officers' and men's quarters will be superior to that of ordinary vessels, as they will be entirely above water. In cruising and in action the entire vessel will be ventilated by the blowers. As the guns are in the open air, and the ship's company separated from them during action by a casemate, the deleterious effects of smoke and sound will be avoided. The ventilation by blowers, the freeing of the vessel from water in the manner proposed, and other operations new to the naval practice of the Government, have been successfully employed by Mr. Stevens for many years. The vessel will have two light masts for emergencies, but will not ordinarily carry sail.

FIGHTING QUALITIES.

First. Iron armor $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, backed with 14 inches of the most impenetrable wood, and standing at the acute angle of one in two to the line of fire—that is, one degree

of inclination to two of height—is a vastly stronger protection than has ever been applied or found vulnerable by any experimenters at home or abroad. At the same time it is comparatively light, as its extent is reduced by confining it to the central part of the vessel, and by immersing the vessel to a deeper fighting draft. The parts of the vessel fore and aft the central casemate are also thoroughly protected by a horizontal deck, which is not only shot-proof but one foot below the fighting water-line. The water protection, as far as it can be judiciously employed, is at once the most perfect and cheapest armor.

Second. The side protection, extending from stem to stern, is intended to answer these four important purposes: 1st, Protection from projectiles; 2d, From disaster by collision; 3d, Increasing the immersed beam, and the consequent stability of the ship when fighting; and, lastly, adding in a very great degree to the horizontal and vertical strength and stiffness of the vessel.

Third. The immense power of the engines and the fine lines guarantee a much higher speed than has been attained by any sea-going war or commercial steamer. This vessel will have the entire horse-power of the *Great Eastern* with about one-third of her resistance, or twice the horse-power of any war-vessel. The sharpness of her lines is unprecedented in any government practice, and in any except the latest and most successful commercial practice.

Fourth. The ability of the vessel to turn rapidly round on her own centre, without making headway, by means of two screws, instead of occupying the time and making the circuit required by all other war-vessels, will give her remarkable and important facilities for manœuvring when in action. In connection with her great speed, it will enable her to overhaul one after another of the enemy's fleet within a very short time, to run close alongside an enemy, to present herself for action in the most effective position, to bring her broadside to bear in any direction, to turn round in narrow channels, and, when necessary, to retreat in any direction with facility.

Fifth. The employment of two entirely distinct means of propulsion—the two screws and their respective sets of engines—will enable her to be steered in case of accident to the rudder, and will afford just double the ordinary amount of security against breakage of machinery in fighting or cruising.

Sixth. The employment of barbette guns, or on the top of the casemate instead of within it, gives all of the entire range of the horizon. Three guns can be fired at a time in line with the keel, forward or aft. By setting the guns—by a graduated index-plate within the casemate—so that they shall point at the proper relative angles, and then placing the vessel, either by turning her on her centre or by going ahead or astern, so that one gun bears upon the object to be hit, the fire of all the guns may be instantly concentrated upon that object without losing time in training each gun.

Seventh. The use of the heaviest successful ordnance known not only makes the gun its own armor, but affords the following advantages in fighting the ship: The smashing effect of a single heavy projectile upon a single point on the enemy's sides is vastly greater than that of an equal weight of lighter projectiles. In close quarters—a position the vessel is by her speed and manageableness able to assume at option—the velocity of a projectile, that is, its effect, would in like proportion be increased without bringing a greater strain upon the gun. It is believed that a 16-inch gun may carry an elongated projectile of half a ton weight. The smashing effect of such a missile would not only be greater than that of a lighter missile, but more destructive at a low than at a high velocity, according to the representation of military engineers. As there is no casemate over the guns the enemy can not pour shot and shell into port-holes at close quarters; for the same reason the guns will not be limited to the few degrees of range permitted by the ports, but can sweep the horizon. The cost and weight of the casemates over the guns are dispensed with, and the seven guns thus arranged will be as formidable as a whole broadside arranged in the ordinary way; and with these remarks closes the description of this battery.



THE LIEUTENANT IN COSTUME.

IN THE BUFFALO COUNTRY.

SOME years ago,* Mr. George D. Brewerton, a lieutenant in the United States Army, gave an account of a portion of his journey across the continent from the Pacific shores to the "Settlements" in the States. The first of these papers narrated his "Ride with Kit Carson," from Los Angeles to Taos. The second article described the journey from Taos through New Mexico, across the Great American Desert, past Santa Fé to the Mora. The concluding paper, which was to describe the remainder of the journey, with the illustrative sketches, was for a while lost at the time of the fire which destroyed the establishment of the publishers of this Magazine. They have since been recovered; and the article is herewith presented. Although in point of time it relates to events which occurred some years ago, so little change has taken place in this region that it is as true to fact to-day as though now first written. The great physical features of the region remain unchanged. The same unpeopled expanse stretches before the traveler, and must be crossed in the same manner. How long this will continue to be the case no man can say. The project of a railway to the Pacific, which was then pronounced feasible, and sure of ultimate accomplishment, has been

* *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1853, and April, 1854.

revived. When this is carried into effect, the voyager across the continent will meet with a very different class of experiences. Meanwhile, as a record worthy of preservation, we present our contributor's account of his transit through the Buffalo Region:

As Independence is the eastern, so may the Mora be considered the western prairie port of the great Santa Fé trail. It is here that the returning caravans make their final preparations for the trip, and catch their last glimpse of even Mexican civilization. The Mora is therefore, during the season of travel, a halting-place of no little importance, and presents at times, when visited by the busy traders, quite a lively appearance; indeed during the summer of 1848 there was scarcely a day which did not witness the arrival or departure from this camping-ground of a fleet of those prairie ships, the unwieldy Santa Fé wagons.

I have stated in my "Incidents of Travel in New Mexico," of which this article is a continuation, that I had determined to accompany one of the numerous parties then leaving for "the States." This caravan—for it may well be called so—was a large one, consisting of three trains, numbering upward of one hundred wagons in all. By thus uniting our people obtained a more per-

fect assurance of journeying unmolested through the hostile Indian range than if we had pursued our course in smaller numbers; for the Arabs of the plains—as the Comanches may not improperly be styled—seldom lack caution.

Our party was made up of one hundred teamsters, nearly all of whom were young Missourians. These, with sundry traders, travelers, and Mexican herdsmen (whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over an unruly drove of about five hundred loose cattle which were to follow in our wake to the frontiers), made up a force of one hundred and thirty men, the majority of whom were sturdy, athletic fellows, well armed with rifles, and though wanting discipline, very fair material for a "free fight" with a barricade of wagons between themselves and their enemies.

As it was at the Mora that I received my first impressions of the Great Prairies, it may not be improper, before entering upon a narration of our adventures while in the "Buffalo Country," to attempt a description of the peculiarities of this region which I was so soon to journey through.

Mere words are inadequate to picture forth the vast plains which are emphatically the "Great Prairies of the Far West." I am disposed to believe that the traveler feels this more fully in approaching them, as I did, from the westward than in the easier transition which is experienced in journeying toward them from the alternate hills and dales of the Missourian frontier, where the eye having no standard for comparison becomes familiarized to their peculiar formation, from the almost insensible change in the nature of the ground. But here—where their western

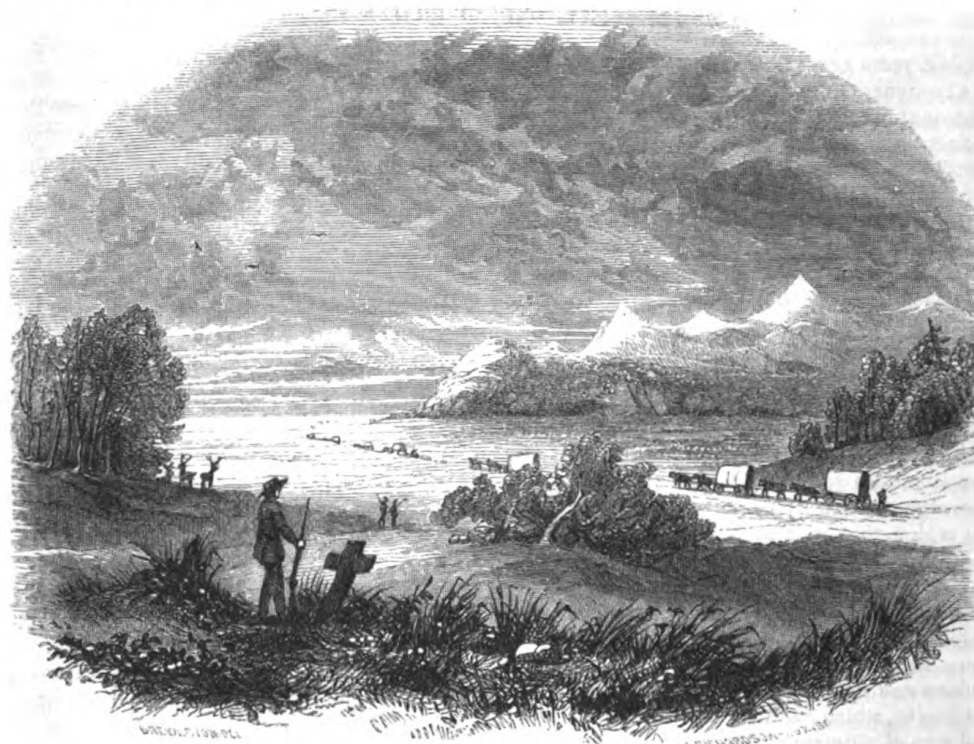
barriers, the Rocky Mountains, tower aloft like the gigantic coast of an inland sea; where majestic steeps, many of them snow-capped or robed in clouds, seem saying to the grassy waves which skirt their pine-clad bases, "So far shalt thou come, and at our feet shall thy green expanse be stayed"—it is here, I repeat, that the *voyageur* feels most fully that he is gazing upon an unfamiliar land, for the realization of which no previous experiences of travel could have prepared him.

Clothed in the verdant livery of spring, or decked in the more luxuriant robes of early summer, they present the appearance of a sea of grass and flowers, save where some stream, fed by the mountain snows, stretches across the landscape, marked by the trees which fringe its banks and rear their wall of foliage above the otherwise almost unbroken level. Nor does a comparison between the prairies and the ocean cease with the great extent of surface presented to the eye: motion seems added to increase the delusion; each passing breeze, as it sweeps over the long grasses, gives an undulation to its ridges which is enhanced and heightened by the rapid succession of light and gloom derived from the shadows of flying clouds.

"The clouds

Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye,
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny rides."

Nor are these mighty wilds solitary or untenanted. The buffalo feed over them by thousands; the timid deer or graceful antelope meet the eye at every turn; and the Indian makes



THE PRAIRIE OCEAN.

them not only his hunting-ground but too frequently the theatre of scenes and conflicts the particulars of which but seldom reach the ears of the dwellers in our Atlantic cities.

There is a wild excitement, too, connected with the everyday life of the trapper and hunter in this section of the country which is almost incredible. So intense is it, in fact, that more than one young man, whose talents and fortune would have fitted him for the occupancy of a brilliant position in the world of civilization, has turned his back upon society and its refinements to endure the oftentimes fearful hardships of this adventurous career.

It is necessary to add to the foregoing observations upon the country a few explanatory remarks, which will enable the reader to understand somewhat of the interior economy and government of a Santa Fé trader's camp, as well as to give him an insight into the general routine of our prairie life. I have said that our caravan consisted of three trains. Now though these trains were for the time being united as a matter of mutual accommodation, it did not by any means follow that they lost their individuality; on the contrary, each train was still a little world of its own, being regulated by its particular laws and ruled by its special "wagon-master." This wagon-master is an all-important personage, whose authority is little less than that of a captain's upon shipboard; with this exception, perhaps, that Missourian teamsters are wild boys and hardly so obedient as a disciplined "Jack tar." The wagon-master is therefore a great believer in the force of moral suasion, and seldom resorts to knock-down personal arguments unless under circumstances of a highly aggravated character. It is part of his manifold duties to ride from point to point (for they are invariably mounted) during the progress of the train, as his presence may be required, to fix the camping-grounds, give the signals for halts and departures, and superintend the issuing of provisions.

Our everyday mode of life upon the road was very much as follows: The camp was awakened at daybreak; and breakfast being prepared and dispatched, the cry of "Catch up!" from the wagon-master's fire warned all hands to get ready for a start. Then ensues a scene of noise and confusion which baffles description—a contest between unruly oxen who won't be yoked, and their irritated drivers who are determined that they shall. At length all is ready; and at the command "Stretch out!" each wagon falls into its appointed place, and with a universal crackling of whips we begin our march.

The rate of travel is from two to three and a half miles an hour, and the distance driven varies, according to the proximity of water, from fifteen to forty miles per day. Having reached the camping-ground, the wagon-master decides upon the position of the "corral," which is immediately formed by driving the wagons into a circular or horse-shoe form, where the tongue of the leading wagon which enters in advance rests

upon or near the inner hind-wheel of that which follows it, so that each wagon overlaps the other, and thus forms a continuous barricade, with the exception of an opening some twenty-five feet in width, left vacant to enable the cattle-guard, in case of an alarm, to drive in their charge. With a view to such contingencies the animals are usually herded in the vicinity of this avenue, which can be closed by means of wagon-chains coupled together and stretched across the entrance.

The unyoking completed, then begins the business of the camp. The cattle-guard is detailed and takes its post. The cooks of the various messes (which number about ten men in each, and take by turns the office of cook and purveyor-general to their fellows) are soon busily engaged in collecting wood, or, if in the buffalo range, the dried excrement of that animal for fuel; the fires are kindled, and ere long all hands devote themselves most assiduously to the bacon and hard bread. Now comes the fun and jollity of prairie life. The labors of the day are over, and a little "euchre" or "old sledge" amuse some, while others try hunting or fishing if there be facilities at hand; or, what is yet more fashionable, spread a blanket beneath the shadow of a wagon, and doze until the sinking of the sun. By nightfall you will find the men collected in little groups about their respective fires, where they crack their rough jokes and relate their personal adventures in the way of hair-breadth Indian encounters or unheard-of buffalo shooting, until the watchful stars, the silver time-piece of the prairies, have marked the midnight hour, and they drop off one by one to their beds, or rather blankets, beneath the open sky.

The first rays of a July morning sun had not yet gathered sufficient power to dispel the low-lying mists of the prairie when those magic words, "Catch up!" transformed our camp into a very Babel, which was only terminated as the cry of "All set!" announced our readiness to depart; and ere many minutes had elapsed the word was given to "Stretch out!" and our caravan unwound itself like a mighty serpent from its coils, and took the great Missouri trail, which lay before us like a faintly-penciled line toward the hazy horizon.

"Off at last!" was my mental exclamation as I lifted myself into the saddle; and as if to echo my thought, I heard a sun-browned teamster near me say to his companion, "Well, old hoss, we're bound for the States, sure as shoot-in'; and I'll allow that there ain't a man in this crowd that's better pleased to see the last of the Greasers' way of living than myself."

From the Mora we journeyed on for several days, passing the camping-grounds of Santa Clara Spring, Ocate, Colorado, and Punta del Piedras (Point of Rocks), without meeting with any adventure or incident of unusual interest, save an occasional meeting with an incoming train, whose travel-soiled wagons bore traces of Indian favors in the way of shot and arrow

rents, until our arrival at Rock Creek. While here encamped it was reported among our men that a conflict had just taken place between a band of Eutaw braves, who had left their mountain haunts for the purpose of hunting the buffalo upon the great prairies, and a war party of Comanches, whose commission is generally a roving one, their object being simply to commit the greatest amount of rascality in the shortest possible time.

As the story ran, it appears that the Eutaws had encamped for the night, leaving a large portion of their *caballada* grazing in the mouth of a cañon at a short distance from their fires, where their owners, secure in the watchfulness of those to whose care they had been confided, felt but little anxiety for their safety. Just as the moon was rising the Comanches, numbering only sixteen warriors and two squaws, entered the other extremity of the cañon, and upon observing the horses, determined to gratify their cupidity, even at the risk of a difficulty with the Eutaws, who, in high good-humor from the successful termination of their hunt, were at that moment quietly seated beside their fires, peaceably enjoying themselves in their own fashion; which, in the present instance, signified squatting upon their haunches before the blaze and discussing their tobacco in blessed unconsciousness of the proximity of their new neighbors, or the unfriendly visit which they were contemplating.

The night passed quietly away; the smokers finished their pipes, and then lay down to sleep as men slumber after a weary march. The fires smoldered and died out, until their whitening ashes looked like ghostly shrouds as they lay bleaching in the moonlight, and the warriors on guard grew drowsy in their fancied security; when, just as the first dull glimmer of the coming day betokened the presence of the dawn, one shrill, wild whoop aroused our Eutaws to a sense of their danger, and with this Comanche reveille yet ringing in their ears, they sprang to their feet to behold their *caballada* flying before their captors up the steep defiles of the cañon, from the farther extremity of which the Comanches doubtless intended to gain the open prairie beyond: an expectation which was never destined to be realized, for though an Indian may be taken by surprise, he is seldom wanting either in expedients or quickness; and our Eutaw friends had lived too long in a bad neighborhood, and, it may be, stampeded too many *caballadas* themselves to be easily astonished, or to hesitate long upon their proper course of action.

Fortunately for the Eutaws they had a few of their best horses yet remaining to them, being those which, having been "hobbled" beside the fires of their respective owners, had consequently escaped the notice of the stampede. To cut their bonds and fling themselves upon their backs was the work of a moment; and ere the Comanches had gained the centre of the defile with their ill-gotten booty the enraged Eutaws had overtaken them and were in their midst. It was now a hand-to-hand encounter, no quarter being asked

and none given. The Comanches did their best by throwing themselves upon the sides of their horses and practicing every artifice in which the art of Indian warfare is prolific; but though they battled desperately it was in vain, for the death-dealing arrows of their foes made fearful havoc, while their own random shots did no material harm. The contest was too unequal to be long sustained, and ere the morning mist had lifted itself from the broad expanse of the prairie, or the red sun struggled out from the eastern cloud-banks to light up this scene of savage strife, the victorious Eutaws were again reclining by their fires, where sixteen gory scalps, waving ghastly in the breeze from their lance heads, and two lamenting squaws, attested the prowess of the conquerors. Had these unlucky females been wise they would have unsexed themselves for the time, at least so far as to have held their tongues; but, sad to relate, their grief overcame their prudence, and induced them to "give their sorrow words" in open defiance of the expostulations of their captors, until at length an old chief seized a club and settled the matter by splitting the skulls of both.

When this story first reached us we were disposed to regard it as a somewhat more than doubtful legend; but the ensuing day was destined to prove its truth, for as we neared the place I rode forward in advance of the wagons, thus preceding their arrival by upward of a mile. Upon nearing the locality indicated I observed a flock of vultures, which hovered like ill-omened spirits above the spot, flapping their broad wings as they circled lazily in the polluted air. Guided by their flight, I put spurs to my horse and pressed onward until I halted amidst the very scene where the conflict had taken place.

As I mused and moralized my meditations were interrupted by the cracking of whips and the vociferations of impatient drivers which announced the arrival of our train; nor was it long after the corral had been formed before our excited teamsters, many of whom were young Missourians embarked for the first time upon a prairie trip, came running up, and expressed, in the opinion of our older frontiersmen, a great deal of unnecessary astonishment upon beholding the nearly fleshless skeletons which strewed the ravine. Among our drivers there were men of the true mountain stamp, who had traveled, and trapped, and "starved it" until their hearts had grown harder than their hands. Men who had been down to Chihuahua, and weren't skeared at a redskin dead or alive—no, they would "go under" if they were—old fellows who had roughed it until they made it a point to be surprised at nothing, so far as prairie life is concerned. These reprobates, after a careful search through the ravine, found one of the Comanche skulls which had been picked almost clean by the vultures and wolves; and having fastened this ghastly mark upon the end of a wiping stick, they put it up at sixty yards and commenced trying their rifles at one of the eyes, or rather at the hole where the eye ought to have been.

It was late in the morning of the ensuing day ere our wagons "rolled out" from "Graveyard Corral," as some of the old stagers chose to designate our halting-place, out of compliment to the unsuccessful horse-stealers. While awaiting the signal for departure I spent a half hour in looking up the skeletons of the unlucky squaws whose song of lamentation had been so abruptly terminated. After a careful search I finally found their bones beside the ash-heaps which marked the location of the Eutaws' deserted fires.

The next point of interest after leaving the scene of the Indian massacre was a hill—if an elevation of upward of a thousand feet can be so modestly styled—which rises abruptly from the surrounding plain between Rock and Rabbit-eat creeks. This hill is known as the "Round Mound"—a name derived from its circular, cone-like top. It is visible in clear weather from a distance of many miles; and as the optical delusion occasioned by the extreme rarity of the pure and transparent atmosphere of the Great Prairies continually deceives the beholder into the belief that much lesser elevations are close at hand when they are in reality some miles distant, it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for parties of two or three to detach themselves from the passing caravans for the purpose of visiting this remarkable locality. I, for one, have a painfully distinct recollection of the weariness with which my friend Mr. Danvar and myself dismounted to stretch ourselves upon the green sward at its base, after accomplishing the five instead of three miles which we had fondly imagined to lie between us and the object of our curiosity. How very unwilling we felt to undertake the ascent of the steep which we had so imprudently declared should be scaled, even to its top, before our return! But it wouldn't do to "back out;" it wouldn't do to be laughed at; and it wouldn't do to waste any farther time in the enjoyment of our luxurious repose. So with heavy hearts and weary legs we proceeded to fasten our horses, and then commenced the journey upward. And "such a gettin' up," or, to speak more strictly, such a falling down, I never hope to see again. Thrice we halted upon the way and voted Round Mound a humbug, and our self-imposed excursion a most intolerable bore. Then Danvar would insist upon stopping to give vent to strong expressions; and yet another delay was due to a slip, which destroyed my equanimity and carried away the seat of a pair of buckskin pantaloons at one and the same moment. But "perseverance overcomes all obstacles;" and by dint of puffing, blowing, and mutual assistance, we gained our goal at last. But having once reached the summit, fatigue was all forgotten as the delighted eye took in the wide expanse; on every side, a vast extent, probably upward of one hundred miles of country, was presented to our view. If we had been disposed to linger at our resting-place below, we now felt strongly tempted to make a long stay upon the crest. The distant wagon-covers of the far-off train had dwindled

into snowy specks upon a perfect sea of vegetation. The emerald hue of the verdure at our feet faded with increasing distance into bluer tints, which in their turn became gray and misty as they neared the hazy horizon.

As we still lingered, entranced by the grandeur of so novel a scene, I was but too harshly recalled to a sense of this world's stern realities by an exclamation from Danvar.

"Hang it, there go our animals, or a pair that look amazingly like them! The sooner we get down again the better. I would not lose my buffalo horse before we get to Lost Spring for Madam Jules's bank."

My friend was off in double-quick time, and as I felt a great degree of interest in "Bucephalus," in whose come-back-again qualities, in case of a stampede, I had not the slightest confidence, I followed suit with all possible speed.

Upon "comparing notes" at the bottom of the hill, where I found Danvar rubbing his shins and groaning dismally meanwhile, we made the pleasant discovery that our apprehensions had been realized, and that our horses, tired of waiting, had pulled up their picket pins and stampeded. Luckily for us they made their way back to the train.

Two or three days after our Round Mountain adventure I had my first experience in Buffalo-shooting. It was a sultry day—the very hottest which we had experienced since our departure from the Mora. Remember, too, that a hot day in this locality is no trifling affair; for the "Santa Fé Trail" can sometimes, in the absence of that grateful breeze which usually sweeps these plains with the regularity of the Pacific trades, produce a specimen of warm weather which would do no discredit to the equator itself. The heated air appeared everywhere rising from the burning ground—the very oxen seemed an exponent of the enervating weather, as they lolled out their froth-specked tongues and panted wearily as they stretched themselves upon the grass. We had been encamped a full hour, and were now in that lazy, slumbrous condition which seemed to fall upon our people as regularly as the afternoon set in. I had ensconced myself under a wagon, where I had made up my mind to remain and "take it coolly" until sundown. But who shall declare what an hour may bring forth, or where is the future more uncertain than upon the great prairies? I, in the innocence of my heart, was planning a quiet nap and the peaceful enjoyment of a cigar, when the cry of "Buffalo! buffalo!" resounded through the camp, and all hands, or perhaps I should say the "youngsters," turned out accordingly.

Upon springing to my feet to take a first look at the mighty beasts of which I had heard so much, I found the "buffalo" had dwindled to one huge old bull, whose shaggy hair and flowing beard gave him quite a formidable appearance; but so far from showing any particular fearlessness, the old fellow was even then "humping himself" to get out of our vicinity. One



THE FIRST BUFFALO.

glance at the flying beast was enough for my enthusiastic self. I took the "buffalo fever" at once in its severest form, had my gun ready in the twinkling of an eye, and in less time than it takes to write it had sallied forth; and too impatient to await the saddling of my horse, had started off on foot, quite regardless of the "old stagers," who gave vent to their feelings in a subdued but expressive smile as they beheld my hot pursuit. It was, as I have said, an intensely hot day, and I half believe that the rascally old bull was amusing himself at my expense, by enjoying my vexation as I hurried breathlessly after him through the coarse grasses of the prairie.

After running the buffalo for upward of two miles, in accomplishing which he had repeatedly allowed me to get almost within gun-shot ere he would gallop teasingly away, I found myself, in sporting phrase, "very much done up," and was about to abandon the enterprise in despair, when, to my great joy, the old fellow crossed a ridge, which not only served to screen me from his sight, but even furnished a cover behind which I could advance unseen. Having got within killing distance—which I did by crawling upon my hands and knees to the summit of "the rise"—I lay concealed until the movements of the animal should expose the proper spot at which to aim; that is to say, low down and directly behind the fore-shoulder; for if hit elsewhere the buffalo, who is exceedingly tenacious of life, will generally manage to make his escape, even though his wounds should ultimately prove mortal. Upon the discharge of my musket the bull snorted and jumped aside, but otherwise seemed but little discomposed. I then reloaded, and with a more deliberate aim fired a second time, but apparently with no better success. Somewhat piqued by my previous failures, I rammed home a cartridge, and was advancing for

a third time, when I observed the animal to be lying upon the ground, where he was tossing his head and tearing up the earth about him with his short but dangerous horns. Fully satisfied that he was now completely within my power—for I had been told that the buffalo, under such circumstances, never lies down unless he has received a fatal wound—and elated by the prospect of securing him, I was so imprudent as to show myself to the infuriated beast. A moment's reflection would have proved to me the danger of this act; but in the present instance the reflection was an afterthought, and came too late. For, as if my presence had inspired new vigor into his wounded frame, the huge creature sprang to his feet,

and with something between a groan and a deep bellow, which to my excited ears sounded more like the first puff of a high-pressure engine, came dashing madly toward the spot on which I stood. There was no time to be lost. To retreat seemed impossible, and no shelter was at hand; so, with a hasty determination to stand still in "my tracks," and trust my safety to the chances of a final shot, I drew up my piece, with an inward prayer to the old gun, as I raised her to my shoulder, to "shoot *centre* now or never." There was a flash, a thin wreath of sulphurous smoke floated idly up on the summer air as the report of my musket resounded along the prairie.

I looked toward the buffalo. The huge beast hesitated as though he had felt the ball; then bounded forward, stumbled, advanced again; once more staggered and once more recovered himself; and then, just as I almost seemed to feel his hot breath upon my cheek, the creature fell headlong and rolled heavily at my feet, while the life-blood, welling from his wounds, ensanguined the grass on which he lay. As I subsequently discovered, my shots had all taken effect; and the last ball, to which I owed my safety, had struck him behind the fore-shoulder and had gone quartering back: thus ranging directly through the vitals. With all these hurts it was wonderful that the animal had not gone down at once.

If my first attempt to approach the wounded buffalo had been too hasty, my present advance was conducted with consummate care. Indeed, after the exhibition of temper with which I had already been favored, I really felt delicate about intruding myself upon so irritable a beast. I retired accordingly to the skeleton of a deceased specimen of the same species that lay conveniently near, and there held myself in readiness to take my departure at a moment's warning, while I amused myself by throwing every avail-

able bone—concluding with the skull—at the ponderous brute which I had brought down. Finding him unmoved by these insults I made bold to approach the body, and having satisfied myself by numerous tests that the “vital spark” was actually extinct, I took courage, drew forth my bowie-knife, and proceeded to butcher my first buffalo. To do all things properly and in order I rolled up my sleeves, and having determined to take off the hide, which, with its recent ball-holes, would be an undeniable proof of my prowess in the chase, commenced the work. After making the preparatory incisions in a scientific manner, I began to strip off the skin, and for a whole half hour labored vigorously at the task, pulling, slashing, and hacking, right and left, at the huge carcass, with an occasional comment, “not loud but deep,” upon the toughness of the beast, until I blunted the knife, lost my temper, and finally sat down to relieve myself by anathematizing the whole affair.

My situation may be briefly summed up thus: It was a broiling day; the perspiration oozed freely from every pore; the camp was some two miles distant; and I, in melting mood, was stretched alongside the stiffening buffalo, which I had killed but was unable to cut up. In short, I was exactly in the position of the gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle: it was a large elephant, a fine elephant, and all things considered a very cheap elephant at the price; but for all that the lucky man didn't know what to do with him. So, finally, I determined that, as the hide was not to be got off, I would content myself with the tongue, which I hoped to get out of its head somehow in the course of an hour or two. Failing to work again, I ultimately succeeded in getting out the lingual member. To this trophy I added the tail, which I cut off as an additional evidence that I had positively slain a buffalo. Shall I tell the precise time that I took to boil that old bull's tongue to an edible state of tenderness, and how we at length concurred in the judgment of Nigger Bill, who gave it as his professional opinion “dat if Massa Lieutenant boil dat tongue till de end ob de world de debble himself would nebber be able to eat him;” or shall I chronicle the sly allusions to the *tale* of the “Lieutenant's buffalo?” On the whole, I don't think that I shall.

As we neared the valley of the Cimarron we found the soil growing much more sandy—a circumstance which added greatly to the labors of our panting cattle, who were frequently halted to breathe as they pulled the huge wagons over the heavy roads which we were now traversing. Our supply of water, too, except when encamped at the Springs (of which Middle, Upper, and Cold Springs are the principal), was of the scantiest; for, although our trail lay close beside the Cimarron, the name of river can only be given to it during the dry season by courtesy, and not, if water be necessary to the existence of a river, as its due. Indeed the Cimarron, which takes its name from the great numbers of Rocky Mountain sheep, or “Big Horn,” found about its head wa-

ters (*Cimarron* being the Mexican appellation for that animal), is, during the mid-summer heats, nothing more than a bed of sand, with an occasional pool or buffalo wallow; for that animal frequently spends the hottest portion of the day in these natural bath-tubs—a fact which adds nothing to the purity or sweetness of their waters, as our parched lips could but too often testify. Water of an inferior quality can, however, be generally procured by digging for it in the sand banks, where the river sometimes is. It was in traversing this, the most arid section of the Santa Fé trail, that the early traders experienced their greatest difficulties.

It was in the vicinity of the Cimarron that I witnessed, for the first time, one of those terrific prairie thunder-storms which are nowhere more terrible than in this particular locality. We were encamped upon a dead level; for fifty miles on either side of our corral there was probably no elevation higher than our own wagon bodies; we had not even the satisfaction of knowing that a neighboring tree might attract the electric fluid more readily than ourselves; and in this exposed situation we bore the brunt of a battle between conflicting armies of opposing clouds, which, I verily believe, approached more closely to the earth than clouds ever did before or ever will again. Yet, after all, there was something glorious in their conflict. I have seen the war of elements upon the great deep, where the hoarse murmur of an angry sea was added to the storm; I have heard the thunder ring and crash among the defiles of a Rocky Mountain gorge; but never have I experienced so fully the sense of a *personal* *maneuver* (so to speak) in the gathering and onset of a tempest as I did in this instance.

The day had been an unusually sultry one; and knowing that I should be called at midnight to take my tour of camp-guard duty (a service from which not even the wagon-master himself was exempt), I had retired to my blanket at an early hour, and there slumbered deeply until a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and a hoarse voice in my ear, saying, “It's twelve o'clock, Sir!” recalled me to the realities of this everyday world. Now there is nothing particularly pleasant in being aroused at midnight, or in being requested at that “witching hour” to leave your blanket and your dreams, your bed of prairie grass and your castles in the air—and all for the delights of a two hours' watch, with, it may be, a reasonable prospect of playing target to some prowling Indian before you are relieved. But although these matters were something of an old story to myself, I felt on this occasion a sensation of discomfort and a vague apprehension, or what some people call a presentiment, of impending evil, which I was at a loss to account for, and equally unable to overcome. But the guard duty had to be done at all events; so, under the influence of this latter conclusion, I groped my way, rifle in hand, to the half-extinguished fire, beside which the companion of my watch was already standing. After some little conversation, he remarked,



STORM ON THE PLAINS.

"We are going to have a rough night of it, Lieutenant."

"Why so?" I asked.

"I have crossed these plains seven times," was the reply, "and never before have I felt the air so hot and stifling. We shall see a prairie storm, and no common one at that, before our guard is ended."

I had barely time to remark the almost suffocating closeness of the atmosphere when a low, muttering sound seemed to verify his words; while the plaintive moan of the fitful night-wind, as it swept gustily along, seemed more like the wail of some restless spirit than the sighing of a mid-summer's breeze. Half an hour might have passed away, when, as I stood leaning upon my rifle indulging in the sombre fancies suggested by the deepening gloom, I was startled by a sharp, sudden flash of the most vivid lightning I ever remember to have seen. For a moment our corals and the surrounding prairie were brought out with a distinctness that rendered even the most minute objects clearly visible; and then, as they relapsed into a blackness which, by comparison, appeared even darker than before, one tremendous peal, the signal-gun of the advancing storm, rent the air, making the very earth tremble beneath the shock. This was succeeded by a brief interval of repose, whose silence seemed, if possible, more terrible than the previous uproar; and then the thunder burst forth with redoubled violence, not in that low, grumbling tone which we are wont to hear when it wakes the echoes of some far mountain side, but with

a force and energy that made us fain to bow our heads and cover before the gale as if Azrael himself had ridden upon the blast. And thus for two mortal hours did the tempest rage and the wild wind continue to do its work; while the rain, accompanied by hail, came down in torrents, saturating the thirsty earth until even the parched prairie could contain no more, and its overflowing waters gathered in great pools upon our camping-ground, in which we, the soaked camp guard, having arrived at that highly satisfactory hydropathic state in which one can be no wetter, stood at length with a proud consciousness that the water, so far as ourselves personally were concerned, had done its worst.

But the incidents of this eventful night were not yet ended. Though the fury of the storm was past, we were destined to witness a new and scarcely less exciting spectacle. By the now increasing light I had observed my companion bending his ear toward the earth as though he had caught some sound which he wished to hear more perfectly; and ere the lips could form the words to put a question, my own ear remarked a faint continuous rumbling which, though hardly perceivable at first, grew more and more distinct as it came swelling up from the southwest. As it continued to increase I asked, "What can that mean? It is certainly not the storm, for that is breaking; besides, the noise is too continuous, and evidently comes nearer."

"I know it is not the storm, for neither wind nor the muttering of distant thunder gives out a sound like that," was the quiet reply.

"You don't mean to say that it's the trampling of the horses of a band of Indians, do you? This is no time for even a Comanche to be abroad, and neither gunpowder nor bow-strings would do their work properly to-night."

"Never mind what it is, Lieutenant, we can do no manner of good here; and if it is what I think, a thousand men would no more stay their progress than one of Jake Hawkins's rifles could fail to shoot centre in a mountain man's hands."

By this time we had reached the mouth of the corral, where my companion examined the fastening of the chain which secured its entrance, muttering, as he did so, "It ain't no use; iron won't stop them if they head this way."

The tempest, as I have already remarked, had abated; and as if to light up the strange, and, withal, somewhat fearful sight which we were about to witness, the stars began to struggle out from the fast-dissolving cloud-banks. Glancing in the direction from whence the first alarm had come, I had no longer any need to ask its meaning; for I beheld, toward the southwest, a dark mass of living creatures advancing across the prairie with the rapidity of a horse at speed, but so compactly, and with so uniform a movement, that but for the trampling of the myriads of hoofs, which seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood, I should hardly have supposed, by that uncertain light, that a countless herd of buffalo were stampeding before the storm;* but so it was, and fortunately for us their leaders took a course which brought this tremendous drove within some ten or fifteen yards of our encampment instead of dashing them against our wagons. Had they done otherwise, the trepidation which our presence would have excited among the foremost could have been of no avail, as the weight of the frightened mass, who were pressing close upon their rear, would inevitably have forced them forward, and brought the herd, willing or unwilling, into contact with our corrals. For nearly an hour the buffaloes continued to pass by. I have no words to do justice to the scene. I must therefore leave it to the imagination of the reader to fill up the details of so unusual a spectacle. Let him fancy the uproar of their deep bellowings—the shock of their heavy hoofs—the wild night—the recently storm-swept prairie—the starlit sky, with its hurrying clouds—and, lastly, the certainty of their doing us a mischief should they change their course—and I think that he will agree with me when I say that, taking it all in all, the romance of the thing being duly considered, I have but little liking for such midnight cattle-shows, and should much prefer to take their singularity for granted than to witness it personally for the second time.

* It is no uncommon thing for not only buffalo, but even the *caballadas* of the traders, to "stampede," or fly before the heavy gales which sweep the bosom of the Great Prairies. This is particularly the case when, at times, these tempests are accompanied by hail, to escape which the buffalo, when in a wooded country, invariably make for the timbers, even though it should be far distant from their feeding-ground.

Between the Cimarron and the crossing of the Arkansas lies a long arid stretch or *jornada*; and as no water is to be found upon the trail, it becomes necessary to prepare the caravan previously to its setting out for encountering the difficulties of what, in prairie parlance, is usually termed a "water-scape." With a view to such contingencies each wagon is, when properly equipped, provided with a five-gallon water-keg, which is, or ought to be, filled just before starting. In the present instance, as the pull would be a heavy one and the day was excessively hot, the wagon-masters determined to make the greater part of the distance by moonlight, or starlight if no moonshine could be had. We did not therefore leave camp until early in the afternoon, when, in compliance with the order to "stretch out," I once more mounted Bucephalus and jogged soberly along, meeting for days with no special incident.

The first rays of the morning sun were glittering upon the broad bosom of the shallow Arkansas as our leading wagons entered the stream. It was a pleasant sight to gaze upon withal, for here at last was something tangible. I stood at length upon the banks of a tributary to the "Great Father of Waters;" and as the pleased eye beheld the gliding of its tide, I almost fancied myself in a civilized land, when—just my luck—down comes Bucephalus, who banishes my day-dreams with a vengeance by precipitating me neck and heels into the very waters which I had been so gladly contemplating. I had been brought down from my high horse in more respects than one, and gained the opposite bank in a very matter-of-fact mood, where, with teeth chattering in my head, I straightway fell to moralizing upon the uncertainty of stumbling horses, and the vanity of building castles in the air.

It was therefore with no slight degree of gratification that I heard our "wagon-master" direct his teamsters to "drive up and corral;" which being done, I managed to secure a blanket, and, having shrouded myself therein, notified "Nigga Bill," our man of all work, that he would, at his own personal peril, permit any man to disturb my slumbers, unless, indeed, the Comanches should make an inroad into the camp, and not even then if he could help it. I am inclined to believe that my nap that morning would have astonished the "Seven Sleepers" had those worthy gentlemen been present and wakeful enough to have appreciated my performances. Be this as it may, I slept like a dormouse in winter-quarters until the full vigor of the mid-day sun convinced me that my covering was somewhat of the warmest; whereupon I went through the usual preparatory formula of yawnings, extension movements, and other matters of that sort, and then—awoke outright.

As I raised myself into a sitting posture upon my blanket my ear was attracted by a gradually increasing sound which soon resolved itself into the roll of an approaching train, and ere long the snowy tops of some sixty-odd heavy mule-



FORDING THE ARKANSAS.

wagons made their appearance above the ridge, through whose undulations lay the road which we had yet to travel.

Having halted their caravan, the strangers next proceeded to make camp in our vicinity: but as a meeting with a train had been an event of almost daily occurrence since our departure from the Mora, I felt no particular interest in regard to the new-comers until some time after they had "corraled;" when one of our party, who had "been visiting," informed me that these wagons were, for the most part, owned by that singularly enterprising Santa Fé trader, Aubrey, who was then accompanying them.

Now as "Little Aubrey" had become almost as familiar an appellation among Western men as a Jake Hawkins's rifle, I determined to go over and pay my respects forthwith. So, after making a hasty toilet in true prairie style—which is much like that of a Newfoundland dog, by giving yourself a succession of shakes—I took my rifle (always a wise precaution upon the Plains) and started for the fires of our new neighbors. Upon reaching their corral I found Aubrey, with a few of his friends, seated upon the ground, where they were encircling a gaudy serapa, which had just been stretched out as a dining-table for the traders. Having been introduced to Aubrey, who invited me to join their party, and "take prairie fare, if I could eat fat cow," I made myself perfectly at home by sitting down forthwith and securing a fair share of "elbow-room," while black Juba, Aubrey's sable valet, supplied me with the instruments for the coming onslaught upon the cookery.

The dinner equipage was of the plainest, being nothing more than a three-legged iron pot, while to each guest was allotted a tin cup, a pewter soup-plate, and accessories to match. In this latter respect, however, the demand upon black Juba was slight, as most of the gentlemen brought their own tools with them. You may talk about your venison and your South Down mutton, but let me assure you that when our host's black boy opened that same three-legged iron pot, with a flourish which would have done honor to the best-drilled waiter of a fashionable hotel, I would not have exchanged the savory smell—to say nothing of the substance of that buffalo-stew—for all your nick-nacks. In mountain parlance "Buffler meat ain't bad, 'specially fat cow, and hump-ribs at that—well, it ain't."

We cleared our dishes till black Jake fell into a profuse perspiration, and exhausted nature could achieve no more; and then sunk back upon our blankets to enjoy our brandy-and-water (for few men are teetotalers if they can help it when west of the Council Grove), and watch the airy smoke-wreaths as they went circling upward from some of the very best cigars which had crossed my lip since our departure from Los Angeles.

"Little Aubrey," like my friend Kit Carson—whose portrait, as he appeared when I knew him, is herewith given—is (alas that I should now say *was*) a man of medium stature and slender proportions, with keen eyes, iron nerve, great resolution, and indomitable perseverance. As a Western pioneer he has done much which would be well worthy of mention, but I shall re-



*Your sincere friend
C. C. Benson*

late but one of his adventurous feats—his astonishing ride from Santa Fé to Independence, in Missouri, a distance of 780 miles, which he accomplished during the early summer of 1848, in the incredibly short period of less than eight successive days. The circumstances are as follows:

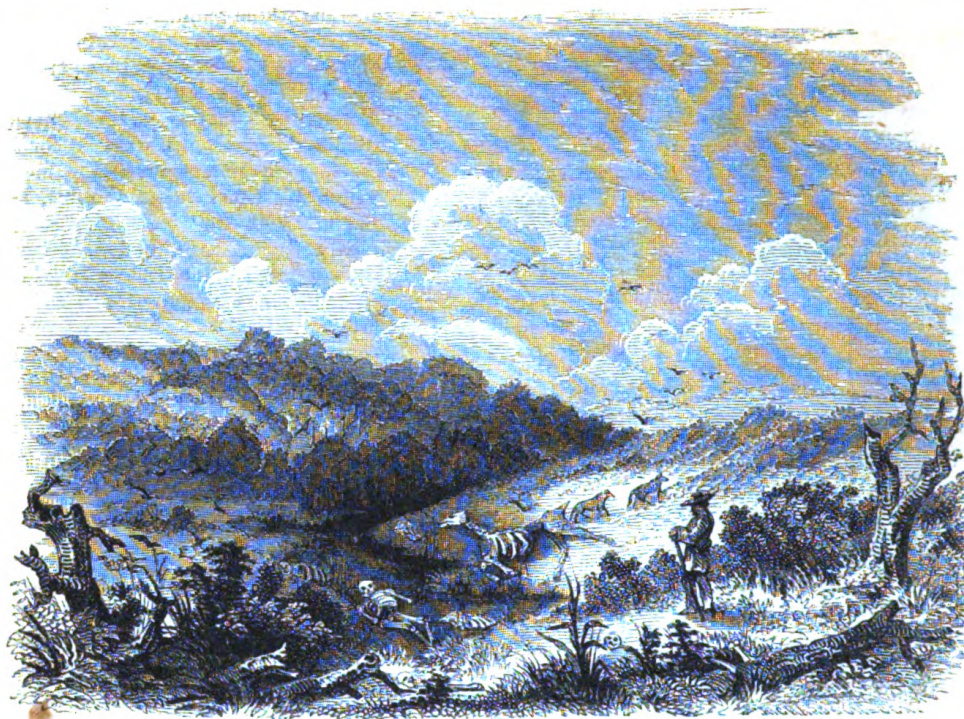
Aubrey had come out, early in the spring of 1848, with a large amount of goods to Santa Fé. As the American troops were then in possession of the country, our merchants, relieved from the interference of those unscrupulous plunderers, the Mexican custom-house officers, found increased competition but greater facilities for their trade. Business was therefore "looking up," and Aubrey found no difficulty in getting rid of his stock, at an advance which netted him, as stated, over 100 per cent. upon his original investment. Knowing the favorable state of the market, and the description of merchandise best suited to its wants, our trader determined to attempt a hitherto unheard of enterprise, by making a second trip to St. Louis, and bringing out another stock before the cold weather should embarrass the communication between Santa Fé and the Settlements. To accomplish this Aubrey allowed himself but eight days to trav-

erse the whole Santa Fé trail, most of which is dangerous on account of Indians. Having laid his plans and announced his scheme, Aubrey then undertook to convince his unbelieving friends, by offering to wager a considerable sum that he would come in within his time. Now as a bet, particularly with the "money up," seldom goes a begging in New Mexico, it was not long ere some confident individual expressed his willingness to "size" Aubrey's "pile;" and as one wager begets another, the subject became a fashionable point to differ upon, and many were the boots, and numerous the hats, to say nothing of the "tens" and "twenties" which were hazarded upon Aubrey's "intentions." At length all was ready, and the trader, with a few companions and a small but carefully-selected *caballada*, set out upon their trip. They rode hard, but the leader outstripped his men, and by the time that Aubrey had reached the "Crossing of the Arkansas," which is generally considered about half-way, he found himself, with his last horse given out, alone, and on foot. Nothing daunted, however, he pushed on, and reached Mann's Fort, some 15 or 20 miles from the ford. Here he procured a remount, and then, without waiting to rest, or scarcely to break his fast, he departed and once more took the trail. Near Pawnee Fork he was pursued, and had a narrow escape from a party of Indians, who followed him to the creek; but finally he entered the village of

Independence within less than the time which he himself had specified. It is said that, upon being assisted from the saddle, it was found to be stained with his blood.

Upon the day following the passage of the Arkansas we halted near Mann's Fort, a little government post, or half-way dépôt, then garrisoned by a handful of volunteers, who drank corn whisky, consumed Uncle Sam's bacon and hard tack, drew their pay with undeviating regularity, and otherwise wore out their lives in the service of their country. In the mean time these doughty warriors dispelled their *ennui* by chasing buffalo, or sallying forth to scout up and down, with a general understanding that they were to quarrel with the Comanches if they could catch them—a combination of circumstances which, as it requires two parties to make a bargain, occurred but seldom.

If I recollect rightly, it was in this vicinity that my attention was attracted by the skeletons of so large a number of mules that I was induced to institute some inquiry in regard to them. Upon doing so I learned that a year or two before some unfortunate trader, in endeavoring to make the trip after the cold weather had set in, lost, by freezing, 120 of his *caballada* in a single



A PRAIRIE SCENE.

night—an event which obliged him to leave his wagons, which, as I have understood, were afterward discovered and burned by the savages. Since then it has “become fashionable” with the idle teamsters, while encamped near the spot, to amuse themselves by arranging and rearranging these disjointed bones into separate heaps. When I last saw them the leg-bones were laid in rows, having been placed with great regularity, while the skulls formed a ghastly circle upon the ground.

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry day in August when we encamped upon the borders of a stream known as the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas. When we reached it its waters were at their lowest stage, being scarcely knee-deep at the ford; but our wagon-master concluded not to cross until the ensuing day—a rather unwise procedure in frontier traveling, where the most approved rule is, “Pass a river while you can.” In this instance our departure from so prudent a maxim was bitterly regretted by all who felt any anxiety to reach the Settlements. For though the sun set brightly, the deepening twilight brought freshening winds and gloomy clouds, the forerunners of a storm, whose pouring torrents drenched us to the skin, and threatened our devoted camp with a renewal of the deluge upon a small scale. Nor was it until high noon of the following day that the sun peeped out from his misty wrappings to dry our wagon-covers and promise a cessation of the rain. But alas! for our future prospects, the modest stream of yesterday was now a full-grown river, white with eddying bubbles, and so swollen with its new-born importance that it went

roaring and blustering along, tossing the driftwood hither and thither, picking noisy quarrels with the gnarled roots of venerable trees, and altogether comporting itself like a mad, headstrong brawler of a torrent as it was. As any attempt to cross it in its then agitated condition was a thing not to be thought of, we resigned ourselves to our ill-fortune with what philosophy we might, and, having located a water-mark, retired to our camp to wait until “something should turn up,” or, which would be equally satisfactory under the circumstances, till the waters should go down.

As we would be stationary for that day at least, I tried to while away the time by taking my gun and sallying forth with the hope of killing something which might diversify the monotony of bacon and hard bread. With this praiseworthy desire I walked down the river, following the windings of the stream until having gained a sufficient offing from our fires, when I left it abruptly, intending to make a considerable detour, and then return to the water at some point yet lower down. So far as game was concerned, this tramp of mine proved any thing but a successful one; for, save a prowling wolf and a dismal-featured owl, I regained the river without encountering any thing which would justify the expenditure of a cartridge. Upon once more nearing its banks I remarked a strong and almost overpowering stench, which grew more terrible as I advanced. Curious to discover the cause I pushed on, the expostulations of my olfactory to the contrary notwithstanding, and found the swollen stream to be literally filled with the bloated and putrid carcasses of decay-



PAINTED TREES.

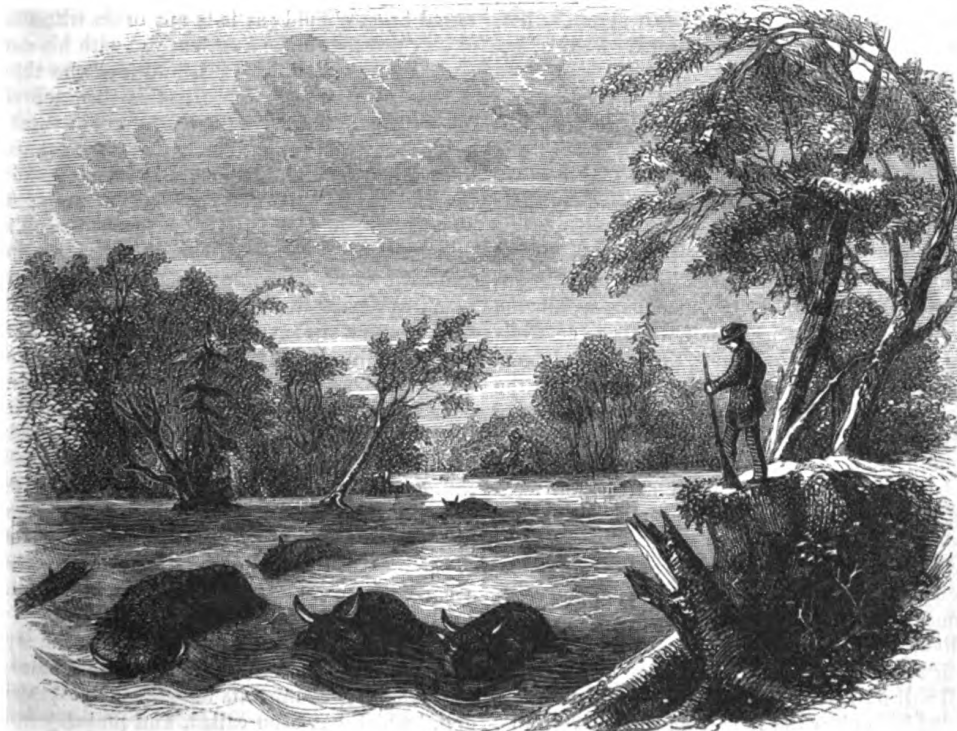
ing buffalo. They had been driven, most probably, by Indians into the swampy lands adjoining this portion of the Fork, where they had mired down by hundreds.

It was truly a revolting spectacle, and I soon felt anxious to escape from the dreadfully sickening air; so turning my back upon the tainted stream, I followed, as nearly as the denseness of the undergrowth would permit, the general direction of the river, until I caught sight of our white wagon-covers, and once more regained the camp. Before doing so, while passing a thicket in the river-bottom, I found a little grove of trees, the trunks of which had been partially

barked and rudely painted with Indian hieroglyphics, the interpretation whereof was doubtless best known to their authors—at all events, *I* didn't care, after my recent adventure upon the Arkansas, to spend much time in deciphering them, the more so as it was by no means improbable that their authors might drop in unexpectedly to interfere with my studies. At our "Water Camp," as we called this enforced halting-place, we were doomed to spend the two succeeding days; and then—the waters having receded sufficiently to permit of our departure—we went on our way rejoicing, determined that henceforth our camp should be upon the right side of a creek, and, if possible, a little beyond it.

And now, as we have accomplished more than half our journey, it may not be out of place to introduce at this point of our narrative such brief remarks as the limits of an article will permit upon the general features, climate, and animal life of the Great Prairies.

The most fertile district of the plains lies east of the Diamond Spring. The soil is here better adapted to cultivation, the grasses more luxuriant, and the flowers of a gayer dye than upon any other portion of the trail. There is also a marked difference in the quality of the timber that fringes the streams or unites to form the beautiful groves which charm the eye of the *voyageur* as he approaches the waters of the Missouri, and that which is found between Diamond Spring and the settlements of New Mexico. Indeed as the cotton-wood is almost the only tree which is met with until you reach Council Grove,



DEAD BUFFALOES.

and not even that unless upon the banks of some never-failing river, where it is protected from the fires which sweep annually the surrounding country, the traveler is necessarily obliged to depend for his *fuel* upon the dried buffalo dung, which furnishes an excellent substitute for wood for all culinary purposes. As regards the supply of *water* (putting its quality out of the question, for of that I can say but little which is favorable), the traveler will never be put to serious inconvenience—except, perhaps, upon the Cimarron, or between that river and the crossing of the Arkansas. Indeed, in our own case, we suffered more from a superabundance than a scarcity.

The climate of the "Great Prairies" is excellent. I never enjoyed better health than while traversing them; and I would cordially recommend any person who is suffering from dyspepsia or a tendency to consumption to pack up his traps, take leave of the doctor, and "throw physic to the dogs," or out of the window if he prefers it, and then, with a good horse and one of Sharpe's patent rifles, a bowie-knife, and a Colt's six-shooter, let him "make a break" and go Westward to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains; and, believe me, if living in the open air, rough fare, and rougher exercise—and, above all, the pure atmosphere of this elevated region—do not work wonders and effect a cure the case must be an uncommon one and bad indeed.

Among the numerous animals who find their homes or feeding-grounds in this remote region, we may enumerate the following: The buffalo; elk; antelope; mustang, or wild horse; prairie wolf, or *coyote* (*canis lutrans*); the large gray wolf; and, in the vicinity of timber, the black bear; while *least*, but seldom *last* upon the list, the little "*prairie dog*" claims his share of attention.

The buffalo, the universal theme of prairie travelers, are to be found at times in such immense herds that their huge forms darken the plain as far as the eye can reach, while the very earth seems trembling beneath the shock of their trampling hoofs, as they rend the air with deep-mouthed bellowings. The habits of this animal would appear to be marked with a certain regularity. For instance, they usually spend the day—unless in intensely hot weather—in feeding along the ridges, where the watchful bulls draw a *cordon*, as it were, of sentinels about the herd, and, thanks to their sensitive noses! give instant warning of the approach of danger if coming from the windward. In the morning and at sundown they generally leave their feeding pastures to seek the pools, often many miles distant, from whence they drink. In migrating for this purpose the buffalo commonly follow each other in Indian file; thus forming those innumerable paths, or "buffalo trails," as they are called, which traverse almost every portion of their feeding-grounds. Occasionally the leading bull will halt to roll himself upon the grass (most probably to clear the hide from dust or vermin). Upon reaching the same spot the next buffalo

will follow his example; and so on throughout the herd. This accounts for the holes, or "buffalo wallows," as they are styled, which are so frequently to be met with upon the Great Prairies. There are two modes of hunting this animal—on horseback and upon foot. The former method, which is much the most exciting, is that usually resorted to by the savages, of whose exploits in this way a prairie writer speaks as follows:

"The Indians as well as Mexicans hunt the buffalo mostly with the bow and arrows. For this purpose they train their fleetest horses to run close beside him, and when near enough, with almost unerring aim they pierce him with their arrows, usually behind the short ribs ranging forward, which soon disables and brings him to the ground. When an arrow has been misdirected, or does not enter deep enough, and even when it has penetrated a vital part but is needed to use again, the hunter sometimes rides up and draws it out while the animal is yet running. An athletic Indian will not unfrequently discharge his darts with such force that I have seen them (30 inches long) wholly buried in the body of a buffalo; and I have been assured by hunters that the arrows, missing the bones, have been known to pass entirely through the huge carcass and fall upon the ground."

The method of hunting upon foot—or "still hunting," as it is termed—requires a greater amount of caution, and is infinitely more laborious than the chase upon horseback. In the one case you have only to urge on your steed, taking care to keep him so perfectly under your control that you may be enabled to jump him aside at a moment's warning, in case the enraged beast should (as it is apt to do when too closely pressed) make a rush at you with his dangerous horns; but in "still hunting" the thing is managed differently. In this instance the hunter must take advantage of every favorable peculiarity of the ground as he crawls cautiously upon his prey; and, above all, he must keep himself carefully to leeward of his prey; for should the buffalo "wind" him, even though he may have been as yet unseen, the alarmed animal will carry his hump steaks far beyond the reach of even a "Jake Hawkins's" rifle in double-quick time. In buffalo shooting it is useless to throw away your ammunition by aiming at the head; you might as well expend your balls upon a stone-wall outright, as to imagine that they would pierce the thickness of skull and matted hair which protects the brain of a full-grown buffalo bull. After all I prefer the "still hunting," for if you be cool and wary you may crawl upon a herd, and after dropping one of the bulls "on post," creep up and, by making a barricade of his huge body, secure as many of the beasts as you may require.

So much for the "monarch of the plains;" and now for a description of the least among their four-legged inhabitants—the little "*prairie dog*," which has been called, and probably is, a species of marmot. This diminutive animal has



PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE.

attracted the notice and elicited a "favorable mention" from almost every prairie writer. Among others, Gregg alludes to it in the following strain:

"Of all the prairie animals by far the most curious, and by no means the least celebrated, is the little prairie dog. This singular quadruped is not much larger than the common squirrel, its body being nearly a foot long, with a tail of three or four inches. The color ranges from brown to a dirty yellow. Its flesh, though often eaten by travelers, is not esteemed savory. Its yelp, which seems its only canine attribute, resembles that of the little toy-dog. A collection of their burrows is usually termed a 'dog-town,' which comprises from a dozen or so to some thousands in the same vicinity, often covering an area of many thousand square feet. They generally locate upon firm dry plains, coated with fine short grass, upon which they feed, for they are no doubt exclusively herbivorous. But even when tall coarse grass surrounds them they seem commonly to destroy this within their 'streets,' which are nearly always found paved with a fine species suited to their palates. They must need but little water, if any at all, as their 'towns' are often, indeed generally, found in the midst of the most arid plains—unless we suppose that they dig down to subterranean fountains. At least they evidently burrow remarkably deep. Attempts to dig or drown them out of their holes have commonly proved unsuccessful."

For myself I could never bear to interfere with the gambols of these playful little creatures by shooting at them. They seemed such "jolly dogs," and had such a comical, good-natured way about them, that I derived a much greater pleasure in watching their pranks than I could

have gained from "making game" of them. I liked to come suddenly upon their "towns," and watch the precipitation with which some villager who had been caught too far from home would retreat to the nearest burrow. How quickly he would make his short legs fly, and what a comical figure he would cut in scampering across the ground; but once at his own door, how resolutely the little rascal would face about and raise himself, squirrel-like, upon his hind-legs, to shake his head and utter a sharp, irritated yelp, ere he precipitated himself, head-foremost, into the cellar of his under-ground habitation. It is an old saying, that "poverty makes strange bed-fellows;" and I fancy that the poor prairie dogs lead rather a hard life of it at times, from the society which is forced upon them; for besides the "dogs" and their infant families, you will find each burrow inhabited by a rattlesnake and a small owl. Whether these last-named inmates take "possession," and are thenceforth deaf to all "notices to quit," or whether they are a kind of country cousin on a summer visit to the houses of their four-footed friends it is impossible to say. They would appear to get along amicably together, but I am inclined to believe that the younger pups sometimes find the presence of these "boarders" a very *killing* sort of nuisance.

We had just completed one of our shortest day's travel; certain moving objects in the distance revived my buffalo fever, and awoke, moreover, a longing for "hump steaks." So I set out alone from camp. When I reached the river I found that the buffaloes were on the opposite side; and that, moreover, they were making off with all their ungainly speed. One old bull, however, lagged behind; and I resolved to give him a trial at all events. So I forded the

shallow river, and thereby nearly came to grief. It would be a long story to tell how I stalked the old veteran, gave him several shots which ought to have killed him, but somehow did not; how I prepared to give him one more, which I was fully persuaded would serve to introduce his huge carcass to a very intimate acquaintance with my hunting-knife.

But that shot was never destined to be fired; for as the rammer clinked in the barrel I beheld what, at first sight, would seem to be a mustang, as the wild horse of the prairies is commonly called, rising the grassy ridge that divided me from the yellow sand-hills. As a mustang is an everyday matter in this section of country, I was not at first disposed to pay any particular attention to its movements. But a moment's consideration assured me that there was something unusual in its appearance, which, coupled with the fact that I was sufficiently versed in hunter's craft to know that the wild horse of the prairies would never willingly advance toward the spot on which I stood, in the very face of the strong wind which was then blowing freshly from my position to his, and which would immediately inform him of my presence, induced me to scan this new-comer more clearly. Ere five minutes had elapsed another, and yet another mustang followed it, and as they came rapidly toward me three Indians, who had hitherto been concealed by lying upon the farther side of their horses, now rose suddenly into a sitting posture upon their saddles, and announced at once their own most undesirable proximity and my imminent peril.

Had I been upon horseback, or had there been a cover to which I might retreat if too closely pressed, I should have felt but little uneasiness; for with a good gun and plenty of ammunition, and a chance to run away if you can't do better, one white man is, or ought to be, equal to two redskins, or possibly, when your scalp depends upon the issue, even three. But situated as I was, on foot and alone, with two long miles between myself and assistance, I must confess that I felt somewhat "hurried." I hardly fancied "a fire in the rear;" but to stop where I was seemed even less desirable. So with one look at my wounded buffalo, I muttered, "I reckon you're no great account after all, hardly worth butchering;" adding, as the new arrivals took a direction which might head me off from the river, "Deuce take the fellow who calls this kind of hunting good sport!" But there was no time to be lost; so I "put out" forthwith, and made what a Kentuckian would have called "the tallest kind of tracks" for water.

Upon reaching the brink of the Arkansas I felt satisfied that it was not my ford; but as my situation was just at that moment not unlike the gentleman's who, having got into difficulties, was a "little pressed for time," I "plunged in, accoutred as I was." Nor did I tarry to "bid them follow," knowing that they would take that liberty without waiting for the ceremony of an invitation. I had barely floundered, with my

musket for company, into a hole where the water was "seven feet large," the author being "six scant," when a chorus of yells from the bank, followed by the dash of an arrow or two into the water beside me, with the prospect of another better aimed next time, assured me of the arrival of my pursuers.

I remember diving and remaining under water until I concluded that the possibility of being shot was preferable to the certainty of being drowned should I remain much longer submerged. But on coming up to breathe, chuck went another arrow into the stream, within a most uncomfortable proximity to my devoted head—a procedure which induced me to go under in haste. It would occupy more space than I could conveniently afford were I to chronicle all my ups and downs, duckings and divings, ere I finally struck bottom and once more regained the shallow water; and then, in less time than it takes to write it, I "might have been seen" making for a little thicket of reeds which I had observed at the upper extremity of the sand-bar that I was then traversing.

Having reached this cover, which I found sufficiently dense to furnish a temporary concealment, I halted to breathe, and then, in nautical phrase, proceeded to "take an observation." A single glance convinced me that if the Comanches had had it all in their own way at first, they had but little to brag of now. My apparent mishap in getting into deep water had evidently saved me; for the savages, in their hurry to overtake me, had ridden in until their horses had fairly logged down among the treacherous quicksands of the Arkansas, where their disappointed yells, as their steeds floundered helplessly in the mire, gave abundant proof of their anxiety to get forward. As may readily be supposed, I felt any thing but sympathy with their misfortunes. Indeed, next to their having broken their necks, I considered it the very best thing which could possibly have happened to them, and only hoped that they might continue to remain fixtured. "My star is in the ascendant at last, and I'll teach you to interfere with my afternoon amusements!" was my mental exclamation as I slipped a few more buckshot down the barrel of my gun, having previously poured a pint or two of water from the muzzle as a necessary preparation before using it against the copperskins. I then, with no amiable intentions, got a long, steady aim at Comanche No. 1, who looked any thing but pleased with the selection as he writhed himself like a wounded snake in the saddle, at the same time yelping at me most dismally for want of a more killing mode of annoyance. Having cast my eye along the barrel until I was fully satisfied that one at least of my pursuers would be placed beyond the help of Indian surgery, I pulled trigger, but only to discover that a wet gun is a poor tool to fight with. Having tried two more caps with no better success, I concluded, as my enemies seemed to be getting out of their embarrassment, that it would be best to depart. And it was well that



A SHOT AT THE COMANCHES.

I did so; for I had barely left my position when my pursuers extricated themselves from theirs. It was still rather "a near thing;" for I was on foot, single-handed and almost unarmed, while they were three in number, well furnished with weapons, and mounted upon horses, somewhat tired, it is true, with their exertions in the river, but still abundantly able to get over the ground much faster than myself. Luckily for me, the "river bottom" just at this point consists of a succession of ridges, well covered at that season of the year with a luxuriant growth of long grass. In this grass I took refuge; and by dint of crawling while ascending a slope, and running when an intervening ridge sheltered me from my pursuers, I managed to elude the Indians, who searched for me upon every side, and would inevitably have overtaken me had not the strong wind which was blowing at the time kept the grass in continual agitation, so as to render it impossible to detect any particular movement in its midst. I finally reached camp about dusk, hungry, tired, wet, and withal as much scared by my adventure as I had ever been before or would willingly be again. It was certainly a narrow escape. Had I been taken my story would have been a brief one: my bones might have furnished matter for speculation to some future traveler, while my curly scalp would have adorned the lodge of a Comanche brave, or, it may be, have been sent as a delicate token of affection to some copper-colored belle of the wilderness by her Indian admirer.

Between the Arkansas and Cottonwood Creek we passed, among other camping-grounds, those of Cow Creek, Little Arkansas, and Turkey Creek, at each of which we lay down and rose again, broke bread and boiled coffee, without meeting with an adventure which might be recorded here. Upon nearing the Cottonwood—a

little stream that takes its name from the trees which cast their broad shadows across its placid waters—we overtook a long cavalcade of *friendly* Indians, probably so called from the fact that they are protected by the United States, and display their gratitude by stealing from our citizens whenever an opportunity is afforded them for pilfering with security. These were the Sacs and Foxes, who were then returning from a buffalo hunt upon the Great Prairies. We found these copper-colored gentry in high feather from the successful termination of a recent difficulty with their mortal enemies the Pawnees, with whom they had had a skirmish which resulted in the death of a couple of Pawnee braves, whose scalps, it was reported, were even then journeying toward the Settlements among the household traps and plunder of a Sac chief. These fellows, with their gay blankets, ponies, packs, strange attire, and fantastic equipments, presented quite a picturesque appearance as they followed each other in Indian file across the plain. A drive of eight miles from Cottonwood brought us to Lost Spring, and fifteen more to a clear fountain of sweet cold water whose crystal-like purity has justly won for it the title of the "Diamond Spring." From thence we pressed onward, making our jaded cattle do their best in our anxiety to reach Council Grove, the nearest American settlement.

Upon the afternoon of the day following our departure from Council Grove we encamped for the night in some timber bordering on a stream known as Hundred and Ten Mile Creek. From this point to Independence the distance is estimated at from ninety-five to one hundred miles; and as the road was no longer dangerous, Danvar and myself, impatient of the snail-like progress of the trains, determined to press forward, and by dint of hard riding anticipate the arrival

of the caravan at our destination by a couple of days. With this intention we passed the evening in preparing for our contemplated trip by baking a quantity of biscuit in one of those three-legged iron conveniences known to the initiated as a "Dutch bake-oven." To these apologies for the "staff of life" we added some ground coffee, a little brown sugar, and a few slices of cooked bacon, and then, having slung a battered tin coffee-pot with a couple of cups to match to the horn of a saddle, by way of camp-equipage, we lay down to sleep until the first glimmer of the morning should shed its light upon our road.

Daybreak found us in the saddle, and as we departed I turned my head more than once to gaze, with a certain feeling of regret, upon the shadowy forms of the huge wagons with which we had for nearly sixty days been traveling. By nightfall we reached a point of low scrubby timber, or rather undergrowth, known as "Black Jack:" here we halted, and after a sort of picnic supper lay down to sleep. The afternoon had been a gloomy one, and the evening's promise of rain had begun to be fulfilled as I rolled myself in my solitary blanket with a saddle for my pillow. But I was by far too weary to mind trifles, and fell asleep in spite of the great drops which came pattering down upon my face as I departed for the "land of Nod." It was after daybreak when I awoke, and upon clearing my eyes from the rain-water, the first object which met my gaze was the lugubrious countenance of my afflicted friend, who, wrapped in the ample folds of a Navajo serapa—supposed by a popular fiction to be water-proof—was making himself most intensely ridiculous in his desperate attempts to

assume such a pyramidal formation as might best enable him to shed water.

After a vain attempt to kindle a fire we opened mess-bags, which were found to contain a moist composite of soaked bread, brown sugar, and bacon, which, with the help of a broken paper of pepper, made up a delightful mess. It was no use grumbling, so we betook ourselves to the saddle, where the first four hours' riding proved—thanks to drenched buckskins and dripping saddle-leathers!—anything but agreeable. It cleared by noon, but with the meridian heat of an August sun came a new vexation in the shape of a legion of horse-flies, which buzzed noisily about the ears of our animals, settling, in spite of our united efforts, upon every unguarded portion of their bodies—where they practiced phlebotomy to an extent that nearly maddened the poor beasts, whose heated flanks were soon fairly blood-stained from the number and severity of the bites. We soon found ourselves obliged to encamp; but as the day waned the insects disappeared, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we once more mounted to complete our final march.

By sundown we had crossed the State line of Missouri, in passing which Danvar declared that, if it were not for stopping his tired animal, he would get down and kiss the ground, so delighted was he to set foot upon the soil of a State that contained all which was dearest to him—his wife and child. Though my friend had the advantage of me in these respects, I sympathized most fully with his enthusiasm; so we celebrated the event by giving three hearty cheers, and then pushed ahead. We rode hard, making our jaded horses do their best, and entered the thriving village

of Independence at two o'clock A.M. of the ensuing day.

I was up betimes, for when the brain is busy it is no easy matter for the body to sleep. What an astonishing thing a four-post bedstead was; how very large a two-story brick house looked! I seemed walking in a dream. How pleasant it was to sit down once more to "corn doins and chicken fixens;" and how exceedingly embarrassing under such circumstances to be hampered with such conveniences as forks, cups, spoons, and all the various *et ceteras* without which civilized humanity is unable to feed itself! But with these minor drawbacks we enjoyed high physical health and wonderful appetites, and withal



A PLEASANT NIGHT.

a feeling of self-reliance, which inspired us with a consciousness of superior power; for we had breathed the pure atmosphere of the Great Prairies until every nerve was braced, and every sinew strengthened to its fullest vigor.

My story is told. From the broad Bay of San Francisco to the turbid waters of the rapid Missouri, I have laid before the reader the incidents of my journey; but kind recollections of the rough yet true souled men who were my companions, ay and friends also, during this adventurous trip, have been revived in their preparation for the press, and I should do my own heart injustice if I neglected to pay the tribute of a few remarks to those who have warmed themselves by my camp fire and slumbered beside my bed. Frémont has written most truthfully when he says, in referring to the strength of this sympathy, that "men who have gone through such dangers and sufferings as we had seen become like brothers, and feel each other's loss; to defend and avenge each other is the deep feeling of all." The existence of these hardy mountaineers is one of continual peril and privation. Its rewards are vigorous health and strong excitement. Its end, in most cases, a violent death and an unknown grave; or, haply, a broken arrow, a shivered lance, and the disjointed fragments of a bleaching skeleton lie scattered upon the prairie, the sole relics left by the wolf and vulture to chronicle the fate of one who struggled until numbers overcame the resistance of despair.

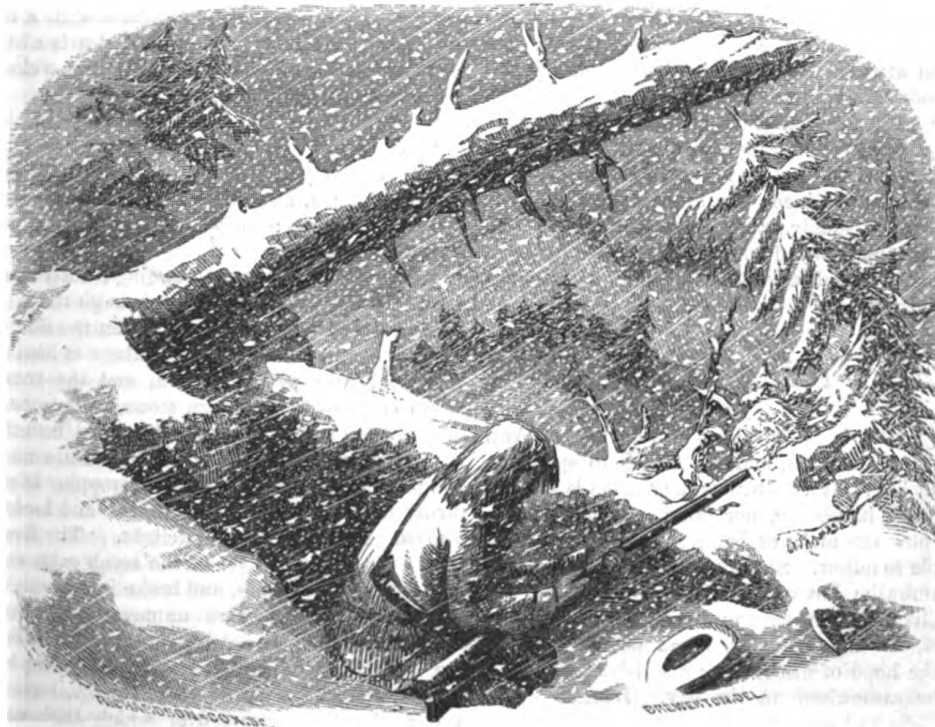
I have spoken of the oftentimes violent termination of the mountain man's career. I will conclude by quoting from the pages of "Ruxton's Life in

the Far West" his description of the tragic end of a trapper, one of whose adventures I narrated in my "Ride with Kit Carson." He says:

"During the past winter a party of mountaineers, flying from overpowering numbers of hostile Sioux, found themselves, one stormy evening, in a wild and dismal cañon near the elevated mountain valley called the 'New Park.'

"The rocky bed of a dry mountain torrent, whose waters were now locked up at their spring heads by icy fetters, was the only road up which they could make their difficult way; for the rugged sides of the gorge rose precipitously from the creek, scarcely affording a foothold to even the active Big Horn which occasionally looked down upon the travelers from the lofty summit. Logs of pine, uprooted by the hurricanes which sweep incessantly through the mountain defiles, and tossed headlong from the surrounding ridges, continually obstructed their way, and huge rocks and boulders, fallen from the heights and blocking up the bed of the stream, added to the difficulty, and threatened them every instant with destruction.

"Toward sundown they reached a point where the cañon opened out into a little shelving glade or prairie, a few hundred yards in extent, the entrance to which was almost hidden by a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar. Here they determined to encamp for the night, in a spot secure from Indians, and as they imagined untrodden by the foot of man. What, however, was their astonishment, on breaking through the cedar-covered entrance, to perceive a solitary horse standing motionless in the centre of the prairie! Drawing near they found it to be an old grizzled



FATE OF BILL WILLIAMS.

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mustang, or Indian pony, with cropped ears and ragged tail (well picked by hungry mules), standing doubled up with cold, and at the very last gasp from extreme old age and weakness. Its bones were nearly through the stiffened skin, the legs of the animal were gathered under it, while its forlorn-looking head and stretched-out neck hung listlessly downward, almost overbalancing its tottering body. The glazed and sunken eye, the protruding and froth-covered tongue, the heaving flank and quivering tail, declared its race was run; and the driving sleet and snow and penetrating winter blast scarce made impression upon its callous and worn-out frame. One of the band of mountaineers was Marcellin, and a single look at the miserable beast was sufficient for him to recognize the once renowned Nez-percé steed of old Bill Williams. That the owner himself was not far distant he felt certain, and searching carefully around the hunters presently came upon an old camp, before which lay, protruding from the snow, the blackened remains of pine logs. Before these which had been the fire, and leaning with his back against a pine trunk, and his legs crossed under him, half-covered with snow, reclined the figure of the old mountaineer, his snow-capped head bent over his breast. His well-known hunting-shirt, of fringed elk-skin, hung stiff and weather-stained about him; and his rifle, packs, and traps were strewn around.

"Awe-struck, the trappers approached the body, and found it frozen hard as stone, in which state it had probably lain there for many days or weeks. A jagged rent in the breast of his leather coat, and dark stains about it, showed he had received a wound before his death; but it was impossible to say whether to his hurt, or to sickness, or to the natural decay of age, was to be attributed the wretched and solitary end of poor Bill Williams.

"A friendly bullet cut short the few remaining hours of the trapper's faithful steed; and burying as well as they were able the body of the old mountaineer, the hunters next day left him in his lonely grave, in a spot so wild and remote that it was doubtful whether even hungry wolves would discover and disinter his attenuated corpse."

A PARTIE CARÉE.

I.

"**H**OW is it that I am always seeing Ann Le Barron, and am forced to speculate about her? What attracts me? She is neither talented, handsome, nor good. What is it to me how she looks or behaves? She is no example to follow. She is perplexing, for she lives in ambush; but what for?"

Eliza Mayhew shut up her grandfather's sea-glass, through which she had peered seaward in the hope of discovering a sail-boat supposed to be somewhere in the bay. Instead of the boat she had seen Ann Le Barron walking, like a sentinel, back and forth at the end of Brown's

Wharf, where, as it happened, no vessels were moored. By the time Eliza had tied the glass in its canvas case and shut the portico door her grandmother called her to dinner, with a shrill voice, which made Eliza answer loudly, "Coming!" But she went slowly, rubbing her aquiline nose with an air of irritation, lost in an effort at guessing the reason of Ann Le Barron's walking on the wharf in the middle of the day. Eliza was mild, sensible, and twenty years old; but her grandmother, with whom she had lived since the death of her parents, treated her as if she were a wayward child; therefore when she commenced her dinner with a preoccupied air Mrs. Mason attacked her.

"Now do tell me, 'Liza, if you are going to eat these fritters in a dream?"

"No, grandma."

"You do torment me about your eating."

"She's a solid girl, Nancy," said old Mr. Mason; "something keeps her alive."

"You know nothing about it, Mason; hold your tongue. Will you have a piece more of this beef?"

"Grandfather," said Eliza, brightening at some thought, "may I have Dick this afternoon to go to ride?"

"No; you can't have him."

Now Mr. Mason meant "yes;" but his wife opposing him when he said "Yes," and when he said "No," his speech was contrary to his intention from principle.

"For mercy's sake, why can't she have Dick, who is eating his head off in idleness?"

Eliza smiled at her grandfather, who said again that she could not go to ride.

"Do you go," said Mrs. Mason to a shock-headed boy who was peeling potatoes in a corner of the kitchen, "and see if John is at the barn, and tell him to tackle Dick at two o'clock. Where are you going, 'Liza?"

"On the Neck."

"What for? Why don't you ride Ship Bay way? But if you will go the Neck road, stop at Mrs. Jones's, and get me some of her dried camomile flowers; they are the best in the world."

By two o'clock Eliza was jogging briskly along a leafy, narrow road, running through the neck of land which jutted into the sea on the side of the bay opposite the pleasant village of Shelby. The wild rose was in bloom, and the young briars crept over the rough stone walls to bask in the June sun. The paths that led into the woody swamps were green with delicate moss and pale, stalky plants, and Eliza stopping Dick, thrust her head out of the chaise, and looked into them with a vague delight. The fresh wind fluttered the leaves of the scrub oaks, and trembled in the birches, and broke into low sighs when it reached the dark unmoved pines that dotted the landscape. After riding several miles she struck into a steep cross road, gullied by rains which had washed the soil away, leaving a bed of rolling stones over which Dick was urged with a gay chirrup. The road came to

an end suddenly, as if it had just convinced itself that there was little need of its going on to nowhere. She plunged boldly into a marshy meadow, guiding Dick by a row of stakes which pointed toward a clump of ancient, storm-beaten fir-trees. Here she left the chaise, climbed a sandy hill, and saw a wide space of sea, stretching westerly till lost in a misty distance. A boat was anchored in the lee of a little island, and on the boat she anchored her eyes.

"There they are, Dick!" she called.

Dick pricked up his ears comprehensively, although, from his position under the hill, he was precluded from a view of the cause of her exclamation.

For the benefit of the ants, perhaps, she made little sand-mounds with her foot, while she indulged in a reverie, sentimental but allowable, for it was a happy and an innocent one. Presently she smiled, and shook her head with an expression of reproof as she said,

"Come, Dick, we will go back."

She was detained so long at Mrs. Jones's by questions concerning life "down to the shore" that it was five o'clock before she got home.

"What upon earth made you stay so?" her grandmother asked. "Dick has been wanted for a funeral."

"Why didn't you let Bill go instead?"

"Bill does not understand funerals. You know how he run back in the procession at old Mrs. Crosby's funeral, and what confusion there was. Dick takes to them naturally."

"But he is buried safe, I suppose, without Dick."

"After tea you must sew; don't waste your time in reading."

After the sewing was finished Eliza read three chapters in "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and one in the Bible. As a corrective to the dissipation of the afternoon she imposed the penance of not looking out of any window, either down the main street, at the head of which the house stood, or over the bay which rolled before it.

II.

"Where can Eliza Mayhew be going?" said Ann Le Barron, as she saw her pass from her chamber-window.

"She rides often, you know," Mrs. Le Barron answered. "Her grandfather has two horses, and she can afford it."

"I am sick of her praises of Dick; it is so childish in her."

"Mr. Mason bought the horse, I remember, about two years after your father was lost. It will be fourteen years this fall since I heard the news. You might have had a horse too, if he had come home."

"No such luck! I wish you would alter that pink dress; I want to wear it this evening."

The widow went in search of the dress. Ann drummed on the pane, her eyes roving vacantly for some object of interest outside; but as the house stood on a back street there were few passers-by. It was empty, and she turned away.

Her eyes falling on an old mahogany secretary which stood in the chimney recess, a thought occurred to her. She opened it, and took from one of its pigeon-holes a morocco case, containing the miniature likeness of a man with pale eyes and a paler complexion, in a sky-blue coat and ruffled shirt.

"I look like him," she soliloquized, rubbing the gold frame with her handkerchief. "He was aristocratic. But I remember seeing him only once, and then he wore a tarpaulin hat. He tossed me in his arms, and I cried, because he tumbled my frock."

She put the picture back in its place, and went to the glass to observe her own features, in which attitude her mother discovered her.

"Mother, how near to a Frenchman was father?"

Mrs. Le Barron, glancing at the secretary as if something there could answer the question better than herself, replied,

"His father was French, I believe."

"Am I like him?"

"Very much."

"I wish he had lived."

"He was very proud, and, I am afraid, not very happy; he couldn't bear any thing that wasn't genteel. But, Ann, you should be happy; although we are not rich, you have more than he had."

"How long may it last? The minute grandfather dies Uncle Tom will swoop up every thing, and turn you and me out of the house. You know it. You know that he is a rascal—a mean, dirty villain."

"Try on your dress," her mother said, shortly. "It is nearly tea-time; here comes father now."

Captain Green, a hale, bluff old salt, stormed in with a string of live fish, which he held up close to Ann, and demanded that they should be cooked immediately for his supper.

"Don't bring them up here, grandfather!" snapped Ann; "a chamber is not the place for fish!"

"Hity, tity, Miss! a sailor's daughter mustn't be so squeamish. But your mother has ruined you; she is weaker than dish-water. Where do you think I got 'em? The young lawyer prig—what's-his-name? that comes to play cards with you—gave them to me. I was on the wharf when he came in; he had a spanking breeze to round the pint in!"

"Mr. Allen, do you mean?"

"That's the man."

"What nice fish they are!" said Ann, with a coquettish voice. "I'll help you to fry them, mother."

"It's more than half past five," said Captain Green. "Shelby has had its supper; we are behindhand."

After the tea-things were put away the pink dress was donned, and Ann, lighting the astral lamp in the parlor, took a seat there, with a patient "will-you-come-into-my-parlor" aspect. The rays of the lamp, however, only attracted

two young ladies, who came in, possibly with the hope of meeting other visitors, for Ann's was a regular rendezvous. But none came, and the young ladies soon departed. Ann retired, and, while Eliza Mayhew was interested in Mary Beaufort and her "white muslin cloak," twisted her thin silky brown hair in papers. Her gaping mother was in waiting, for it was her duty to put out the light. Ann's fingers clutched a curl-paper in mid-air as she caught the tones of a manly voice, which came nearer and nearer, singing,

"We have been friends together!"

"I have come up to bed too soon," she said.

Mrs. Le Barron stopped gaping, and swung one foot over the other while she listened; but the voice passed on and was soon out of hearing, and the light in Ann's cold blue eyes faded.

III.

The singer in the street, Henry Allen, went on his way to his room in the Montgomery Hotel, which stood at the lower end of Main Street. As he passed Mr. Mason's square white house, whose inhabitants were undoubtedly wrapped in slumber, he said to himself, "Nice girl! but how strict they keep her;" and hummed,

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will."

In the hotel he met his father, Judge Allen, of Belford, a town twenty miles inland. He had sent Henry from his own office to practice law in the marine locality of Shelby, and was now come to visit him as a judge and as a father.

"You smoke too much, Henry," was his greeting.

Henry threw away his cigar. "How is my mother, Sir?"

"She is well. Any case on hand?"

Henry laughed. "Yes, Sir—a sailor's-rights case; but they are such a rascally set it is hard to get at the truth of a trespass at sea."

"Read your *Story*, Sir."

"Come up stairs and see how my books are thumbed." On the way they met Tripp, the landlord, who informed Henry that a solemn gent had come from Boston with lots of Ingy-rubber cloth, on a fishing lay, he expected.

"That's pleasant," said Henry.

"How's pickarel in your parts, Judge?" inquired Tripp, clattering down stairs without waiting for an answer. The Judge entered the chamber, which, besides the ordinary furniture, was adorned with several stuffed birds (Henry was his own taxidermist), and pictures whose frames were his handiwork also. When the Judge saw on a small table some workman's tools and a work-box in the process of construction, he said "Pish!" but Henry, quickly screwing up the lamp, directed his attention to the open books around it, and said, "This is the way the midnight oil goes."

"I hope so," answered the Judge, taking a judicial seat on the sofa.

"Now for a pump," thought Henry.

A long conversation ensued upon family and business matters, in which the Judge discovered

that the amount of Henry's legal earnings for his first year in Shelby, now just ended, was forty dollars. He confessed that he had bought a boat with the money. The Judge admitted that boating might be pleasant. Henry thought the admission was a gain, and grew eloquent on the topic, when his father interrupted him and went on with his practical remarks. In time a moderate but steady practice might be obtained in Shelby, and he advised him to stay. Henry hastily affirmed that he would. Both were satisfied with this arrangement; Judge Allen because he had a suspicion that the vocation of Henry was not that of a lawyer, and Henry because he was sure that he could never come up to his father's ideas of sharp practice. The Judge reasoned within himself that it would not matter if he should not rise in the profession; it would at least give his mind a dignified bent, and add to the respectability of his position.

"I think," said Henry to himself, after the Judge had retired, "that father despises ingenuity. Mechanical skill is below a lawyer's skill, of course. But my motto is 'Ne quid nimis.' Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la," he sang, proceeding to brush his young whiskers into curl. He was so tall that the top of his head rose above the top of the small ancient mirror he was contemplating his visage in. "By Jove, this glass must be fixed!" He found a bit of wood, which he whittled into a cleat and fastened the glass to it slantingly, standing before it to observe its effect. It reflected a good-humored, regular-featured face with no particular meaning; and if it had been large enough, would also have reflected an agile, slender, well-shaped figure, with long, narrow white hands, and long, narrow feet.

"I say," said Tripp, opening the door without knocking, "are you going fishing to-morrow?"

"Not if my father is here."

"When you do go, I wish you'd make up to that feller that's just come."

"Introduce us to-morrow and I'll settle it."

"What does the old man say of Shelby?"

"He likes it."

"Good, you'll stay then and court some of our belles. There's Miss Mayhew."

"You mustn't interrupt my studies, Tripp."

"Oh no, by no means; I hope they won't consume you." And Tripp vanished.

IV.

Judge Allen went home the next day, and Henry resumed his mechanical labors, which were interrupted by Tripp's bringing the stranger who had arrived the evening before, and whom he introduced as "Mr. Bassett, come to Shelby for his health." He left the room immediately after the introduction, with the air of having made an unwonted concession to good manners.

Henry laid down his tools to observe his visitor, whose manners were so cool, and whose countenance was so serious. He discerned no-

thing very noticeable in his appearance, unless his eyes might be called so; they were gray, open, cold, and penetrating. His hair was stiff, his complexion sallow, and his figure insignificant.

"Can he laugh?" he thought.

"This little Shelby is a pretty place," Mr. Bassett said; "what are your amusements? Your business I see—'Councilor,' to say nothing of mechanics."

"I fish."

"Good. Let us put out. 'Where lies the port; what vessel puffs her sail: come, my purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars until I die.'"

"Well," answered Henry, meekly, "I'll get the lines ready."

In an hour the *Andromeda* was plowing down the bay under a good breeze, with Henry at the helm, while the crew, which consisted of Sam Tripp, baited the lines.

Another hour brought them to the fishing-ground, where they anchored the boat, and cast their lines. But Mr. Bassett took no pains with his; he pondered the sea in silence, allowing his hook to rest on the bottom, where it was unmolested.

"Do you feel a bite, Sir?" inquired Sam, from the other side of the boat, where he and Henry were taking in plenty of fish.

"I do, indeed," he answered. After a while he began to pull in his line, saying, slowly,

"O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't!"

He threw himself by the folds of the lowered sail, where, shielding his face from the sun, he studied the sky as silently as he had pondered the sea. If his companions could have seen his face they would have detected tears upon it—tears that came from some depth of sadness he would allow no mortal to discover—tears that he was already denying, for he was smiling; his lips were drawn apart from his teeth, which were set together with fierce resolve.

"Hey," he called, presently, "are the finnies shoaling in?"

"Fast," answered Henry. "Let me know when you have had enough of this, will you?"

"I should like to stay long enough to get the secret of these splendid emerald tints; the sea is a kind of rotary grass just here."

Henry looked down into the water, and said, "I have never thought of it before."

"See, a little way beyond us the water is a steely blue, and farther off it is a perfect azure."

"Ain't it green all over off soundings?" Sam asked.

"Good boy," replied Mr. Bassett; "hoist sail, we will go and see."

The sail was hoisted, and the helm was delegated to Sam, for Henry to smoke and chat with Mr. Bassett. The chat was mostly composed of long answers to Mr. Bassett's short questions.

By the time they arrived home Henry had been gauged. Mr. Bassett had come to Shelby to be amused, and he had found in Henry one willing to oblige him. As for the latter, mere companionship was enough. The young men of Shelby had little leisure, and Mr. Bassett promised to be a godsend in the way of idleness. Besides, as Shelby was a marine locality, for most of the time there was a dearth of masculine society. Three-fourths of its sons went to the great deep in pursuit of whales, and the village was in a chronic condition of sadness over their departure, or gladness at their return. They made plans for the future, but Mr. Bassett made no reference to his own antecedents or belongings. Henry remained in ignorance of his station and circumstances—an ignorance which proved to be the fate of all who made his acquaintance afterward.

V.

For some occult reason Eliza Mayhew kept closely indoors. Several days elapsed before her solitude was invaded; but the time had not been unhappily employed, for her disposition was cheerful, and her mind pre-eminently feminine. Pleasant occupations filled each day; if she was ever idle, her idleness was devoid of *ennui*. Her grandmother taught her early to fulfill those laws which create the individuality of home, and make clean the faces of its Lares and Penates. In time she improved her grandmother's system; to her well-scoured boards she applied table-cloths and carpets, and hung curtains before the windows, which remained in spite of Mrs. Mason's declaration that they drew flies. The front yard, devoted in past years to grass, dandelions, and two distracted, barren peach-trees, now bloomed with roses and lilies, and was adorned with gravel paths bordered with box. The windows of her own chamber were filled with beautiful plants. The mantle shelf was covered with splendid sea-shells from the shores of the under-world, and instead of vases or pictures she had curiously woven and colored baskets made by the natives thereof. The old mahogany furniture, inlaid with threads of white wood in spider-like patterns, suited the character of the spacious, low, wide rooms.

Saturday afternoon she went to her chamber for rest and amusement. She looked out of the western window over the wooded shore curving round the head of the bay. A border of salt meadow made desolate that end of the village below the house, but now its coarse, plentiful grass glistened cheerfully in the warm sun. A creek ran its crooked length through the meadow, crossed by a half ruined bridge, at the head of which a wind-mill waved its arms with a faint creak. Eliza was not profound enough to feel the poetic monotony of the landscape, but she liked the sunset when it struck its rosy bars across the waters of the bay, and darkened the woods on the shore. She composed herself for sewing, and had finished a scallop in a crimson merino sacque, when, happening to look out again, she saw Ann Le Barron in the street,

nodding with a nod which signified that she was coming in.

"Where *have* you been this age, Eliza?" she said, entering with bustle; "I have not seen you since Tuesday, when you rode by our house."

"I have been busy at home."

"You are always busy. What a perfect bow-er your chamber is! How lucky you are with plants; mine always die. What's the news?"

"I have no news. Will you take off your bonnet?"

"I did not come to stay; but it is so pleasant here that I am tempted." Without farther invitation she threw it off.

"Grandmother is making your favorite sweet biscuit to-day."

"Oh, I am so fond of them!"

She arranged her hair before the glass, exclaiming against her complexion, and wishing that it was as clear as Eliza's, sat down near her.

"I should like to be as well off as you are, and then I should not be tired of Shelby perhaps."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. What makes you contented?"

"A thousand things."

"All trifles?"

"Yes, many of them; but we can't have great events here, you know."

"No, and I need excitement."

"I love it too;" and Eliza turned a faint rose color.

"You? why you are the quietest girl I ever saw! You never seem to need any company. Have you seen Henry Allen lately?"

"Not for ten days."

"A Mr. Bassett is staying at the Montgomery hotel. Nobody knows any thing about him; but he has struck up an intimacy with Henry Allen. We may see him at church to-morrow, and of course he will be at the picnic next Tuesday. What shall you wear then?"

"This merino sacque for one thing. It is always damp and chilly at picnics, you know."

"What a good idea! I should like to try it on." Eliza took out her needle and gave it to her. "How I like it!" she exclaimed. "How becoming red is to me! You don't look well in it. I wish I could have one; I am so thin that I always suffer with the cold."

"Take this and wear it."

"But what will you do?"

"I have shawls."

"I know you have. You have so many things that it will not rob you if I keep it. I am delighted to have it. Is it nearly done?"

"Not quite."

She took up her needle again, and Ann looked on complacently, very well satisfied with her afternoon's labor.

"I was puzzled what to wear. This crimson will look well with my brown dress, and my complexion won't look dingy."

It was not the first time that transactions of

this sort had occurred between the girls, Ann always obtaining the advantage. Mrs. Mason now made her appearance to consult with Eliza about frosting the cake destined for the picnic. She asked Ann how her mother was, and if she didn't perceive that old Capen Green, her grandfather, was losing his faculties? It was a fact that her family grew childish early.

Ann reddened slightly, but made an indifferent reply. She knew that she was no favorite with Mrs. Mason, who was not sparing of sharp words; but Eliza's friendship was valuable, so she never retorted.

"Tea will be ready soon, Eliza," said Mrs. Mason, going; "don't keep me waiting one minute. We have nothing very nice for you, Miss Ann; I believe you are fond of goodies."

She ate six of the tea-biscuit, and Mrs. Mason was pleased enough with the compliment to her cookery to allow her to depart without a sarcasm.

Saturday eve was a season of quiet in the Mason homestead. The work was dispatched early, and it was still twilight when Eliza went to her chamber with an unlighted lamp. She opened the western window; her head was tired, the fresh air might revive her. She suffered the same dissatisfaction which always troubled her after an interview with Ann, whose power of assimilating others to the tone of her mind could not be resisted. She was surprised and angry that she had made no attempt at self-assertion. The sickle moon was sinking in the clear western sky, against which the wind-mill stood in dark relief, its arms winnowing the air. Her eyes followed their motion, and as they dipped toward the bridge she saw a figure crossing it. A strange place, she thought, for an evening promenade, closing the window.

It was long afterward when Bose, the dog, woke her with his howling in the carriage-house. She sprang up to look into the yard, and saw a man walking slowly by. She watched him out of sight, but as Bose continued his howls she threw on a wrapper and ran down to the carriage-house and pulled him out by the ear. He growled in his throat still.

"What do you see, Bose?"

She looked toward the gate and saw the figure she had thought out of sight, and though her heart stood still she went up to it, Bose following.

"Thank you for your courage," said a melancholy voice. "I am an inoffensive pedestrian, and am here in the hope of quelling the beast. Come here, Sir. You are a dence of a dog."

Bose sniffed at him through the bars of the gate, and snorted faintly.

"People do not walk about Shelby by night, unless they are on a stealing excursion," said Eliza.

"Are you not afraid of thieves?"

"Dear me, no."

"What is the dog's name?"

"Bose."

"Bose! Bose!"

The dog gave a little yelp, which made her laugh.

"This is awkward," said the stranger. "I think I must go: farewell, my canine foe!"

As he disappeared Eliza boxed Bose's ears and called him a fool, but allowed him to go in with her to sleep before her door.

VI.

Shelby was Congregational—that is, all the elite of the town; there were one or two inferior religions for the lower sort. Eliza was at church early the next day, and Ann entered as the congregation rose for the first hymn and walked up the aisle; for Captain Green's pew was in the rear of the congregation, and Mr. Mason's near the pulpit. Eliza made room, offered her a hymn-book, and went on with the singing, unmindful of her furtive looks toward Henry Allen, who was in the hotel pew opposite. He walked home with them, and Ann, after Eliza had gone, obtained a programme of the picnic, and the news that there would be a dance at Shelby Hall in the evening. Moreover, Henry discovered that he was engaging her to dance with him the first quadrille.

Early on Tuesday Henry Allen drove round with a large wagon to collect information and viands. When he stopped at Mr. Mason's, Eliza talked to him with so much coolness that he fell into a brown study unexpectedly, while unpacking hams on the picnic ground, upon her dignity and apparent want of feeling.

"I would I were a boy again!" he sang.

"You work like a man," Tripp commented; "you are the head and front of this business. I see that I can leave you in charge."

"I shall be down to the house by eleven o'clock. Every thing will then be ready. Mind, I am not to be asked a single question afterward about arrangements."

He got home just before noon, fagged and hungry, and found Bassett lolling on his sofa, and the floor strewn with feathers from one of the stuffed birds which he had beaten to pieces with a ratan cane, a weapon he always carried.

"Now," said Henry, vexed, "I think you might have made yourself more useful. You have spoiled my owl."

"Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight;
The owl hath his share of good."

Henry lighted a cigar, ran his fingers through his hair, and contemplated the ruined bird.

"It was a tiresome, dead thing," said Bassett; "no color in it. Why not keep something beautiful about you?"

"Beautiful!" Henry echoed, with contempt. "I was a week catching that owl."

"Wretch!"

"Shall you condescend to go to the picnic, and to our humble dance?"

"Will a dog named 'Bose' be at either affair?"

"Perhaps a puppy will."

"Embrace me."

"I say, there's a couple of girls I shall intro-

duce you to!" said Henry, his good-humor coming back suddenly. "Get on your good clothes; you needn't appear in your Mackintosh."

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak."

"Have you been an actor?"

"Yes, in a tragedy where the hero was left out in the cold: go on with the couple of girls."

"They are entirely different."

"Is it possible!"

"If you laugh I will not introduce you."

"Am I not called the Solemn One?"

Henry blushed, for it was true; Tripp's name for him had been adopted in Shelby.

"Miss Eliza Mayhew, orphan, lives with her grand-parents, very strict people; sees little company herself; has an immense sense of propriety; is handsome and good. Miss Ann Le Barron, fatherless; lives with her mother and grandfather, Captain Green; poor, but of good standing. It is the jolliest house in Shelby; no formality there. I visit them often—every body does."

"Is Miss Ann handsome and good too?"

"Well, I don't know; there's something nice about her; she always puts me in good spirits."

"There goes the dinner-bell. Come to my room when you are ready to take me along."

Henry found him astonishingly dressed in a light-gray coat and trowsers—a match for his complexion in color—and a green velvet vest. He envied him the tie of his cravat and the fit of his boots. Tripp drove them to the grove, which was already filled with people moving under the trees, which were decorated with shawls, bonnets, and hats. Children were running about, swinging, jumping rope, or playing games. Henry found Eliza Mayhew tying up bunches of flowers, surrounded by a group of talking girls. Ann Le Barron sat on the stump of a tree near them, in the crimson sacque. Her light hair fell in delicate curls against her face, hiding its sharp contour; the folds of her brown dress clung about her picturesquely. The group of girls fluttered apart as Henry approached with Mr. Bassett, who recognized her at once; but she did not dream of his being Bose's knight-errant. He bowed to her, and, turning away, began a lively chat with the girls.

"He is as contrary as the devil," thought Henry.

Presently Ann, with an air of abstraction, sauntered up, and addressed some inquiry concerning somebody she had not seen to one of the girls. Henry interrupted Bassett to introduce her. She made a sweeping courtesy and flourished her handkerchief, with a few inaudible words.

"She is coming *la Française* now," whispered the girls.

Bassett fixed his eyes upon her. She felt them, and kept her side-face toward him. When he spoke, and she turned it to answer, something in her cold blue eyes baffled him.

"There is 'something nice' about her, as Allen says," he thought.

When it was time to arrange the feast Eliza was stationed at a dry-goods box to pour tea, and Ann was placed by another to serve coffee. Several young gentlemen volunteered to carry cups for them, and it fell to Henry to be Ann's cup-bearer. Tripp was inclined to supervise the kettle of hot water on her box, and, while Henry went to and fro, made comments upon whatever fell under his philosophical eye.

"I've always noticed," he said, running a cup over which she held out to him, "that religious people are awful hungry on such occasions. Do you believe they get up these things to improve their appetite?"

She laughed. "Is Mr. Allen so religious?"

"Well, in the main he is. His family are strict; they keep the church going in Belford. They are Unitarians, though. Unitarianism ain't so costly as our kind; they don't keep so many missionaries. The Allens could pay if it did. The Judge is worth a hundred thousand cool; the young one is a first-rate-catch."

He looked cunningly at her; and she said, without meeting his eye, "I thought that he was a poor lawyer."

She lied.

"Isn't she sly?" he thought.

"Mrs. Higgins says your coffee is full of grounds," said Henry, returning with her cup, "though she has had three cups, and will take a fourth."

"I'll shake the pot for her," said Ann.

"He won't live in Shelby," continued Tripp, watching him as he conveyed Mrs. Higgins her coffee; "he'll grow tired. But that Mr. Bassett there is as contented as an old puss, watching the clouds here, and a-staring at the water there."

Ann looked round and saw him standing by Eliza. "Are any of his friends with him?"

"Not a friend."

"I should think he would object to settling here if his friends live at a distance."

"I don't know where they live—and that's the droll of it—nor where he came from. And I do not know how old he is; but I'll bet he is thirty."

"He must find it dull if he has no business nor profession."

"He has nary one that I am aware of."

"You are wanted, Miss Le Barron," called Henry.

"Shall I give you some tea, Sir?" Eliza asked, when she saw Mr. Bassett standing near.

"If you please."

"It is not over-nice, I am afraid."

"How is Bose?" sipping tea from his spoon.

"Are you the one?" she asked, with an undisturbed smile.

"You did not recognize me, then? I knew you at once."

"How could I? you were black from head to foot."

"How should I have known *you*?" he persisted.

She transparently answered, "I suppose Mr. Allen told you." There was an implication in

her words which she perceived when too late, and she turned a vivid rose-color, which flashed her face into animated beauty.

"I should like," he thought, "to see that look often from this undeveloped soul. There is enough here to make a man—" A wicked light passed into his eyes and faded, for Eliza cried "Oh!" suddenly. From the swing just behind them a little girl had been tossed high in the air; she caught at a branch which delayed her fall an instant. He sprang forward like lightning, and she fell on his extended arms with so much force that he was brought to the ground. But he held her up unhurt. His face was scratched, and he was so giddy with the shock that he was not conscious of Eliza's wiping his cheek with her handkerchief, which operation she continued till somebody laughed. Then he looked at her and grew still paler. Confusion of tongues arose. Every body left the tables, and told him how lucky he had been in breaking the fall of the child. The mother, when she found her unhurt, shook her, and every body went back again.

"I wish my face was scratched," said Henry.

"Why?" she asked.

"If you can't guess I don't care about being scratched."

"I was a child, and she was a child,
In a kingdom by the sea,"

said Mr. Bassett.

"I have a mind to leave on the strength of my accident. Don't you come, Allen; I had rather walk by myself. I shall see you this evening, Miss Mayhew. If you dance—"

Henry made a rapid attempt to interrupt him, but recollecting himself stopped.

"Will you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

"With pleasure, Sir."

Ann Le Barron saw him coming down the field and quietly moved in his way; her arms were folded, and her curls slightly agitated.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said, with an air of anxiety.

"Not in the least."

"You are quite a hero."

"Yes, *now* I am," with a meaning look.

"Shall we meet you to-night?"

"Are you to be at the dance?"

"I think of going."

"I shall be there. How gracefully your curls float!"

"Do you think so?" shaking her head. "Why do you go away now?"

"I have not been able to see you at all."

Before she could answer he had bowed himself away.

Ann went straightway to Eliza and asked her what she thought of Mr. Bassett.

"Oh, that plain man! I haven't thought of him. I liked the way he caught Sophy Smith, though."

"You never notice men."

"Yes I do;" and Eliza blushed again.

"What are you blushing for? I wanted to

know if you thought that Mr. Bassett's manners were peculiar?"

"No, I did not think so."

At all events he had succeeded in awakening a feeling in Ann, which was so new and delightful that she was disposed to dream over it. There was pleasure, tumult, expectation in it. She had fallen a victim to so slight a matter as a genial voice, a pair of penetrating eyes, and a few trifling words. Or was it something more? Had she received in this way an admonishment that it would be better for her to avoid the experiment of making her life empty-hearted and selfish? It had been her design for months to marry Henry Allen—and since she had learned that he was independent of his profession, and that his social position was higher than her own. There was wisdom in the plan. He was good-looking, amiable, and a gentleman; but neither his approach toward her, nor his retreat from her, had ever tightened her heart or quickened her cat-like breath. Cold, methodical, vain, longing for luxury, should she not have been an intellectual beauty since she must be the heroine of a few written-down facts? The poor qualities of patience and persistence were hers, and the faculty of understanding what she wanted, and of placing her aims within the scope of her powers.

Her advantage was an insidiously compulsive individuality, which few understood. It was, of course, the secret of her attraction.

"Ann!" Eliza called, who was packing plates in a basket, "you look serious."

"I am tired."

"Ride home with me; I shall soon be ready."

Mr. Bassett wended his way out into the road, receiving and returning kindly salutations with many new acquaintances. He struck into a by-path soon, and was out of sight.

"*Mea culpa!*" he cried aloud, tapping his breast. "I can not outlive myself. Where I find lambs there I also find, in myself, a wolf. Have I come to the shores of the sounding sea to suffer from puerile sensations and be visited by debasing thoughts? Will my grief take beside it my besetting sin?" His thoughts went back to the past. He remembered sin, loss, desolation; but, in spite of them and his self-accusations, he entered the hotel in almost good spirits. Why he felt so he would not inquire. He would not be self-troublesome just then.

"How's the scratch?" asked Henry, putting his head in at his door an hour afterward.

"Come in, and blow a cloud and rest."

Henry threw himself on the bed, vowing that he had been up since daybreak. He began to talk drowsily, and Mr. Bassett relapsing into silence he fell into a sound sleep, from which he started to ask the time. It was eight o'clock.

"Time to dress, Bassett; where are your lights? Did you have a good time to-day? You didn't talk to Miss Mayhew."

"She is a fine-looking woman."

"Fine-looking woman, indeed! Don't you wish she had feathers?"

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"She is lucent, fair, placid, good."

"Not so lucent."

"You like her, my boy!"

"Your boy does."

"You do not understand her."

"Ah! that is a good idea."

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, bother! get ready, will you? I am stung to-day with a million mental mosquitoes."

"It is a nipping and an eager air."

"I say," said Henry, returning for a moment to the room, "have you yourself any feelings in particular?"

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me—
But let us part fair foes."

"Confound your poetry!"

A second time that day Henry was destined to be astonished, for Mr. Bassett appeared before him in a full dress-suit of black and patent-leather pumps.

"Lemon-colored gloves!" said Henry, looking at his own wrinkled, dingy-white pair.

"You know I am not a handsome man, and the tailor tries to help me out. Now you—"

Henry looked down his length of limb, straightened his shoulders, put his thumbs in the button-holes of his blue coat, and made a small pirouette.

"Donkey!" said Mr. Bassett to himself.

"Bassett is *rather* unfortunate!" thought Henry, starting for the hall, for he was Master of Ceremonies.

He received the young ladies as they arrived in squads, unprotected, as was the custom—invitations having been issued by a committee. Eliza came early, looking as fresh as a flower, in the calyx of a pale-green silk. The bands of her hair shone like jet, and clung so smoothly to her face that its pure paleness seemed framed in black.

Ann Le Barron was the last to arrive. She swept up the hall as cool as Sabrina, in a cloud of tarlatan—cheap, but becoming; skirt rose upon skirt to the slender waist. Her arms and bosom were covered with illusion. At the back of her head was fastened a bunch of delicate flowers and leaves, which trailed down her shoulders, and gave her an air of peculiar grace. From the foot of the hall she looked like a beauty. Bassett thought so as he entered, and thought so more seriously when he saw her dancing with Henry, for she danced beautifully.

"You dance like a fairy," said Henry, half-enveloped in the whirl of her skirts. "Give me this flower," he begged, touching one.

"What will you do with it?" she asked, with cunning eyes.

"I shall keep it forever."

She broke it from its stem, and, after twirling it across her lips, gave it to him.

Eliza was watching them without surprise, but she turned the bracelet on her arm as if she wished it were a flower.

"Are you engaged the next set?" Ann inquired of him while he was pinning the flower to his coat.

"No; will you dance again?"

"Oh no, not the very next; what will they say?"

"Do you suppose that I care what is said?"

"I see the Gurneys and the Haskells are here; I hope they won't insist upon dancing with me."

"Say you are engaged to me when you are bored."

"Thank you. I like to dance with you, your arm is such a support."

"Is it?" he answered, with a look as if he would like to offer her its support again. "By-the-way, while I think of it, shall I come to your house to-morrow evening and teach you to play chess, as I promised?"

"Do; don't fail to come; I am so anxious to learn!"

"How well she looks, don't she?" said Henry, joining Mr. Bassett after the dance.

"Who?"

"Eliza Mayhew."

"Where is she?"

He had just been observing her.

"Over there; where are your eyes?"

"I have been looking at you and Miss Le Barron."

"Easy soul; and how well she dances!"

"She is gossamer."

"I am going to play the second violin for the next dance. It will be your chance for display."

"Now, Music, wake from out thy charmed sleep!"

"Why can't you talk sense?"

At the first scrape of the violin Mr. Bassett was bowing before Eliza. She rose, and, without speaking, they took places in the quadrille that was forming. He felt a dreamy repose stealing over him, and wished neither to break the silence nor to move. When the time came for them to advance she offered him her ungloved white hand, and he felt its warmth striking through his glove. At the first opportunity he pulled it off and thrust it into his pocket. Again their hands met, but the change was unnoticed by her. He still waited for her to speak, and at last she said,

"I dance badly."

"You do."

She looked up and met his grave eyes looking kindly into hers.

"How beautifully Miss Le Barron dances! You observed her."

"She likes dancing; I believe you do *not*."

"Oh yes. Do you like it?"

"No; but then I am thirty."

Eliza pitied Mr. Bassett, because she thought he lacked, in her estimation, all that she thought Henry possessed. Mr. Bassett would have pitied her if he had been certain that she felt a preference for Henry. But she was undemonstrative; even Ann was ignorant of her feeling.

Mr. Bassett continued to chat with her till Henry joined her; and for the remainder of the evening he hovered round her, except when drawn away by Ann, or when he danced with some pretty girl. He was in high spirits, espe-

cially when he perceived that Eliza was unmoved by his flirtations. Mr. Bassett sought Ann, more for the purpose of observing her than of dancing; but when a waltz began he placed his arm round her, and they whirled away.

"Does it make you dizzy to waltz?" she asked, fixing her eyes on his as deliberately as if she were sauntering across the floor instead of waltzing with all her might.

"I am not to the manner born as you are."

"I am French, you know."

They stopped and rested against the wall. She opened her gloved fingers.

"You must be warm," she said, glancing at his white hand.

He made no reply; but his expression gave her a desire to tamper with him. He watched her while she played with her fan.

"He is not a man to wind round one's fingers," she thought.

"It is your turn to forward," he said.

Returning from her *vis-à-vis*, she showed him a candid, artless face, and asked, "Do you mean to live here?"

"No; what do you think of me?"

"I have no opinion."

"Let me tell you what you would be with me soon."

"What?"

"Natural."

She threw a glance in the direction of Henry and half closed her eyes. He comprehended that he was being compared with him—to whose disadvantage? His swarthy cheek flushed; she saw it, and for an instant her own face changed. "Natural!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "You think me affected, then?"

"Not that exactly; but—"

He hesitated to say any more, she appeared so disturbed, and looked at him with such a tell-tale expression that he felt a sudden intuition of her intentions.

She complained of being tired, refused to dance again, and took a seat, where she remained silent and thoughtful.

The ball came to an end, as all balls do. A coach conveyed most of the ladies home, Ann among the number; but Eliza walked, accompanied by Henry, who lingered at the door.

"Good-night!" she said, giving a quick sigh.

"Good-night!" he replied, without going.

They stood silent for a moment; then he bent down and kissed her beautiful lips, opened the door for her, waited till he heard her fasten it, and then walked down the street dazed, till he came in contact with several young men—unsated revelers—with whom he adjourned till morning at the Montgomery. None of them were so gay, so rattle-pated as Henry.

Eliza, in her quiet chamber—

"Where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight"—

was half-undressed, in happy perturbation, before she thought of the unread chapter. She struck a light, and opening the Bible read, without heeding their import, the dread words:

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

VII.

Henry was called away on business the next day to Ship Bay, a sea-port near Shelby. Mr. Bassett, with Sam Tripp, took the *Andromeda* and sailed down the bay in the morning and staid out till night. Sam described the voyage to his father as being rather tedious, but added that he thought Mr. Bassett, alone by himself, was a nicer man than when he was with somebody. "He laughed twice to-day, once when I told him a story, and the other time when he dropped a great heap of letters overboard, tearing them into bits first. 'Sam,' says he, 'there's a flock of young gulls for you!'"

Henry drove into the yard of the Montgomery the following afternoon with a sober face. Seeing Mr. Bassett's boot soles on his window-seat he went up to his room.

"I have brought," he said, "awful news from Ship Bay. A vessel arrived there this morning with the tidings of the wreck of the bark *Minerva*, and, with the exception of two men taken off by this vessel, the total loss of her crew. Twenty families had relatives on board. She was struck by a heavy sea which swept her fore and aft. Those who were below were drowned in their berths. Those who were on deck clung to the rigging, and after the main-mast was cut away, they crawled into the forward rigging and froze to death."

"With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one."

said Mr. Bassett, with a shudder. "What a picture to bring here in such a bright, warm summer day!"

"I saw one of the men; his account was horrible. Ann Le Barron's only brother was the last that died—'game to the end;' when he fell on the deck his head cracked open as if it had been a dry pumpkin that had fallen! One cry rose above the gurgling water as it poured down the hatchway: after that, nothing was heard. The mate died singing 'Caroline of Edinboro Town.' Ned Mayhew, Eliza's cousin, broke off his fingers and dropped them overboard before he breathed his last. There wasn't much cursing, the man said, nor much praying. They had little hope of rescue, for the weather was thick, and it blew great guns; but they cheered each other, and promised to hold on and not fall on purpose. They didn't mind each other's dying a bit, and when one tumbled all that was said was, 'There goes Jo,' 'Bill is down,' or, 'Tom is off.' 'I tell ye,' he concluded, 'when death comes that way 'tain't much to face it; 'tis as easy to die as it is for me to take this chaw of tobakker.'"

"Who will spread the news?"

"One of the men is on his way here."

They were excited and restless, and agreed shortly to go over to Mr. Mason's and tell Eliza. Henry was more disposed to cry than she when

he made the attempt to speak of her cousin's death, who was his friend. She thought of his trouble before she felt her own grief, and would have spoken some words of sympathy if Mr. Bassett's presence had not restrained her. Mr. Bassett noted it, and accused himself of indelicacy in venturing to come with Henry. Mrs. Mason cried bitterly; and Mr. Bassett endeavored, with so much success, to say something to calm her that she begged him to come again when he rose to leave.

That evening the disaster was known in Shelby, and the next day every door stood open for neighbors and friends to come and go with their burden of sorrow. It was not the first time that such an occasion had drawn them together.

Mrs. Le Barron grieved savagely for her son; she loved him better than she loved Ann, and in her bitterness revealed it. The loss of his only grandson made old Captain Green peevish and complaining. Altogether Ann had a miserable time at home. Her own feelings were shaken. In the last few days since the calamity she met Mr. Bassett daily, in his capacity of a consoler of the afflicted. His gentle goodness had touched her heart. As soon as he became conscious of the impression he had made she ceased to inspire him with any interest. It was her fate to be bereft of power when she rose above her selfish instincts, or lost the equipose of her will.

The day that a funeral sermon was preached in remembrance of the crew of the *Minerva* there were to be funeral baked meats at Mr. Mason's, and among the guests invited to partake of them were Mrs. Le Barron, Ann, Mr. Bassett, and Henry. The parlors were opened each side of the antique porch, and supper was laid in the long middle room. Ann sat apart so pale and sad that Henry, compassionating her, took a seat beside her, and they conversed in a low tone. He too was troubled. Eliza was so reticent; why she should be he could not understand. Every one, besides, in this time of trouble, carried an open heart! When tea was announced he took pains to be seated next to Ann. Mr. Bassett sat opposite in a reflective mood, sensible of the current which was drawing them together. It was well that it proved easy for him to be a spectator merely; for he had discovered Eliza's heart.

After supper Ann and Mr. Bassett found themselves in one of the deep parlor window seats. The room was in shadow; but outside the rays of sunset still illuminated the air.

"Who would suspect the sea as it looks now?" he said. "Its surface is so calm that white ribbons are woven across its blue. The sermon to-day makes it a fearful illusion."

"Illusion!" echoed Ann, looking out over the bay.

"Do you court illusions?"

"I never had any."

"Must you have mathematical certainty in your mind to be satisfied?"

"Of what?"

"That the wind will rise and render those white ribbons into green wreathing serpents."

She made no reply but kept her eye fixed on the sea, and he was silent too. Darkness crept down the street, turned the bay into a level shield of cold steel, and stole into the room. As Mrs. Mason called Eliza to light the lamps an overmastering impulse seized Ann and made her speak with gasping breath.

"Would to God that what I think now were not illusion, or that what I feel is!"

He continued silent and motionless. Had he turned his face toward her, or spoken a word, her soul would have broken loose in some way—in defiance, expostulation, or entreaty. He watched the gradual growing of the light round the lamp-wicks, and when it widened the room into a clear view, he spoke to Mrs. Mason across it on some trivial matter, and then turning to Ann, said,

"Speaking of illusions reminds me that I have had an idea of astonishing Shelby with private theatricals; of course it must be given up."

"It would be nice to have them in the winter," she answered, pleasantly, though she was in a desperate mood.

Her cheeks, usually so pale, were crimson, and her eyes glittered; dark images filled her mind. She thought of her young brother dying on the wreck in the wild, icy sea; of her mother widowed, bereaved; of herself unlovely and unloved; and hot tears battered against her eyelids, but she would not allow them to fall.

She was glad to get home and be alone. By morning her self-possession was restored, and she was ready to face life with all energy.

VIII.

Mrs. Mason was pleased with Mr. Bassett. He was neither light-headed nor light-hearted, she said, as some folks were, though she would call no names. Eliza knew that she meant Henry Allen; but as Mrs. Mason found fault with nearly every body, she laid little stress on her words. Since the night of the dance she believed that there was a happy understanding between her and Henry. With an egoism which belongs to girls like her, she thought it natural that they should meet, love, and marry. That she had disposed of her affections to the very first presentable young fellow she thought suitable did not occur to her. So much being established on her part, there could be no exaction, suspicion, nor jealousy; nor the foolishness of lovers' quarrels, nor the silliness of love-making. The tranquil acceptance of his attentions had at first given Henry satisfaction and a sense of security which made him dally with opportunity, and put off from day to day the fulfillment of his intention to ask her to marry him. Now he continually felt a vague irritation against her: that it was instigated by Ann Le Barron he did not dream. His own feelings were "all right," he professed. It was hard that he should be left so in doubt, but he could not make a fool

of himself by thrusting his love before her unless he knew her feelings. Meantime he devoted most of his evenings to Ann. Several weeks passed and nothing happened—nothing frequently happens in real life. Time, at the best, is filled up with rubbish not worth recording, except by the angel who writes in our Book of Life.

The tide of human affairs in Shelby flowed over the disaster which had thrown it into an agony of grief and remembrance. One evening Henry and Mr. Bassett joined the sewing circle by invitation. Eliza Mayhew was not there, but Ann Le Barron was; and she, Henry, and Mr. Bassett were the last to leave when it broke up. Henry offered his arm to her, and asked Mr. Bassett to walk with them, but he declined, and hastening to the Montgomery entered his room and locked the door.

Some time afterward he heard Henry come up stairs and try the door. "Bassett!" he called, "let me in; I must talk with you."

He heard no answer.

"I'll break the door in!" he called again.

"You haven't the courage," Mr. Bassett answered from within. "I won't let you in. Go to bed."

Early the next morning Henry was off by stage to Belford. Mr. Bassett avoided society for the space of a week, and occupied himself with sailing and horseback excursions. He was not surprised when a rumor reached him before the end of it that Allen had offered himself to Ann Le Barron. Nobody believed it; every body vehemently denied it; still the rumor spread.

When Henry came back he was busy with his papers for several days, and kept his room closely. One evening, however, he called on Mr. Bassett. A desultory conversation set in, which was kept up on both sides with spirit for a few minutes, and then they fell into a dead silence.

"Let's take a walk," said Henry; "it is a splendid night; harvest moon, big and red, lights up every thing!"

Mr. Bassett agreeing, they sauntered through the village and went up the east road, which crossed a hill, on the top of which they stopped to look out seaward.

Though Mr. Bassett quoted

"The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea hath here no sound,"

Henry did not look up; he was obstinately bent on whipping the hem of his trousers with a switch. They descended into the village again and walked to the other end of it. When they came to Mr. Mason's house they saw Eliza sitting in the porch watching the moon, which shone in her face. Henry came to an abrupt halt; Mr. Bassett, saying to himself, "Deuce take it!" passed on, with a sweep of his hat in her direction, without turning his head.

She rose impulsively, and resumed her seat with slow dignity, without speaking to Henry. He sat down on the step before her, and imploringly put his hand on her arm. She kept her regards on the moon. He knew no more than

the moon what she felt, but he knew better than ever that he loved her, and that he was a fool. He dashed his hat on the ground and began to cry, as men can cry sometimes; torrents of tears fell from his eyes, which he made no attempt to wipe away. Neither did she.

"I loved you so," he said at last, with a sob in his throat.

"It is true, then, what I have heard?"

"Would you have it untrue?"

He bowed his head on her knees, and she pulled him up by his hair, full of wrath at his betrayal of her and his weakness. Pride came to her aid, and suggested that, as there was no bond between them, there was no necessity for any revelation on her part. Would it not answer for her to dismiss the subject with a few lies?

"You will give me up?"

"Yes," she answered, her soul turning to the truth. "I place no value on you now; but I thought we loved each other?"

"Let me tell you—"

"No."

"I am not engaged."

She stepped inside the door.

"They have lied about us."

"Us! A lie on such a point is enough."

She shut the door.

That night, when he knocked, Mr. Bassett did not refuse him entrance, but allowed him to come in, and exhaust himself in curses, self-reproaches, and raving invective.

"Man is man," quoted Mr. Bassett, with an exasperating coolness. "He will fall whenever circumstances will let him," he thought, after Henry had gone. "What would have been the result if that serious-hearted girl had taken him back?"

In less than a month Henry introduced Ann Le Barron to his mother. She was haughty, as Ann expected she would be; but in time she was convinced by Ann's strategy that Henry, being weak enough to choose her, might have been weaker and chosen worse, so she succumbed, and the olive flourished between them.

IX.

Mr. Bassett left Shelby, "bag and baggage," according to Tripp, in the middle of September. He would go, he told Henry, before

"The autumn leaves were shed, and wintry rains
Were sown in swelling seas;"

and gave no other reason. He was regretted, and spoken of, after he had gone, as he would have been had he died. "He was a better man than he looked to be at first," was said, and with that he was laid on the shelf of the past. He was a better man than when he came, for his moral atmosphere was clear. He had discovered the reason of his errors, and had learned to separate his will from his instincts. Tears rose to his eyes as he whirled along the road over which he might never travel again. In Shelby he had found a complete intellectual solitude, and there were born aspirations which he promised himself should guide him.

Out into the world, wherever he has gone, there must he be left with his new-found strength. He is not the first man who has thought himself good and lofty when alone. He will learn whether his old demons lie in wait to leap into his heart, crying, "*We have been faithful!*" and again penetrate him with the lusts which betray the souls of men.

X.

For many nights after her last interview with Henry Eliza read her Bible with a mechanical sense of duty which pervaded all her actions, and then gave up to the trouble she had kept at bay during the day. She pondered over the success of selfishness and duplicity, and the failure of generosity and honesty. She saw that she might have retained Henry, and she despised herself for the thought. How she burned with shame that so weak a man could make her suffer so bitterly! How weak she had been to snatch at such a shadow, and rejoice over it so fatuously!

After the shock was over, in spite of her elastic temperament she remained unhappy. Life had lost its savor. To all appearance she bade fair to settle, where so many women's souls lie perdu, into the commonplace. Her sharp-eyed grandmother knew her trouble, and cast about for some mitigation of the evils which assailed her, but finding none, wisely let her alone. Faithfulness to routine, however, brought its reward; the old pleasure of habit stole back little by little, and she was already happier than she knew. The patient fulfillment of her social and household tasks restored her her former moral beauty; what she lacked besides would come in time.

One Sabbath evening, early in May, she sat in her chamber, dull and sad. She had seen in church Henry Allen and Ann Le Barron, as man and wife, for the first time. She was thinking of them when it came into her consciousness that they were not the cause of her unhappiness. She herself must be the cause! Love for Henry Allen was a myth, and hatred against Ann Le Barron also. A sense of the narrowness of her mind, the smallness of her aims and pursuits, smote her. She had whirled on the pivot of selfhood till she could distinguish nothing beyond it. Throwing a shawl over her head, she went through the garden into the level fields lying under the star-lit sky.

"The firmament showeth his handiwork," she chanted. "Night unto night showeth knowledge." How my soul has been darkened! But I see light, as I see the stars."

How she wept before she left the fields! The rain of tears made her spirit clear. As she walked homeward her self-communings elevated her beyond mundane affairs. It would be nothing to bear the ills of life, since she believed that she could keep a steadfast eye on the life to come.

For a time this exaltation lasted, then her wings cracked in its rarefied air, and she dropped to the earth unsphered again. There was no

thing to develop her in the circumstances by which she was surrounded. But Nature came to her aid, and her eyes were opened to her beauty. It was a slow process, however. A year—two years passed, before she came to mental maturity. In that time a change took place in the household. Old Mr. Mason was gathered to his fathers. Mrs. Mason sank into a quiet state from the day of his death, resigning all authority to Eliza. There was not much property left, but enough for her to retain the old house and the old ways. But she changed the old ways somewhat. The material superfluity was cut off, and an intellectual one added. The house looked poetical now, with its books and pictures and harmonious details.

XI

Ann Allen lived in Belford, but her visits to her mother in Shelby were so frequent and so long that it was supposed she found a freedom and repose there that was lacking at home. It was one of Eliza's crosses that Ann visited her with an assumption of the intimacy of former days. She made no selfish appeals as she did then, but she was the same fritterer away of time. When Henry was in Shelby, Ann postponed going there. He came and went at her direction; it saved him trouble. After obedience to her, his chief pursuits were the cultivation of grapes and pettifoggery. Taking into consideration that there was no capacity in him for further growth, and none in Ann, their match might be called a suitable one. It is certain that neither were unhappy—they passed life as the multitude pass it, with a great deal of self-satisfaction.

She had come to Shelby to pass September, and one windy day in the latter part of the month went out to make calls, when she saw a sight that made her heart stand still. It was Mr. Bassett, "bearded like a pard," sun-burned and robust. She stopped, he stopped, and they shook hands with smiles that extended no farther than the stony back-ground of their teeth.

"Have you come to fish? Henry will be so sorry that he has sold the *Andromeda* now."

"He was sold too," he thought, as he said, aloud, "I have come to sketch this time."

"You have learned to paint?"

"I have been an artist for years."

She had a feeling of thankfulness, in spite of the agitation which his presence had thrown her into, that she was not allied to an *artist*. There was something itinerant in the idea.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed.

They bowed with smiles again and parted.

He was on his way to Mrs. Mason's. Eliza received him with calm cordiality. Mrs. Mason said that she shouldn't have known him, but that she was glad he had come back. Her warm welcome put him on the old footing at once. He felt the change in the atmosphere of the house, and saw one in Eliza that the mere time of his absence could not account for. To avoid allusion to his former visit, he plunged into general

accounts of what was doing in the world, and he found that her mind had strayed beyond the bounds of Shelby and could follow him. Taking up an *Art Journal*, he remarked that he had lately seen the pictures of an artist whose name he mentioned. She said that she wished the artist would come to Shelby and paint its coast scenery.

"By-the-way," he said, "I am an artist, and my desire to paint under these autumnal skies has led me here."

He wondered at the glow which came to her countenance at his words.

"When I was here before," he continued, "I had grown weary of painting, and kept my art out of sight. It was as well; don't you think so?" he asked, with a smile, "considering that I could not have gained popularity if I had revealed my profession."

She asked permission to be his guide to certain spots she had wished a painter might see; a permission he granted, and then fell into a brown study. Eliza's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him, with the recollection of the time when she was sorrowing for the loss of her cousin Ned; and she was surprised that she had not remembered until now the part he took as a sympathizing listener to all who came to him with their grief. How indifferent and unfeeling she must have appeared to him!

"Liza," said Mrs. Mason, "Mr. Bassett must stay to tea, and it is time for you to see about it."

Is it strange that the wide old parlor, with its white panels, its new windows with large panes, its crimson carpet, and its crimson and blue clothed tea-table, at which Mrs. Mason sat in the quiet of happy old age, and over which Eliza presided in the beauty of womanhood, fair, serene, intellectual, seemed idyllic to him? They lingered at the table, and he, while drinking cup after cup of tea, told them of his visit to Europe. He had been there nearly two years, and was just returned. After tea he lingered till he saw Mrs. Mason dozing in her chair.

They met often, and his old room at the Montgomery saw little of him. When Henry heard of his frequent visits to Eliza he was tormented by pangs of jealousy and envy, for he had taken it for granted that she would allow no man to seek her. He had disappointed her—what right had she to get over this disappointment? He haunted Shelby an uneasy man. Mr. Bassett saw his uneasiness, so did Ann; but she overlooked it: he was her husband, it was safe to do so.

Mr. Bassett took care that Eliza should not meet him with Henry. To his old acquaintance he offered his painting as an excuse for not joining in parties or making visits. He was readily excused. Eliza suspected that he was poor, influenced, perhaps, by the general opinion in regard to artists, and her suspicion removed the restraint that she would have felt had it appeared otherwise. She proposed that he should ride with her to the places he wished to sketch, and invited him to dine, or to tea, almost daily. Mrs.

Mason winked to herself now and then, and kept counsel with her thoughts, but said nothing.

One beautiful hazy morning he strolled over there in his painting jacket and with his cigar. Eliza was alone, and asked him to read to her while she finished a piece of sewing. Mrs. Mason put her head in at the door in the middle of "The Talking Oak," and took it out again. Presently she sent in word that Mr. Bassett must stay to dinner, and that Eliza need not come out to help her. After "The Talking Oak" he talked and Eliza listened till they were called to dinner. During the meal both were a little abstracted, but very polite to Mrs. Mason.

"What do you say," he asked, "to ciceroning me through the Neck this afternoon? There are good effects abroad to-day."

"I say 'Yes;' and we will go as soon as dinner is over."

"I'll go down to the Montgomery for my pencils and board." And he took up his hat.

"Take a shawl extra," he said, when he came back.

"You spoil her," Mrs. Mason remarked.

He blushed a fiery red, but made no answer.

"You must stop to tea," she said. "I don't believe in Tripp's teas."

"Neither do I," he answered.

They were on the road soon, and passing Ann's window. She was there, looking through the blind, as she had looked once before to see Eliza ride by.

"Oh, it is a match," she decided. "Eliza is getting to be an old maid. She is awfully faded; it is time she married."

For a mile or two they talked gayly, pointing out bits of light and shade, groups of trees, rocks, clouds, or glimpses of sea. But when they reached the depth of the old leafy road they grew silent, and each looked on his or her side of the road with serious interest.

"Behind yonder hill," she said, "is the view of all views, and we must stop by the marsh and walk."

The horse was tied to a tree, and they climbed the hill, from which they saw the sea, where she had once seen Henry fishing in the *Andromeda*. She was thinking of that time when Mr. Bassett startled her by speaking.

"I shall not sketch to-day."

"No?"

"Nor any day here, unless you say you love me, for I love you."

She turned her face to him; it was eloquent with joy and pain.

"I love you," she said; "but do you know that I thought I loved Henry Allen?"

"I know it; but you never did."

"He kissed me"—her face turned scarlet—"and I kissed him, and you can not have the first kiss from me."

"Eliza, I can not give you my first kiss. Forgive me for asking you for your love. I, too—"

She interrupted him.

"So you have suffered?"

"Long and bitterly."

She offered him her hand.

"One thing more before I can kiss it and call it mine. Do you remember my asking you the day I came back about an artist?"

"Yes," she answered, quickly.

"I am that artist. Bassett is my middle name. Will you take that, with another added to it?"

"What will grandmother say?" she asked, still holding out her hand.

"Let us go and hear," he answered, taking it.

"Before tea," he said, laughing, when they entered the house.

"Mrs. Mason—" he said.

She looked up through her spectacles at him, and then at Eliza.

"Liza, you will not leave me?" she cried.

"No," they both said.

"Well, go and eat your suppers in peace."

A mist came over her glasses, and she was obliged to take them off to wipe it away, which she did, slowly.

"Ah," she sighed, "I was young once!"

He bent over her, and kissed her withered cheek.

"You must kiss 'Liza, not me—an old woman."

But she kissed him back, patted his head, and told him that she believed he was almost good enough for Eliza. And Eliza said, "He is quite good enough."

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

"**T**WAS a terrible fight," the soldier said;
"Our Colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle-ball—
A braver heart than his never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they:
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face;
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace;
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in a porch, where the sunlight came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine
vine,
Spilling itself like golden wine,
And flecking the door-way with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer heat;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

"Yes, a terrible fight—our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized our colors,
and then
He too fell dead on the self-same spot.

"A handsome boy was this last, his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

"What was his name? have you never heard?
Where was he from, this youth who fell?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it?
tell!"

"Our regiment?—it was the Twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it white as the face of the dead;
The mother lifted her eyes, and said,
"Pity my daughter—in mercy speak!"

"I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered; "not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came;
As God is above, I speak the truth!"

"But when we buried our dead that night
I took from his breast this picture—see!
It is as like him as like can be;
Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half sad, half wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er her prostrate child.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

ON a delightful morning in the month of July, when the tall elms of the College Park were clothed in their deepest green, and a balmy air fresh from the distant ocean swept through their lofty boughs, I strolled up Hillhouse Avenue, one of the most delightful and rural portions of New Haven, in search of the residence of my old friend, Professor Dana, who had married the daughter of Professor Silliman, and was quietly domiciled in this delightful "City of Elms."

He was absent from town, but his servant pointed out to me the residence of his father-in-law, near at hand, who could give information as to his movements. I accordingly called, and met Professor Silliman for the first time. As the friend of Professor Dana I was kindly received, and not only furnished with what information I sought, but was soon engaged in a frank and pleasant conversation, chiefly upon topics of a scientific character, in which whole hours almost insensibly glided by. On leaving I was pressed so cordially to return that I did not hesitate to avail myself of the courtesy. This interview took place shortly after Professor Silliman's last visit to Europe, the recollections of which constantly crowded upon his mind, and were pleasantly interspersed through his conversation.

At this time he had retired from the more active duties of life, to repose upon the laurels of a well-earned scientific reputation. He bore evident marks of advancing years, but yet was possessed of a naturally vigorous constitution and full physique, upon which the inroads of time had made less impression than is usually the case. He resembled so much the portrait painted by Wilson—to be found in his European tour, published in 1853—that I should have had

no difficulty in recognizing him under any circumstances; but meeting him as I did, under the shelter of his own roof and amidst the scenes of his life-long labors, his face seemed at the moment of recognition as that of an old and familiar friend. Through his writings, and the periodic return of his *Journal*, I had for years been apparently as well acquainted with him as if he had existed before me with an animated form and an articulated voice; and the transition from my acquaintance with him as the conductor of an able scientific journal to a personal one seemed so slight as scarcely to be recognized.

The first volume of this journal, which is denominated the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, but is more generally known as "Silliman's Journal," was issued in 1818, and has from that time to the present, a period of forty-four years, occupied the most prominent position of any purely scientific periodical in America.

Professor Silliman's original intention was to pursue the practice of law as an occupation; and with this view, after graduating at Yale College, in 1796, he turned his attention to its study, and was admitted to the bar in 1802. The brilliant discoveries of Lavoisier and Sir Humphrey Davy, which opened a new field for chemical research, and directed the attention of the conductors of colleges more directly to it as an important branch of scholastic study, materially changed the views of Professor Silliman, and soon led to his abandonment of the law for the new and attractive field of chemical research.

President Dwight, who at that time presided over Yale College, was so impressed with the importance of these discoveries as to determine him to establish a Professorship of Chemistry in Yale; and knowing the qualifications of Silliman for such a position, he offered the new professorship to him. The offer was accepted, and the incumbent immediately commenced a series of preparations to fit him for his new position. He not only visited the Pennsylvania College, in Philadelphia, where chemistry was then taught, but, in 1805, paid a visit to England and Holland, a very pleasant account of which was published in 1810. This was his first appearance as an author, and the work written by him was the first account given by an educated American of his impressions in Europe since the establishment of the Federal Government. The circumstances under which this visit was made were eminently favorable to enable him to obtain a pleasant view of English society. The trustees of Yale College had the previous year appropriated a sum of money for the enlargement of their library and the purchase of a chemical and philosophical apparatus, and they commissioned Professor Silliman to visit Europe for the purpose of making these collections. He was at the same time left at liberty to avail himself of such opportunities as might occur to acquire information, especially in chemistry.

His semi-official character, and the abundant letters with which he was supplied, at once introduced him to some of the pleasantest houses

in England. Among these letters was one to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, which he sent to his residence soon after arriving in London, accompanied by his card, to which he received no reply. Happening to dine at Mr. Greville's (the brother of the Earl of Warwick), in company with James Watt, they left the house together. On their way to town Watt asked Silliman if he had been introduced at the *Conversations* of Sir Joseph Banks. Silliman replied that, having presented his letter and card without receiving a reply, he felt himself excluded from this literary assembly, which was by far the most distinguished in London.

Watt assured him that it would be perfectly in order to call again; as Sir Joseph, on account of the numerous demands on his time, was, by the universal consent of society, excused from the ordinary obligations in returning visits and sending invitations. It was expected that every stranger introduced to him would call again. Professor Silliman, who had learned the same thing a day or two before from a friend, and that Sir Joseph had made the inquiry whether he had attended his receptions, was induced to accompany Watt to his *soirée*.

"My reception," said he, "was such as to make me regret that my mistake was not sooner corrected, and every embarrassment was removed by the courteous behavior of this celebrated man."

He found Sir Joseph in his library, surrounded by a crowd of the literati, politicians, and philosophers of London. He was at that time of venerable age, and so afflicted with gout as to be obliged to walk with the aid of a staff. At his *conversations* the most perfect ease of manner prevailed. Each came and went as he pleased, and those present sat or stood or walked or read or conversed at pleasure. Eating and drinking formed no part of the entertainment.

Each person, however, who had been introduced to Sir Joseph was at liberty to breakfast at his house at ten o'clock, and to frequent his library and museum at any time between that hour and four in the afternoon. Silliman relates the case of a French refugee, who construed this invitation so literally that he actually took his breakfast there regularly, until the sly looks of the servants taught him that, in England as well as in France, the meaning of a gentleman always being happy to see his friends on such an occasion could not be construed into the right to avail himself of the privilege to use the breakfast-table as a matter of daily convenience.

Hoops formed a part of ladies' apparel at that day as well as now. Curiosity led the Professor, on the occasion of a "Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace on the King's birthday, to witness the departure of the privileged guests. On ordinary occasions the nobility are not distinguished by dress; but on such an occasion bag-wigs, full-sleeved coats, embroidered waistcoats, and swords appeared in abundance.

"The ladies," said the Professor, "wore hoops—not in a circle, but a large oval, which distend-

ed the petticoat like a scoop-net, over which the dress, glittering with gems and spangles, was permitted to fall. The longest part of the oval was such as to throw the dress out on either side. This furnished no inconvenience in ordinary locomotion; but in threading the narrow pathway permitted by the crowd, between the door of the palace and their carriage, it was not possible for the hoop to be expanded, and being of unyielding materials, the ingenuity of the fair wearers was taxed to twist the whole machinery round so as to bring the shortest diameter across the path. But with all this aid to ingenuity, it was no small achievement to deposit one of the ladies safely in her coach."

While Silliman was in London, Fox, corpulent and broad-chested, the younger Pitt, tall, spare, and sharp-featured, and the gifted Sheridan, occupied seats in the House of Commons. He had occasional opportunities of hearing them all in debate, and of marking the characteristic differences between them. The manner of Fox was without the dignity or impressiveness of Pitt, but his language was easy, flowing, and natural.

"He stood," said the Professor, "leaning forward as if going up hill, with his clenched fists thrust into his capacious waistcoat-pockets. Pitt, on the contrary, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, was, when he rose to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity."

"I had," remarked he, "a distinct view of him for six hours, during which time he sat directly in front of me. His dress was a blue coat with metallic buttons, a white vest, black satin breeches, and white silk stockings, with large buckles in his shoes. His hair was powdered. Notwithstanding the violence of the Opposition, and their long familiarity with his voice, yet, when he rose to speak, the House became so quiet that a whisper might have been heard in any part of it. Memory," he continued, "brought up before me while seated in this House, whose very seats and panels were the same as in the time of the elder Pitt and Burke, the effect of the thunder of their masterly eloquence as it reverberated among its arches."

Every one knows that the world is largely indebted to Count Rumford, who was a native of the United States, for many useful improvements in the culinary department; but few may be aware that, in the Royal Institution of London, a series of experiments were conducted by him, under the supervision of a committee, to determine the adaptation of his various improvements in cooking utensils, or in the formation of new dishes. In addition to the large library and lecture-rooms of this Institution, there were pointed out to the Professor, in the lowest apartment, a great number of culinary utensils, consisting of stew-pans, boilers, roasters, and other similar things, which Rumford had at various times invented for the purpose of reducing the processes of cooking to scientific principles. "These experiments," said the Professor, "were carried quite through; for one of the objects of

the Institution was to give experimental dinners at which the Count presided, and the patrons of his experiments attended to judge of the merits of any new dish or newly-invented mode of cooking. It was probably not very difficult to recruit a sufficient number of men for this service, where good living is so much in fashion; and could philosophical pursuits always come with equal attractions they would never want devotees."

Nor were these experiments the only ones of the kind prosecuted in London at that time. The excellent Dr. Kitchener, who did not consider the preparation of the food for the table as an art too mean to be noticed by him, prosecuted a series of experiments, as extensive as those of Count Rumford and the Royal Institution, aided by Henry Osborne, the famous cook of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, who gladly lent his services to the Doctor for this purpose. The result of which was the publication of a system of cookery, now unfortunately too much fallen into disuse, containing a series of dishes every one of which was said to have been served at the table of this quaint but excellent guide in the culinary art—an art which not only the Royal Institution, but the President of the Royal Society, thought it not beneath him to aid in developing.

There was one thing for which the Professor could not acquire a fondness, and strangely enough, as it may appear at the present day, this was the Italian Opera. "It is," said he, "the most insipid, unintelligible, and stupid thing I have ever seen pass under the form of an amusement; and yet it is the favorite resort of the fashionable world."

To enable him to travel in England Professor Silliman was furnished with a passport from the Alien Office, which forbade him to approach nearer than ten miles to the coast. His curiosity, however, led him to Portsmouth, where he witnessed the embarkation of Nelson amidst an immense crowd who had assembled to greet him. "This," said Silliman, "was the last act of respect which Lord Nelson ever received from the hands of his countrymen while living; for it is well known that he then left England forever, and lost his life on the 21st of October, at the great battle of Trafalgar. I stood," he added, "where I had a full view of his person. He was elegantly dressed, and his blue coat was splendidly illuminated with stars and ribbons. As the barge in which he embarked, accompanied by Admiral Coffin and a few personal friends, left the shore, the people gave three cheers, which his lordship returned by waving his hat."

An incident occurred on this occasion that showed that the same intolerance of restraint, when not self-imposed, that characterizes the English of the present day, and has been transmitted, in an intensified degree, to the American people, was a predominant trait at that time. During the embarkation of Nelson the curiosity of the crowd became so great that they could

not be restrained by the sentinels from mounting the parapet covered with green sward, and the guns which frowned over them. "At this juncture," said Silliman, "a choleric young officer came dashing in among the throng and severely reproached the soldiers for not doing their duty. When they informed him that it was not possible to keep the people back, he directed them, in a loud and peremptory tone of voice, to put their bayonets through any one who should presume to disobey. A murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, which soon broke forth in articulate language. 'The rascal orders the soldiers to bayonet us,' came from all sides; 'put him in the dock—put him in the dock!' and suiting the action to the word they closed around him apparently for the purpose of putting the threat into execution, when he retreated more precipitately than became the dignity of his sword and epaulets, amidst the general laugh of the crowd. I was," said Silliman, "the more surprised at such a burst of popular resentment, because the town is exclusively military, and under the immediate control of the army and navy: it was the old spirit of English freedom."

In his individual case, an hour or two previous to this occurrence, the sentinel seemed more anxious to comply with the strict requirements of his duty. He had clambered up on a common, near one of the arsenals, where he could see over the high walls that inclosed the buildings, and obtain a view of the vast collection of instruments of destruction contained within. While moralizing within himself at the depravity of human nature as here presented, his reflections were suddenly broken in upon by the approach of a sentinel who in no very polite phrase ordered him to leave. "Inasmuch," said the Professor, "as he was clothed with some authority, and held a bayonet inconveniently near, I prudently considered that it presented no case to debate, and so adopting a maxim once uttered on a similar occasion, that *the request was reasonable and the argument urgent*, I obeyed without delay."

While in London he was invited to meet at dinner, at the house of a member of Parliament and a gentleman of large fortune, a party composed entirely of English. His seat was next to that of a very courteous as well as a distinguished nobleman. After conversing for some time concerning America, his lordship suddenly interrupted him with the remark,

"And pray, Sir, do the Americans all speak English as you do?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the Professor; "I speak the language as most of my countrymen do."

Nor was this a solitary instance. While attending an examination of students at the University of Cambridge, he was seated near a highly intelligent gentleman, who said that it seemed to him hardly possible that any man born and educated three thousand miles from England could speak the English language as he did.

"After all," said he, "you must either be an Englishman, or have obtained the greater part of your education here." It was difficult for Professor Silliman to convince him that not only he, but all well-educated Americans spoke as the same class in England. "And yet," added he, "not only myself, but any well-educated American, may travel from London to John o' Groat's House, and thence to the Land's End, and every where pass for a Londoner. This is the universal presumption, as appears from the incidental remarks of the people of the country, and the questions asked concerning the news of the day."

So generally was he recognized while in England as an Englishman, that it did not excite his surprise that his companion at the University should have mistaken him for one. But he was somewhat startled, and not a little confounded, by an observation from an English gentleman with whom he was dining, and who had spent several years in the United States, that he should have recognized him as a New Englander had he not known him.

"And why so?" inquired Silliman, in some astonishment.

"Because," responded his entertainer, "I never knew a person who was not educated in New England that leaned his chair back in such a position as to cause it to stand upon two legs instead of four."

To the great surprise of the Professor, as well as to the infinite amusement of the guests assembled at dinner—most of whom were Americans—an instant's examination revealed the fact that he was at that moment occupying the awkward position attributed to the people of his section of the United States, although, up to that period, he was neither aware that the position was one peculiar to New England, nor that he had assumed it. He joined heartily with the others in the mirth occasioned by the incident; but, added he, in recounting this adventure, "I am sure I shall never again forget that a chair ought to stand on four legs instead of two."

From the commencement *Silliman's Journal* has received contributions from some of the ablest scientific men in the country; and its first volume presents by no means an indifferent appearance, either in the character of its contents or its typographical execution, as compared with any of the subsequent volumes. Among its early contributors are Professors Torrey and Barton, Ives and Rafinesque, in Botany; Say and De Kay, in Zoology; and Professors Hare and Beck, in Chemistry. The first volume contains an original paper from the pen of Professor Beck on Salt Storms, one from Professor Hare on his Calorimeter, and one from Rafinesque on Atmospheric Dust. Every reader is aware that, when the sun shines through a small aperture into a dark room, its beam displays a crowd of dusty particles, in various shapes, floating lightly upon the air, and invisible in the atmosphere except under such circumstances. Rafinesque, in this paper, shows that not only the whole atmosphere of the earth is charged with these

particles of dust, but that the amount is so great as to produce the most remarkable physical changes: in proof of which the deposit at Segesta, in Sicily, is noticed. At this place are the ruins of a very ancient temple, the steps of which, upon all sides, are built upon the solid rock upon the top of a hill; and yet, at the present day, they are found covered with a debris of earth, from five to eight feet in thickness, composed entirely of the accumulations of this atmospheric dust and the decay of vegetation to which it has furnished food.

The conduct of this Journal met with the most unqualified approbation at home and abroad. "We should find it hard to name," said Edward Everett in 1821, "a literary enterprise in America more likely to be an instrument of raising the reputation of the country abroad in those departments to which it is devoted." Mr. Tilloch, of London, editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*; M. Julien, editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*; Berzelius, of Stockholm; and Dr. Thomas Thomson, Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, were among the number who hastened to write to Professor Silliman commendatory letters regarding it.

But while thus successful in a scientific point of view, it was in a pecuniary aspect, for a considerable length of time, a losing concern. In May, 1821, upon the completion of the third volume, Professor Silliman stated to its readers "that the proprietors of the first volume had not yet received back the money which they have expended; nor is the editor yet repaid simply for the paper, printing, and engraving of the second volume." And yet he says that he is not disheartened; but is satisfied that it will require several years to establish it upon a successful pecuniary foundation, during which period he declares that he will be neither impatient nor querulous, but will calmly await the period when his countrymen shall decide whether or not there shall be an American journal of science and arts.

Among the curiosities contained in these early volumes is a series of original letters addressed by Franklin to Jared Eliot, of Connecticut, who was at the same time a clergyman, a physician, a naturalist, a philosopher, and an agriculturist, and also a member of the Royal Society of London. These letters detail some of the experiences of Franklin as an agriculturist, in which he was not successful. Like most men who have acquired means in a city, he considered that the country would furnish him with more enjoyment for his declining years than town. He accordingly purchased about three hundred acres of land near Burlington, in New Jersey, and began the experiments which he details in the letters written to Mr. Eliot.

Besides his duties as editor, which for many years he performed without aid, there was scarcely a number of the *Journal*, in its early period, that did not contain contributions devoted to original research from his pen. The general index, published after the *Journal* had been in existence for thirty years, shows that the amount

of labor he performed in this manner was both large and important.

Professor Hare, to whose memory Silliman paid, in a contribution to the *Journal*, a fit tribute, as early as 1801 made the discovery that by means of the compound blow-pipe, fed by oxygen and hydrogen gases, a heat could be produced more intense than from any other source then known. Silliman, in 1802-3, while in Philadelphia, witnessed the performance of a series of experiments made by Professor Hare with the compound blow-pipe before Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen gas, who chanced to be in Philadelphia, Mr. Woodhouse, and several others; and at a later period, in 1803, he was occupied with him in prosecuting a similar series of experiments on a more extended scale, which formed the basis of a paper on the subject communicated by Professor Hare to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, which was soon after reprinted in the *Annales de Chemie* of Paris, and in the *Philosophical Magazine* of London.

In December, 1811, Professor Silliman instituted an extended series of experiments in New Haven, during which he melted lime and manganese, and a long list of the most refractory minerals, gems, and other substances which had never before been thus reduced. He communicated a detailed account of these experiments to the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, which was published in their *Transactions* in 1812, and also in Dr. Bruce's *Mineralogical Journal*.

Yet, notwithstanding the publicity thus given by both Professor Hare and himself to these discoveries, he was astonished to read, in the *Annales de Chemie* for 1816, a very elaborate memoir, communicated by Professor Clarke, of the Cambridge University in England, giving a very full account of the series of experiments made by Professor Hare and himself, without recognizing either in connection with them. Silliman devoted a portion of the space of the first number of the *American Journal of Science* to the rectification of this error, which was still further and more completely established by Professor Hare in a subsequent number. Although no doubt now exists as to the true inventor of the compound blow-pipe in either hemisphere, yet I am not aware that Dr. Clarke ever made a recantation, or in any manner acknowledged the instrumentality of Professors Hare and Silliman in the matter.

The series of experiments growing out of this discovery were the most brilliant in his course of chemistry at Yale. By this means he was accustomed to give effect to his lectures by the fusion and volatilization of platina, the combustion of gold and silver, the fusion of rock-crystal, of gun-flint, and of corundum gems, and the production of a light beyond the brightness of the sun. That his lectures were popular, and eagerly anticipated by the students as a pastime rather than an irksome pursuit, is not at all surprising; nor is it more singular that this popular mode of teaching the sciences should have

contributed to increase the number of students in attendance in the other departments of the college.

One can readily imagine his surprise when, years after he had won renown as a lecturer, he found, on a visit to Oxford, that Dr. Daubeny, the eminent lecturer on Chemistry and Botany, could only command a meagre class of about twenty students in a University which has six thousand members on its books, and fifteen hundred in actual attendance. He was informed by a gentleman connected with the University, what appeared sufficiently obvious, that the physical sciences met with little favor with the great body of the University, and that neither Dr. Buckland nor Dr. Daubeny, both eminent in their departments, could obtain more than the small number already mentioned as attendants upon their lectures.

"No wonder," said Silliman, "that the spirit of Dr. Buckland, a noble man, of high talents and attainments, seconded by great zeal, industry, and eloquence, should have been discouraged by classes which would be meagre indeed even in our infant colleges in the youngest States of the Union." He is said to have ended his last course at Oxford with three pupils, and his lecture-room was scarcely able to seat more than twenty-five. A number of persons who had visited him with letters of introduction from Professor Silliman, which always secured for them a kind reception, were astonished to find him lecturing to a class of a dozen pupils. The relations between these two savans were of the most pleasant character, but without a personal acquaintance. Professor Silliman had promised himself much pleasure in a personal interview; but when he reached Oxford he found that the brilliant light of this eminent philosopher was flickering in its socket. His bodily health was good, but his mind had fallen into a state of hopeless imbecility.

The journal with which Silliman's name has been so long associated, and of which he continues to act as senior editor, has assumed a position almost as an oracle on the physical sciences in the United States, and numbers among its contributors the ablest scientific men of the country. The burden of its management has of late years devolved upon his son-in-law, Professor Dana, and his only son, who now fills the professorship of chemistry so long and so ably held by the father in Yale College, while at an advanced age he is allowed to repose quietly under the towering elms that overshadow his pleasant residence.

In 1851, partly to gratify his only son, who had just grown into manhood, and partly from a desire to revisit the scenes which had so pleasantly impressed him in his youth, he made a second voyage to Europe. Forty-five years had elapsed since he had visited England, during which many important changes had taken place. His own country, then scarcely emancipated from its dependence upon England, although virtually freed from her supremacy, and held in slight esteem by European Powers, had risen with a ra-

pidity hitherto unexampled to occupy a position as one of the first Powers of the earth. Her literature, her progress in art and science, but above all her rapid advance in industrial pursuits, was universally acknowledged and warmly applauded. Nor had England in the mean time been laggard. Her vast manufacturing interest, her immense colonial trade, her extensive shipping, and her mining adventures had placed her in the very foremost position as a commercial and an opulent nation. While her towns had largely increased, and manufactories had risen in all directions, the changes effected by steam upon the sea were not less remarkable, and England and the United States were generously vying with each other for the mastery in the perfection of steam navigation upon the ocean. In his former voyage the best conveyance he could procure was a small vessel, engaged in the Liverpool trade, of less than five hundred tons burden; in the latter, the journey was performed in one of those magnificent Collins steamers which reflected such credit upon us as a nation, but which unfortunately, owing to the parsimony of the Government, have been forced to retire from the competition for this trade, after having established for themselves a reputation never before gained by the merchant marine.

One who returns to a place after a prolonged absence usually finds it so altered as to make his visit a melancholy one; but Professor Silliman had the good fortune to be taken charge of at his very landing in Liverpool by a friend whose acquaintance he had formed on his previous visit, and who now, after the lapse of so many years, stood ready to welcome him again to England. This gentleman, whose name was Taylor, was a considerable merchant at Liverpool, and at the same time an amateur astronomer, and as such held a correspondence with some of the most eminent astronomers of the day, including Sir John Herschel, Encke, and Leverrier. "We might," said Professor Silliman, "have easily passed each other in the streets without recognition; but gradually memory performed its office, and, one after another, the form, the features, and the manner of my early friend, although altered by years, reinstated themselves in my recollection." They had parted in the morning of life, and they now met in its sober evening; but although the snow had descended upon their heads it had not chilled the social warmth that glowed in their bosoms. Both were in the possession of excellent bodily health, had an ample supply of the bounties of Providence, and had been favored by the esteem of those among whom their lives had been spent. The meeting was cordial, and memory soon carried them back to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Taylor's father, under whose roof they had met and parted in youth.

When Professor Silliman visited England on a former occasion the armies of Napoleon hung like a dark cloud over the coast of England, threatening momentary invasion, and finally di-

rected their course through the Continent with the brilliant victories which they achieved in their progress. Traveling on the Continent was hazardous, and a visit to France, which he attempted, was impossible. Upon this visit he therefore saw Paris for the first time. With many of its more eminent *savans* he had long held a correspondence, and therefore appeared among them as any thing else than a stranger. Indeed, his intercourse with the learned men of Paris was marked by the utmost courtesy, and, upon their parts, the politest attention.

At the Jardin des Plants he was introduced to M. Adolph Brongniart, who now filled the position of Professor of Geology, which had formerly been occupied by his father. Professor Silliman had held for some time a correspondence with the father, and an occasional one with the son. His reception of him in his apartments in the Garden was marked by a kindness of manner that quite won the heart of his American friend. Besides his position as professor in the Garden, the father had been the director of the famous Sèvres porcelain establishment for forty-seven years, and through the courtesy of the son he was enabled to make a much more thorough examination of this remarkable manufactory than is usually permitted.

He likewise met at the Jardin des Plants M. Milne Edwards, who was likewise a professor in the institution, and occupied the identical house in which the lamented Cuvier had formerly lived. He pointed out the rooms in which he had prosecuted his studies, and the apartment in which he died. "With Professor Edwards," said Silliman, "we had repeated and very gratifying interviews, and his kindness could not be exceeded. Indeed, among the men of science in Paris we met with but a solitary instance of cool manners, but without rudeness."

With M. De Verneulle, who had traveled in the United States, he visited the geological collection of the Garden, which includes the superb collection of Cuvier, in which were the fossil fish of Monte Bolca and other localities, which had been placed at the disposal of Agassiz by Cuvier, when he was a student in Paris in 1824. The Professor recognized the labels placed upon the specimens in the handwriting of his eminent friend. Side by side with these specimens, which derived additional interest from the association which they had with Agassiz, was the famous case containing one fish apparently in the attempt to swallow another. "Mr. Bakewell has suggested," says Professor Silliman, "that the position of these two fishes is only accidental; but it is certainly more dramatic to contemplate the fish in the moment of perishing in a submarine eruption of volcanic mud, as intent upon his meal as if no danger was present."

Among his letters of introduction was one from Professor Guyot, then of Neufchatel, but now the Professor of Physical Geography at Princeton, to Professor Ritter, of Berlin, the eminent physical geographer. He found Ritter a gentleman of remarkably fine personal appear-

ance, and of prepossessing address. "I listened with pleasure," he says, "to his very excellent English. His healthful and bright appearance by no means indicated his age, as he was still in the full energy of physical and mental power." Ritter invited Professor Silliman to attend a meeting of the Geographical Society, of which he was President, where he became acquainted with Ehrenberg, the philosopher of the microscopic world, with the brothers Gustave and Henrich Rose, Professor Dove, the meteorologist, and Mitscherlich, the Professor of General and Applied Chemistry. Since this period Ritter has ceased to live, and his friend Guyot has had the melancholy gratification of pronouncing his eulogy before the American Geographical and Statistical Society.

Soon after his arrival in Berlin Professor Silliman sent a note to Humboldt, asking when it would be convenient for him to receive him. Shortly after Professor Dove called at his hotel with the announcement that Baron Von Humboldt would see him on Monday, between twelve and two, at his house in the city. Accordingly, he went to Humboldt's town-house, which was a plain, unpretending edifice, in a retired part of the city, at one o'clock, and was admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many of his arduous journeyings. Humboldt was seated in his study, which immediately adjoins his library, surrounded by books and charts. He met Silliman with great kindness, and gently chided him for not at once calling without asking permission to do so. He was quite conversant with the acts of scientific men in the United States, and perfectly familiar with the journal edited by Silliman, and his labors, to which he pleasantly alluded. He seemed to take most interest in the progress of physical sciences, and alluded commendingly to the labors of Lieutenant Maury in navigation, Professor Bache in the coast-survey, and Frémont in Western explorations.

"In person," said Professor Silliman, "Humboldt is not much above the middle size, and is not unlike in appearance the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but not as much as most men of his age [he was then 82], and indicates no signs of decrepitude; his eyes were brilliant, his complexion light, his features and person round though not fat, his hair white and thin, his mind active, and his language brilliant and sparkling with bright thoughts. He had a perfect command of the best English, and spoke the language very agreeably. I alluded to a visit he had paid to the United States in 1804, when he had traveled no farther north than Philadelphia." Humboldt told him that he had spent three weeks at that time with Jefferson, at Monticello. He remarked that Jefferson, who was exceedingly interested in his Mexican explorations, developed to him a plan which appeared to him as the natural result which civilization would assume on the American conti-

nent, in which the whole country would be divided into three great republics, involving the union of Mexico and the South American States.

"Although," said Silliman, "the associate of kings, he was evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoiced in the prosperity of the United States."

When about leaving Berlin Silliman addressed a note to Humboldt, expressing his gratification at the interview and asking for his autograph; but instead of his signature he wrote a long note, in which he said, "I have reason to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptation to the abuse of power dangerous to the Union. I am not less impressed with the advantages that the world ought to derive in physical knowledge, positive science, and intelligence, from this very aggrandizement. However imposing the spectacle may be, I think I already descry the distant epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful (three elements not easily associated), shall penetrate the tropical regions and the high table-lands of Mexico. Bogota, Quito, and Potosi shall come to resemble in their institutions New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

At the time of this visit Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a publication on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, which he was writing from original observations made in his various wanderings. He told Professor Silliman that the greater part of his literary labors were performed when others slept, as the King usually required his presence at the times usually devoted to such pursuits; but he found that he could get along very well with but four hours' sleep, and hence his capacity to perform a large amount of literary labor. "His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of fourscore-and-four years he surveys the vast field of his labors, the reflection of which he is giving to the world in that comprehensive Hellenism which expresses both the universal and the beautiful—the *Kosmos*. He is a philosopher who belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and when he dies no one will be found to fill his place."

Since this observation was made Humboldt, at a remarkably advanced age, has been called to his final repose; and although the event was not unexpected, yet it produced a profound impression throughout the world, such as could have arisen from the decease of no other man, however exalted his position or wide-spread his fame. I can only hope that the last days of our friend, who is far advanced in years (he is now 83), may close as peacefully and quietly as those of the distinguished philosopher whose reputation is as extensive as his *Kosmos* is comprehensive.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning, while with that cheerful, unanxious countenance which those about an invalid must learn continually to wear, Elizabeth was trying to persuade her mistress not to rise, she heard a knock, and made some excuse for escaping. She well knew what it was, and who had come.

There, in the parlor, sat Miss Hilary, Mrs. Jones talking at her rather than to her, for she hardly seemed to hear. But that she had heard every thing was clear enough. Her drawn white face, the tight clasp of her hands, showed that the ill tidings had struck her hard.

"Go away, Mrs. Jones," cried Elizabeth, fiercely. "Miss Hilary will call when she wants you."

And with an ingenious movement that just fell short of a push, somehow the woman was got on the other side of the parlor-door, which Elizabeth immediately shut. Then Miss Hilary stretched her hands across the table and looked up piteously in her servant's face.

Only a servant; only that poor servant to whom she could look for any comfort in this sore trouble, this bitter humiliation. There was no attempt at disguise or concealment between mistress and maid.

"Mrs. Jones has told me every thing, Elizabeth. How is my sister? She does not know?"

"No; and I think she is a good deal better this morning. She has been very bad all week; only she would not let me send for you. She is really getting well now; I'm sure of that."

"Thank God!" And then Miss Hilary began to weep.

Elizabeth also was thankful, even for those tears, for she had been perplexed by the hard, dry-eyed look of misery, deeper than any thing she could comprehend, or than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

It was deeper. The misery was not only Ascott's arrest; many a lad has got into debt and got out again—the first taste of the law proving a warning to him for life; but it was this ominous "beginning of the end." The fatal end—which seemed to overhang like a hereditary cloud, to taint as with hereditary disease, the Leaf family.

Another bitterness (and who shall blame it, for when love is really love, have not the lovers a right to be one another's first thought?)—what would Robert Lyon say? To his honest Scotch nature poverty was nothing; honor every thing. She knew his horror of debt was even equal to her own. This, and her belief in his freedom from all false pride, had sustained her against many doubts lest he might think the less of her because of her present position—might feel

ashamed could he see her sitting at her ledger in that high desk, or even occasionally serving in the shop.

Many a time things she would have passed over lightly on her own account she had felt on his; felt how they would annoy and vex him. The exquisitely natural thought which Tennyson has put into poetry—

"If I am dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear"—

had often come, prosaically enough perhaps, into her head, and prevented her from spoiling her little hands with unnecessarily rough work, or carelessly passing down ill streets and by-ways, where she knew Robert Lyon, had he been in London, would never have allowed her to go. Now what did such things signify? What need of taking care of herself? These were all superficial, external disgraces, the real disgrace was within. The plague-spot had burst out anew; it seemed as if this day were the recommencement of that bitter life of penury, misery, and humiliation, familiar through three generations to the women of the Leaf family.

It appeared like a fate. No use to try and struggle out of it, stretching her arms up to Robert Lyon's tender, honest, steadfast heart, there to be sheltered, taken care of, and made happy. No happiness for her! Nothing but to go on enduring and enduring to the end.

Such was Hilary's first emotion: morbid perhaps, yet excusable. It might have lasted longer—though in her healthy nature it could not have lasted very long, had not the reaction come, suddenly and completely, by the opening of the parlor door and the appearance of Miss Leaf.

Miss Leaf—pale, indeed; but neither alarmed nor agitated, who hearing somehow that her child had arrived, had hastily dressed herself, and come down stairs, in order not to frighten Hilary. And as she took her in her arms, and kissed her with those mother-like kisses, which were the sweetest Hilary had as yet ever known—the sharp anguish went out of the poor girl's heart.

"Oh, Johanna! I can bear any thing as long as I have you."

And so in this simple and natural way the miserable secret about Ascott came out.

Being once out, it did not seem half so dreadful; nor was its effect nearly so serious as Miss Hilary and Elizabeth had feared. Miss Leaf bore it wonderfully; she might almost have known it beforehand; they would have thought she had, but that she said decidedly she had not.

"Still you need not have minded telling me; though it was very good and thoughtful of you, Elizabeth. You have gone through a great deal for our sakes, my poor girl."

Elizabeth burst into one smothered sob—the first and the last.

"Nay," said Miss Leaf, very kindly; for this unwonted emotion in their servant moved them both. "You shall tell me the rest another time. Go down now, and get Miss Hilary some breakfast."

When Elizabeth had departed the sisters turned to one another. They did not talk much; where was the use of it? They both knew the worst, both as to facts and fears.

"What must be done, Johanna?"

Johanna, after a long pause, said, "I see but one thing—to get him home."

Hilary started up, and walked to and fro along the room.

"No, not that. I will never agree to it. We can not help him. He does not deserve helping. If the debts were for food now, or any necessities; but for mere luxuries, mere fine clothes; it is his tailor who has arrested him, you know. I would rather see us all in rags! It's mean, selfish, cowardly, and I despise him for it. Though he is my own flesh and blood, I despise him."

"Hilary!"

"No," and the tears burst from her angry eyes, "I don't mean that I despise him. I'm sorry for him; there is good in him, poor dear lad; but I despise his weakness; I feel fierce to think how much it will cost us all, and especially you, Johanna. Only think what comforts of all sorts that thirty pounds would have brought to you!"

"God will provide," said Johanna, earnestly. "But I know, my dear, this is sharper to you than to me. Besides, I have been more used to it."

She closed her eyes, with a half shudder, as if living over again the old days—when Henry Leaf's wife and eldest daughter used to have to give dinner-parties upon food that stuck in their throats, as if every morsel had been stolen; which in truth it was, and yet they were helpless, innocent thieves; when they and the children had to wear clothes that seemed to poison them like the shirt of Dejanira; when they durst not walk along special streets, nor pass particular shops, for the feeling that the shop-people must be staring, and pointing, and jibing at them, "Pay me what thou owest."

"But things can not again be so bad as those days, Hilary. Ascott is young; he may mend. People *can* mend, my child; and he had such a different bringing-up from what his father had, and his grandfather, too. We must not be hopeless yet. You see," and making Hilary kneel down before her, she took her by both hands, as if to impart something of her own quietness to this poor heart, struggling as young, honest, upright hearts do struggle with something which their whole nature revolts against, and loathes, and scorns—"you see, the boy is our boy; our own flesh and blood. We were very foolish to let him away from us for so long. We might have made him better if we had kept him at

Stowbury. But he is young; that is my hope of him; and he was always fond of his aunts, and is still, I think."

Hilary smiled sadly. "Deeds, not words. I don't believe in words."

"Well, let us put aside believing, and only act. Let us give him another chance."

Hilary shook her head. "Another, and another, and another—it will be always the same. I know it will. I can't tell how it is, Johanna; but whenever I look at you, I feel so stern and hard to Ascott. It seems as if there were circumstances when pity to some, to one, was wicked injustice to others; as if there were times when it is right and needful to lop off, at once and forever, a rotten branch, rather than let the whole tree go to rack and ruin. I would do it! I should think myself justified in doing it."

"But not just yet. He is only a boy—our own boy."

And the two women, in both of whom the maternal passion existed strong and deep, yet in the one never had found, and in the other never might find, its natural channel, wept together over this lad, almost as mothers weep.

"But what can we do?" said Hilary at last.

"Thirty pounds, and not a halfpenny to pay it with; must we borrow?"

"Oh no—no," was the answer, with a shrinking gesture; "no borrowing. There is the diamond ring."

This was a sort of heir-loom from eldest daughter to eldest daughter of the Leaf family, which had been kept, even as a sort of superstition, through all temptations of poverty. The last time Miss Leaf looked at it she had remarked, jestingly, it should be given some day to that important personage talked of for many a year among the three aunts—Mrs. Ascott Leaf.

"Who must do without it now," said Johanna, looking regretfully at the ring; "that is, if he ever takes to himself a wife, poor boy."

Hilary answered, beneath her breath, "Unless he alters, I earnestly hope he never may." And there came over her involuntarily a wild, despairing thought, Would it not be better that neither Ascott nor herself should ever be married, that the family might die out, and trouble the world no more?

Nevertheless she rose up to do what she knew had to be done, and what there was nobody to do but herself.

"Don't mind it, Johanna; for indeed I do not. I shall go to a first-rate, respectable jeweler, and he will not cheat me; and then I shall find my way to the sponging-house—isn't that what they call it? I dare say many a poor woman has been there before me. I am not the first, and shall not be the last, and nobody will harm me. I think I look honest, though my name is Leaf."

She laughed—a bitter laugh; but Johanna silenced it in a close embrace; and when Hilary rose up again she was quite her natural self. She summoned Elizabeth, and began giving her

all domestic directions, just as usual; finally, bade her sister good-by in a tone as like her usual tone as possible, and left her settled on the sofa in content and peace.

Elizabeth followed to the door. Miss Hilary had asked her for the card on which Ascott had written the address of the place where he had been taken to; and though the girl said not a word, her anxious eyes made piteous inquiry.

Her mistress patted her on the shoulder.

"Never mind about me; I shall come to no harm, Elizabeth."

"It's a bad place; such a dreadful place, Mrs. Jones says."

"Is it?" Elizabeth guessed part, not the whole of the feelings that made Hilary hesitate, shrink even, from the duty before her, turning first so hot, and then so pale. Only as a duty could she have done it at all. "No matter, I must go. Take care of my sister."

She ran down the door-steps, and walked quickly through the Crescent. It was a clear, sunshiny, frosty day—such a day as always both cheered and calmed her. She had, despite all her cares, youth, health, energy; and a holy and constant love lay like a sleeping angel in her heart. Must I tell the truth, and own that before she had gone two streets' length Hilary ceased to feel so very, very miserable?

Love—this kind of love of which I speak—is a wonderful thing, the most wonderful thing in all the world. The strength it gives, the brightness, the actual happiness, even in hardest times, is often quite miraculous. When Hilary sat waiting in the jeweler's shop, she watched a little episode of high life—two wealthy people choosing their marriage-plate; the bride, so careless and haughty; the bridegroom, so unutterably mean to look at, stamped with that innate smallness and coarseness of soul which his fine clothes only made more apparent. And she thought—oh, how fondly she thought!—of that honest, manly mien; of that true, untainted heart, which, she felt sure, had never loved any woman but herself; of the warm, firm hand, carving its way through the world for her sake, and waiting patiently till it could openly clasp hers, and give her every thing it had won. She would not have exchanged him, Robert Lyon, with his penniless love, his half-hopeless fortunes, or maybe his lot of never-ending care, for the "brawest bridegroom" under the sun.

Under this sun—the common, everyday winter sun of Regent and Oxford streets—she walked now as brightly and bravely as if there were no trouble before her, no painful meeting with Ascott, no horrid humiliation from which every womanly feeling in her nature shrunk with acute pain. "Robert, my Robert!" she whispered in her heart, and felt him so near to her that she was at rest, she hardly knew why.

Possibly grand, or clever, or happy people who condescend to read this story may despise it, think it unideal, uninteresting; treating of small things and common people—"poor persons," in short. I can not help it. I write for the poor;

not to excite the compassion of the rich toward them, but to show them their own dignity and the bright side of their poverty. For it has its bright side; and its very darkest, when no sin is mixed up therewith, is brighter than many an outwardly prosperous life.

"Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

"Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife."

With these two sage proverbs—which all acknowledge and scarcely any really believe, or surely they would act a little more as if they did—I leave Johanna Leaf sitting silently in her solitary parlor, knitting stockings for her child; weaving many a mingled web of thought withal, yet never letting a stitch go down; and Hilary Leaf walking cheerily and fearlessly up one strange street and down another to find out the "bad" place, where she once had no idea it would ever have been her lot to go. One thing she knew, and gloried in the knowledge, that if Robert Lyon had known she was going, or known half the cares she had to meet, he would have recrossed the Indian seas—have risked fortune, competence, hope of the future, which was the only cheer of his hard present—in order to save her from them all.

The minute history of this painful day I do not mean to tell. Hilary never told it till, years after, she wept it out upon a bosom that could understand the whole, and would take good care that while the life beat in his *she* never should go through the like again.

Ascott came home—that is, was brought home—very humbled, contrite, and grateful. There was no one to meet him but his Aunt Johanna, and she just kissed him quietly, and bade him come over to the fire; he was shivering, and somewhat pale. He had even two tears in his handsome eyes, the first Ascott had been known to shed since he was a boy. That he felt a good deal, perhaps as much as was in his nature to feel, there could be no doubt. So his two aunts were glad and comforted; gave him his tea and the warmest seat at the hearth; said not a harsh word to him, but talked to him about indifferent things. Tea being over, Hilary was anxious to get every thing painful ended before Selina came home—Selina, who, they felt by instinct, had now a separate interest from themselves, and had better not be told this sad story if possible; so she asked her nephew "if he remembered what they had to do this evening?"

"Had to do? Oh, Aunt Hilary, I'm so tired! can't you let me be quiet? Only this one night. I promise to bring you every thing on Monday."

"Monday will be too late. I shall be away. And you know you can't do without my excellent arithmetic," she added, with a faint smile. "Now, Ascott, be a good boy—fetch down all those bills and let us go over them together."

"His debts came to more than the thirty pounds then?" said his Aunt Johanna, when he was gone.

"Yes. But the ring sold for fifty." And

Hilary drew to the table, got writing materials, and sat waiting, with a dull, silent patience in her look, at which Johanna sighed and said no more.

The aunt and nephew spent some time in going over that handful of papers, and approximating to the sum total, in that kind of awful arithmetic when figures cease to be mere figures, but grow into avenging monsters, bearing with them life or death.

"Is that all? You are quite sure it is all?" said Hilary at last, pointing to the whole amount, and looking steadily into Ascott's eyes.

He flushed up, and asked what she meant by doubting his word?

"Not that, but you might easily have made a mistake; you are so careless about money matters."

"Ah, that's it. I'm just careless, and so I come to grief. But I never mean to be careless any more. I'll be as precise as you. I'll balance my books every week—every day if you like—exactly as you do at that horrid shop, Aunt Hilary."

So he was rattling on, but Hilary stopped him by pointing to the figures.

"You see, this sum is more than we expected. How is it to be met? Think for yourself. You are a man now."

"I know that," said Ascott, sullenly; "but what's the use of it?—money only makes the man, and I have none. If the ancient Peter would but die now and leave me his heir, though to be sure Aunt Selina might be putting her oar in. Perhaps—considering I'm Aunt Selina's nephew—if I were to walk into the old chap now he might be induced to fork out! Hurrah! that's a splendid idea."

"What idea?"

"I'll borrow the money from old Ascott."

"That means, because he has already given, you would have him keep on giving—and you would take and take and take—Ascott, I'm ashamed of you."

But Ascott only burst out laughing. "Nonsense!—he has money and I have none; why shouldn't he give it me?"

"Why?"—she repeated, her eyes flashing and her little feminine figure seeming to grow taller while she spoke—"I'll tell you, since you don't seem yourself to understand it. Because a young man, with health and strength in him, should blush to eat any bread but what he himself earns. Because he should work at any thing and every thing, stint himself of every luxury and pleasure, rather than ask or borrow, or, except under rare circumstances, rather than be indebted to any living soul for a single half-penny. I would not, if I were a young man."

"What a nice young man you would make, Aunt Hilary!"

There was something in the lad's imperturbable good-humor at once irritating and disarming. Whatever his faults, they were more negative than positive; there was no malice prepense about him, no absolute personal wickedness.

And he had the strange charm of manner and speech which keeps up one's outer surface of habitual affection toward a person long after all its foundations of trust and respect have hopelessly crumbled away.

"Come now, my pretty aunt must go with me. She will manage the old ogre much better than I. And he must be managed somehow. It's all very fine talking of independence, but isn't it hard that a poor fellow should be living in constant dread of being carried off to that horrid, uncleanly, beastly den—bah! I don't like thinking of it—and all for want of twenty pounds? You must go to him, Aunt Hilary."

She saw they must—there was no help for it. Even Johanna said so. It was after all only asking for Ascott's quarterly allowance three days in advance, for it was due on Tuesday. But what jarred against her proud, honest spirit was the implication that such a request gave of taking as a right that which had been so long bestowed as a favor. Nothing but the great strait they were in could ever have driven her to consent that Mr. Ascott should be applied to at all; but since it must be done, she felt that she had better do it herself. Was it from some lurking doubt or dread that Ascott might not speak the entire truth, as she had insisted upon its being spoken, before Mr. Ascott was asked for any thing? since whatever he gave must be given with a full knowledge on his part of the whole pitiable state of affairs.

It was with a strange, sad feeling—the sadder because he never seemed to suspect it, but talked and laughed with her as usual—that she took her nephew's arm and walked silently through the dark squares, perfectly well aware that he only asked her to go with him in order to do an unpleasant thing which he did not like to do himself, and that she only went with him in the character of watch, or supervisor, to try and save him from doing something which she herself would be ashamed should be done.

Yet he was ostensibly the head, hope, and stay of the family. Alas! many a family has to submit to, and smile under an equally melancholy and fatal sham.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Ascott was sitting half asleep in his solitary dining-room, his face rosy with wine, his heart warmed also, probably from the same cause. Not that he was in the least "tipsy"—that low word applicable only to low people, and not to men of property, who have a right to enjoy all the good things of this life. He was scarcely even "merry," merely "comfortable," in that cozy, benevolent state which middle-aged or elderly gentlemen are apt to fall into after a good dinner and good wine, when they have no mental resources, and the said good dinner and good wine constitutes their best notion of felicity.

Yet wealth and comfort are not things to be

despised. Hilary herself was not insensible to the pleasantness of this warm, well-lit, crimson-atmosphered apartment. She as well as her neighbors liked pretty things about her, soft, harmonious colors to look at and wear, well-cooked food to eat, cheerful rooms to live in. If she could have had all these luxuries with those she loved to share them, no doubt she would have been much happier. But yet she felt to the full that solemn truth that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesses;" and though hers was outwardly so dark, so full of poverty, anxiety, and pain, still she knew that inwardly it owned many things, one thing especially, which no money could buy, and without which fine houses, fine furniture, and fine clothes—indeed, all the comforts and splendors of existence, would be worse than valueless, actual torment. So as she looked around her she felt not the slightest envy of her sister Selina.

Nor of honest Peter, who rose up from his arm-chair, pulling the yellow silk handkerchief from his sleepy face, and, it must be confessed, receiving his future connections very willingly, and even kindly.

Now how was he to be told? How when she and Ascott sat over the wine and dessert he had ordered for them, listening to the rich man's complaisant pomposities, were they to explain that they had come a begging, asking him, as the climax to his liberalities, to advance a few pounds in order to keep the young man whom he had for years generously and sufficiently maintained out of prison? This, smooth it over as one might, was, Hilary felt, the plain English of the matter, and as minute after minute lengthened, and nothing was said of their errand, she sat upon thorns.

But Ascott drank his wine and ate his walnuts quite composedly.

At last Hilary said, in a sort of desperation, "Mr. Ascott, I want to speak to you."

"With pleasure, my dear young lady. Will you come to my study?—I have a most elegantly furnished study, I assure you. And any affair of yours—"

"Thank you, but it is not mine; it concerns my nephew here."

And then she braced up all her courage, and while Ascott busied himself over his walnuts—he had the grace to look excessively uncomfortable—she told, as briefly as possible, the bitter truth.

Mr. Ascott listened, apparently without surprise, and any how, without comment. His self-important loquacity ceased, and his condescending smile passed into a sharp, reticent, business look. He knitted his shaggy brows, contracted that coarsely-hung, but resolute mouth, in which lay the secret of his success in life, buttoned up his coat, and stuck his hands behind him over his coat-tails. As he stood there on his own hearth, with all his comfortable splendors about him—a man who had made his own money, hardly and honestly, who from

the days when he was a poor errand-lad had had no one to trust to but himself, yet had managed always to help himself, ay, and others too—Hilary's stern sense of justice contrasted him with the graceful young man who sat opposite to him, so much his inferior, and so much his debtor. She owned that Peter Ascott had a right to look both contemptuous and displeased.

"A very pretty story, but I almost expected it," said he.

And there he stopped. In his business capacity he was too acute a man to be a man of many words, and his feelings, if they existed, were kept to himself.

"It all comes to this, young man," he continued, after an uncomfortable pause, in which Hilary could have counted every beat of her heart, and even Ascott played with his wine-glass in a nervous kind of way—"you want money, and you think I'm sure to give it, because it wouldn't be pleasant just now to have discreditable stories going about concerning the future Mrs. Ascott's relatives. You're quite right, it wouldn't. But I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff for all that. You must rise very early in the morning to take me in."

Hilary started up in an agony of shame. "That's not fair, Mr. Ascott. We do not take you in. Have we not told you the whole truth? I was determined you should know it before we asked you for one farthing of your money. If there were the smallest shadow of a chance for Ascott in any other way, we never would have come to you at all. It is a horrible, horrible humiliation!"

It might be that Peter Ascott had a soft place in his heart, or that this time, just before his marriage, was the one crisis which sometimes occurs in a hard man's life, when, if the right touch comes, he becomes malleable ever after: but he looked kindly at the poor girl, and said, in quite a gentle way,

"Don't vex yourself, my dear. I shall give the young fellow what he wants; nobody ever called Peter Ascott stingy. But he has cost me enough already; he must shift for himself now. Hand me over that check-book, Ascott; but remember this is the last you'll ever see of my money."

He wrote the memorandum of the check inside the page, then tore off the check itself, and proceeded to write the words "Twenty pounds," date it, and sign it, lingering over the signature, as if he had a certain pride in the honest name "Peter Ascott," and was well aware of its monetary value on 'Change and elsewhere.

"There, Miss Hilary, I flatter myself that's not a bad signature, nor would be easily forged. One can not be too careful over—What's that? a letter, John?"

By his extreme eagerness, almost snatching it from his footman's hands, it was one of importance. He made some sort of rough apology, drew the writing materials to him, wrote one or two business-looking letters, and made out one or two more checks.

"Here's yours, Ascott; take it, and let me have done with it," said he, throwing it across the table folded up. "Can't waste time on such small transactions. Ma'am, excuse me, but five thousands pounds depends on my getting these letters written and sent off within a quarter of an hour."

Hilary bent her head, and sat watching the pen scratch, and the clock tick on the mantle-piece; thinking if this really was to be the last of his godfather's allowance, what on earth would become of Ascott? For Ascott himself, he said not a word. Not even when, the letters dispatched, Mr. Ascott rose, and administering a short, sharp homily, tacitly dismissed his visitors. Whether this silence was sullenness, cowardice, or shame, Hilary could not guess.

She quitted the house with a sense of grinding humiliation almost intolerable. But still the worst was over; the money had been begged and given—there was no fear of a prison. And spite of every thing, Hilary felt a certain relief that this was the last time Ascott would be indebted to his godfather. Perhaps this total cessation of extraneous help might force the young man upon his own resources, compel his easy temperament into active energy, and bring out in him those dormant qualities that his aunts still fondly hoped existed in him.

"Don't be down-hearted, Ascott," she said; "we will manage to get on somehow till you hear of a practice, and then you must work—work like a 'brick,' as you call it. You will, I know."

He answered nothing.

"I won't let you give in, my boy," she went on, kindly. "Who would ever dream of giving in at your age, with health and strength, a good education, and no incumbrances whatever—not even aunts! for we will not stand in your way, be sure of that. If you can not settle here, you shall try to get out abroad, as you have sometimes wished, as an army-surgeon or a ship's doctor; you say these appointments are easy enough to be had. Why not try? Any thing; we will consent to any thing, if only we can see your life busy and useful and happy."

Thus she talked, feeling far more tenderly to him in his forlorn despondency than when they had quitted the house two hours before. But Ascott took not the slightest notice. A strange fit of sullenness or depression seemed to have come over him, which, when they reached home and met Aunt Johanna's silently-questioning face, changed into devil-may-care indifference.

"Oh yes, aunt, we've done it; we've got the money, and now I may go to the dogs as soon as I like."

"No," said Aunt Hilary, "it is nothing of the sort: it is only that Ascott must now depend upon himself, and not upon his godfather. Take courage," she added, and went up to him and kissed him on the forehead; "we'll never let our boy go to the dogs! and as for this disappointment, or any disappointment, why it's just like a cold bath, it takes away your breath for

the time, and then you rise up out of it brisker and fresher than ever."

But Ascott shook his head with a fierce denial. "Why should that old fellow be as rich as Croesus and I as poor as a rat? Why should I be put into the world to enjoy myself, and can't? Why was I made like what I am, and then punished for it? Whose fault is it?"

Ay, *whose?* The eternal, unsolvable problem rose up before Hilary's imagination. The ghastly spectre of that everlasting doubt, which haunts even the firmest faith sometimes—and which all the nonsense written about that mystery which,

"Binding nature fast in fate,
Leaves free the human will,"

only makes darker than before—oppressed her for the time being with an inexpressible dread.

Ay, *why* was it that the boy was what he was? From his inherited nature, his temperament, or his circumstances? What, or more awful question still, *who* was to blame?

But as Hilary's thoughts went deeper down the question answered itself—at least as far as it ever can be answered in this narrow, finite stage of being. Whose will—we dare not say whose blame—is it that evil must inevitably generate evil? that the smallest wrong-doing in any human being rouses a chain of results which may fatally involve other human beings in an almost incalculable circle of misery? The wages of sin is death. Were it not so sin would cease to be sin, and holiness, holiness. If He, the All-holy, who for some inscrutable purpose saw fit to allow the existence of evil, allowed any other law than this, in either the spiritual or material world, would He not be denying Himself, counteracting the necessities of His own righteous essence, to which evil is so antagonistic, that we can not doubt it must be in the end cast into total annihilation—into the allegorical lake of fire and brimstone, which is the "second death?" Nay, do they not in reality deny Him and His holiness almost as much as Atheists do, who preach that the one great salvation which He has sent into the world is a salvation *from punishment*—a keeping out of hell and getting into heaven—instead of a salvation *from sin*, from the power and love of sin, through the love of God in Christ?

I tell these thoughts, because like lightning they passed through Hilary's mind, as sometimes a whole chain of thoughts do, link after link, and because they helped her to answer her nephew quietly and briefly, for she saw he was in no state of mind to be argued with.

"I can not explain, Ascott, why it is that any of us are what we are, and why things happen to us as they do; it is a question we none of us understand, and in this world never shall. But if we know what we ought to be, and how we may make the best of every thing, good or bad, that happens to us, surely that is enough, without perplexing ourselves about any thing more."

Ascott smiled, half contemptuously, half carelessly: he was not a young fellow likely to per-

plex himself long or deeply about these sort of things.

"Any how, I've got £20 in my pocket, so I can't starve for a day or two. Let's see; where is it to be cashed? Hillo! who would have thought the old fellow would have been so stupid? Look there, Aunt Hilary!"

She was so unfamiliar with checks for £20, poor little woman! that she did not at first recognize the omission of the figures "£20" at the left-hand corner. Otherwise the check was correct.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Ascott, exceedingly amused, so easily was the current of his mind changed. "It must have been the £5000 pending that muddled the 'cute old fellow's brains. I wonder whether he will remember it afterward, and come posting up to see that I've taken no ill-advantage of his blunder; changed this 'Twenty' into 'Seventy.' I easily could, and put the figures £70 here. What a good joke!"

"Had ye not better go to him at once, and have the matter put right?"

"Rubbish! I can put it right myself. It makes no difference who fills up a check, so that it is signed all correct. A deal you women know of business!"

But still Hilary, with a certain womanish uneasiness about money-matters, and an anxiety to have the thing settled beyond doubt, urged him to go.

"Very well; just as you like. I do believe you are afraid of my turning forger."

He buttoned his coat with a half-sulky, half-defiant air, left his supper untasted, and disappeared.

It was midnight before he returned. His aunts were still sitting up, imagining all sorts of horrors, in an anxiety too great for words; but when Hilary ran to the door, with the natural "Oh, Ascott, where have you been?" he pushed her aside with a gesture that was almost fierce in its repulsion.

"Where have I been? taking a walk round the Park; that's all. Can't I come and go as I like, without being pestered by women? I'm horribly tired. Let me alone—do!"

They did let him alone. Deeply wounded, Aunt Johanna took no further notice of him than to set his chair a little closer to the fire, and Aunt Hilary slipped down stairs for more coals. There she found Elizabeth, who they thought had long since gone to bed, sitting on the stairs, very sleepy, but watching still.

"Is he come in?" she asked; "because there are more bailiffs after him. I'm sure of it; I saw them."

This, then, might account for his keeping out of the way till after twelve o'clock, and also for his wild, haggard look. Hilary put aside her vague dread of some new misfortune; assured Elizabeth that all was right; he had got wherewithal to pay every body on Monday morning, and would be safe till then. All debtors were safe on Sunday.

"Go to bed now—there's a good girl; it is

hard that you should be troubled with our troubles."

Elizabeth looked up with those fond gray eyes of hers. She was but a servant, and yet looks like these engraved themselves ineffaceably on her mistress's heart, imparting the comfort that all pure love gives from any one human being to another.

And love has its wonderful rights and rewards. Perhaps Elizabeth, who thought herself nothing at all to her mistress, would have marveled to know how much closer her mistress felt to this poor, honest, loving girl, whose truth she believed in, and on whose faithfulness she implicitly depended, than toward her own flesh and blood, who sat there moodily over the hearth; deeply pitied, sedulously cared for, but as for being confided in, relied on, in great matters or small, his own concerns or theirs—the thing was impossible.

They could not even ask him—they dared not, in such a strange mood was he—the simple question, Had he seen Mr. Ascott, and had Mr. Ascott been annoyed about the check? It would not have been referred to at all had not Hilary, in holding his coat to dry, taken his pocket-book out of the breast-pocket, when he snatched at it angrily.

"What are you meddling with my things for? Do you want to get at the check, and be peering at it to see if it's all right? But you can't; I've paid it away. Perhaps you'd like to know who to? Then you sha'n't. I'll not be accountable to you for all my proceedings. I'll not be treated like a baby. You'd better mind what you are about, Aunt Hilary."

Never, in all his childish naughtiness, or boyish impertinence, had Ascott spoken to her in such a tone. She regarded him at first with simple astonishment, then hot indignation, which spurred her on to stand up for her dignity, and not submit to be insulted by her own nephew. But then came back upon her her own doctrine, taught by her own experience, that character and conduct alone constitutes real dignity or authority. She had, in point of fact, no authority over him; no one can have, not even parents, over a young man of his age, except that personal influence which is the strongest sway of all.

She said only, with a quietness that surprised herself—"You mistake, Ascott; I have no wish to interfere with you whatever; you are your own master, and must take your own course. I only expect from you the ordinary respect that a gentleman shows to a lady. You must be very tired and ill, or you would not have forgotten that."

"I didn't; or, if I did, I beg your pardon," said he, half-subdued. "When are you going to bed?"

"Directly. Shall I light your candle also?"

"Oh no; not for the world; I couldn't sleep a wink. I'd go mad if I went to bed. I think I'll turn out and have a cigar."

His whole manner was so strange that his

Aunt Johanna, who had sat aloof, terribly grieved, but afraid to interfere, was moved to rise up and go over to him.

"Ascott, my dear, you are looking quite ill. Be advised by your old auntie. Go to bed at once, and forget every thing till morning."

"I wish I could; I wish I could. Oh, Auntie, Auntie!"

He caught hold of her hand, which she had laid upon his head, looked up a minute into her kind, fond face, and burst into a flood of boyish tears.

Evidently his troubles had been too much for him; he was in a state of great excitement. For some minutes his sobs were almost hysterical: then by a struggle he recovered himself, seemed exceedingly annoyed and ashamed, took up his candle, bade them a hurried good-night, and went to bed.

That is, he went to his room; but they heard him moving about overhead for a long while after; nor were they surprised that he refused to rise next morning, but lay most of the time with his door locked, until late in the afternoon, when he went out for a long walk, and did not return till supper, which he ate almost in silence. Then, after going up to his room, and coming down again, complaining bitterly how very cold it was, he crept in to the fireside with a book in his hand, of which Hilary noticed he scarcely read a line.

His aunts said nothing to him; they had determined not; they felt that further interference would be not only useless but dangerous.

"He will come to himself by-and-by; his moods, good or bad, never last long, you know," said Hilary, somewhat bitterly. "But, in the mean time, I think we had better just do as he says—let him alone."

And in that sad, hopeless state they passed the last hours of that dreary Sunday—afraid either to comfort him or reason with him; afraid, above all, to blame him lest it might drive him altogether astray. That he was in a state of great misery, half sullen, half defiant, they saw, and were scarcely surprised at it; it was very hard not to be able to open their loving hearts to him, as those of one family should always do, making every trouble a common care, and every joy a universal blessing. But in his present state of mind—the sudden obstinacy of a weak nature conscious of its weakness, and dreading control—it seemed impossible either to break upon his silence or to force his confidence.

They might have been right in this, or wrong; afterward Hilary thought the latter. Many a time she wished and wished, with a bitter regret, that instead of the quiet "Good-night, Ascott!" and the one rather cold kiss on his forehead, she had flung her arms round his neck, and insisted on his telling out his whole mind to her, his nearest kinswoman, who had been half aunt and half sister to him all his life. But it was not done: she parted from him, as she did Sunday after Sunday, with a sore sick feeling of how much he might be to her, to them all, and how little he really was.

If this silence of hers was a mistake—one of those mistakes which sensitive people sometimes make—it was, like all similar errors, only too sorrowfully remembered and atoned for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE week passed by, and Hilary received no ill tidings from home. Incessant occupation kept her from dwelling too much on anxious subjects: besides, she would not have thought it exactly right, while her time and her mental powers were for so many hours per diem legally Miss Balquidder's, to waste the one and weaken the other by what is commonly called "fretting." Nor, carrying this conscientious duty to a higher degree, and toward a higher Master, would she have dared to sit grieving overmuch over their dark future. And yet it was very dark. She pondered over what was to be done with Ascott, or whether he was still to be left to the hopeless hope of doing something for himself: how long the little establishment at No. 15 could be kept together, or if, after Selina's marriage, it would not be advisable to make some change that should contract expenses, and prevent this hard separation, from Monday to Saturday, between Johanna and herself.

These, with equally anxious thoughts, attacked her in crowds every day and every hour; but she had generally sufficient will to put them aside: at least till after work was done, and they could neither stupefy nor paralyze her. Trouble had to her been long enough familiar to have taught her its own best lesson—that the mind can, in degree, rule itself, even as it rules the body.

Thus, in her business duties, which were principally keeping accounts; in her management of the two young people under her, and of the small domestic establishment connected with the shop, Hilary went steadily on, day after day; made no blunders in her arithmetic, no mistakes in her housekeeping. Being new to all her responsibilities, she had to give her whole mind to them; and she did it; and it was a blessing to her—the sanctified blessing which rests upon labor, almost seeming to neutralize its primeval curse.

But night after night, when work was over, she sat alone at her sewing—the only time she had for it—and her thoughts went faster than her needle. She turned over plan after plan, and went back upon hope after hope, that had risen and broken like waves of the sea—nothing happening that she had expected; the only thing which had happened, or which seemed to have any permanence or reality, being two things which she had never expected at all—Selina's marriage, and her own engagement with Miss Balquidder. It often happens so, in most people's lives, until at last they learn to live on from day to day, doing each day's duty within the day, and believing that it is a righteous as well

as a tender hand which keeps the next day's page safely folded down.

So Hilary sat, glad to have a quiet hour, not to grieve in, but to lay out the details of a plan which had been maturing in her mind all week, and which she meant definitely to propose to Johanna when she went home next day. It would cost her something to do so, and she had had some hesitations as to the scheme itself, until at last she threw them all to the winds, as an honest-hearted, faithful, and faithfully-trusting woman would. Her plan was, that they should write to the only real friend the family had—the only good man she believed in—stating plainly their troubles and difficulties about their nephew; asking his advice, and possibly his help. He might know of something—some opening for a young surgeon in India, or some temporary appointment for the voyage out and home, which might catch Ascott's erratic and easily-attracted fancy; give him occupation for the time being, and at least detach him from his present life, with all its temptations and dangers.

Also, it might result in bringing the boy again under that influence which had been so beneficial to him while it lasted, and which Hilary devoutly believed was the best influence in the world. Was it unnatural, if, mingled with an earnest desire for Ascott's good, was an underlying delight that that good should be done to him by Robert Lyon?

So when her plan was made, even to the very words in which she meant to unfold it to Johanna, and the very form in which Johanna should write the letter, she allowed herself a few brief minutes to think of him—Robert Lyon—to call up his eyes, his voice, his smile; to count, for the hundredth time, how many months—one less than twenty-four, so she could not say years now—it would be before he returned to England. Also, to speculate when and where they would first meet, and how he would speak the one word—all that was needful to change "liking" into "love," and "friend" into "wife." They had so grown together during so many years, not the less so during these years of absence, that it seemed as if such a change would hardly make any difference. And yet—and yet—as she sat and sewed, wearied with her day's labors, sad and perplexed, she thought—if only, by some strange magic, Robert Lyon were standing opposite, holding open his arms, ready and glad to take her and all her cares to his heart, how she would cling there! how closely she would creep to him, weeping with joy and content, neither afraid nor ashamed to let him see how dearly she loved him!

Only a dream! ah, only a dream! and she started from it at the sharp sound of the doorbell—started, blushing and trembling, as if it had been Robert Lyon himself, when she knew it was only her two young assistants whom she had allowed to go out to tea in the neighborhood. So she settled herself to her work again; put all her own thoughts by in their little pri-

vate corners, and waited for the entrance and the harmless gossip of these two orphan girls, who were already beginning to love her, and make a friend of her, and toward whom she felt herself quite an elderly and responsible person. Poor little Hilary! It seemed to be her lot always to take care of somebody or other. Would it ever be that any body should take care of her?

So she cleared away some of her needle-work, stirred the fire, which was dropping hollow and dull, and looked up pleasantly to the opening door. But it was not the girls: it was a man's foot and a man's voice.

"Any person of the name of Leaf living here? I wish to see her, on business."

At another time she would have laughed at the manner and words, as if it were impossible so great a gentleman as Mr. Ascott could want to see so small a person as the "person of the name of Leaf," except on business. But now she was startled by his appearance at all. She sprang up only able to articulate "My sister—"

"Don't be frightened; your sisters are quite well. I called at No. 15 an hour ago."

"You saw them?"

"No; I thought it unadvisable, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"I will explain, if you will allow me to sit down; bah! I've brought in sticking to me a straw out of that confounded shaky old cab. One ought never to be so stupid as to go any where except in one's own carriage. This is rather a small room, Miss Hilary."

He eyed it curiously round; and, lastly, with his most acute look he eyed herself, as if he wished to find out something from her manner, before going into further explanations.

But she stood before him a little uneasy, and yet not very much so. The utmost she expected was some quarrel with her sister Selina; perhaps the breaking off of the match, which would not have broken Hilary's heart at all events.

"So you have really no idea what I'm come about?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well!" said Peter Ascott, "I hardly thought it; but when one has been taken in as I have been, and this isn't the first time by your family—"

"Mr. Ascott! will you explain yourself?"

"I will, ma'am. It's a very unpleasant business I come about; any other gentleman but me would have come with a police-officer at his back. Look here, Miss Hilary Leaf—did you ever set eyes on this before?"

He took out his check-book, turned deliberately over the small memorandum halves of the page, till he came to one in particular, then hunted in his pocket-book for something.

"My banker sent in to-day my canceled checks, which I don't usually go over oftener than three months; he knew that, the scamp!"

Hilary looked up.

"Your nephew, to be sure. See!"

He spread before her a check, the very one

she had watched him write seven days before, made payable to "Ascott Leaf, or bearer," and signed with the bold, peculiar signature, "Peter Ascott." Only instead of being a check for twenty pounds it was for seventy.

Instantly the whole truth flashed upon Hilary: Ascott's remark about how easily the T could be made into an S, and what a "good joke" it would be; his long absence that night; his strange manner; his refusal to let her see the check again; all was clear as daylight.

Unfortunate boy! the temptation had been too strong for him. Under what sudden, insane impulse he had acted—under what delusion of being able to repay in time; or of Mr. Ascott's not detecting the fraud; or if discovered, of its being discovered after the marriage, when to prosecute his wife's nephew would be a disgrace to himself, could never be known. But there unmistakable was the altered check, which had been presented and paid, the banker of course not having the slightest suspicion of any thing amiss.

"Well, isn't this a nice return for all my kindness? So cleverly done, too. But for the merest chance I might not have found it out for three months. Oh, he's a precious young rascal, this nephew of yours. His father was only a fool, but he— Do you know that this is a matter of forgery—forgery, ma'am," added Mr. Ascott, waxing hot in his indignation.

Hilary uttered a bitter groan.

Yes, it was quite true. Their Ascott, their own boy, was no longer merely idle, extravagant, thoughtless—faults bad enough, but capable of being mended as he grew older: he had done that which to the end of his days he could never blot out. He was a swindler and a forger.

She clasped her hands tightly together, as one struggling with sharp physical pain, trying to read the expression of Mr. Ascott's face. At last she put her question into words.

"What do you mean to do? Shall you prosecute him?"

Mr. Ascott crossed his legs, and settled his neckcloth with a self-satisfied air. He evidently rather enjoyed the importance of his position. To be dictator, almost of life and death, to this unfortunate family was worth certainly fifty pounds.

"Well, I haven't exactly determined. The money, you see, is of no moment to me, and I couldn't get it back any how. He'll never be worth a half-penny, that rascal. I might prosecute, and nobody would blame me; indeed, if I were to decline marrying your sister, and cut the whole set of you, I don't see," and he drew himself up, "that any thing could be said against me. But—"

Perhaps, hard man as he was, he was touched by the agony of suspense in Hilary's face, for he added:

"Come, come, I won't disgrace your family; I won't do any thing to harm the fellow."

"Thank you!" said Hilary, in a mechanical, unnatural voice.

"As for my money, he's welcome to it, and much good may it do him. 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,' and in double quick time too. I won't hinder him. I wash my hands of the young scape-grace. But he'd better not come near me again."

"No," acquiesced Hilary, absently.

"In fact," said Mr. Ascott, with a twinkle of his sharp eye, "I have already taken measures to frighten him away, so that he may make himself scarce, and give neither you nor me any farther trouble. I drove up to your door with a policeman, asked to see Mr. Leaf, and when I heard that he was out—a lie, of course—I left word I'd be back in half an hour. Depend upon it," and he winked confidentially, "he will smell a rat, and make a moonlight flitting of it, and we shall never hear of him any more."

"Never hear of Ascott any more?" repeated Hilary; and for an instant she ceased to think of him as what he was—swindler, forger, ungrateful to his benefactors, a disgrace to his home and family. She saw only the boy Ascott, with his bright looks and pleasant ways, whom his aunts had brought up from his cradle, and loved with all his faults—perhaps loved still. "Oh, I must go home. This will break Johanna's heart!"

Mr. Peter Ascott possibly never had a heart, or it had been so stunted in its growth that it had never reached its fair development. Yet he felt sorry in his way for the "young person," who looked so deadly white, yet tried so hard not to make a scene; nay, when her two assistants came into the one little parlor, deported herself with steady composure; told them that she was obliged suddenly to go home, but would be back, if possible, the next morning. Then, in that orderly, accurate way which Peter Ascott could both understand and appreciate, she proceeded to arrange with them about the shop and the house in case she might be detained till Monday.

"You're not a bad woman of business," said he, with a patronizing air. "This seems a tidy little shop; I dare say you'll get on in it."

She looked at him with a bewildered air, and went on speaking to the young woman at the door.

"How much might your weekly receipts be in a place like this? And what salary does Miss—Miss What's-her-name give to each of you? You're the head shop-woman, I suppose?"

Hilary made no answer; she scarcely heard. All her mind was full of but one thing: "Never see Ascott any more!" There came back upon her all the dreadful stories she had ever heard of lads who had committed forgery or some similar offense, and, in dread of punishment, had run away in despair, and never been heard of for years—come to every kind of misery, perhaps even destroyed themselves. The impression was so horribly vivid, that when, pausing an instant in putting her books in their places, she heard the door-bell ring Hilary with difficulty repressed a scream.

But it was no messenger of dreadful tidings, it was only Elizabeth Hand; and the quiet fashion in which she entered showed Hilary at once that nothing dreadful had happened at home.

"Oh no, nothing has happened," confirmed the girl. "Only Miss Leaf sent me to see if you could come home to-night instead of to-morrow. She is quite well, that is, pretty well; but Mr. Leaf—"

Here, catching sight of Miss Hilary's visitor, Elizabeth stopped short. Peter Ascott was one of her prejudices. She determined in his presence to let out no more of the family affairs.

On his part, Mr. Ascott had always treated Elizabeth as people like him usually do treat servants, afraid to lose an inch of their dignity, lest it should be an acknowledgment of equal birth and breeding with the class from which they are so terribly ashamed to have sprung. He regarded her now with a lordly air.

"Young woman—I believe you are the young woman who this afternoon told me that Mr. Leaf was out. It was a fib, of course."

Elizabeth turned round indignantly. "No, Sir; I don't tell fibs. He was out."

"Did you give him my message when he came in?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what did he say, eh?"

"Nothing."

This was the literal fact; but there was something behind which Elizabeth had not the slightest intention of communicating. In fact, she set herself, physically and mentally, in an attitude of dogged resistance to any pumping of Mr. Ascott; for though, as she had truly said, nothing special had happened, she felt sure that he was at the bottom of something which had gone wrong in the household that afternoon.

It was this. When Ascott returned, and she told him of his godfather's visit, the young man had suddenly turned so ghastly pale that she had to fetch him a glass of water; and his Aunt Johanna—Miss Selina was out—had to tend him and soothe him for several minutes before he was right again. When at last he seemed returning to his natural self, he looked wildly up at his aunt, and clung to her in such an outburst of feeling, that Elizabeth had thought it best to slip out of the room. It was tea-time, but still she waited outside for a half hour or longer, when she gently knocked, and after a minute or two Miss Leaf came out. There seemed nothing wrong, at least not much—not more than Elizabeth had noticed many and many a time after talks between Ascott and his aunts.

"I'll take in the tea myself," she said; "for I want you to start at once for Kensington to fetch Miss Hilary. Don't frighten her—mind that, Elizabeth. Say I am much as usual myself; but that Mr. Leaf is not quite well, and I think she might do him good. Remember the exact words."

Elizabeth did, and would have delivered them accurately, if Mr. Ascott had not been present,

and addressed her in that authoritative manner. Now, she resolutely held her tongue.

Mr. Ascott might in his time have been accustomed to cringing, frightened, or impertinent servants, but this was a phase of the species with which he was totally unfamiliar. The girl was neither sullen nor rude, yet evidently quite independent; afraid neither of her mistress, nor of himself. He was sharp enough to see that whatever he wanted to get out of Elizabeth must be got in another way.

"Come, my wench, you'd better tell; it'll be none the worse for you, and it sha'n't harm the young fellow, though I dare say he has paid you well for holding your tongue."

"About what, Sir?"

"Oh! you know what happened when you told him I had called, eh? Servants get to know all about their master's affairs."

"Mr. Leaf isn't my master, and his affairs are nothing to me; I don't pry into 'em," replied Elizabeth. "If you want to know any thing, Sir, hadn't you better ask himself? He's at home to-night. I left him and my missus going to their tea."

"Left them at home, and at tea?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

It was an inexpressible relief. For the discovery must have come. Ascott must have known or guessed that Mr. Ascott had found him out; he must have confessed all to his Aunt, or Johanna would never have done two things which her sister knew she strongly disliked—sending Elizabeth wandering through London at night, and fetching Hilary home before the time. Yet they had been left sitting quietly at their tea!

Perhaps, after all, the blow had not been so dreadful. Johanna saw comfort through it all. Vague hopes arose in Hilary also; visions of the poor sinner sitting "clothed and in his right mind," contrite and humbled; comforted by them all, with the inexpressible tenderness with which we yearn over one who "was dead and is alive again, was lost, and is found;" helped by them all in the way that women—some women especially, and these were of them—seem formed to help the erring and unfortunate; for, erring as he was, he had also been unfortunate.

Many an excuse for him suggested itself. How foolish of them, ignorant women that they were, to suppose that seventeen years of the most careful bringing up could, with his temperament, stand against the countless dangers of London life; of any life where a young man is left to himself in a great town, with his temptations so many, and his power of resistance so small.

And this might not, could not be a deliberate act. It must have been committed under a sudden impulse, to be repented of for the rest of his days. Nay, in the strange way in which our sins and mistakes are made not only the whips to scourge us, but the sicknesses out of which we often come—suffering and weak indeed, but yet relieved, and fresh, and sound—who could

tell but that this grave fault, this actual guilt, the climax of so many lesser errors, might not work out in the end Ascott's complete reformation?

So in the strange way in which, after a great shock, we begin to revive a little, to hope against hope, to see a slender ray breaking through the darkness, Hilary composed herself, at least so far as to enable her to bid Elizabeth go down stairs, and she would be ready directly.

"I think it is the best thing I can do—to go home at once," said she.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Ascott, rather flattered by her involuntary appeal, and by an inward consciousness of his own exceeding generosity. "And pray don't disturb yourselves. Tell your sister from me—your sister Selina, I mean—that I overlook every thing, on condition that you keep him out of my sight, that young blackguard!"

"Don't, don't!" cried Hilary, piteously.

"Well, I won't, though it's his right name—a fellow who could— Look you, Miss Hilary, when his father sent to me to beg ten pounds to bury his mother with, I did bury her, and him also, a month after, very respectably too, though he had no claim upon me, except that he came from Stowbury. And I stood godfather to the child, and I've done my duty by him. But mark my words, what's bred in the bone will come in the flesh. He was born in a prison, and he'll die in a prison."

"God forbid!" said Hilary, solemnly. And again she felt the strong conviction, that whatever his father had been, or his mother, of whom they had heard nothing till she was dead, Ascott could not have lived all these years of his childhood and early boyhood with his three aunts at Stowbury without gaining at least some good, which might counteract the hereditary evil; as such evil can be counteracted, even as hereditary disease can be gradually removed by wholesome and careful rearing in a new generation.

"Well, I'll not say any more," continued Peter Ascott: "only, the sooner the young fellow takes himself off the better. He'll only plague you all. Now, can you send out for a cab for me?"

Hilary mechanically rang the bell, and gave the order.

"I'll take you to town with me if you like. It'll save you the expense of the omnibus. I suppose you always travel by omnibus?"

Hilary answered something, she hardly knew what, except that it was a declining of all these benevolent attentions. At last she got Mr. Ascott outside the street-door, and, returning, put her hand to her head with a moan.

"Oh, Miss Hilary, don't look like that!"

"Elizabeth, do you know what has happened?"

"No."

"Then I don't want you to know. And you must never try to find it out; for it is a secret that ought to be kept strictly within the family. Are you to be trusted?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Now, get me my bonnet, and let us make haste and go home."

They walked down the gas-lit Kensington High Street, Hilary taking her servant's arm; for she felt strangely weak. As she sat in the dark corner of the omnibus she tried to look things in the face, and form some definite plan; but the noisy rumble at once dulled and confused her faculties. She felt capable of no consecutive thought, but found herself stupidly watching the two lines of faces, wondering, absently, what sort of people they were; what were their lives and histories; and whether they all had, like herself, their own personal burden of woe. Which was, alas! the one fact that never need be doubted in this world.

It was nigh upon eleven o'clock when Hilary knocked at the door of No. 15.

Miss Leaf opened it; but for the first time in her life she had no welcome for her child.

"Is it Ascott? I thought it was Ascott," she cried, peering eagerly up and down the street.

"He is gone out, then? When did he go?" asked Hilary, feeling her heart turn stone-cold.

"Just after Selina came in. She—she vexed him. But he can not be long? Is not that man he?"

And just as she was, without shawl or bonnet, Johanna stepped out into the cold, damp night, and strained her eyes into the darkness; but in vain.

"I'll walk round the Crescent once, and maybe I shall find him. Only go in, Johanna."

And Hilary was away again into the dark, walking rapidly, less with the hope of finding Ascott than to get time to calm herself, so as to meet, and help her sisters to meet, this worst depth of their calamity. For something warned her that this last desperation of a weak nature is more to be dreaded than any overt obstinacy of a strong one. She had a conviction that Ascott never would come home.

After a while they gave up waiting and watching at the front-door, and shut themselves up in the parlor. The first explanation past, even Selina ceased talking; and they sat together, the three women, doing nothing, attempting to do nothing, only listening; thinking every sound was a step on the pavement or a knock at the door. Alas! what would they not have given for the fiercest knock, the most impatient, angry footstep, if only it had been their boy's?

About one o'clock Selina had to be put to bed in strong hysterics. She had lashed her nephew with her bitter tongue till he had rushed out of the house, declaring that none of them should ever see his face again. Now she reproached herself as being the cause of all, and fell into an agony of remorse, which engrossed her sisters' whole care; until, her violent emotion having worn itself out, she went to sleep, the only one who did sleep in that miserable family.

For Elizabeth also, having been sent to bed

hours before, was found by Miss Hilary sitting on the kitchen stairs, about four in the morning. Her mistress made no attempt at reproach, but brought her into the parlor to share the silent watch, never broken except to make up the fire or light a fresh candle; till candles burned up, and shutters were opened, and upon their great calamity stared the broad unwelcome day.

THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SMOKE.

THE language of smoke is far more varied than is generally imagined, and its poetry rich and plentiful. Although we usually connect the idea of smoke with that of evanescence, it is, as we shall proceed to show, symbolical of life and activity, and its universality presents very many curious points of interest to the inquirer.

Ever since the boiling combinations of matter, which geologists say formed this earth, began to cool off, and the crust appeared on its surface, it has been smoking from natural chimneys at various points on the globe, and thus assured us of the existence of those primeval fires in its interior. *Ætna*, *Hecla*, and *Vesuvius* may be considered the earth's pipes of peace, for without them there would certainly be a warring of elements in the bowels of the earth far more disastrous than any of its cutaneous eruptions in the shape of wars, revolutions, and rebellions. Therefore smoke in this instance signifies safety. Ever since *Abel* sacrificed to God, and *Cain*, out of his jealousy, slew him, have smoked the altar-fires of all religions, and the battle-fields of all nations. The council-fire of the red Indian; the funeral-pyre of the Hindoo; the hut of the *Kamtschatkan*; the bush-fire of the *Bosjesman* of South Africa; all have sent forth their daily clouds of smoke, typifying life and activity, or death and desolation, as the case might be. Again, the word is popularly used in another sense: the wild horses on the steppes of *Tartary* and the plains of *Arabia*, and their brothers scouring the *Pampas* of South America, are said to smoke beneath the power of the sun, as they dash over the unbounded distance. So the *chamois*, as he stands on the crest of the highest peak of the *Alps*, while the rising sun glistens upon the white snow all around him: so the sacred white bull, as he suns himself on the banks of the *Indus* after a refreshing plunge in its waters: so the *Cayman* as he lazily reposes his glistening length on the sands in the shadow of the pyramids; now in all these cases smoke signifies health and strength. But the most important use of smoke is made upon the battle-field. In ancient days, before gunpowder was invented, wars were waged as between individuals, and battles and sieges were gained by personal prowess; but in these times, according to *Napoleon*, Providence gives the battle to the heaviest artillery—that is, to the side which can wrap itself in the most dense and impenetrable

smoke. In those ancient days, when men in armor with spears, and battle-axes, and shields were drawn up in opposing lines, the sun would shine brightly down upon the field, and each man could choose his enemy and at the same time guard himself, since he could in most instances see the direction of the danger; but now, *nous avons changés tout cela*, and the general-in-chief may fall before the hap-hazard bullet of some raw recruit, who perhaps drops his gun after firing and flies from the field: and all on account of the smoke.

Beneath the dun cloud which covers the scene men load and fire, cavalry and infantry manœuvre, artillery pour forth shot and shell, and frequently none are more surprised than the conquerors to find themselves victorious. So here smoke may be considered as signifying doubt, which is *Ike Marvel's* suggestion, with a different illustration, as we all read in the delightful "*Reveries of a Bachelor*."

In many cases the contemplation of smoke is far from agreeable, as in the dread sacrifices of savages; the mad fanaticism that invented and perpetuated martyrdom, and lighted the fires of *Smithfield*; the frenzied self-immolation of the Hindoo widow beside her dead husband; in the terror of volcanic eruptions, and the awful sublimity of vast conflagrations. In all of these the heavy cloud of smoke that overhangs the spot seems to our imagination a fearful pall, covering death and enforcing dismay into the heart. But still, in every thing we can not but consider smoke as the symbol of ceaseless vitality and activity.

Fire, as we all know, is the great animating principle of existence, and smoke is its forerunner, harbinger, and symbol: when the fire dies out the smoke vanishes. So with existence; destroy the active principle, and its manifestation, life, ceases.

Examine now for a moment the meaning of smoke as applied to the common business and social events of life. The cloud that overhangs and blackens the great manufacturing towns of *England* and *America*, eclipsing the sunlight, or only permitting its rays to penetrate the thickened air in yellow luridness—which is hardly light, but rather only the absence of darkness—such smoke betokens toil, industry, wealth.

Again, the bright, curling, blue vapor that twists itself out of the little chimney of some cottage in a country village, mingling with the clear atmosphere and blushing under the rays of the morning sun; this would seem to tell of peace, comfort, and social happiness; and *Tom Moore* has so expressed it in his four beautiful and well-known lines, and we can not better begin our examples of the poetry of smoke than by quoting them:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near;
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that was humble might hope for it here!'"

Again, there is nothing that throws so dismal

an air of lifelessness and decay about a dwelling as the absence of smoke; as Pope says,

"No rafters roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way."

But if we trace this search into an earlier time, and wander for a while among the historic ruins of the Middle Ages—if we examine society at that eminently social period, we shall be still more surprised with the wealth of association that clusters around our subject, and we shall learn how much food for thought may be contained even in smoke. Let us imagine it curling around the time and weather-stained roof, say of some grand old feudal castle: how it recalls to us all we have ever heard or read of the doings of those "merry daies!" How we can imagine the huge fire-place in the great wainscoted hall beneath, with the fire flashing merrily out upon quaint carvings, upon grotesque furniture, upon gleaming armor, and branching antlers, and all the various adjuncts of the chase and the foray. Can we not people those halls with the beings who inhabited them in those olden days, now dead and dust for centuries? Can we not imagine the stately old baron and the fair and noble ladies who lived and moved there, until we can almost fancy we see the great volumes of smoke rolling up through the wide chimney, forming fantastic and uncouth faces in their passage, and finally pouring out over the roof-tree a sign for miles that life, merriment, and plenty are beneath?

There are many curious circumstances connected with the word "smoke" as used in different languages. Thus, among the Scotch it is used to signify an inhabited house. "In 1680," says a Scotch writer, "so many families perished for want, that for six miles in a well-inhabited extent, within the year, there was not a *smoke* remaining." In the Gaelic language the same word which is used for smoke is also used for "dwelling;" which, of course, accounts for the modern Scotch adoption of the meaning. But a more peculiar adaptation of the word to the necessities of language is found in the use of "to smoke" in the sense of "discovering," or "finding out," as in Ben Jonson:

"I am glad I have smoked you out at last."

And what is more curious is the fact that, in the Arabic, Persian, Gaelic, Welsh, and English tongues, the same word is used to express these meanings. Two explanations have been given of the origin of this meaning. According to one it has arisen from the discovery of dwellings and camps by the smoke curling over them; according to the other, from the driving of fugitives from their hiding-places in holes and caves by means of smoke.

But leaving our subject in its generic sense, let us consider it specifically—smoke, as emanating from the pipe or cigar. There is food for reflection in an examination of a custom common to all nations, uniting savagery with civilization, binding together the North and the

South, the East and the West, with what would seem to be a natural bond and tie of social communion.

The haughtiest peer of England, by means of a little lighted "weed," is indissolubly linked by an unseen chain to the raw Irish peasant with his bit of a black dhudeen beside his turf fire; to the turbaned Turk trading his Cashmeres in the bazar of Cairo or Stamboul, with his amber mouth-piece between his lips and his narghilé stem coiled up behind him; to the graceful and almond-eyed Circassian beauty sipping her sherbet and watching the shadowy rings curl about her head; to the mandarin of three buttons at Peking, who takes his whiff of opium after dinner, and curses the English invaders between the puffs of his little silver pipe. Equally by this blood-relationship of smoke, this consanguinity of tobacco and opium, must he acknowledge kinship with the Comanche of the far Southwest; with the fragments of the red tribes as they sit at night around their watch-fires in the utter loneliness of a decayed nation, and tell wonderful traditions of the greatness of their ancestors while the ornamented pipe passes from one mouth to another, silently banding them with the great family of men all over the world; with the Arabian merchant as he guides his caravan over the wilderness of everlasting sand, which leaves no track behind the camels' feet; with the lowest order of uncivilized humanity in the morasses and jungles of Central Africa. And so all civilized and uncivilized nations on the face of the earth are brothers by this magic tie of smoke.

Thus we see that there is no habit or custom so universally acknowledged as a bond of fraternity as that of smoking. It is a freemason signal of good-fellowship, but not a secret one. In traveling the smoker is certain to seek his chance acquaintanceship among smokers, and seldom will he be disappointed, since it is almost always a sign of a genial, sociable disposition.

As is well known, no Indian treaty was considered binding until finally and firmly sealed by a whiff of smoke from the "calumet of peace" around the council-fire. Throughout the countries of the East a pipe is one of the first evidences of hospitable intentions, and it would be hard to find the Bedouin or Turk who would betray the stranger who had smoked with him. At the present time the custom will be found universally established throughout England, France, Germany, Spain, America, and the Oriental countries.

A noticeable feature in this connection is the difference of taste displayed by various nations and sections of the world in their cultivation of the art of smoking. In the southern countries of Asia we find the long *chibouque* or the many-coiled *hookah* prevails among smokers; the tobacco, too, is weak, and the habit is constant. The Turk smokes at all times when his mouth is not otherwise engaged; and the sententiousness common to that race must be the result of

this habit, which to some extent precludes conversation. As we tend northward we find the pipe-stem grows shorter, the tobacco more highly-flavored and stronger, and the habit resorted to more occasionally. Reaching the British Islands, we find short black clay pipes, and the strongest black Virginia or Tennessee tobacco the common mode of following the custom. Indolent nations, in warm climates, indulge more frequently but with less earnestness, while the colder climates require the highest degree of excitement while it lasts. The Spaniard rarely smokes a cigar, and never a pipe; the mild and elegant *cigarrito* is his choice; and all this is in perfect consonance with other facts of national custom derived from climate or temperament. Thus, while you find the races at the north eating solid meat, which grows fatter as you near the pole, and drinking strong spirits, the warmer climates only permit rice, fruits, and such light matters for food, and sherbet and mild wines for drink; therefore the smokers only follow a law of nature in their habit when it is at its wildest. The Turk smokes constantly through a long life without apparent injury; and so the Frenchman or German drinks his wine or beer daily in large quantities, and grows fat with each added indulgence.

But the taste of different nations with regard to smoking is not all regulated by laws, natural or otherwise. The Oriental prefers the *chibouque* or *narghilé*, because it weakens the effect of the tobacco, and he is enabled to enjoy it longer; which is a great point gained, since in his country time is comparatively worthless. This you may say is a forced taste; but in the choice of wood or other material for his pipe, in its ornamentation, in the selection of his tobacco, he takes as much interest as in his harem. Frequently the pipe of the rich Turk is incrustated with precious stones and inlaid with gold and silver, while a special servant is appointed to take charge of it.

With the colder resident of the north there is something of this sentiment, and even the clay pipe becomes, as it were, a friend to be cared for and attended. Frequently the owner of a common black clay pipe will become so attached to his seemingly valueless friend that its loss or injury causes him as much pain as would result from serious misfortune. And this peculiar sentiment does not attach itself in relation to any other article of daily use: it is not in the least dependent upon intrinsic value in the object, or upon association, as in a gift, although that may add to it. It is an indescribable feeling, verging upon affection, which does not exist for any other article, as a knife, pencil-case, or porte-monnaie; for those we can throw aside when worn out without the slightest compunction: but the pipe is something nearer to us, and claims a sentiment far finer than mere admiration or selfish liking. To be sure there are circumstances which may modify this sentiment, as in the case of association created by past history. We have a special feeling for our

"calumet of peace," given to us by an Indian chief in the Northwest; we have another for that curious stone bowl, from the mouth of an Indian of British America—we purchased it at the head of the Bay of Fundy. We have also a special regard for a small silver-mounted meerschaum, which was smoked by an English officer of artillery through the dreary sieges of the Crimean war; but our feeling toward a little black, short-stemmed French clay stump of a pipe, which we smoke continually and never lend to any one, is as different from these as is our affection for a friend from our regard for an acquaintance.

As an evidence of the great extent to which smoking prevails, it is stated that tobacco is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions; and next to salt, is the most generally consumed of all productions whatsoever, animal, vegetable, or mineral, on the face of the globe. Frederick William, of Prussia, established a society called the Smoking College, which met nearly every night for a considerable period at Berlin, Potsdam, or Wusterhausen. Each member was forced to smoke, or at least to hold a pipe in his mouth during the whole sitting of the Academy: he had before him a can of beer, which, with bread and butter, or tarts, formed the supper of these convives. At these meetings the conversation turned on politics, the drama, and such subjects, while some read the papers, cracked jokes, and otherwise added to the amusement of the party.

Many anecdotes might be related, showing the great prevalence of this habit of smoking, and the important influence of smoke upon the affairs of mankind.

Many important personages have been inveterate smokers, while others have devoted a lifetime to the collection of pipes. Among the latter may be mentioned the name of Marshal Oudinot, who had the largest and finest collection known at his time. He had pipes of every nation, of every style and shape, and of all degrees of value. He prized most one formerly the property of John Sobieski, which was presented to the Marshal by the municipal corps of Vienna when he was provisional governor of that city during the French occupation. Mr. T. Crofton Croker also made a very curious collection of pipes, which was disposed of at public sale shortly after his death.

Not to speak of the immense trade which exists and flourishes from the sale of articles connected with smoking; not to mention the thousands and hundreds of thousands of persons who earn their living by the production and manufactures contingent to this habit, there are many amusing features connected with the livelihoods derived from it which are worth noting. A man was brought before a London magistrate on a charge of vagrancy, and on being asked what were his means of support, replied that he colored meerschaums for a living. This is an actual fact, and many parties in Paris and London, and even in New York, live by the production

of smoke. Perhaps the most curious smoking apparatus in the world is the "Queen's Tobacco-Pipe." This is a large kiln with a tall chimney, like the stem of a pipe, and is located at one of the docks in London. Here is burned all the wet or otherwise damaged tobacco that finds its way in bond, and certainly an annual amount of smoking is done here sufficient to dismay the most ardent practitioner of the art.

By this cursory examination of the progress of smoking we obtain some idea of the immensity of its extent. There is no habit or custom known to humanity that has ever exhibited such tenacity of life, and has opposed such powerful resistance to the attacks of its opponents as that of smoking. Papal Bulls have been thundered at it; its votaries have been threatened with excommunication; heavy duties have been laid upon its material; books, tracts, and pamphlets innumerable have been fired at it; ministers have preached, orators declaimed, physicians written against it; political economists have talked at it in legislative assemblies, and learned doctors in academy halls, and all to no purpose; and to-day the custom is more firmly ingrafted among men than ever before. Its product is a revenue of millions of dollars to different nations; and yet, with a few unimportant exceptions, it has never taken its own part; never received aid from hand or mouth, but in the way of smoking and chewing; and has steadily preserved a jolly, good-humored indifference as to the result, very different from the snarling, vindictive, and revengeful attacks of its adversaries. There certainly never was a case before or since, where a weak vegetable, distasteful at the first experience, successfully resisted the combined forces of clergy and laity, doctors and philosophers, and forced its way into general consumption; and this has been done by tobacco.

Certainly the only cause for this great success must be a natural desire planted in the human breast to make a smoke. From infancy little children are found to delight in any thing that furnishes a substitute for this habit; from the bit of paper stuck in the mouth, to the lighted piece of rattan, or the sweet-fern cigar; these are the steps that result in the *cabaña* or the *meerschau*. Certainly, then, in view of these facts, we were right in giving to smoke the symbolism of life and vitality.

But we come now to the poetry of smoke; and as some specimens have already appeared in a former number of *Harper's Magazine*, we shall confine our selections to such as are not generally known.

The first which we shall give has been incorrectly published before; we give it in full. It is a quaint old specimen, and would well bear repetition:

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

"Much food doth gluttony procure,
To feed men fat like swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed
Who on a leaf can dine.

"He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger-ends to wipe,
Who has his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe."

Our next is in a different vein; there is a decided tinge of sentiment in its language. It is quite modern, having been written in the eighteenth century. It is an apostrophe to a pipe, and written by one who evidently appreciated its beauties. We might almost imagine a lover in the time of Charles II. was writing a sonnet to his mistress:

"Pretty tube of mighty power!
Charmer of an idle hour;
Object of my hot desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my fingers gently brac'd;
And thy lovely swelling crest,
With my bended stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses;
Happy thrice and thrice agen—
Happiest he of happy men!

"Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
When again the crickets gay—
Little crickets full of play—
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine!
Incense of the god of wine!
Happy thrice and thrice agen—
Happiest he of happy men!"

This is quite Anacreontic in its way, and contrasts forcibly with the following few lines, describing tobacco from another point of view:

"Let it be damned to hell, and called from thence
Proserpine's wine, the Furies' frankincense,
The devil's addle-eggs."

There is a neat "Smoker's Song," which is too long to quote, but of which we will give a verse as a sample:

"There is a tiny weed, man,
That grows far o'er the sea, man,
The juice of which doth more bewitch
Than does the gossip's tea, man.
Its name is called tobacco;
'Tis used near and far, man:
The car-man chews—but I will choose
The daintier cigar, man."

Another poet tells his love for tobacco in the following four lines:

"The man I pity who abhors the fume
Of fine Virginia floating in his room;
For truly may tobacco be defined,
A plant preserving health and peace of mind."

It certainly required considerable moral courage thus to gainsay the doctors.

One of the best of all the old tobacco-poems is the following, which we give in a somewhat different form from the copy usually quoted:

"The Indian weede that's withered quite,
Greene at morne, cut downe at night,
Shews oure decaye, we are but claye:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"The pipe that is so lyly white
Shews thou art a mortall wight;
Even such—breaks with a touch:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"And when the pipe is foule within,
Think of thy soule defiled with sin;
And then the fire it doth require:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"And then the ashes left behind
May serve to put thee still in mind
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco.

"The smoke that does so high ascend
Shews that man's life must have an end;
The vapour's gone; man's life is done:
Thus think ye when ye smoke tobacco."

This song has been traced as far back as the time of James I., but its author is unknown. In 1689 there appeared in London a collection of "Poems on several Occasions," by Charles Cotton, including one upon tobacco, which commences in the following style:

ON TOBACCO.

"What horrid sin condemned the teeming Earth,
And curst her womb with such a monstrous Birth?
What crime *America* that *Heaven* would please
To make the Mother of the *World's* disease?
In thy fair womb what accidents could breed,
What *Plague* give root to this pernicious Weed?"

The following possesses considerable merit, and furnishes a good example of the style of comparison formerly prevalent among writers:

CONTENT AND A PIPE.

"Contented I sit with my pint and my pipe,
Puffing sorrow and care far away,
And surely the brow of grief nothing can wipe,
Like smoking and moist'ning our clay;
For though liquor can banish man's reason afar,
'Tis only a fool or a sot,
Who with reason or sense would be ever at war,
And don't know when enough he has got.
For though at my simile many may joke,
Man is but a pipe—and his life but smoke.

"Yea, a man and a pipe are much nearer akin
Than has as yet been understood,
For, until with breath they are both filled within,
Pray tell me for what they are good?
They, one and the other, composed are of clay,
And if rightly I tell nature's plan,
Take but the breath from them both quite away,
The pipe dies—and so does the man.
For though, etc.

"Thus I'm told by my pipe that to die is man's lot,
And sooner or later he must;
For when to the end of life's journey he's got,
Like a pipe that's smoked out—he is dust;
So you, who would wish in your hearts to be gay,
Encourage not strife, care, or sorrow.
Make much of your pipe of tobacco to-day,
For you may be smoked out to-morrow.
For though, etc."

Poor Charles Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco" is well known. We must, however, so far depart from our plan as to give a few extracts which, Balaam-like, in alternate strophes, sum up the Blessings and Curses of Tobacco:

"Sooty retainer to the vine
Bacchus's black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take"....

"Bacchus we know and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,

That by thy reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou canst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart"....

"Scent to match thy rich perfume,
Chymic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent"....

"Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind;
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Henbane, aconite—
Nay rather
Plant divine of rarest virtue,
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee,
None e'er prospered who defamed thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die."

With this specimen we end our effort to give some idea of the "Language and Poetry of Smoke."

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.

ON a spring morning, after an exhilarating drive in Central Park, we were set down at the entrance of what might be called the "House Beautiful"—a stately building, with spacious halls and staircases, and a multitude of commodious, airy rooms. It is St. Luke's Hospital—the hospital of the "Beloved Physician"—on the Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-fourth Street. The wide lawn is rich with a luxuriant verdure nowhere else to be seen, and here and there, peeping up from off their soft green pillows, are the sunny-eyed dandelions.

But golden blossoms have not undisputed possession of the fresh beauty of this lawn. There are a dozen little children beside.

But they are not rushing merrily about, tossing the flowers at each other in boisterous glee, making a mimic snow-fall of golden flakes, and shouting with the mad joy which the "new wine of the year" inspires. Two or three move languidly backward and forward with a swaying, uncertain motion; one fairly runs, but, alas! if it were not for those strong crutches under his little thin arms he could not even walk; yet with their aid he accomplishes wonders of locomotion, to the mingled admiration and envy of his companions. The others sit or lie upon the grass wrapped in coats and tippets, as if it were January instead of May, and watch with sad, wondering eyes the movements of the happier few. For these are all sick children, and they have come here to be made well again, if skill and tenderest care can avail.

You will think that this promises to be a sombre story, and possibly you will propose to pass it by; but I really advise you not, for it has to do with glad little hearts which you may care to know about, and suffering little bodies which you might comfort if you would. I shall not attempt to describe all the wonders which I saw in this noble institution, where sweet Charity has gathered in the sick of all ages from comfortless homes, and takes loving care of them for the sake of the great Healer. You must go where my heart drew me, up the broad central staircase, through quiet halls, and then I will try and tell you what I saw when a door was softly opened at our right. I had been warned where I was to be taken; but although my heart beat quickly with anticipation, I was not prepared for the beautiful vision before me.

The ward which we entered was very long and high, and was brightened with many windows, through which the sunshine could come in. But its glory was a line of beautiful little snow-drifts, on either side, through its entire length. Snow-drifts, I say, since that was my first thought; but there was nothing so cold and cheerless as even the most exquisite snow-work must be in this lovely room. My snow-drifts proved to be little dainty white beds, and in many of them lay little children.

When I saw these a passage in De Quincey's "Autobiography" was at once suggested to me. He tells us of his first sorrow; when his little sister, his dearest playmate, had died, and he went mourning, but always searching the clear blue skies for a glint of a bright angel-face looking down upon him. On Sundays he went to the grand old church of his parish, but his faithful eyes still continued their eager quest through the storied windows. And when, in the solemn Litany, there came that passage in which we pray God to "preserve all sick persons and young children, and to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives," the tears would fall from his eyes, and looking up at the gorgeous painted windows, he saw marvels of beauty. But the young poet saw through the central window, which was of unstained glass, the loveliest vision. It was of those pure fleecy clouds which we have often seen mimicking moonlight in a summer day, taking the form of little beds with "white lawny curtains," which, to his childish faith, had been sent floating down from the heavenly mansions by the pitiful Father to bring back to himself poor little sick children to be cured, and made happier than all the love on earth could make them. It was not strange that I remembered the little Thomas de Quincey's fancy when I saw the pale baby faces on those white pillows. But to many of these children God sends health again, and other little sufferers take their places, to be in their turn healed or else to drift gently away to the land of rest.

Before I introduce you to any of the occupants of these fairy beds, I must tell you more about their pleasant surroundings.

Of course every thing is as clean and pure as possible; but I can not divine how the good people who take care of these sick children contrive to conceal as they do every sign of a sick-room. I did not catch a glimpse of a single vial, or bandage, or medicine-glass. There were little tables by every bed, but they had not upon them even that half-filled glass of bubbly water which seems incident to even the "best regulated" sick-rooms. Instead of this there were a few bright, fresh flowers in a tasteful vase; a bird's cage, with its garrulous little singer, telling its pleasant history to any one who would listen; or some gayly-colored picture-book, or pretty toy, or dainty doll—all within range of the little invalid's eye and hand.

Then the walls of this beautiful hall were hung with charming pictures, such as a child would care to look at again and again. And chief among these was a copy of the well-known picture, more significant to me than any rosy Cherub of Raphael or Dead Christ of Rubens. It represents the Holy Child bearing on his baby shoulder the cross, held fast with dimpled hands; at his feet the crown of thorns and the blood-stained nails; and in his great, pathetic eyes awful shadows of Gethsemane and Calvary. The picture borrowed new beauty and significance from the scenes about it. The Holy Child seemed to lift up a standard in the midst of these little cross-bearers, and to be leading and sustaining them upward and onward, through patient and brave endurance, to victory. May their baby feet keep close to His, and never miss His footprints!

As we passed down through the long hall we began to distinguish the faces of the occupants of the little white beds, and they were quick to discover who had entered with us.

"Doctor! doctor!" cried a dozen eager little voices.

Now you may suppose that these sick children shrieked "Doctor!" in fear, and passed on the alarm-cry from bed to bed, that all might be prepared for his dreaded coming. What a mistake! This was not one of those doctors—nursery Ogres—with a gruff, rasping way of speaking: "Humph! sick, are you?—See your tongue!—quick, now!" Nor of that other kind, even more exasperating to childish sensibilities, the noisy-quiet species, who make great ado about walking softly, and yet ingeniously contrive to squeeze every bit of noise there is in their huge boots out at the toes. No, this doctor neither glowered at them savagely, as if he had half a mind to eat them up for daring to fall sick; nor went mincing and sighing about them with a yard-long visage, as if he thought they could never get well, and he did not mean to encourage them to try. All these poor little children seemed to love their young doctor with all their hearts. I could see it in the eyes of those too weak to speak their thoughts, who followed him, as we went from bed to bed, with loving looks, eager for their turn to come to share his cheery presence. As for those whose

tongues were in working order—dear me, how they ran!

"Doctor, doctor, I want to see you this minute!"

"No, doctor; come to my bed!"

"Doctor, is that your light *waggin*?" asked little Peter, whose post was fortunately on the side of the room toward the street, and who, having been taking observations from the window near his bed—his meagre little body propped up by his sharp elbows and the pillows—had seen the doctor's carriage drive up to the gate.

"Couldn't you give a *poor pusson* a ride?" piped a weak little voice from the opposite bed.

And many a "poor pusson" is indebted to the kind surgeon for a ride. Sometimes he takes them on the street in what little Peter called his "light waggin;" but oftener (for few of the sick children are able to endure this) he pushes them through the long corridors in a little house-carriage constructed for the purpose, the gift of little children.

Was there ever another such doctor! Even those children whom he has been forced to hurt most cruelly in the curative process seemed to love him best of all; for he and they understood each other perfectly, and they knew the pain would be as light and brief as possible, and that such pain is indeed only love called by a different name.

Some of the inmates of this children's ward had such healthful, happy faces that we wondered why they were not out among the dandelions at play. But we wondered no longer when the rope with its heavy cannon-ball, which hung over the foot of their beds, was pointed out to us. That pulley, with its heavy weight, was tugging at their little crooked limbs to make them straight and of equal length! When we saw this our hearts ached, and we could not understand how the little martyrs could have such laughing faces. But how good it is that they can be sheltered in this beautiful home safe from griping hunger and pinching cold—with happy little children about them; amidst pleasant sights and sounds, and with tender nurses and skillful surgical care—instead of lying neglected, and perhaps ill-treated, in loveless, comfortless poverty! We hardly knew whether to laugh or cry as we went the rounds of the children's ward. We did both, however, when little pale-faced Luke pulled us by the ribbons and whispered, eagerly,

"Couldn't you bring me a *ball of string* and a *kite*!"

Poor little Luke was one of those who would have to wear a cannon-ball for many long months to come; but I suppose the little captive's fancy was haunted with memories and visions of wide blue skies and giant winds for play-fellows, and he longed to hold some tangible representation of remembered or imagined sport.

The Doctor had one rival in the affections of the children when I saw them, and that was **THE BABY**! The little girls stopped pulling his long beard, and the boys stopped wrestling with him

(such puny little arms as the little pugilists flourished!) when the baby appeared.

"Please bring her to my bed!"

"Lay her by me, please!"

"I want her on my pillow!"

"Give her here!"

These were the cries on all sides, and the nurse did not know where to deposit her charge first. No words can adequately set forth the perfections of that baby. It must have been an incarnation of the triplet spirit of Job the Patient, Moses the Meek, and Griselda the Long-suffering. Suffocated by kisses, garroted by hugs, riddled by tickling fingers, it yet bore a dauntless front through all, and even smiled blandly upon its ruthless assailants! Its virtues seemed to us rather caoutchouc than human; but we were assured by the highest authority that it was of the same species with that for which the little transcendentalist prayed, when, disgusted with saw-dust shams, she cried:

"Lord! give me a baby! a *real meat* baby!"

Sometimes the conversation between these little beds is pitiful to hear. A little girl, who had been for a long time an inmate of the hospital, had recovered, and announced, with justifiable delight,

"I've got all well! and my mother's coming to take me away to-morrow!"

Whereupon her little sick neighbor responded, in a still more triumphant tone: "Ho! I haven't got any mother: and I'm glad of it, for I sha'n't have to go away—never!"

Could any thing be sadder than this—to give thanks that one has no mother! This reminded me of a scene of my school-days. I encountered a group of poor children in riotous dispute. As I passed them a boy shouted out, tauntingly, to a girl in the rival faction: "You needn't feel so smart! I saw your father dead-drunk last night!"

The girl's *pose* was magnificent as she turned upon the contemptible young bully, and said, slowly and most impressively: "I thank your honor! I haven't got no father! My father's dead!"

All the sick wards of this hospital, whose patron-saint is "the Beloved Physician," open into a central chapel where prayers are read every night by one whose heart is in this noble charity, and to whom we owe some of the choicest hymns of the Church. How sweet and cheering his voice must be as it goes softly on from bed to bed where lie the suffering men, women, and children for whom he prays! I think the many hearts which he has lightened and comforted could hardly say "Amen," when *he* sings "I would not live away! I ask not to stay," however eagerly they may appropriate to themselves the soothing tenderness and brave hope of the hymn. No, they can not let him go yet!

The crowning grace of the beautiful chapel is an illuminated manuscript of the Gospels, each page with its perfect text, and its own peculiar ornament of exquisite device; and all this magic

wrought by the loving skill of a woman's hand! Indeed the presence and ministrations of refined womanhood invest this House Beautiful with an indescribable charm. I dare not say what I would of the sisterhood whose voluntary service makes it what it is. No austere vow paralyzes heart and will; but, constrained simply by love to our Lord, they tenderly and faithfully wait on their ministry. Native grace, the finest culture, and the heartiest devotion are laid on the altar of sacrifice. But is it *sacrifice*? Were delicate hands, and cultivated powers of heart and head, more worthily or happily employed in the luxurious ease of home or the brilliant rounds of society, than now, in alleviating a sick child's sufferings, or speaking peace to some fearful soul tossed on the billows of death? I doubt not that to many an idler in Vanity Fair, with hungry heart and listless hands, the soft garb of the sisterhood would prove the garment of Peace, and the easy yoke of Christian service, rest to the soul.

The great city has no such fascination for me as this very children's ward at St. Luke's; and although it is more than two years since I saw them, yet my heart still yearns after Susie, with her great brown eyes and pathetic face; after

sharp little Luke, and comical little Peter, and their companions. These may have passed away, but other little faces lie on those pillows to be brightened by loving care: and more than this, for every child there sheltered a thousand little ones, with distorted limbs and suffering bodies, lie without, in the bleak, cruel world; and for some of these a word from *you* would provide the blessed novelty of a "sweet home!"

Look into your own nursery, happy father and mother! and imagine, if you can, those same precious faces as pinched with pain, saddened by neglect, eloquent in voiceless misery, and I am sure you can not rest until your gratitude for singular happiness in your own lot has found expression in the relief of some little suffering outcast, whose angel, always beholding the Father's face, will plead with Him forever in your behalf. But if any see only an empty crib where all was once living beauty and joy, then away with bootless repining! Consecrate a little bed at St. Luke's with the lost darling's name; and, ministering cheerfully there to one of Christ's little ones, you shall have such visions of your child in Paradise as would never have been vouchsafed to life-long watching and weeping by the forsaken cradle.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXV.

FELIX GRAHAM RETURNS TO NONINGSBY.

"IF you love the man, let him come." It was thus that the judge had declared to his daughter his opinion of what had better be done in that matter of Felix Graham. Then he had gone on to declare that he had given his permission to Felix Graham to say any thing that he had got to say, and finally had undertaken to invite Felix Graham to spend the assize week at Noningsby. Of course in the mind of the judge all this amounted to an actual giving away of his daughter. He regarded the thing now as done, looking upon the young people as betrothed, and his reflections mainly ran on the material part of the business. How should Graham be made to earn an income, and what allowance must be made to him till he did so? There was a certain sum set apart for Madeline's fortune, but that would by no means suffice for the livelihood of a married barrister in London. Graham no doubt earned something as it was, but that was done by his pen rather than by his wig, and the judge was inclined to think that the pen must be abandoned before the wig could be made profitable. Such were the directions which his thoughts took regarding Madeline's lot in life. With him the next week or two, with their events, did not signify much; whereas the coming years did signify a great deal.

At that time, on that Sunday afternoon, there still remained to Madeline the best part of a

month to think of it all, before Felix should reappear upon the scene. But then she could not think of it by herself in silence. Her father had desired her to tell her mother what had passed, and she felt that a great difficulty still lay before her. She knew that her mother did not wish her to marry Felix Graham. She knew that her mother did wish her to marry Peregrine Orme. And therefore, though no mother and child had ever treated each other with a sweeter confidence, or loved each other with warmer hearts, there was, as it were, a matter of disunion between them. But nevertheless she must tell her mother, and the dread of this telling weighed heavy upon her as she sat that night in the drawing-room reading the article which Felix had written.

But she need not have been under any alarm. Her father, when he told her to discuss the matter with her mother, had by no means intended to throw on her shoulders the burden of converting Lady Staveley to the Graham interest. He took care to do this himself effectually, so that in fact there should be no burden left for Madeline's shoulders. "Well, my dear," he said that same Sunday evening to his wife, "I have had it all out with Madeline this afternoon."

"About Mr. Graham, do you mean?"

"Yes; about Mr. Graham. I have promised that he shall come here for the assize week."

"Oh, dear!"

"It's done, my love; and I believe we shall find it all for the best. The bishops' daughters

always marry clergymen, and the judges' daughters ought to marry lawyers."

"But you can't give him a practice. The bishops have livings to give away."

"Perhaps I may show him how to make a practice for himself, which would be better. Take my word for it that it will be best for her happiness. You would not have liked to be disappointed yourself, when you made up your mind to be married."

"No, I should not," said Lady Staveley.

"And she will have a will of her own quite as strong as you had." And then there was silence in the room for some time.

"You'll be kind to him when he comes?" said the judge.

"Oh yes," said Lady Staveley, in a voice that was by no means devoid of melancholy.

"Nobody can be so kind as you when you please. And as it is to be—"

"I always did like him," said Lady Staveley, "although he is so very plain."

"You'll soon get used to that, my dear."

"And as for poor young Mr. Orme—"

"As for poor young Mr. Orme, as you call him, he will not die of a broken heart. Poor young Mr. Orme has all the world before him, and will soon console himself."

"But he is so attached to her. And then The Cleeve is so near."

"We must give up all that, my dear."

"Very well," said Lady Staveley; and from that moment it may be said that she had given in her adhesion to the Graham connection. When, some time after, she gave her orders to Baker as to preparing a room for Mr. Graham, it was made quite clear to that excellent woman, by her mistress's manner and anxiety as to the airing of the sheets, that Miss Madeline was to have her own way in the matter.

But long previous to these preparations Madeline and her mother had discussed the matter fully. "Papa says that Mr. Graham is to come here for the assize week," said Lady Staveley.

"Yes; so he told me," Madeline replied, very bashfully.

"I suppose it's all for the best."

"I hope it is," said Madeline. What could she do but hope so?

"Your papa understands every thing so very well that I am sure he would not let him come if it were not proper."

"I suppose not," said Madeline.

"And now I look upon the matter as all settled."

"What matter, mamma?"

"That he—that he is to come here as your lover."

"Oh no, mamma. Pray don't imagine that. It is not so at all. What should I do if you were to say any thing to make him think so?"

"But you told me that you loved him."

"So I do, mamma."

"And he told your papa that he was desperately in love with you."

"I don't know, mamma."

"But he did—your papa told me so, and that's why he asked him to come down here again. He never would have done it without."

Madeline had her own idea about this, believing that her father had thought more of her wants in the matter than he had of those of Felix Graham; but as to this she said nothing. "Nevertheless, mamma, you must not say that to any one," she answered. "Mr. Graham has never spoken to me—not a word. I should of course have told you had he done so."

"Yes, I am sure of that. But, Madeline, I suppose it's all the same. He asked papa for permission to speak to you, and your papa has given it."

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma."

It was a quarter of an hour after that when Lady Staveley again returned to the subject. "I am sure Mr. Graham is very clever, and all that."

"Papa says that he is very clever indeed."

"I'm quite sure he is, and he makes himself very nice in the house, always talking when there are people to dinner. Mr. Arbuthnot never will talk when there are people to dinner. But Mr. Arbuthnot has got a very nice place in Warwickshire, and they say he'll come in for the county some day."

"Of course, mamma, if there should be any thing of that sort, we should not be rich people, like Isabella and Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Not at first, dear."

"Neither first nor last. But I don't care about that. If you and papa will like him, and—and—if it should come to that! Oh, mamma, he is so good, and so clever, and he understands things, and talks about things as though he knew how to make himself master of them. And he is honest and proud. Oh, mamma, if it should be so, I do hope you will love him."

And then Lady Staveley promised that she would love him, thinking nevertheless that had things gone differently she would have extended a more motherly warmth of affection to Peregrine Orme.

And about this time Peregrine Orme made another visit to Noningsby. His intention was to see the judge, explaining what steps his grandfather had taken as to The Cleeve property, and then once more to have thrown himself at Madeline's feet. But circumstances as they turned out prevented this. Although he had been at some trouble to ascertain when the judge would be at Noningsby, nevertheless on his arrival the judge was out. He would be home, the servant said, to dinner, but not before; and therefore he had again seen Lady Staveley, and after seeing her had not thrown himself at Madeline's feet.

He had made up his mind to give a systematic and detailed account of his pecuniary circumstances, and had selected nearly the very words in which this should be made, not actuated by any idea that such a process would have any weight with Madeline, or by any means assist him with her, but hoping that he might thus

procure the judge's permission to press his suit. But all his preparation and all his chosen words were of no use to him. When he saw Lady Staveley's face he at once knew that she had no comfort to offer to him. "Well," he said; "is there any chance for me?" He had intended to speak in a very different tone, but words which have been prepared seldom manage to fit themselves into their appropriate places.

"Oh, Mr. Orme," she said, taking him by the hand, and holding it, "I wish it were different; I wish it could be different."

"There is no hope, then?" And as he spoke there was a sound in his voice as though the tidings would utterly unman him.

"I should be wicked to deceive you," she said. "There is no hope." And then as she looked up at the sorrow so plainly written in the lines of his young, handsome face, tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. How could it be that a daughter of hers should be indifferent to the love of such a suitor as this?

But Peregrine, when he saw her sorrow, repressed his own. "Very well," said he; "I will at any rate know how to take an answer. And for your kindness to me in the matter I am much obliged. I ought to have known myself better than to have supposed she could have cared for me."

"I am sure she feels that you have done her great honor."

"Pshaw! honor! But never mind—Good-by, Lady Staveley."

"Will you not see her?"

"No. Why should I see her? Give her my love—my best love—"

"I will—I will."

"And tell her that I hope she may be happy, and make some fellow happy who is more fortunate than I am. I shall get out of the way somewhere, so that I shall not make a fool of myself when I see it." And then he took his departure, and rode back again to The Cleeve. This happened two days before the commencement of the trial, and the day before that on which Graham was to arrive at Noningsby.

When Graham received the judge's note asking him to put up at Noningsby for the assize week he was much astonished. It was very short:

"DEAR GRAHAM,—As you are coming down to Alston, special in Lady Mason's case, you may as well come and stay here. Lady Staveley bids me say that she will be delighted. Your elder brethren will no doubt go back to London each night, so that you will not be expected to remain with them. Yours always, etc."

What could be the intention of the judge in taking so strange a step as this? The judge had undertaken to see him in three months, having given him some faint idea that there then might be a chance of hope. But now, before one month was over, he was actually sending for him to the house, and inviting him to stay there. What would all the bar world say when they found that a young barrister was living at the judge's house during the assizes? Would it not

be in every man's mouth that he was a suitor accepted both by the judge's daughter and by the judge? There would be nothing in that to go against the grain with him, if only the fact were so. That the fact should be so he could not venture to hope even on this hint; but he accepted the judge's invitation, sent his grateful thanks to Lady Staveley—as to Lady Staveley's delight, he was sure that the judge must have romanced a little, for he had clearly recognized Lady Staveley as his enemy—and then he prepared himself for the chances of war.

On the evening before the trial he arrived at Noningsby just in time for dinner. He had been obliged to remain an hour or two at Alston in conference with Mr. Aram, and was later than he had expected he would be. He had been afraid to come early in the day, lest by doing so he might have seemed to overstep the margin of his invitation. When he did arrive the two ladies were already dressing, and he found the judge in the hall.

"A pretty fellow you are!" said the judge. "It's dinner-time already, and, of course, you take an hour to dress."

"Mr. Aram—" began Felix.

"Oh yes, Mr. Aram! I'll give you fifteen minutes, but not a moment more." And so Felix was hurried on up to his bedroom—the old bedroom in which he had passed so many hours, and been so very uneasy. As he entered the room all that conversation with Augustus Staveley returned upon his memory. He had seen his friend in London, and told him that he was going down to Noningsby. Augustus had looked grave, but had said nothing about Madeline. Augustus was not in his father's confidence in this matter, and had nothing to do but to look grave. On that very morning, moreover, some cause had been given to himself for gravity of demeanor.

At the door of his room he met Mrs. Baker, and, hurried though he was by the judge's strict injunction, he could not but shake hands with his old and very worthy friend.

"Quite strong again," said he, in answer to her tender inquiries.

"So you are, I do declare. I will say this, Mr. Graham, for wholesomeness of flesh you beat any thing I ever come nigh. There's a many would have been weeks and weeks before they could have been moved."

"It was your good nursing, Mrs. Baker."

"Well, I think we did take care of you among us. Do you remember the pheasant, Mr. Graham?"

"Remember it! I should think so; and how I improved the occasion."

"Yes; you did improve fast enough. And the sea-kale, Mr. Graham? Laws! the row I had with John Gardener about that! And, Mr. Graham, do you remember how a certain friend used to come and ask after you at the door? Dear, dear, dear! I nearly caught it about that."

But Graham in his present frame of mind

could not well endure to discuss his remembrances on that subject with Mrs. Baker, so he good-humoredly pushed her out of the room, saying that the judge would be mad if he delayed.

"That's true, too, Mr. Graham. And it won't do for you to take up Mr. Augustus's tricks in the house yet; will it?" And then she left the room. "What does she mean by 'yet'?" Felix said to himself as he went through the ceremony of dressing with all the haste in his power.

He was in the drawing-room almost within the fifteen minutes, and there he found none but the judge and his wife and daughter. He had at first expected to find Augustus there, but had been told by Mrs. Baker that he was to come down on the following morning. His first greeting from Lady Staveley was something like that he had already received up stairs, only made in less exuberant language. He was congratulated on his speedy recovery and made welcome by a kind smile. Then he shook hands with Madeline, and as he did so he observed that the judge was at the trouble to turn away, so that he should not watch the greeting. This he did see, but into Madeline's face he hardly ventured to look. He touched her hand, however, and said a word; and she also murmured something about his injury. "And now we'll go to dinner," said the judge. "Give your arm that is not broken to Lady Staveley." And so the meeting was over. "Augustus will be in Alston to-morrow when the court is opened," said the judge. "That is to say, if he finds it possible to get up so soon; but to-day he had some engagements in town." The truth, however, was that the judge had chosen to be alone with Felix after dinner.

The dinner was very pleasant, but the judge talked for the whole party. Madeline hardly spoke at all, nor did Lady Staveley say much. Felix managed to put in a few words occasionally, as it always becomes a good listener to do, but the brunt of the battle lay with the host. One thing Felix observed painfully, that not a word was spoken about Lady Mason or Orley Farm. When he had been last there the judge had spoken of it openly before the whole party, expressing his opinion that she was a woman much injured; but now neither did he say any thing nor did Lady Staveley. He would probably not have observed this had not a feeling crept upon him during the last fortnight, that that thorough conviction which men had felt as to her innocence was giving way. While the ladies were there, however, he did not himself allude to the subject.

When they had left the room and the door had been closed behind them, the judge began the campaign—began it, and as far as he was concerned, ended it in a very few minutes. "Graham," said he, "I am glad to see you."

"Thank you, judge," said he.

"Of course you know, and I know, what that amounts to now. My idea is that you acted as

an honest man when you were last here. You are not a rich man—"

"Any thing but that."

"And therefore I do not think it would have been well had you endeavored to gain my daughter's affections without speaking to me, or to her mother." Judge Staveley always spoke of his wife as though she were an absolute part of himself. "She and I have discussed the matter now, and you are at liberty to address yourself to Madeline if you please."

"My dear judge—"

"Of course you understand that I am not answering for her?"

"Oh, of course not."

"That's your look-out. You must fight your own battle there. What you are allowed to understand is this, that her father and mother will give their consent to an engagement, if she finds that she can bring herself to give hers. If you are minded to ask her, you may do so."

"Of course I shall ask her."

"She will have five thousand pounds on her marriage, settled upon herself and her children, and as much more when I die, settled in the same way. Now fill your glass." And in his own easy way he turned the subject round and began to talk about the late congress at Birmingham.

Felix felt that it was not open to him at the present moment to say any thing further about Madeline; and though he was disappointed at this—for he would have wished to go on talking about her all the evening—perhaps it was better for him. The judge would have said nothing further to encourage him, and he would have gradually been taught to think that his chance with Madeline was little, and then less. "He must have been a fool," my readers will say, "not to have known that Madeline was now his own." Probably. But then modest-minded young men are fools.

At last he contrived to bring the conversation round from the Birmingham congress to the affairs of his new client; and indeed he contrived to do so in spite of the judge, who was not particularly anxious to speak on the subject. "After all that we said and did at Birmingham, it is odd that I should so soon find myself joined with Mr. Furnival."

"Not at all odd. Of course you must take up your profession as others have taken it up before you. Very many young men dream of a Themis fit for Utopia. You have slept somewhat longer than others, and your dreams have been more vivid."

"And now I wake to find myself leagued with the Empson and Dudley of our latter-day law courts."

"Fie, Graham, fie! Do not allow yourself to speak in that tone of men whom you know to be zealous advocates, and whom you do not know to be dishonest opponents."

"It is they and such as they that make so many in these days feel the need of some Utopia—as it was in the old days of our history. But



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT NONINGSBY.

I beg their pardon for nicknaming them, and certainly ought not to have done so in your presence."

"Well, if you repent yourself, and will be more charitable for the future, I will not tell of you."

"I have never yet even seen Mr. Chaffanbrass in court," said Felix, after a pause.

"The more shame for you, never to have gone to the court in which he practices. A barrister intending to succeed at the common law bar can

not have too wide an experience in such matters."

"But then I fear that I am a barrister not intending to succeed."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the judge. And then again the conversation flagged for a minute or two.

"Have you ever seen him at a country assize town before, judge?" asked Felix.

"Whom? Chaffanbrass? I do not remember that I have."

"His coming down in this way is quite unusual, I take it."

"Rather so, I should say. The Old Bailey is his own ground."

"And why should they think it necessary in such a case as this to have recourse to such a proceeding?"

"It would be for me to ask you that, seeing that you are one of the counsel."

"Do you mean to say, judge, that between you and me you are unwilling to give an opinion on such a subject?"

"Well; you press me hard, and I think I may fairly say that I am unwilling. I would sooner discuss the matter with you after the verdict than before it. Come, we will go into the drawing-room."

There was not much in this. Indeed if it were properly looked at there was nothing in it. But nevertheless Graham, as he preceded the judge out of the dining-room, felt that his heart misgave him about Lady Mason. When first the matter had been spoken of at Noningsby, Judge Staveley had been fully convinced of Lady Mason's innocence, and had felt no reserve in expressing his opinion. He had expressed such an opinion very openly. Why should he now affect so much reticence, seeing that the question had been raised in the presence of them two alone? It was he who had persuaded Graham to undertake this work, and now he went back from what he had done, and refused even to speak upon the subject. "It must be that he thinks she is guilty," said Graham to himself as he lay down that night in bed.

But there had been something more for him to do before bedtime came. He followed the judge into the drawing-room, and in five minutes perceived that his host had taken up a book with the honest intention of reading it. Some reference was made to him by his wife, but he showed at once that he did not regard Graham as company, and that he conceived himself to be entitled to enjoy the full luxury of home. "Upon my word I don't know," he answered, without taking his eye off the page. And then nobody spoke to him another word.

After another short interval Lady Staveley went to sleep. When Felix Graham had before been at Noningsby, she would have rebelled against nature with all her force rather than have slept while he was left to whisper what he would to her darling. But now he was authorized to whisper, and why should not Lady Staveley

sleep if she wished it? She did sleep, and Felix was left alone with his love.

And yet he was not altogether alone. He could not say to her those words which he was now bound to say; which he longed to say in order that he might know whether the next stage of his life was to be light or dark. There sat the judge, closely intent no doubt upon his book, but wide awake. There also sat Lady Staveley, fast asleep certainly; but with a wondrous power of hearing even in her sleep. And yet how was he to talk to his love unless he talked of love? He wished that the judge would help them to converse; he wished that some one else was there; he wished at last that he himself was away. Madeline sat perfectly tranquil stitching a collar. Upon her there was incumbent no duty of doing any thing beyond that. But he was in a measure bound to talk. Had he dared to do so he also would have taken up a book; but that he knew to be impossible.

"Your brother will be down to-morrow," he said, at last.

"Yes; he is to go direct to Alston. He will be here in the evening—to dinner."

"Ah, yes; I suppose we shall all be late to-morrow."

"Papa always is late when the assizes are going on," said Madeline.

"Alston is not very far," said Felix.

"Only two miles," she answered.

And during the whole of that long evening the conversation between them did not reach a more interesting pitch than that.

"She must think me an utter fool," said Felix to himself, as he sat staring at the fire. "How well her brother would have made the most of such an opportunity!" And then he went to bed by no means in a good humor with himself.

On the next morning he again met her at breakfast, but on that occasion there was no possible opportunity for private conversation. The judge was all alive, and talked enough for the whole party during the twenty minutes that was allowed to them before they started for Alston. "And now we must be off. We'll say half past seven for dinner, my dear." And then they also made their journey to Alston.

CHAPTER LXVI.

SHOWING HOW MISS FURNIVAL TREATED HER LOVERS.

It is a great thing for young ladies to live in a household in which free correspondence by letter is permitted. "Two for mamma, four for Amelia, three for Fanny, and one for papa." When the postman has left his budget they should be dealt out in that way, and no more should be said about it, except what each may choose to say. Papa's letter is about money, of course, and interests nobody. Mamma's contain the character of a cook and an invitation to

dinner, and as they interest every body, are public property. But Fanny's letters and Amelia's should be private; and a well-bred mamma of the present day scorns even to look at the handwriting of the addresses. Now in Harley Street things were so managed that nobody did see the handwriting of the addresses of Sophia's letters till they came into her own hand—that is, neither her father nor her mother did so. That both Spooner and Mrs. Ball examined them closely is probable enough.

This was well for her now, for she did not wish it to be known as yet that she had accepted an offer from Lucius Mason, and she did wish to have the privilege of receiving his letters. She fancied that she loved him. She told herself over and over again that she did so. She compared him within her own mind to Augustus Staveley, and always gave the preference to Lucius. She liked Augustus also, and could have accepted him as well, had it been the way of the world in England for ladies to have two accepted lovers. Such is not the way of the world in England, and she therefore had been under the necessity of choosing one. She had taken the better of the two, she declared to herself very often; but nevertheless was it absolutely necessary that the other should be abandoned altogether? Would it not be well at any rate to wait till this trial should be over? But then the young men themselves were in such a hurry!

Lucius, like an honest man, had proposed to go at once to Mr. Furnival when he was accepted; but to this Sophia had objected. "The peculiar position in which my father stands to your mother at the present moment," said she, "would make it very difficult for him to give you an answer now." Lucius did not quite understand the reasoning, but he yielded. It did not occur to him for a moment that either Mr. or Miss Furnival could doubt the validity of his title to the Orley Farm property.

But there was no reason why he should not write to her. "Shall I address here?" he had asked. "Oh yes," said Sophia; "my letters are quite private." And he had written very frequently, and she had answered him. His last letter before the trial I propose to publish, together with Sophia's answer, giving it as my opinion that the gentleman's production affords by no means a good type of a lover's letter. But then his circumstances were peculiar. Miss Furnival's answer was, I think, much better.

"ORLEY FARM, — — — —"

"MY OWN SOPHIA,—My only comfort—I may really say my only comfort now—is in writing to you. It is odd that at my age, and having begun the world early as I did, I should now find myself so much alone. Were it not for you, I should have no friend. I can not describe to you the sadness of this house, nor the wretched state in which my mother exists. I sometimes think that had she been really guilty of those monstrous crimes which people lay to her charge, she could hardly have been more miserable. I do not understand it; nor can I understand why your father has surrounded her with lawyers whom he would not himself trust in a case of any moment. To me she never speaks on the subject, which makes the matter worse—worse for both of us. I see her at breakfast and

at dinner, and sometimes sit with her for an hour in the evening; but even then we have no conversation. The end of it is I trust soon coming, and then I hope that the sun will again be bright. In these days it seems as though there were a cloud over the whole earth.

"I wish with all my heart that you could have been here with her. I think that your tone and strength of mind would have enabled her to bear up against these troubles with more fortitude. After all, it is but the shadow of a misfortune which has come across her, if she would but allow herself so to think. As it is, Mrs. Orme is with her daily, and nothing I am sure can be more kind. But I can confess to you, though I could do so to no one else, that I do not willingly see an intimacy kept up between my mother and The Cleve. Why was there that strange proposition as to her marriage; and why, when it was once made, was it abandoned? I know that my mother has been not only guiltless but guileless, in these matters as to which she is accused; but nevertheless her affairs will have been so managed that it will be almost impossible for her to remain in this neighborhood.

"When all this is over, I think I shall sell this place. What is there to bind me—to bind me or you to Orley Farm? Sometimes I have thought that I could be happy here, devoting myself to agriculture,"—"Fiddlesticks!" Sophia exclaimed, as she read this—"and doing something to lessen the dense ignorance of those around me; but for such work as that a man should be able to extend himself over a larger surface than that which I can influence. My dream of happiness now carries me away from this to other countries—to the sunny south. Could you be happy there? A friend of mine whom I well knew in Germany, has a villa on the Lake of Como"—["Indeed, Sir, I'll do no such thing," said Sophia to herself]—"and there I think we might forget all this annoyance.

"I shall not write again now till the trial is over. I have made up my mind that I will be in court during the whole proceedings. If my mother will admit it, I will remain there close to her, as her son should do in such an emergency. If she will not have this, still I will be there. No one shall say that I am afraid to see my mother in any position to which fortune can bring her, or that I have ever doubted her innocence.

"God bless you, my own one.

"Yours,

L. M."

Taking this letter as a whole perhaps we may say that there was not as much nonsense in it as young gentlemen generally put into their love-letters to young ladies; but I am inclined to think that it would have been a better love-letter had there been more nonsense. At any rate there should have been less about himself, and more about the lady. He should have omitted the agriculture altogether, and been more sure of his loved one's tastes before he suggested the sunny south and the Como villa. It is true that he was circumstanced as few lovers are, with reference to his mother; but still I think he might have been less lachrymose. Sophia's answer, which was sent after the lapse of a day or two, was as follows:

"HARLEY STREET, — — — —"

"MY DEAR LUCIUS,—I am not surprised that you should feel somewhat low-spirited at the present moment; but you will find, I have no doubt, that the results of the next week will cure all that. Your mother will be herself again when this trial is over, and you will then wonder that it should ever have had so depressing an influence either upon you or upon her. I can not but suppose that papa has done the best as to her advisers. I know how anxious he is about it, and they say that he is very clever in such matters. Pray give your mother my love. I can not but think she is lucky to have Mrs. Orme with her. What can be more respectable than a connection at such a time with such people?

"As to your future residence, do not make up your mind to any thing while your spirits are thus depressed. If you



"AND HOW ARE THEY ALL AT NONINGSBY?"

like to leave Orley Farm, why not let it instead of selling it? As for me, if it should be fated that our lots are to go together, I am inclined to think that I should still prefer to live in England. In London papa's position might probably be of some service, and I should like no life that was not active. But it is too early in the day to talk thus at present. You must not think me cold-hearted if I say that what has as yet been between us must not be regard-

ed as an absolute and positive engagement. I, on my part, hope that it may become so. My heart is not cold, and I am not ashamed to own that I esteem you favorably; but marriage is a very serious thing, and there is so much to be considered! I regard myself as a free agent, and in a great measure independent of my parents on such a matter as that; but still I think it well to make no positive promise without consulting them. When this trial is

over I will speak to my father, and then you will come up to London and see us.

"Mind you give my love to your mother; and—if it have any value in your eyes—accept it yourself.

"Your affectionate friend, SOPHIA FURNIVAL."

I feel very confident that Mrs. Furnival was right in declining to inquire very closely into the circumstances of her daughter's correspondence. A young lady who could write such a letter to her lover as that requires but little looking after; and in those points as to which she may require it, will—if she be so minded—elude it. Such as Miss Furnival was, no care on her mother's part would, I think, have made her better. Much care might have made her worse, as, had she been driven to such resources, she would have received her letters under a false name at the baker's shop round the corner.

But the last letter was not written throughout without interruption. She was just declaring how on her part she hoped that her present uncertain tenure of her lover's hand might at some future time become certain, when Augustus Staveley was announced. Sophia, who was alone in the drawing-room, rose from her table, gracefully, slipped her note under the cover of the desk, and courteously greeted her visitor. "And how are they all at dear Noningsby?" she asked.

"Dear Noningsby is nearly deserted. There is no one there but my mother and Madeline."

"And who more would be wanting to make it still dear—unless it be the judge? I declare, Mr. Staveley, I was quite in love with your father when I left. Talk of honey falling from people's mouths!—he drops nothing less than Champagne and pine-apples."

"How very difficult of digestion his conversation must be!"

"By no means. If the wine be good and the fruit ripe, nothing can be more wholesome. And is every body else gone? Let me see; Mr. Graham was still there when I left."

"He came away shortly afterward—as soon, that is, as his arm would allow him."

"What a happy accident that was for him, Mr. Staveley!"

"Happy!—breaking three of his ribs, his arm, and his collar-bone! I thought it very unhappy."

"Ah, that's because your character is so deficient in true chivalry. I call it a very happy accident which gives a gentleman an opportunity of spending six weeks under the same roof with the lady of his love. Mr. Graham is a man of spirit, and I am by no means sure that he did not break his bones on purpose."

Augustus for a moment thought of denying the imputation with regard to his sister, but before he had spoken he had changed his mind. He was already aware that his friend had been again invited down to Noningsby, and if his father chose to encourage Graham, why should he make difficulties? He had conceived some general idea that Felix Graham was not a guest to be welcomed into a rich man's family as a son-

in-law. He was poor and crotchety, and as regards professional matters unsteady. But all that was a matter for his father to consider, not for him. So he held his peace as touching Graham, and contrived to change the subject, veering round toward that point of the compass which had brought him into Harley Street.

"Perhaps then, Miss Furnival, it might answer some purpose if I were to get myself run over outside there. I could get one of Pickford's vans, or a dray from Barclay and Perkins's, if that might be thought serviceable."

"It would be of no use in the world, Mr. Staveley. Those very charitable middle-aged ladies opposite, the Miss MacCodies, would have you into their house in no time, and when you woke from your first swoon you would find yourself in their best bedroom, with one on each side of you."

"And you, in the mean time—"

"I should send over every morning at ten o'clock to inquire after you—in mamma's name. 'Mrs. Furnival's compliments, and hopes Mr. Staveley will recover the use of his legs.' And the man would bring back word, 'The doctor hopes he may, Miss; but his left eye is gone forever.' It is not every body that can tumble discreetly. Now you, I fancy, would only disfigure yourself."

"Then I must try what fortune can do for me without the brewer's dray."

"Fortune has done quite enough for you, Mr. Staveley; I do not advise you to tempt her any further."

"Miss Furnival, I have come to Harley Street to-day on purpose to tempt her to the utmost. There is my hand—"

"Mr. Staveley, pray keep your hand for a while longer in your own possession."

"Undoubtedly I shall do so unless I dispose of it this morning. When we were at Noningsby together I ventured to tell you what I felt for you—"

"Did you, Mr. Staveley? If your feelings were any thing beyond the common, I don't remember the telling."

"And then," he continued, without choosing to notice her words, "you affected to believe that I was not in earnest in what I said to you."

"And you must excuse me if I affect to believe the same thing of you still."

Augustus Staveley had come into Harley Street with a positive resolve to throw his heart and hand and fortune at the feet of Miss Furnival. I fear that I shall not raise him in the estimation of my readers by saying so. But then my readers will judge him unfairly. They will forget that they have had a much better opportunity of looking into the character of Miss Furnival than he had had; and they will also forget that they have had no such opportunity of being influenced by her personal charms. I think I remarked before that Miss Furnival well understood how best to fight her own battle. Had she shown herself from the first anxious to re-

gard as a definite offer the first words tending that way which Augustus had spoken to her, he would at once have become indifferent about the matter. As a consequence of her judicious conduct he was not indifferent. We always want that which we can't get easily. Sophia had made herself difficult to be gotten, and therefore Augustus fancied that he wanted her. Since he had been in town he had been frequently in Harley Street, and had been arguing with himself on the matter. What match could be more discreet or better? Not only was she very handsome, but she was clever also. And not only was she handsome and clever, but moreover she was an heiress. What more could his friends want for him, and what more could he want for himself? His mother did in truth regard her as a nasty, sly girl; but then his mother did not know Sophia, and in such matters mothers are so ignorant!

Miss Furnival, on his thus repeating his offer, again chose to affect a belief that he was not in earnest. I am inclined to think that she rather liked this kind of thing. There is an excitement in the game; and it is one which may be played without great danger to either party if it be played cautiously and with some skill. As regards Augustus at the present moment, I have to say—with some regret—that he abandoned all idea of caution, and that he showed very little skill.

"Then," said he, "I must beg you to lay aside an affectation which is so very injurious both to my honor and to my hopes of happiness."

"Your honor, Mr. Staveley, is quite safe, I am certain."

"I wish that my happiness were equally so," said he. "But at any rate you will let me have an answer. Sophia—"

And now he stood up, looking at her with something really like love in his eyes, and Miss Furnival began to understand that if she so chose it the prize was really within her reach. But then was it a prize? Was not the other thing the better prize? The other thing was the better prize—if only that affair about the Orley Farm were settled. Augustus Staveley was a good-looking, handsome fellow; but then there was that in the manner and gait of Lucius Mason which better suited her taste. There are ladies who prefer Worcester ware to real china; and, moreover, the order for the Worcester ware had already been given.

"Sophia, let a man be ever so light-hearted, there will come to him moments of absolute and almost terrible earnestness."

"Even to you, Mr. Staveley."

"I have at any rate done nothing to deserve your scorn."

"Fie, now; you to talk of my scorn! You come here with soft words which run easily from your tongue, feeling sure that I shall be proud in heart when I hear them whispered into my ears; and now you pretend to be angry because I do not show you that I am elated. Do you think

it probable that I should treat with scorn any thing of this sort that you might say to me seriously?"

"I think you are doing so."

"Have you generally found yourself treated with scorn when you have been out on this pursuit?"

"By Heavens! you have no right to speak to me so. In what way shall I put my words to make them sound seriously to you? Do you want me to kneel at your feet, as our grandfathers used to do?"

"Oh, certainly not. Our grandmothers were very stupid in desiring that."

"If I put my hand on my heart will you believe me better?"

"Not in the least."

"Then through what formula shall I go?"

"Go through no formula, Mr. Staveley. In such affairs as these very little, as I take it, depends on the words that are uttered. When heart has spoken to heart, or even head to head, very little other speaking is absolutely necessary."

"And my heart has not spoken to yours?"

"Well—no; not with that downright plain open language which a heart in earnest always knows how to use. I suppose you think you like me."

"Sophia, I love you well enough to make you my wife to-morrow."

"Yes; and to be tired of your bargain on the next day. Has it ever occurred to you that giving and taking in marriage is a very serious thing?"

"A very serious thing; but I do not think that on that account it should be avoided."

"No; but it seems to me that you are always inclined to play at marriage. Do not be angry with me, but for the life of me I can never think you are in earnest."

"But I shall be angry—very angry—if I do not get from you some answer to what I have ventured to say."

"What, now? to-day? this morning? If you insist upon that, the answer can only be of one sort. If I am driven to decide this morning on the question that you have asked me, great as the honor is—and coming from you, Mr. Staveley, it is very great—I must decline it. I am not able, at any rate at the present moment, to trust my happiness altogether in your hands." When we think of the half-written letter which at this moment Miss Furnival had within her desk, this was not wonderful.

And then, without having said any thing more that was of note, Augustus Staveley went his way. As he walked up Harley Street he hardly knew whether or no he was to consider himself as bound to Miss Furnival; nor did he feel quite sure whether or no he wished to be so bound. She was handsome, and clever, and an heiress; but yet he was not certain that she possessed all those womanly charms which are desirable in a wife. He could not but reflect that she had never yet said a soft word to him.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MR. MOULDER BACKS HIS OPINION.

As the day of the trial drew nigh the perturbation of poor John Kenneby's mind became very great. Moulder had not intended to frighten him, but had thought it well to put him up to what he believed to be the truth. No doubt he would be badgered and bullied. "And," as Moulder said to his wife afterward, "wasn't it better that he should know what was in store for him?" The consequence was, that had it been by any means possible, Kenneby would have run away on the day before the trial.

But it was by no means possible, for Dockwrath had hardly left him alone for an instant. Dockwrath at this time had crept into a sort of employment in the case from which Matthew Round had striven in vain to exclude him. Mr. Round had declared once or twice that if Mr. Mason encouraged Dockwrath to interfere, he, Round, would throw the matter up. But professional men can not very well throw up their business, and Round went on, although Dockwrath did interfere, and although Mr. Mason did encourage him. On the eve of the trial he went down to Alston with Kenneby and Bolster; and Mr. Moulder, at the express instance of Kenneby, accompanied them.

"What can I do? I can't stop the fellow's gab," Moulder had said. But Kenneby pleaded hard that some friend might be near him in the day of his trouble, and Moulder at last consented.

"I wish it was me," Mrs. Smiley had said, when they talked the matter over in Great St. Helens; "I'd let the barrister know what was what when he came to knock me about." Kenneby wished it also, with all his heart.

Mr. Mason went down by the same train, but he traveled by the first-class. Dockwrath, who was now holding his head up, would have gone with him, had he not thought it better to remain with Kenneby. "He might jump out of the carriage and destroy himself," he said to Mr. Mason.

"If he had any of the feelings of an Englishman within his breast," said Mason, "he would be anxious to give assistance toward the punishment of such a criminal as that."

"He has only the feelings of a tomtit," said Dockwrath.

Lodgings had been taken for the two chief witnesses together, and Moulder and Dockwrath shared the accommodation with them. As they sat down to tea together, these two gentlemen doubtless felt that Bridget Bolster was not exactly fitting company for them. But the necessities of an assize week, and of such a trial as this, level much of these distinctions, and they were both prepared to condescend and become affable.

"Well, Mrs. Bolster, and how do you find yourself?" asked Dockwrath.

Bridget was a solid, square-looking woman, somewhat given to flesh, and now not very quick in her movements. But the nature of her past

life had given to her a certain amount of readiness, and an absence of that dread of her fellow-creatures which so terribly afflicted poor Kenneby. And then also she was naturally not a stupid woman, or one inclined to be muddle-headed. Perhaps it would be too much to say that she was generally intelligent, but what she did understand she understood thoroughly.

"Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Dockwrath. I sha'n't be sorry to have a bit of something to my tea."

Bridget Bolster perfectly understood that she was to be well fed when thus brought out for work in her country's service. To have every thing that she wanted to eat and drink at places of public entertainment, and then to have the bills paid for her behind her back, was to Bridget Bolster the summit of transitory human bliss.

"And you shall have something to your tea," said Dockwrath. "What's it to be?"

"A steak's as good as any thing at these places," suggested Moulder.

"Or some ham and eggs," suggested Dockwrath.

"Kidneys is nice," said Bridget.

"What do you say, Kenneby?" asked Dockwrath.

"It is nothing to me," said Kenneby; "I have no appetite. I think I'll take a little brandy-and-water."

Mr. Moulder possessed the most commanding spirit, and the steak was ordered. They then made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and gradually fell into a general conversation about the trial. It had been understood among them since they first came together, that as a matter of etiquette the witnesses were not to be asked what they had to say. Kenneby was not to divulge his facts in plain language, nor Bridget Bolster those which belonged to her; but it was open to them all to take a general view of the matter, and natural that at the present moment they should hardly be able to speak of any thing else. And there was a very divided opinion on the subject in dispute; Dockwrath, of course, expressing a strong conviction in favor of a verdict of guilty, and Moulder being as certain of an acquittal. At first Moulder had been very unwilling to associate with Dockwrath: for he was a man who maintained his animosities long within his breast; but Dockwrath on this occasion was a great man, and there was some slight reflection of greatness on the associates of Dockwrath; it was only by the assistance of Dockwrath that a place could be obtained within the court, and, upon the whole, it became evident to Moulder that during such a crisis as this the society of Dockwrath must be endured.

"They can't do any thing to one if one do one's best?" said Kenneby, who was sitting apart from the table while the others were eating.

"Of course they can't," said Dockwrath, who wished to inspirit the witnesses on his own side.

"It ain't what they do, but what they say,"

said Moulder; "and then every body is looking at you. I remember a case when I was young on the road; it was at Nottingham. There had been some sugars delivered, and the rats had got at it. I'm blessed if they didn't ask me backward and forward so often that I forgot whether they was seconds or thirds, though I'd sold the goods myself. And then the lawyer said he'd have me prosecuted for perjury. Well, I was that frightened I could not stand in the box. I ain't so green now by a good deal."

"I'm sure you're not, Mr. Moulder," said Bridget, who well understood the class to which Moulder belonged.

"After that I met that lawyer in the street, and was ashamed to look him in the face. I'm blessed if he didn't come up and shake hands with me, and tell me that he knew all along that his client hadn't a leg to stand on. Now I call that beautiful."

"Beautiful!" said Kenneby.

"Yes, I do. He fought that battle just as if he was sure of winning, though he knew he was going to lose. Give me the man that can fight a losing battle. Any body can play whist with four by honors in his own hand."

"I don't object to four by honors either," said Dockwrath; "and that's the game we are going to play to-morrow."

"And lose the rubber after all," said Moulder.

"No, I'm blessed if we do, Mr. Moulder. If I know any thing of my own profession—"

"Humph!" ejaculated Moulder.

"And I shouldn't be here in such a case as this if I didn't;—but if I do, Lady Mason has no more chance of escape than—than—than that bit of muffin has." And as he spoke the savory morsel in question disappeared from the fingers of the commercial traveler.

For a moment or two Moulder could not answer him. The portion of food in question was the last on his plate; it had been considerable in size, and required attention in mastication. Then the remaining gravy had to be picked up on the blade of the knife, and the particles of pickles collected and disposed of by the same process. But when all this had been well done, Moulder replied:

"That may be your opinion, Mr. Dockwrath, and I dare say you may know what you're about."

"Well, I rather think I do, Mr. Moulder."

"Mine's different. Now when one gentleman thinks one thing and another thinks another, there's nothing for it in my mind but for each gentleman to back his own. That's about the ticket in this country, I believe."

"That's just as a gentleman may feel disposed," said Dockwrath.

"No it ain't. What's the use of a man having an opinion if he won't back it? He's bound to back it, or else he should give way, and confess he ain't so sure about it as he said he was. There's no coming to an end if you don't do that. Now there's a ten-pound note," and Moulder produced that amount of the root of all evil; "I'll put that in John Kenneby's hands,

and do you cover it." And then he looked as though there were no possible escape from the proposition which he had made.

"I decline to have any thing to do with it," said Kenneby.

"Gammon," said Moulder; "two ten-pound notes won't burn a hole in your pocket."

"Suppose I should be asked a question about it to-morrow; where should I be then?"

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Kenneby," said Dockwrath; "I'm not going to bet."

"You ain't, ain't you?" said Moulder.

"Certainly not, Mr. Moulder. If you understood professional matters a little better, you'd know that a professional gentleman couldn't make a bet as to a case partly in his own hands without very great impropriety." And Dockwrath gathered himself up, endeavoring to impress a sense of his importance on the two witnesses, even should he fail of doing so upon Mr. Moulder.

Moulder repocketed his ten-pound note, and laughed with a long, low chuckle. According to his idea of things, he had altogether got the better of the attorney upon that subject. As he himself put it so plainly, what criterion is there by which a man can test the validity of his own opinion if he be not willing to support it by a bet? A man is bound to do so, or else to give way and apologize. For many years he had insisted upon this in commercial rooms as a fundamental law in the character and conduct of gentlemen, and never yet had any thing been said to him to show that in such a theory he was mistaken.

During all this Bridget Bolster sat there much delighted. It was not necessary to her pleasure that she should say much herself. There she was seated in the society of gentlemen and of men of the world, with a cup of tea beside her and the expectation of a little drop of something warm afterward. What more could the world offer to her, or what more had the world to offer to any body? As far as her feelings went she did not care if Lady Mason were tried every month in the year! Not that her feelings toward Lady Mason were cruel. It was nothing to her whether Lady Mason should be convicted or acquitted. But it was much to her to sit quietly on her chair and have nothing to do, to eat and drink of the best, and be made much of; and it was very much to her to hear the conversation of her betters.

On the following morning Dockwrath breakfasted by appointment with Mr. Mason—promising, however, that he would return to his friends whom he left behind him, and introduce them into the court in proper time. As I have before hinted, Mr. Mason's confidence in Dockwrath had gone on increasing day by day since they had first met each other at Groby Park, till he now wished that he had altogether taken the advice of the Hamworth attorney and put this matter entirely into his hands. By degrees Joseph Mason had learned to understand and thoroughly to appreciate the strong points in his own

case; and now he was so fully convinced of the truth of those surmises which Dockwrath had been the first to make, that no amount of contrary evidence could have shaken him. And why had not Round and Crook found this out when the matter was before investigated? Why had they prevented him from appealing to the Lord Chancellor when, through their own carelessness, the matter had gone against him in the inferior court? And why did they now, even in these latter days, when they were driven to reopen the case by the clearness of the evidence submitted to them—why did they even now wound his ears, irritate his temper, and oppose the warmest feelings of his heart by expressing pity for this wicked criminal, whom it was their bounden duty to prosecute to the very utmost? Was it not by their fault that Orley Farm had been lost to him for the last twenty years? And yet young Round had told him, with the utmost composure, that it would be useless for him to look for any of those moneys which should have accrued to him during all those years! After what had passed, young Round should have been anxious to grind Lucius Mason into powder, and make money of his very bones! Must he not think, when he considered all these things, that Round and Crook had been willfully dishonest to him, and that their interest had been on the side of Lady Mason? He did so think at last, under the beneficent tutelage of his new adviser, and had it been possible would have taken the case out of the hands of Round and Crook even during the week before the trial.

"We mustn't do it now," Dockwrath had said, in his triumph. "If we did, the whole thing would be delayed. But they shall be so watched that they shall not be able to throw the thing over. I've got them in a vice, Mr. Mason; and I'll hold them so tight that they must convict her whether they will or no."

And the nature and extent of Mr. Dockwrath's reward had been already settled. When Lucius Mason should be expelled from Orley Farm with ignominy, he, Dockwrath, should become the tenant. The very rent was settled with the understanding that it should be remitted for the first year. It would be pleasant to him to have back his two fields in this way—his two fields, and something else beyond! It may be remembered that Lucius Mason had once gone to his office insulting him. It would now be his turn to visit Lucius Mason at his domicile. He was disposed to think that such visit would be made by him with more effect than had attended that other.

"Well, Sir, we're all right," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Mason, of Groby; "there's no screw loose that I can find."

"And will that man be able to speak?" Mr. Mason was alluding to John Kenneby.

"I think he will, as corroborating the woman Bolster. That's all we shall want. We shall put up the woman first; that is, after I have done. I don't think they'll make much of her, Mr. Mason."

"They can't make her say that she signed two deeds, if she is willing to tell the truth. There's no danger, you think, that she's been tampered with—that she has taken money?"

"No, no; there's been nothing of that."

"They'd do any thing, you know," said Mr. Mason. "Think of such a man as Solomon Aram! He's been used to it all his life, you know."

"They could not do it, Mr. Mason; I've been too sharp on them. And I tell you what, they know it now. There isn't one of them that doesn't know we shall get a verdict." And then for a few minutes there was silence between the two friends.

"I'll tell you what, Dockwrath," said Mr. Mason, after a while, "I've so set my heart upon this—upon getting justice at last—that I do think it would kill me if I were to be beaten. I do, indeed. I've known this, you know, all my life; and think what I've felt! For twenty-two years, Dockwrath! By —! in all that I have read I don't think I ever heard of such a hardship! That she should have robbed me for two-and-twenty years! And now they say that she will be imprisoned for twelve months!"

"She'll get more than that, Mr. Mason."

"I know what would have been done to her thirty years ago, when the country was in earnest about such matters. What did they do to Fautleroy!"

"Things are changed since then, ain't they?" said Dockwrath, with a laugh. And then he went to look up his flock and take them into court. "I'll meet you in the hall, Mr. Mason, in twenty minutes from this time."

And so the play was beginning on each side.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE TRIAL.

AND now the judge was there on the bench, the barristers and the attorneys were collected, the prisoner was seated in their presence, and the trial was begun. As is usual in cases of much public moment, when a person of mark is put upon his purgation, or the offense is one which has attracted notice, a considerable amount of time was spent in preliminaries. But we, who are not bound by the necessities under which the court labored, will pass over these somewhat rapidly. The prisoner was arraigned on the charge of perjury, and pleaded "not guilty" in a voice which, though low, was audible to all the court. At that moment the hum of voices had stayed itself, and the two small words, spoken in a clear, silver tone, reached the ears of all that then were there assembled. Some had surmised it to be possible that she would at the last moment plead guilty, but such persons had not known Lady Mason. And then by slow degrees a jury was sworn, a considerable number of jurors having been set aside at the instance of Lady Mason's counsel. Mr. Aram had learn-

ed to what part of the county each man belonged, and upon his instructions those who came from the neighborhood of Hamworth were passed over.

The comparative lightness of the offense diverted the commencement of the trial of much of that importance and apparent dignity which attach themselves to most celebrated criminal cases. The prisoner was not bidden to look upon the juror, nor the juror to look upon the prisoner, as though a battle for life and death were to be fought between them. A true bill for perjury had come down to the court from the grand jury, but the court officials could not bring themselves on such an occasion to open the case with all that solemnity and deference to the prisoner which they would have exhibited had she been charged with murdering her old husband. Nor was it even the same as though she had been accused of forgery. Though forgery be not now a capital crime, it was so within our memories, and there is still a certain grandeur in the name. But perjury sounds small and petty, and it was not, therefore, till the trial had advanced a stage or two that it assumed that importance which it afterward never lost. That this should be so cut Mr. Mason, of Groby, to the very soul. Even Mr. Dockwrath had been unable to make him understand that his chance of regaining the property was, under the present circumstances, much greater than it would have been had Lady Mason been arraigned for forgery. He would not believe that the act of forgery might possibly not have been proved. Could she have been first whipped through the street for the misdemeanor, and then hung for the felony, his spirit would not have been more than sufficiently appeased.

The case was opened by one Mr. Steelyard, the junior counsel for the prosecution; but his work on this occasion was hardly more than formal. He merely stated the nature of the accusation against Lady Mason, and the issue which the jury were called upon to try. Then got up Sir Richard Leatherham, the solicitor-general, and at great length and with wonderful perspicuity explained all the circumstances of the case, beginning with the undoubted will left by Sir Joseph Mason, the will independently of the codicil, and coming down gradually to the discovery of that document in Mr. Dockwrath's office, which led to the surmise that the signature of those two witnesses had been obtained, not to a codicil to a will, but to a deed of another character. In doing this Sir Richard did not seem to lean very heavily upon Lady Mason, nor did he say much as to the wrongs suffered by Mr. Mason, of Groby. When he alluded to Mr. Dockwrath and his part in these transactions, he paid no compliment to the Hamworth attorney; but in referring to his learned friend on the other side he protested his conviction that the defense of Lady Mason would be conducted not only with zeal, but in that spirit of justice and truth for which the gentlemen opposite to him were so conspicuous in their profession. All

this was wormwood to Joseph Mason; but nevertheless, though Sir Richard was so moderate as to his own side, and so courteous to that opposed to him, he made it very clear before he sat down that if those witnesses were prepared to swear that which he was instructed they would swear, either they must be utterly unworthy of credit—a fact which his learned friends opposite were as able to elicit as any gentlemen who had ever graced the English bar—or else the prisoner now on her trial must have been guilty of the crime of perjury now imputed to her.

Of all those in court now attending to the proceedings none listened with greater care to the statement made by Sir Richard than Joseph Mason, Lady Mason herself, and Felix Graham. To Joseph Mason it appeared that his counsel was betraying him. Sir Richard and Round were in a boat together, and were determined to throw him over yet once again. Had it been possible he would have stopped the proceedings, and in this spirit he spoke to Dockwrath. To Joseph Mason it would have seemed right that Sir Richard should begin by holding up Lady Mason to the scorn and indignation of the twelve honest jurymen before him. Mr. Dockwrath, whose intelligence was keener in such matters, endeavored to make his patron understand that he was wrong; but in this he did not succeed. "If he lets her escape me," said Mason, "I think it will be the death of me."

To Lady Mason it appeared as though the man who was now showing to all the crowd there assembled the chief scenes of her past life had been present and seen every thing that she had ever done. He told the jury of all who had been present in the room when that true deed had been signed; he described how old Usbech had sat there incapable of action; how that affair of the partnership had been brought to a close; how those two witnesses had thereupon appended their name to a deed; how those witnesses had been deceived, or partially deceived, as to their own signatures when called upon to give their testimony at a former trial; and he told them also that a comparison of the signatures on the codicil with those signatures which were undoubtedly true would lead an expert and professional judge of writing to tell them that the one set of signatures or the other must be forgeries. Then he went on to describe how the pretended codicil must in truth have been executed—speaking of the solitary room in which the bad work had been done, of the midnight care and terrible solicitude for secrecy. And then, with apparent mercy, he attempted to mitigate the iniquity of the deed by telling the jury that it had not been done by that lady with any view to self-aggrandizement, but had been brought about by a lamentable, infatuated, mad idea that she might in this way do that justice to her child which that child's father had refused to do at her instance. He also, when he told of this, spoke of Rebekah and her son; and Mrs. Orme when she heard him did not dare to raise her eyes from the table. Lucius Mason, when

he had listened to this, lifted his clenched hand on high, and brought it down with loud violence on the raised desk in front of him. "I know the merits of that young man," said Sir Richard, looking at him; "I am told that he is a gentleman, good, industrious, and high-spirited. I wish he were not here; I wish with all my heart he were not here." And then a tear, an absolute and true drop of briny moisture, stood in the eye of that old experienced lawyer. Lucius, when he heard this, for a moment covered his face. It was but for a moment, and then he looked up again, turning his eyes slowly round the entire court, and as he did so grasping his mother by the arm. "He'll look in a different sort of fashion by to-morrow evening, I guess," said Dockwrath into his neighbor's ear. During all this time no change came over Lady Mason's face. When she felt her son's hand upon her arm her muscles had moved involuntarily; but she recovered herself at the moment, and then went on enduring it all with absolute composure. Nevertheless it seemed to her as though that man who stood before her, telling his tale so calmly, had read the secrets of her very soul. What chance could there be for her when every thing was thus known?

To every word that was spoken Felix Graham gave all his mind. While Mr. Chaffanbrass sat fidgeting, or reading, or dreaming, caring nothing for all that his learned brother might say, Graham listened to every fact that was stated, and to every surmise that was propounded. To him the absolute truth in this affair was matter of great moment, but yet he felt that he dreaded to know the truth. Would it not be better for him that he should not know it? But yet he listened, and his active mind, intent on the various points as they were evolved, would not restrain itself from forming opinions. With all his ears he listened, and as he did so Mr. Chaffanbrass, amidst his dreaming, reading, and fidgeting, kept an attentive eye upon him. To him it was a matter of course that Lady Mason should be guilty. Had she not been guilty, he, Mr. Chaffanbrass, would not have been required. Mr. Chaffanbrass well understood that the defense of injured innocence was no part of his mission.

Then at last Sir Richard Leatherham brought to a close his long tale, and the examination of the witnesses was commenced. By this time it was past two o'clock, and the judge went out of court for a few minutes to refresh himself with a glass of wine and a sandwich. And now young Peregrine Orme, in spite of all obstacles, made his way up to his mother and led her also out of court. He took his mother's arm, and Lady Mason followed with her son, and so they made their way into the small outer room which they had first entered. Not a word was said between them on the subject which was filling the minds of all of them. Lucius stood silent and absorbed while Peregrine offered refreshment to both the ladies. Lady Mason, doing as she was bid, essayed to eat and to drink. What was

it to her whether she ate and drank or was ahmgered? To maintain by her demeanor the idea in men's minds that she might still possibly be innocent—that was her work. And therefore, in order that those two young men might still think so, she ate and drank as she was bidden.

On their return to court Mr. Steelyard got up to examine Dockwrath, who was put into the box as the first witness. The attorney produced certain documents supposed to be of relevancy, which he had found among his father-in-law's papers, and then described how he had found that special document which gave him to understand that Bolster and Kenneby had been used as witnesses to a certain signature on that 14th of July. He had known all the circumstances of the old trial, and hence his suspicions had been aroused. Acting upon this he had gone immediately down to Mr. Mason in Yorkshire, and the present trial was the result of his care and intelligence. This was in effect the purport of his direct evidence, and then he was handed over to the tender mercies of the other side.

On the other side Mr. Chaffanbrass rose to begin the battle. Mr. Furnival had already been engaged in sundry of those preliminary skirmishes which had been found necessary before the fight had been commenced in earnest, and therefore the turn had now come for Mr. Chaffanbrass. All this, however, had been arranged beforehand, and it had been agreed that if possible Dockwrath should be made to fall into the clutches of the Old Bailey barrister. It was pretty to see the meek way in which Mr. Chaffanbrass rose to his work; how gently he smiled, how he fidgeted about a few of the papers as though he were not at first quite master of his situation, and how he arranged his old wig in a modest, becoming manner, bringing it well forward over his forehead. His voice also was low and soft; so low that it was hardly heard through the whole court, and persons who had come far to listen to him began to feel themselves disappointed. And it was pretty also to see how Dockwrath armed himself for the encounter—how he sharpened his teeth, as it were, and felt the points of his own claws. The little devices of Mr. Chaffanbrass did not deceive him. He knew what he had to expect; but his pluck was good, as is the pluck of a terrier when a mastiff prepares to attack him. Let Mr. Chaffanbrass do his worst; that would be all over in an hour or so. But when Mr. Chaffanbrass had done his worst, Orley Farm would still remain.

"I believe you were a tenant of Lady Mason's at one time, Mr. Dockwrath?" asked the barrister.

"I was; and she turned me out. If you will allow me I will tell you how all that happened, and how I was angered by the usage I received." Mr. Dockwrath was determined to make a clean breast of it, and rather go before his tormentor in telling all that there was to be told than lag behind as an unwilling witness.

"Do," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "That will be very kind of you. When I have learned all

that, and one other little circumstance of the same nature, I do not think I shall want to trouble you any more." And then Mr. Dockwrath did tell it all; how he had lost the two fields, how he had thus become very angry, how this anger had induced him at once to do that which he had long thought of doing—search, namely, among the papers of old Mr. Usbech, with the view of ascertaining what might be the real truth as regarded that doubtful codicil.

"And you found what you searched for, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"I did," said Dockwrath.

"Without very much delay, apparently?"

"I was two or three days over the work."

"But you found exactly what you wanted?"

"I found what I expected to find."

"And that, although all those papers had been subjected to the scrutiny of Messrs. Round and Crook at the time of that other trial twenty years ago?"

"I was sharper than them, Mr. Chaffanbrass—a deal sharper."

"So I perceive," said Chaffanbrass, and now he had pushed back his wig a little, and his eyes had begun to glare with an ugly red light. "Yes," he said, "it will be long, I think, before my old friends Round and Crook are as sharp as you are, Mr. Dockwrath."

"Upon my word I agree with you, Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"Yes; Round and Crook are babies to you, Mr. Dockwrath:" and now Mr. Chaffanbrass began to pick at his chin with his finger, as he was accustomed to do when he warmed to his subject. "Babies to you! You have had a good deal to do with them, I should say, in getting up this case."

"I have had something to do with them."

"And very much they must have enjoyed your society, Mr. Dockwrath! And what wrinkles they must have learned from you! What a pleasant oasis it must have been in the generally somewhat dull course of that monotonous though profitable business! I quite envy Round and Crook having you alongside of them in their inner council-chamber."

"I know nothing about that, Sir."

"No; I dare say you don't: but they'll remember it. Well, when you'd turned over your father-in-law's papers for three days you found what you looked for?"

"Yes, I did."

"You had been tolerably sure that you would find it before you began, eh?"

"Well, I had expected that something would turn up."

"I have no doubt you did—and something has turned up. That gentleman sitting next to you there, who is he?"

"Joseph Mason, Esquire, of Groby Park," said Dockwrath.

"So I thought. It is he that is to have Orley Farm if Lady Mason and her son lose it?"

"In that case he would be the heir."

"Exactly. He would be the heir. How

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pleasant it must be to you to find yourself on such affectionate terms with—the heir! And when he comes into his inheritance, who is to be tenant? Can you tell us that?"

Dockwrath here paused for a moment. Not that he hesitated as to telling the whole truth. He had fully made up his mind to do so, and to brazen the matter out, declaring that of course he was to be considered worthy of his reward. But there was that in the manner and eye of Chaffanbrass which stopped him for a moment, and his enemy immediately took advantage of this hesitation. "Come, Sir," said he, "out with it. If I don't get it from you, I shall from somebody else. You've been very plain-spoken hitherto. Don't let the jury think that your heart is failing you at last."

"There is no reason why my heart should fail me," said Dockwrath, in an angry tone.

"Is there not? I must differ from you there, Mr. Dockwrath. The heart of any man placed in such a position as that you now hold must, I think, fail him. But never mind that. Who is to be the tenant of Orley Farm when my client has been deprived of it?"

"I am."

"Just so. You were turned out from those two fields when young Mason came home from Germany?"

"I was."

"You immediately went to work and discovered this document?"

"I did."

"You put up Joseph Mason to this trial?"

"I told him my opinion."

"Exactly. And if the result be successful, you are to be put in possession of the land?"

"I shall become Mr. Mason's tenant at Orley Farm."

"Yes, you will become Mr. Mason's tenant at Orley Farm. Upon my word, Mr. Dockwrath, you have made my work to-day uncommonly easy for me—uncommonly easy. I don't know that I have any thing else to ask you." And then Mr. Chaffanbrass, as he sat down, looked up to the jury with an expression of countenance which was in itself worth any fee that could be paid to him for that day's work. His face spoke as plain as a face could speak, and what his face said was this: "After that, gentlemen of the jury, very little more can be necessary. You now see the motives of our opponents, and the way in which those motives have been allowed to act. We, who are altogether upon the square in what we are doing, desire nothing more than that." All which Mr. Chaffanbrass said by his look, his shrug, and his gesture, much more eloquently than he could have done by the use of any words.

Mr. Dockwrath, as he left the box and went back to his seat—in doing which he had to cross the table in the middle of the court—endeavored to look and move as though all were right with him. He knew that the eyes of the court were on him, and especially the eyes of the judge and jury. He knew also how men's minds are un-

consciously swayed by small appearances. He endeavored therefore to seem indifferent; but in doing so he swaggered, and was conscious that he swaggered; and he felt as he gained his seat that Mr. Chaffanbrass had been too much for him.

Then one Mr. Torrington from London was examined by Sir Richard Leatherham, and he proved, apparently beyond all doubt, that a certain deed which he produced was genuine. That deed bore the same date as the codicil which was now questioned, had been executed at Orley Farm by old Sir Joseph, and bore the signatures of John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster as witnesses. Sir Richard, holding the deed in his hands, explained to the jury that he did not at the present stage of the proceedings ask them to take it as proved that those names were the true signatures of the two persons indicated. ("I should think not," said Mr. Furnival, in a loud voice.) But he asked them to satisfy themselves that the document as now existing purported to bear those two signatures. It would be for them to judge, when the evidence brought before them should be complete, whether or not that deed were a true document. And then the deed was handed up into the jury-box, and the twelve jurymen all examined it. The statement made by this Mr. Torrington was very simple. It had become his business to know the circumstances of the late partnership between Mason and Martock, and these circumstances he explained. Then Sir Richard handed him over to be cross-examined.

It was now Graham's turn to begin his work; but as he rose to do so his mind misgave him. Not a syllable that this Torrington had said appeared to him to be unworthy of belief. The man had not uttered a word of the truth of which Graham did not feel himself positively assured; and more than that, the man had clearly told all that was within him to tell—all that it was well that the jury should hear in order that they might thereby be assisted in coming to a true decision. It had been hinted in his hearing, both by Chaffanbrass and Aram, that this man was probably in league with Dockwrath, and Aram had declared with a sneer that he was a puzzle-pated old fellow. He might be puzzle-pated, and had already shown that he was bashful and unhappy in his present position; but he had shown also, as Graham thought, that he was anxious to tell the truth.

And, moreover, Graham had listened with all his mind to the cross-examination of Dockwrath, and he was filled with disgust—with disgust, not so much at the part played by the attorney as at that played by the barrister. As Graham regarded the matter, what had the iniquities and greed of Dockwrath to do with it? Had reason been shown why the statement made by Dock-

wrath was in itself unworthy of belief—that that statement was in its own essence weak—then the character of the man making it might fairly affect its credibility. But presuming that statement to be strong—presuming that it was corroborated by other evidence—how could it be affected by any amount of villainy on the part of Dockwrath? All that Chaffanbrass had done or attempted was to prove that Dockwrath had had his own end to serve. Who had ever doubted it? But not a word had been said, not a spark of evidence elicited, to show that the man had used a falsehood to further those views of his. Of all this the mind of Felix Graham had been full; and now, as he rose to take his own share of the work, his wit was at work rather in opposition to Lady Mason than on her behalf.

This Torrington was a little old man, and Graham had watched how his hands had trembled when Sir Richard first addressed him. But Sir Richard had been very kind, as was natural, to his own witness, and the old man had gradually regained his courage. But now, as he turned his face round to the side where he knew that he might expect to find an enemy, that tremor again came upon him, and the stick which he held in his hand was heard as it tapped gently against the side of the witness-box. Graham, as he rose to his work, saw that Mr. Chaffanbrass had fixed his eye upon him, and his courage rose the higher within him as he felt the gaze of the man whom he so much disliked. Was it within the compass of his heart to bully an old man because such a one as Chaffanbrass desired it of him? By Heaven, no!

He first asked Mr. Torrington his age, and having been told that he was over seventy, Graham went on to assure him that nothing which could be avoided should be said to disturb his comfort. "And now, Mr. Torrington," he asked, "will you tell me whether you are a friend of Mr. Dockwrath's, or have had any acquaintance with him previous to the affairs of this trial?" This question he repeated in various forms, but always in a mild voice, and without the appearance of any disbelief in the answers which were given to him. All these questions Torrington answered by a plain negative. He had never seen Dockwrath till the attorney had come to him on the matter of that partnership deed. He had never eaten or drunk with him, nor had there ever been between them any conversation of a confidential nature. "That will do, Mr. Torrington," said Graham; and as he sat down, he again turned round and looked Mr. Chaffanbrass full in the face.

After that nothing further of interest was done that day. A few unimportant witnesses were examined on legal points, and then the court was adjourned.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

IN this Magazine for December, 1858, we gave a running survey of the first two volumes of "Carlyle's Life of Frederick." We now propose in like manner to glance at the third volume, which embraces the first four years of the reign of Frederick, from 1740 to 1744.

Frederick William died on the 81st of May, 1740, and Frederick, the enemy of war, lover of the Arts, friend of Voltaire, philanthropist, and author of the "Anti-Machiavel," mounted the throne. The kingdom to which he acceded was not the Prussia of our day, one of the five Great Powers of Europe. Its territory contained about 57,000 square miles—somewhat less than the State of Georgia—with a population of a little more than two and a quarter millions, and a revenue of five and a half millions of dollars—about one half of the cost of governing the city of New York. Small as it was the Prussia of Frederick was disjointed, and without natural defenses. No great river or mountain chain furnished a barrier against an invading army. Two days' march from the frontier in any direction would bring an enemy to the gates of the capital. A map in Mr. Carlyle's second volume shows, by different coloring, the Prussia of 1740 and that of 1858. The central core was Brandenburg and Pommerania, bordering on the Baltic, and stretching southward in a long straggling line. These constituted two-thirds of the kingdom. To the east was what is now East Prussia, separated from the rest by a wedge of Polish territory from 100 to 300 miles in breadth. This wedge, in the partition of Poland a quarter of a century later, fell to the share of Frederick, and is now known as West Prussia. To the west of Brandenburg, but separated from it, as they still are, by Hanover, Hesse, and Brunswick, were other Prussian dependencies, which now, greatly enlarged, constitute the Rhine Provinces. Thus Frederick's little kingdom consisted of three parts between which there could be no communication except by passing through foreign dominions. A fair idea of the extent, configuration, and population of the Prussia of 1740 may be gained by supposing that New Brunswick, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Long Island formed one nation. Maine thrust in between New Hampshire and New Brunswick on the east, will represent the Polish provinces between Pommerania and East Prussia; Connecticut, between Massachusetts and Long Island, will stand for Hanover and Hesse between Brandenburg and the Rhine provinces. That Prussia had an importance altogether disproportionate to its extent and population was owing wholly to the wise economy of Frederick William, who from his scanty revenues managed to keep on foot a standing army of 100,000 men, thoroughly trained and admira-

bly equipped, and to lay by a surplus of six or eight millions in solid specie. He had eaten bad cabbages, drunk sour beer, and worn old clothes to some purpose. The Prussia of to-day has in round numbers twice the territory, seven times the population, and fourteen times the revenue of that to which Frederick acceded a century and a quarter ago; but instead of a surplus there is a debt which, ten years ago, amounted to two hundred millions. What it now is, after Holstein fightings, anti-Gallican armings, and British marriages, no statistics at hand enable us to say.

Frederick had hardly mounted the throne before the newspapers of Europe were filled with accounts of what he had done, and what he intended to do. He was, they said, about to disband the Potsdam giants, to ameliorate the laws of conscription, and reduce his army to a peace footing—to 45,000 men it was said, as soon as certain disputes were satisfactorily adjusted. Official orders of more practical significance were not wanting. In one of the earliest of these, addressed to his ministers, the young monarch declared that, "Our grand care will be to further the country's well-being, and to make every one of our subjects contented and happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation of Our subjects, but rather that you aim steadily as well toward the advantage of the country as Our particular interest, forasmuch as we make no difference between these two objects;" and again, "If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my Countries seem to go against each other, my will is that the latter always be preferred." Furthermore, all religions should be tolerated, torture be abolished, and freedom of the press granted. The spring of 1740 had been cold, and the harvests were bad; the public granaries were opened, and the corn stored up was sold to the poor at low prices. Poor women out of work were set spinning at the royal cost. The Arts and Sciences were to be encouraged. Maupertuis, who had come back from his Lapland journey with authentic measurements of the flattening of the earth at the poles, was asked by "his affectionate Frederick" to come to Berlin to put the Academy into working order. Voltaire, "sublime spirit, first of thinking beings," was also invited to the capital, and was moreover to hurry through the press the King's "Anti-Machiavel," a work which the Frenchman candidly assures the royal author "will be a monument to the latest posterity—the only book worthy of a king for these 1500 years." All these, and many more noble measures, were taken in a week: what might not be looked for in a year? in seven years? in six times seven years? for Philanthropic Majesty was but 28, and man's life on earth is threescore years and ten.

Yet there were iron nerves under that smooth velvet skin. In a hundred ways Frederick showed that he meant to be actual King. Old boon companions, who presumed upon past familiarity, were snubbed. "I've got to be King

* *History of Frederick II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Vol. III. Published by Harper and Brothers.

now," he said to one; another, who rushed to the residence to congratulate him, was reminded that he was absent from his post without leave. The King had no great care to reward the friends of the Crown Prince. Those who showed some capacity gained small appointments; those who did not were quietly ignored. But he was not vindictive. Deschau, who had voted for death in that old court-martial, was continued in his post. Frederick seemed to have forgotten all about that sad affair. But he had his eyes open for capable men. Wherever he could find such a one he laid hold of him. His father's old ministers were retained; but they must work according to Frederick's methods. In a journey through his dominions he had caught a fearful ague, the fits of which came on every fourth day; but on off-days he attended to public business with a pertinacity quite equal to that of his father of sacred memory. He did not, indeed, count cabbages and beer-bottles, but provided himself with good cooks and choice wines, and arranged his court with due regard to his rank and importance. Though sorely vexed by his quartan ague he evidently looked forward to a quiet winter, and made preparations for all manner of pleasantries. There was to be a French theatre of which Voltaire was to have the ordering, an Italian Opera, and the like. On non-ague days he attended to business, and in the evenings gave himself up to the pleasures of society.

Meanwhile the army was not reduced but increased. The tall Potsdam Guard was got rid of, being exchanged for men of fighting size, who were not too costly to be used as food for powder. Eight new regiments, 16,000 men in all, were added to the army, the whole of which was maintained on the best war-footing. There was no apparent reason for this, except that the Bishop of Liege had interfered with some of the rights which Prussia claimed over the Lordship of Herstal, and had appealed to the Emperor; and the King had some claims upon the Duchies of Berg and Juliers which were likely to be disputed, and an army would be convenient to enforce them. Whether Frederick anticipated a more important contingency no man can now say. But it came, and he was prepared for it.

On the 25th of October, 1740, an express came, five days from Vienna. This was one of Frederick's ague days, and the messenger had to wait till the fit was over. He brought startling news. Charles VI., Archduke of Austria, King of Hungary, and Emperor of Germany, had over-stuffed himself with mushrooms and was dead. This poor man had seen much trouble. He was chosen Emperor in 1711, when the great war of the Spanish Succession, which had been waged for ten years, was at its height. Two years later his allies, England, Holland, and the rest, made peace with France and Spain; but Charles refused to accede, and rashly resolved to carry on the war alone. He soon came to grief, and was forced to make peace upon unfavorable terms. This was in 1714. Two years

after, he made war on the Turks and won Belgrade and the Banat of Temeswar. Then he joined the quadruple alliance against Spain, and made nothing by it. He kept tolerably at peace for a dozen years until, in 1733, he found himself on the losing side in the war growing out of the succession to the kingdom of Poland; France, Spain, and Sardinia being leagued against him. He was obliged to sue for peace, and gained it, giving up some of his Italian dominions, while his son-in-law, Francis, lost Lorraine. Hardly freed from this contest he again declared war against the Turks, and was glad to terminate it by giving up Servia and Wallachia, and accepting the Danube as the boundary between his dominions and those of the Ottomans.

Charles VI. was the last male descendant, in direct line of the great House of Hapsburg. For a score of years before his death he had given up all hopes of a male heir; and the diplomacy of the empire was directed toward securing the succession of his hereditary dominions to his daughter Maria Theresa, married to Francis of Lorraine. This he hoped to have secured by the "Pragmatic Sanction" or sovereign rescript, which settled the succession upon her. Every prince and potentate who was supposed to have any counter claim, acceded to this; all the great Powers of Europe guaranteed it. If solemn treaties were worth any thing the claim of Maria Theresa would have been unquestioned. But as tough old Eugene said, "A hundred thousand men would have been a better guarantee than a hundred thousand treaties." But when Charles died there were no hundred thousand men to maintain the Sanction, and no money to raise and support them. The imperial treasury contained but 50,000 dollars. This great inheritance, though shorn of its old dimensions, still comprised the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, the provinces of Silesia, Suabia, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, the four Forest Towns, Burgau, Brisgau, the Low Countries, Friuli, Tyrol, the duchies of Milan, Parma, and Placenza. But saving Hungary there was not one of these dominions to which some one did not profess a better claim than that of the daughter of Charles. Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, claimed the whole succession in right of his wife, but as he had no means of enforcing his claim it was ignored. The Kings of France and Spain likewise exhibited pretensions; but as Europe would not endure that the Austrian dominions should be added to either of these great monarchies, these sovereigns forbore pressing their claims directly, though they appeared afterward indirectly—the King of France, as an ally of the Elector of Bavaria, of whom we shall have occasion to speak, and the King of Spain, who wanted an Italian Kingdom for his son, Don Philip.

Two other claims of less extent, but of more practical importance, existed to parts of the Austrian dominions. Charles Albert, the Elector of Bohemia, afterward the unlucky Emperor Charles VII., laid claim to the Kingdom of

Bohemia on the ground of an article in the will of Ferdinand I., brother of the great Charles V., and Frederick of Prussia asserted a right to a part of Silesia, of which it was said he and his ancestors had been for a century or two unjustly deprived by the House of Austria.

As between Frederick and Maria the case was briefly this: In 1537, two centuries before, the Duke of Liegnitz, in Silesia, had made a bargain of succession (*Erbverbrüderung*) with the then Elector of Brandenburg, in virtue of which the Elector and his heirs would have inherited the Duchy. This contract, which was legally valid, had been set aside by the Emperor, and the Duchy had been taken possession of by Austria, the Brandenburg Electors always vainly protesting. Then in 1624, during the Thirty Years' War, one of the Brandenburg family, Duke Johann George of Jägerndorf, took the weaker side, was laid under ban of the Empire, had his dominions sequestered and seized by Austria; Brandenburg, as before, protesting that the sequestration was illegal, which nobody seriously denied. But Austria was strong and kept what she had seized, while Brandenburg was weak and could only protest. But now Brandenburg, which had got to be Prussia, was strong, while Austria was apparently weak. Who should have these Silesian Duchies? Legally, the question was, which was the better title, the original claim of Prussia never abandoned, or the undisturbed possession by Austria for one and two centuries? Practically, the question was, which was the stronger, Frederick with an army of 100,000 men and millions of treasure, or Maria Theresa with an empty treasury and a disputed succession, which half the sovereigns of Europe were eager to divide among themselves.

This was the point for Frederick to consider when that Vienna messenger had delivered his tidings. The news, aided probably by doses of Peruvian bark, cured Frederick's ague; and when, two days after, Schwerin his chief General and Podewils his chief Minister arrived from Berlin, the King's mind was made up. He would have his rights in Silesia, peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. To carry out that resolution, and maintain it against all opposers, cost him the labor of a quarter of a century. Of the first years of that struggle, which were Frederick's apprenticeship in the art of war, we are now, following Mr. Carlyle, briefly to speak:

Unwonted activity was soon manifested all over Prussia. Arsenal were full of life; troops were marched hither and thither, some southeastward toward Silesia, others in the opposite direction toward Hanover. What was the real object of these movements no one knew except Frederick, Schwerin, and Podewils. But every court in Europe tried to find out. Beauvau, the French ambassador, could learn nothing; and Voltaire was sent, ostensibly on a friendly visit, but really to glean information. Frederick received him enthusiastically, paid his traveling expenses, assigned him handsome apart-

ments, but would talk only about Poetry and the fine Arts. The Frenchman went away in a week, with a present of 3000 thalers. "That's paying pretty well for one's *fou*"—fool or court-jester—wrote Frederick thereupon to his friend Jordan. Maria Theresa sent Count Botta, ostensibly to congratulate Frederick upon his accession, but really to see what all this military movement meant. He came by way of Silesia, and on the way had made up his mind that Frederick meant to do something there. "Terrible roads those of Silesia," he said on his first audience, trying to sound Frederick. "Oh, a little mud is the worst of them," rejoined his Majesty. Dickens, the English ambassador, tried his hand: "I am about to write to England; what shall I tell my master are your Majesty's intentions?" "That is none of his business," rejoined Frederick, in effect, though in polite phraseology. "I did not inquire what he meant by that naval expedition which he has just been fitting out." This expedition, as every body knew, was directed against the Spaniards in America. However, as preparations had been going on for six weeks, and were now nearly complete, Frederick added that, for his part, he did not mean to support the Pragmatic Sanction. On that same morning, December 6, 1740, an official announcement had been promulgated that the King was about to advance a body of troops into Silesia to maintain his rights there. Four days after Beauvau, the French ambassador, took his audience of leave. "Adieu, M. le Marquis," said Frederick, enigmatically; "I believe that I am about to play your game. If the aces fall to me, we will go shares." Next day the Austrian ambassador took his *congé*. "Sire," he said, "you are going to ruin the House of Austria, and to plunge yourself into destruction at the same time." "It depends on the Queen of Hungary to accept the offers which I have made to her," replied Frederick. "Those are fine troops of yours, Sire," continued Botta; "ours have not the same splendor of appearance, but they have looked the wolf in the face. Think, I conjure you, what you are getting into." "You find my troops beautiful," rejoined Frederick; "perhaps I shall convince you that they are good too." Botta urged delay at least in executing the project; but the King replied that it was too late, the Rubicon had been passed.

So the great secret came out. Silesia was to be invaded at once. On that very day Frederick had issued an address to the generals of his army. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am undertaking a war in which I have no allies but your valor and good-will. My cause is just; my resources are what we ourselves can do; and the issue is with Fortune. We are going to front troops who, under Prince Eugene, had the highest reputation. Though Prince Eugene is gone, we shall have to measure our strength against brave soldiers; the greater will be the honor if we can conquer. Adieu: go forth. I will follow you straightway to the rendezvous of glory

which awaits us." Two days after Frederick set out for Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, to put himself at the head of his troops, who, on the 16th of December, crossed the Silesian frontiers, and the war began.

Macaulay, in one of his most brilliant and disingenuous essays, resorts to even more than his usual tampering with facts and special pleading to blacken the character of Frederick. Europe, he says, had for thirty years, with few exceptions, enjoyed repose. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was, indeed, a strong temptation; but the treaties by which the Pragmatic Sanction had been guaranteed were recent, and it might be expected that all Europe would observe them. Until Frederick began the war it was probable that the peace of Europe would be maintained. "But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and in every quarter of the globe—the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils which were produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the Coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

Every statement in this elaborate charge rests upon an artful falsification of history. During the thirty years which preceded the accession of Frederick war was the rule, and repose the exception in Europe. During the first ten of these thirty years there was not a day when at least two great wars were not raging. The great war of the Spanish succession lasted till 1714; for two years more it was doubtful whether the Stuarts would not drive the Hanoverian dynasty back to Germany; Russia and Sweden were fighting on the Baltic; France, England, Holland, and Austria against Spain on the Mediterranean; and Austria and Turkey on the Danube. The only years of peace were from 1720 to 1733, and this peace was an armed armistice, broken by the alliance between France, Spain, and Sardinia against the Emperor Charles VI. Hardly had the Emperor gained peace when he again made war upon the Turks, and lost his trans-Danubian provinces. Simultaneously with this the smouldering fires of hostility between England and Spain burst out, and at the time of Frederick's accession Vernon was taking Porto Bello, and a new expedition was fitting out from England against the Spaniards in America. And yet Macaulay would have us believe that these hostile powers would have been bound over to peace by the treaties which guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, when the rich heritage of Austria seemed to lie open to whoever might stretch out his hand for a share, had not Frederick set them the ill-example of robbery. Still more groundless is the charge

that the blood of Fontenoy and Culloden rests upon the head of Frederick. Fontenoy was fought because England and Austria wished to humble France and Spain; the Highlanders were slaughtered at Culloden because they preferred the Stuarts to the Guelphs. We can hardly believe that Macaulay meant as more than a rhetorical flourish the assertion that the fighting in India and North America was owing to Frederick. It was the old quarrel between France and England fought on new fields. Dupleix and Coote fought in India for the trade in the spices and muslins of the East; Montcalm and Wolfe died on the Heights of Abraham for the furs, tobacco, and rice of the West. Hastings gave up the Rohillas to extermination, the Begums to starvation, and their ministers to torture, because his English masters wanted money; and the red men fought in quarrels not their own, from Lake Ontario to the Mississippi, because England wished to shut France out from the New World, not because Frederick laid claim to Silesia.

We do not demand for Frederick a place among the few pure rulers and statesmen of history—with Washington, Hampden, and William of Orange; hardly, perhaps, with Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, and William the Third; but surely in honesty and nobleness of purpose he was above any English George or French Louis; above Peter or Nicholas; above Hastings, Pitt, or Castlereagh; high, indeed, among the great leaders and statesmen who have added to the dominions and renown of their states. He never claimed exemption from ambition. The Silesian project, he says, "was a means of acquiring reputation, of increasing the power of the state, and of terminating the long-litigated question of the Berg-Jülich succession. Add to these reasons an army ready for acting; funds, supplies all found, and perhaps the desire for making to one's self a name: all this was the cause of the war which the King now entered upon."

The Prussian army entered Silesia on the 16th of December. Proclamations were scattered promising full protection to all peaceable persons. Plundering was forbidden. Any soldier taking any thing without bargain beforehand was to be flogged; any officer cashiered. There was no opposition except from the fearful Silesian roads. There was continual rain, and the army floundered through the deep mud, up to the knees for miles, sometimes to the waist. The few strong places into which the Austrian troops had flung themselves were blockaded. The people were quite indifferent, or were rather in favor of the Prussian occupation, for the majority were Protestants.

Not until the army was fairly on Silesian ground were Frederick's propositions laid before the Austrian Government at Vienna. They were to the effect that he would do all in his power to secure the maintenance of the Pragmatic Sanction, and to have the husband of Maria Theresa chosen Emperor of Germany;

would make her a present of a million of dollars; in consideration of all which services the whole of Silesia should be ceded to him. Maria Theresa burst out into a fine rage. It was strange, she said, that the King of Prussia, whose official post in Germany was only that of Grand Chamberlain, and his duty merely to present towel and ewer to the House of Austria, should now dare to prescribe rules to his superior.

Silesia was not to be secured by negotiation; so the Prussians pressed on, and in seven weeks made themselves masters of the whole province, save three fortified places, to which siege was laid. Frederick then made a brief visit to Berlin; but was soon recalled to Silesia, where important affairs demanded his presence. Austria had not been idle. Maria Theresa had received a million of dollars from the English secret service fund. Her general, Count Neipperg, had gathered a considerable force in Moravia, and was pressing northward over the mountains through snow and ice to meet the Prussians, who were widely scattered. Early in April he was but a few miles from Frederick, who concentrated his forces as far as possible.

On the 8th Frederick wrote to his brother that a battle would take place next day, which would be Sunday. But a fierce storm sprung up—the snow was so thick that one could not see twenty paces ahead. The Prussians lay quiet, Frederick spending the night, as he had done the previous one, without sleep, sketching the plan of the battle. Neipperg, though Frederick knew it not, had struggled forward through the snow-drifts for a few miles, then stopped. Prussian scouts and adjutants were out all day trying to find the position of the enemy, but could discern no traces of them. At last a single figure was seen plodding wearily through the snow. He was seized, brought to Frederick, and interrogated. His name was Ploschke, he was servant at a farm-house near by where some Austrian dragoons were quartered. One of the officers wanted a clean shirt, and had sent Ploschke to head-quarters to procure it. These head-quarters were at the little village of Mollwitz, seven miles off. Ploschke did not go farther for the shirt, but was ordered, nothing loth, to act as guide to the Prussians over the country, every foot of which he knew. He performed this duty to the King's satisfaction; and for years after, when Frederick held reviews hereabouts, the peasant always waited upon the King, and never failed of recognition and a gift.

Next morning, the 11th of April, broke cold and clear. The snow lay two feet deep on the ground. The Prussians, guided by Ploschke, marched slowly on. Neipperg had no suspicion that they were at hand, and was quietly sitting down to dinner, when a troop of his hussars came galloping up with tidings that the enemy were upon them. Had Rothenburg, who commanded the Prussian advance, rushed on, it was thought the Austrians, taken by surprise, might have been cut to pieces at once. But Frederick

had not yet learned the swift tactics which he subsequently practiced. His plan of battle was of the old regular school. The Prussian army halted to get into regular line of battle, with beautiful precision, but slowly. This gave Neipperg time to do the same, and it was two o'clock before the fight began. The forces on both sides were about equal, 20,000 men each. The Austrian cavalry, then as now their strong arm, were 8600, outnumbering the Prussian two to one; but they had only 18 cannon to the 60 of the enemy. The Prussian cavalry on the right, where the King was, were shattered at the first onset and driven back in wild disorder. The battle seemed lost. Stout old Schwerin gave it up, and urged Frederick to fly from the field. The King fled with a small escort, and saw no more of the battle; and for sixteen hours his army saw nothing of him. He rode off gloomy and fast; came near being captured more than once during the night; and in the gray morning came up to the Mill of Hilbersdorf, some twenty miles from the battle-field, and inquired the news. He was told that there was a squadron of Prussian *gens d'armes* at Löwen, a mile and a half distant, where an adjutant had just rode up announcing that the Prussians had won a great victory at Mollwitz.

It was quite true. The battle had been far enough from lost, though Römer had routed the Prussian cavalry and taken nine cannon. The Prussian infantry, who had never looked the wolf in the face, stood firm as a rock. Römer charged time and again in hope to break them. The Austrian infantry advanced to their support. The Prussians yielded not a foot, but gave fire with a rapidity and precision never before known—five shots to the Austrians two. Römer was shot dead, and the Austrian horse got back beyond ball range; their foot too began to yield, could not be brought together to face that destructive fusillade. Schwerin saw the lucky moment, gave orders to close ranks, and then "Forward!" The solid Prussian mass advanced with front as unbroken as though they had been on parade at Potsdam, under the very eye of old Frederick William. The Austrians, horse and foot, would not await that charge, but rolled off in double-quick time. The Prussians, weak in cavalry, their ammunition too almost exhausted, night also coming on, pursued only a couple of miles. The battle had lasted six hours. The loss on each side was nearly the same: that of the Prussians, in killed, wounded, and missing, 4613; Austrians, 4410, besides eight cannon of their own, and all but one of those which they had taken. It was not a very decisive victory; but it had proved that the Prussian army was not one of mere show, and could look the wolf steadily in the face.

Europe had been ripe for war before the death of the Emperor. England was bent on humbling Spain. France could not see Spain humbled, and was ready to stand by her, in which case Austria would be a sure ally for England. Here was seed for war, which would have sprung

up if it had not been stifled by a plant of quicker growth. Fleury, the pacific old Cardinal who had managed the affairs of Louis XV., the "Well-Beloved" of France, was getting into disfavor, overshadowed by the impetuous Belleisle. The King's three mistresses urged him to do something for his own glory. The death of the Emperor, and the probable partition of the great Austrian heritage, gave a new shape to the schemes of Belleisle, the essential feature of which was the humbling of Austria by breaking the Pragmatic Sanction, preventing the election of the husband of Maria Theresa as Emperor of Germany, and securing instead some one who would be a tool of France. Furthermore, if all went right, Germany should be cut up into four little kingdoms: Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia, each augmented with a slice from the Austrian territory; the remainder of Austria to constitute the fourth. France would then be arbiter between, and virtual master of all four.

The breaking of the Pragmatic Sanction had been virtually accomplished. The Elector of Bavaria had withdrawn his signature, and laid claim to Bohemia. Frederick had struck for Silesia, which he thought was his share. The Queen of Spain—the Termagant, as Carlyle names her—now put in the claims of her poor imbecile husband. The male Hapsburgs of Austria were extinct, and the Spanish Hapsburgs were their heirs. There were indeed no Spanish Hapsburgs above ground, the present king being a Bourbon; but he was heir to all the rights of the former dynasty, including all the Austrian dominions. It would be strange if, out of such large claims, she could not secure a part; the part which she fixed upon was the Milanese, in Italy, as a kingdom for her second son, Don Philip.

France now must have a pretext for setting aside the Sanction. In consideration of guaranteeing it she had got Lorraine from Francis; but the guarantee, it was now discovered, had been made *Salvo jure tertii*—"Saving the rights of third parties;" and since Bavaria had protested, his rights were to be considered and protected. Thus one by one the powers that had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction fell off, until England, who had no interest in breaking it, was the only one left to support it. France taking one side, England must of course take the other, if not by arms at least by money. A million dollars, as we have seen, had been given to Maria Theresa, which had enabled her to send Neipperg to Silesia. On the day when the tidings of Mollwitz reached London Parliament voted a further subsidy of a million and a half.

But to prevent the Imperial election from falling upon Francis was not so easy. The meeting for the choice was to have been in March, 1741. Six of the nine electoral votes were thought sure for Francis. By French intrigue the time was postponed, and Belleisle was sent as Ambassador to the Diet. One by one he succeeded in detaching the Electors from Francis, and securing them for his own candidate, who-

ever he might chance to be. The most difficult one to manage was the Elector of Saxony, who was won over by the promise that he should have Moravia, at all events, and might, moreover, be the Emperor. The crowning stroke of the policy of Belleisle was the exclusion of the vote of Bohemia, which was decided in committee to be in abeyance. As Maria Theresa could not vote herself, still less could she delegate her husband to act for her.

Frederick did not push his advantage at Mollwitz very vigorously. He contented himself with establishing himself in a strong camp at Strehlin, and awaiting the progress of events. He thought more was to be gained by negotiating than by fighting. His camp became the diplomatic centre of Europe. Hither came ambassadors from every Power. The Termagant of Spain sent luxurious Montijos; but Frederick would make no treaty with her. She could not help him in Silesia, and he did not care who had Milan. Belleisle came and expounded his great scheme, with no immediate result. Frederick thought the Pragmatic Sanction broken effectually enough. If he could have Silesia, he preferred Francis as Emperor to any one else; and as for the four German kingdoms, it was too early to think of them. So Belleisle went away to manage his Electors. England sent Hyndford and Robinson to endeavor to mediate between Austria and Prussia. But nothing could be achieved for a while. Maria Theresa demanded that Frederick should evacuate Silesia as a preliminary, while he would not give up an inch of the territory which he had won; and said that the longer he had to wait the higher would be his demands. George II., while urging Maria Theresa to yield Silesia to Frederick, was at the same time pressing the Dutch Government to join him in a joint resolution advising him to withdraw. This brought Frederick to a decision. On the 5th of June he concluded a secret treaty with France, in virtue of which Louis was to march an army across the Rhine to support the Elector of Bavaria; induce Sweden to declare war against Russia, who now seemed inclined to join Austria; and guarantee Silesia to Frederick, who, in return, was to give a qualified though indefinite support to the Franco-Bavarian scheme. The precise extent of this support was not fixed upon until after six months, when many things had happened which are worth considering.

On the 25th of June Maria Theresa was crowned Queen of Hungary at Presburg. The ceremony could not take place before for good reasons. She left Vienna in high spirits. A few months before her affairs had looked so desperate that she had written to her mother-in-law, "I do not know whether a single town will remain to me in which I may be brought to bed."*

* Lord Dover, in his Life of Frederick, dates this letter three months after the coronation, although in the preceding sentence he represents the Queen as presenting her son to the Diet, who thereupon burst out into the exclamation—

But things had apparently taken a favorable turn. She had passed safely through woman's great peril. She had indeed lost Mollwitz, but had gained the English subsidy of three hundred thousand pounds, with the hope of more when wanted. The chivalry of Hungary, from Father Palfy downward, had flocked around her. She swore the ancient oath of the Hungarian kings, recognizing the right of her subjects, if their privileges should be invaded, to defend them by arms without being considered as rebels. She was girt with the sacred sword, and the iron crown of Saint Stephen, believed to contain a nail of the True Cross, was placed upon her head. Then mounting her horse, she galloped up the Königsberg (the "King's Mountain," an artificial hill flung up by spades and barrows), and drawing the sword flourished it to the four quarters of the earth, challenging all the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy.

The world was ready to dispute those rights. On that very day, Belleisle, having made sure of the German electors, was making triumphal entry into Frankfurt, where the Imperial election was to be held. Twenty days before, although she knew nothing of it, Frederick had made his treaty with the French. Within a week Charles Albert of Bavaria announced himself as a candidate for the Imperial crown. Within a fortnight the French decided to send their 80,000 men into Germany. In a little more than a month (July 31) the Bavarian army invaded Austria, taking possession of the frontier town of Donau. A fortnight after the two French armies crossed the Rhine; one to be commanded by Belleisle as soon as he could get the Imperial election finished, to co-operate with the Bavarians, and push on to Vienna; the other, under Maillebois, to enter Hanover, if George II. of England should aid the Austrians, as he would be glad to do. George, who cared more for his little Electorate of Hanover than for his kingdom of England, was thus bound over to keep the peace, excepting so far as giving money was concerned, at least until he could get Frederick, who also menaced Hanover, to withdraw from the conflict. In another month the Bavarian French army had overrun all Upper Austria; the Elector had received the homage of the "States," and threatened to besiege Vienna, which was defended by only 6000 men. At the same time the foolish Elector of Saxony, who was also King of Poland, had been won over by Belleisle with the promise that, in the parting of the Austrian territories, he should have Moravia, and might probably also be chosen Emperor of Germany. So he joined the anti-Austrian league.

On the 11th of September, Maria Theresa met the Hungarian Diet in a very different spirit from that in which, ten weeks before, she had rode up the Königsberg. "Deserted by

matron famous, though fabulous, as we shall see, "*Mori-
amur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresia*." Her infant,
afterward the Emperor Joseph II., was born in March—a
bouncing boy, weighing sixteen pounds at birth.

every one," she said, in Latin (*ab omnibus dere-
lictis*), "I have no resource but to throw myself on
the loyalty and help of Your Renowned Body,
and invoke the ancient Hungarian virtue to rise
quickly and save me." Then is said to have
occurred the scene so famous in history. The
whole assembly started up, drew their swords,
exclaiming, "Let us die for our King Maria
Theresa;" and thereupon voted the general
"Rising" (Insurrection) of the Hungarians.

We regret that Mr. Carlyle, as a faithful his-
torian, has been obliged to spoil this fine dra-
matic scene. The famous "*Moriatur pro Rege
nostro Maria Theresia*," like many other famous
historical speeches, was never uttered. A Vien-
na pamphleteer invented it in the rough; Vol-
taire polished it, and from him it has found its
way into every history. Macaulay, of course,
appropriated it; he could never lose such ma-
terial for a telling paragraph.

The real incidents were dramatic enough with-
out artistic embellishment. Since the corona-
tion things had not gone quite smoothly between
Maria Theresa and the Hungarians. They were
loyal to their King, but held fast to their *Pacta
Conventa* or Constitution, which gave the Diet
control over taxes and the like. When the news
from France and Bavaria had come to hand, and
the course of Saxony could be anticipated, Maria
Theresa summoned the Diet to meet her at the
palace, and delivered the speech "*Ab omnibus
derelictis*," and so forth. The deputies were
moved, cheered her Majesty, returned to their
hall, and voted the general "rising." It took
ten days to settle the details, the Queen being
obliged to yield many points. But by the 20th
of September they were all arranged, and Duke
Francis was elected co-Regent. Early next
morning the deputies went to the palace to give
and take mutual oaths with the new Regent.
Duke Francis, the Queen by his side, finished
with a little speech. "Life and blood," he ex-
claimed, "for our Queen and kingdom!" At
this moment the nurse, who held the baby Jo-
seph, brought him forward, as though he also
should take the oath. The deputies were roused
to wild enthusiasm. "Yea," they shouted over
and over again, "Life and blood for our Queen
and Kingdom!" manifesting even in that fervid
moment that if they were loyal to their sovereign
they were not less so to their old Kingdom and
Constitution.

All Hungary was soon in a blaze. In a few
weeks an immense mounted force was raised,
Croats, Pandours, Tolpatches, Warasdins, Us-
cocks, names now first heard in the wars of
Western Europe. They plundered diligently,
but did little service in the way of hard fighting.
The salvation of Austria was effected by a very
different class of soldiers. The vitality of Aus-
tria is something wonderful. She is like those
polyps whose sluggish life you can not reach;
cut, pierce, dismember them, and they will not
die. Always bankrupt in peace, somehow money
comes to Austria when needed for war. The
English subsidies replenished her empty treasury.

With money troops can be raised and maintained. In a few weeks there was a considerable army on foot. The Bavarians instead of pushing on to Vienna, as Frederick urged them to do, turned off toward Bohemia to make a junction with the French and Saxons. They indeed took Prague; but in the end it proved a barren conquest. In fact, all the allies were jealous of each other; no one wished the other to be too successful.

Frederick and Neipperg had lain, ever since the battle of Mollwitz, close by each other, in strongly-fortified camps. The English ambassador kept pressing Maria Theresa to yield to the demands of Prussia, and at length, on the 9th of October, brought about a secret meeting between Frederick and Neipperg, at the chateau of Schellendorf. Each was attended by a single officer, Hyndford being present and acting as mediator. It was verbally agreed that a truce should now be made, and a formal treaty signed before New Year; Frederick to retain all Silesia, and to have the strong town of Neisse, which he was then besieging. As a blind, the sham defense of Neisse was to be kept up for a fortnight longer, and then the place was to be given up. Neipperg was to retire unmolested into Moravia, and join his forces to the Austrians there. Frederick gave the Austrian general sound advice, to join Lobkowitz in Moravia, and then push into Bohemia, adding that, if they prospered, perhaps he would join the Queen by-and-by; if not, every one must look out for himself. This agreement was to be kept a strict secret; if either party divulged it the other was at liberty to consider it broken and deny that it ever existed. Frederick took formal possession of his acquisition, while Neipperg joined his friends, and the combined Austrian armies poured into Bavaria. The Elector fled to the Palatinate, where he awaited the election which was to make him Emperor of Germany.

The Austrian court, thus successful, broke the pact of Schellendorf by making it public. Frederick denied its existence, and prepared for hostility. He renewed and strengthened his treaties with France, Bavaria, and Saxony. In January, 1742, he set off for Saxony, the Elector of which was, we must bear in mind, King of Poland, and to be King of Moravia as soon as that province should be conquered. This Frederick was willing to aid in accomplishing. The poor Polish King agreed to every thing, but cared more for the Opera than for winning a kingdom. But matters were arranged for a joint invasion, and Frederick started off for Moravia. Had his French and Saxon allies performed their part this winter expedition might have been successful. As it was, nothing was effected. It was a mere foray, beginning on the 5th of February and lasting just two months. It gave Frederick a thorough disgust for his allies, and inspired him with a resolution to get rid of them as soon as he could, and yet secure his Silesian conquest.

On the very day (January 24) upon which the meeting took place between the Kings of Prus-

sia and Poland the Imperial election was held at Frankfurt. The vote of Bohemia having been excluded, as before decided, all the others were cast for Charles Albert of Bavaria, who thus became Emperor of Germany, under the title of Charles VII., at the very moment when the Austrians were pouring into Bavaria. With this luckless monarch we shall have nothing further to do. We merely add that his new dignity was a mere nominal one; that he was an exile from his dominions, living upon the charity of the French Government, and died, of anxiety and shame, just two years, lacking four days, after his election.

Meanwhile the Austrians went on successfully almost every where, against the French, Bavarians, and Saxons; and late in February (the exact day is the 25th) the Aulic Council at Vienna resolved, in spite of English advice, to make one more attempt to wrest Silesia from Frederick; if that failed they would yield. Prince Charles, brother of Duke Francis, advanced with a strong regular army, masked by clouds of Croats and Tolpatches. Frederick, who had abandoned the impracticable Moravian adventure, advanced to meet him with nearly equal force—about 30,000 on a side. They met at Chotusitz, in Bohemia, on the 17th of May. The battle was fiercely contested, but ended in a complete victory for the Prussians, gained, as at Mollwitz, mainly by the infantry, for the Austrian cavalry had, on the whole, the advantage. The Prussian loss in killed and wounded was far the heavier, amounting to 1905, while that of the Austrians was but 1052; but including prisoners and missing, the Austrian loss was nearly 7000; that of the Prussians from 4000 to 5000. In this battle Frederick completely effaced the suspicion of personal cowardice which had rested upon him at Mollwitz.

The result of this action convinced Austria that the Prussians could not be beaten. Maria Theresa decided for peace. Among the Austrian prisoners was General Pallandt. "What a pity," he said to Frederick, "that you and my Queen should be ruining one another for the sake of the French, who are playing false to you!" To prove this charge he offered to procure a letter written by Fleury to Maria Theresa, offering to make peace, and abandon Frederick. The original letter was furnished; negotiations were opened, Hyndford, the English ambassador, urging them forward. On the 11th of June the treaty was all arranged and duly signed at Breslau. Austria yielded forever to Prussia Upper and Lower Silesia, and the County of Glatz, with all its dependencies; Frederick promising to take these in full of all claims. He was also to assume a debt of a couple of millions contracted by the late Emperor upon Silesian security; and not to take any part against the Queen of Hungary in the war which was still waging. The Queen of Hungary acceded to these conditions with an ill grace. She complained bitterly against George II., who had forced her to compliance by hints of withdrawing his sub-

dies; but was comforted by the significant hint, "Madame, what was good to take is good to give up;" a hint which Maria Theresa bore in mind for many long years, though as it happened when she at length came to try to act upon it, she found George and his subsidies on the other side. So she agreed to the treaty of cession, meaning to violate whenever she could. Belleisle, the French general, was in the Prussian camp while the negotiations were going on, doing all in his power to obstruct them. Historians narrate a very lively dialogue between him and Frederick in those days:

"Does your Majesty mean to make peace with the Queen of Hungary?"

"The treaty is as good as finished. I've got all I want, and make peace. Any body would do the same."

"Dare you, Sir, to abandon your allies, and deceive such a monarch as the King of France?"

"Dare you, Sir, to talk to me in this manner!" replied Frederick, producing Fleury's letter, which Belleisle read, then rushed into the ante-room, tore his wig from his head, and stamped upon it, exclaiming, "That cursed priest has spoiled every thing!"

But Mr. Carlyle, who will take nothing at second-hand or upon doubtful evidence, finds no authentic record of this scene, and passes it off with a mere hint. All that is certain is, that Frederick said he had got all he wanted, and more than he had demanded, and had no more occasion for war.

Frederick was now fairly out of the contest, and looked forward for a time of peace for himself and his Prussia. This was enjoyed for two years, during which he was engaged in bringing the affairs of the kingdom into order. But the great European war which had grown up around this small Silesian one was far from ceasing. The war in Italy we must dismiss in a paragraph, as it concerns Frederick but slightly. The Queen of Spain—the King being a mere cipher—wished a throne for her second son, Don Philip. She had failed of having him made Pope, and fixed upon Milan, which was to be wrested from Austria. France aided Spain; but it was difficult to send troops and supplies through the Alpine passes; while the English fleet, cruising in the Mediterranean, cut off access by water, and did good service otherwise, especially by forcing the King of Naples, Philip's elder brother, to remain neutral, under pain of having Naples bombarded. He had but an hour given him to decide, the English Admiral laying his watch on the cabin table to note the time. This Italian war lasted seven years (from 1741 to 1748). Great battles were fought—Campo-Santo, Rottorfreddo, Piacenza, and others—of which we have not space to speak.

But the war in Germany concerned Frederick deeply, though for two full years he had no share in the fighting. France had undertaken to humble Austria, but Austria would not be humbled; and now that Frederick was out of the way, seemed much more likely to humble France.

The Franco-Bavarian army which, in September, 1741, was threatening Vienna, was by the close of the next year driven back from the Danube to the Rhine, and across it. Hardly an eighth of them reached France. Of 50,000 men 30,000 had been shot, starved, or frozen to death; and 12,000 were prisoners in Hungary, most of whom in the end took service with the Turks. George II. of England, who had been restrained from participation, except in a pecuniary way, now resolved to take part openly. It seemed that the glories of Marlborough might be emulated and exceeded. Terms might be again dictated to France. Austria might recover Lorraine, which had been given as the price for the French recognition of the Pragmatic Sanction. Alsace and the three Bishoprics would for a time solace Maria Theresa for the loss of Silesia. But only for a time; for the loss of the jewel of her dominions ever rankled in her proud heart. Years after, as we hope to see in a future volume of Mr. Carlyle, she roused all Europe to arms in the hope of wresting it from the iron grasp of Frederick; and to the very latest day of her life, if a stranger getting audience of her was found to come from Silesia, her Majesty would burst into a flood of tears. Austria hoped to gain all this, while England would gain—it is hard to say what beyond the glory of humbling France.

In the spring of 1743 the English troops crossed to the Continent, and 44,000 strong, led by little George and his fat son, the Duke of Cumberland, who it was thought had in him the making of a great captain. They got into the Rhine and Maine country, where the French had gathered a new army of 70,000 under Noailles. At Aschaffenburg, near the little village of Dettingen, the English found themselves hemmed in by superior forces and their supplies intercepted. It seemed that they must starve or withdraw, with an almost certain prospect of being cut to pieces. They began their retreat. The French in their eagerness threw away the advantage of position, attacked furiously, but at the wrong time and place. Two of their generals, it seems, were striving which should first win his marshal's baton. George showed abundance of pluck, though little horsemanship. His horse ran away with him; he flung himself on foot, put himself at the head of his infantry, drew his sword, and stood there left foot drawn back, weapon thrust out like a fencing-master lunging *en carte*, while the balls were whistling around. The French were beaten off; neither Grammont nor Harcourt won his baton that day. The English remained supperless on the ground till far into the night; then took up their line of retreat, leaving their dead and wounded behind. This was the famous battle of Dettingen, fought June 27, 1743. Not a very decisive battle after all; the French loss being 2659, that of the English quite as great, besides all their wounded, who became prisoners of war.

Louis now wished to retire from this unprofitable business. He proposed to withdraw his

troops from the German territories, and be friends with Austria, with whom he had indeed never been at war, all that he had done having been not on his own account, but merely as an ally of the Empire. The Emperor would then, he suggested, be able to make peace with her Majesty of Hungary upon favorable terms. Poor Charles VII. was anxious enough for peace. If Bavaria were given back to him, and a pension settled upon him, as head of the Empire, for a few years, so that he could live until his dominions, which had been sorely ravaged, could afford him a decent revenue, he would resign all his Austrian pretensions, and consent to have Duke Francis, her Hungarian Majesty's august consort, made "King of the Romans," that is, the recognized heir-apparent of the Imperial crown. To these propositions Maria Theresa gave a scornful denial. She would not make peace with France without receiving compensation for the past and security for the future. And as for the Emperor, there was no such person; the exclusion of the Bohemian vote had vitiated the election. Instead of thinking of giving up Bavaria, which was now wholly in her hands, she exacted oaths of fealty to herself from the population, and drafted the militia into her Italian army.

It was clear that Austria now looked upon herself as mistress of Germany, and would not make peace upon any terms which did not recognize for her this position. To this Frederick could not assent. He had been out of the war for more than a year, and had used every means to bring about a general pacification. He tried vainly to unite the German States into a defensive league, which should balance the Austrian power. France urged him to a new treaty, which meant a new war with England and Austria. Slowly the conclusion forced itself upon him that this was inevitable; and finally, on the 5th of April—just two years to a day after the treaty made at the camp of Strehlin—a new secret agreement was signed, from which, in six months, sprang up a second war.

With the closing days of this troubled peace Mr. Carlyle concludes his Third Volume. With the Fourth Volume, which it is understood will soon appear, the curtain will rise upon this second war, in which Frederick, tried by the extremes of success and disaster, proved himself equal to either fortune. Hitherto he had manifested no great military genius. His successes, as he himself said, had been owing quite as much to the faults of his opponents as to his own merits. But in the fiery ordeal through which he was now to pass were developed those powers which have given him a place among the great captains of the world.

We have merely attempted in this paper to give an abstract of the History of the first four years of the reign of Frederick, apart from the Biography, which is the essential feature of Mr. Carlyle's work. We may protest against his peculiar manner; his abrupt and parenthetical style; his curious citations from "Smellfungus," "Sauerteig," the "Constitutional Historian,"

all of whom are Mr. Carlyle himself; his comical denunciations of "Dryasdust," under which name he sums up the whole mass of histories, memoirs, and documents that furnish his materials; but we can not fail to recognize in him all the highest qualities of a historian. Nothing can exceed his patient industry. Motley has not explored the stately archives of Simancas with more care than Carlyle has groped among pamphlets and records. He has disentangled the few actual threads from bales of "shoddy," and woven them into a web, often grotesque in pattern and coloring, but always strong and coherent. His portraiture of individuals are marvellous. He catches the likeness of every person who moves across the stage, and fixes it often with a single stroke. We have Frederick, always keen, prompt, decisive; George II., the little old gentleman, standing something more than plumb straight, with garter leg well advanced; Maria Theresa, proud, passionate, impulsive; Louis XV., poor creature, solemnly washed and shirred in public; Maupertuis, heavy, pedantic, ridiculous; Voltaire, mischievous as an ape, and vain as a parrot; and a hundred others. He has not, indeed, like Macaulay, given us history made easy, which one can read as though it were a novel, but with the feeling always that it is only "founded on fact," and that the facts have been selected and arranged to suit the theory of the writer. But he has given us something better: a picture, or rather series of pictures, of the varying, shifting, and often contradictory aspects of human life and character, and of national growth and development at one of the great periods of modern history.

We venture the prediction that while every generation will lessen the esteem in which Macaulay's brilliant panegyric and invective will be held, Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Frederick* will stand as the great historical work of the age. It abounds with moral maxims of the greatest weight. No opportunity is lost of pouring scorn and contempt upon imbeciles in high station. If a man can not govern he has no business to be a Ruler. "I am struck silent," says Mr. Carlyle, "in looking at much that goes on under these stars, and find that disappointment of your captains and of your exemplars and guiding individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always, and that especially, as highest instance of it, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain and King by the grace of God a gentleman who is not so, is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the chief mendacity capable of being done." This thought, which occurs in every work of Carlyle, is the key-note to his political and moral philosophy. It runs through "Sartor Resartus," the "French Revolution," "Cromwell," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," as well as through "Frederick." A Henry VI. or a Louis XVI. is the one who brings ruin and misery upon his State. How far need we Americans to go back to find a case in point in our own History?

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH WE REACH THE LAST STAGE BUT ONE OF THIS JOURNEY.

ALTHOUGH poverty was knocking at Philip's humble door, little Charlotte in all her trouble never knew how menacing the grim visitor had been. She did not quite understand that her husband in his last necessity sent to her mother for his due, and that the mother turned away and refused him. "Ah," thought poor Philip, groaning in his despair, "I wonder whether the thieves who attacked the man in the parable were robbers of his own family, who knew that he carried money with him to Jerusalem, and waylaid him on the journey?" But again and again he has thanked God, with grateful heart, for the Samaritans whom he has met on life's road; and if he has not forgiven, it must be owned he has never done any wrong to those who robbed him.

Charlotte did not know that her husband was at his last guinea, and a prey to dreadful anxiety for her dear sake, for after the birth of her child a fever came upon her; in the delirium consequent upon which the poor thing was ignorant of all that happened round her. A fortnight with a wife in extremity, with crying infants, with hunger menacing at the door, passed for Philip somehow. The young man became an old man in this time. Indeed, his fair hair was streaked with white at the temples after-

ward. But it must not be imagined that he had not friends during his affliction, and he always can gratefully count up the names of many persons to whom he might have applied had he been in need. He did not look or ask for these succors from his relatives. Aunt and uncle Twysden shrieked and cried out at his extravagance, imprudence, and folly. Sir John Ringwood said he must really wash his hands of a young man who menaced the life of his own son. Grenville Woolcomb, with many oaths, in which brother-in-law Ringwood joined chorus, cursed Philip, and said he didn't care, and the beggar ought to be hung, and his father ought to be hung. But I think I know half a dozen good men and true who told a different tale, and who were ready with their sympathy and succor. Did not Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish laundress, in a voice broken by sobs and gin, offer to go and chare at Philip's house for nothing, and nurse the dear children? Did not Goodenough say, "If you are in need, my dear fellow, of course you know where to come;" and did he not actually give two prescriptions, one for poor Charlotte, one for fifty pounds to be taken immediately, which he handed to the nurse by mistake? You may be sure she did not appropriate the money, for of course you know that the nurse was Mrs. Brandon. Charlotte has one remorse in her life. She owns she was jealous of the Little Sister. And now when that gentle life is over, when Philip's poverty trials are ended, when the children go sometimes and look wistfully at the grave of their dear Caroline, friend Charlotte leans her head against her husband's shoulder, and owns humbly how good, how brave, how generous a friend Heaven sent them in that humble defender.

Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty? In many cases it is like the dentist's chair, more dreadful in the contemplation than in the actual suffering. Philip says he never was fairly beaten but on that day when, in reply to his solicitation to have his due, Mrs. Baynes's friend, Captain Swang, brought him the open ten-pound note. It was not much of a blow; the hand which dealt it made the hurt so keen. "I remember," says he, "bursting out crying at school because a big boy hit me a slight tap, and other boys said, 'Oh, you coward!'" It was that I knew the boy at home, and my parents had been kind to him. It seemed to me a wrong that Bumps should strike me," said Philip; and he looked, while telling the story, as if he could cry about this injury now. I hope he has revenged himself by presenting coals of fire to his wife's relations. But this day, when he is enjoying good health and competence, it is not safe to mention mothers-in-law in his presence. He fumes, shouts, and rages against them as if all were like his; and his, I have been told, is a

lady perfectly well satisfied with herself and her conduct in this world; and as for the next—but our story does not dare to point so far. It only interests itself about a little clique of people here below—their grief, their trials, their weaknesses, their kindly hearts.

People there are in our history who do not seem to me to have kindly hearts at all; and yet, perhaps, if a biography could be written from their point of view, some other novelist might show how Philip and his biographer were a pair of selfish worldlings, unworthy of credit: how uncle and aunt Twysden were most exemplary people, and so forth. Have I not told you how many people at New York shook their heads when Philip's name was mentioned, and intimated a strong opinion that he used his father very ill? When he fell wounded and bleeding patron Tregarvan dropped him off his horse, and cousin Ringwood did not look behind to see how he fared. But these, again, may have had their opinion regarding our friend, who may have been misrepresented to them. I protest as I look back at the nineteen past portions of this history I begin to have qualms, and ask myself whether the folks of whom we have been prattling have had justice done to them; whether Agnes Twysden is not a suffering martyr justly offended by Philip's turbulent behavior; and whether Philip deserves any particular attention or kindness at all. He is not transcendently clever; he is not gloriously beautiful. He is not about to illuminate the darkness in which the peoples grovel with the flashing emanations of his truth. He sometimes owes money which he can not pay. He slips, stumbles, blunders, brags. Ah! he sins and repents—pray Heaven—of faults, of vanities, of pride, of a thousand shortcomings! This I say—*Ego*—as my friend's biographer. Perhaps I do not understand the other characters round about him so well, and have overlooked a number of their merits, and caricatured and exaggerated their little defects.

Among the Samaritans who came to Philip's help in these his straits he loves to remember the name of J. J., the painter, whom he found sitting with the children one day making drawings for them, which the good painter never tired to sketch.

Now if those children would but have kept Ridley's sketches, and waited for a good season at Christy's, I have no doubt they might have got scores of pounds for the drawings; but then, you see, they chose to improve the drawings with their own hands. They painted the soldiers yellow, the horses blue, and so forth. On the horses they put soldiers of their own construction. Ridley's landscapes were enriched with representations of "Omnibuses," which the children saw and admired in the neighboring New Road. I dare say, as the fever left her, and as she came to see things as they were, Charlotte's eyes dwelt fondly on the pictures of the omnibuses inserted in Mr. Ridley's sketches, and she put some aside and showed them to her friends, and said, "Doesn't our darling show

extraordinary talent for drawing? Mr. Ridley says he does. He did a great part of this etching."

But besides the drawings, what do you think Master Ridley offered to draw for his friends? Besides the prescriptions of medicine, what drafts did Dr. Goodenough prescribe? When nurse Brandon came to Mrs. Philip in her anxious time, we know what sort of payment she proposed for her services. Who says the world is all cold? There is the sun and the shadows. And the Heaven which ordains poverty and sickness sends pity, and love, and succor.

During Charlotte's fever and illness the Little Sister had left her but for one day, when her patient was quiet, and pronounced to be mending. It appears that Mrs. Charlotte was very ill indeed on this occasion; so ill that Dr. Goodenough thought she might have given us all the slip: so ill that, but for Brandon, she would, in all probability, have escaped out of this troublous world and left Philip and her orphaned little ones. Charlotte mended then: could take food, and liked it, and was specially pleased with some chickens which her nurse informed her were "from the country." "From Sir John Ringwood, no doubt?" said Mrs. Firmin, remembering the presents sent from Berkeley Square, and the mutton and the turnips.

"Well, eat and be thankful!" says the Little Sister, who was as gay as a little sister could be, and who had prepared a beautiful bread sauce for the fowl; and who had tossed the baby, and who showed it to its admiring brother and sister ever so many times; and who saw that Mr. Philip had his dinner comfortable; and who never took so much as a drop of porter—at home a little glass sometimes was comfortable, but on duty, never, never! No, not if Dr. Goodenough ordered it! she vowed. And the doctor wished he could say as much, or believe as much, of all his nurses.

Milman Street is such a quiet little street that our friends had not carpeted it in the usual way; and three days after her temporary absence, as nurse Brandon sits by her patient's bed, powdering the back of a small pink infant that makes believe to swim upon her apron, a rattle of wheels is heard in the quiet street—of four wheels, of one horse, of a jingling carriage, which stops before Philip's door. "It's the trap," says nurse Brandon, delighted. "It must be those kind Ringwoods," says Mrs. Philip. "But stop, Brandon. Did not they, did not we?—oh, how kind of them!" She was trying to recall the past. Past and present for days had been strangely mingled in her fevered brain. "Hush, my dear! you are to be kept quite still," says the nurse—and then proceeded to finish the polishing and powdering of the pink frog on her lap.

The bedroom window was open toward the sunny street: but Mrs. Philip did not hear a female voice say, "'Old the 'orse's 'ead, Jim," or she might have been agitated. The horse's head was held, and a gentleman and a lady with

a great basket containing pease, butter, greens, flowers, and other rural produce, descended from the vehicle and rang at the bell.

Philip opened it; with his little ones, as usual, trotting at his knees.

"Why, my darlings, how you air grown!" cries the lady.

"By-gones be by-gones. Give us your 'and, Firmin: here's mine. My missus has brought some country butter and things for your dear good lady. And we hope you liked the chickens. And God bless you, old fellow, how are you?" The tears were rolling down the good man's cheeks as he spoke. And Mrs. Mugford was likewise exceedingly hot, and very much affected. And the children said to her, "Mamma is better now; and we have a little brother, and he is crying now up stairs."

"Bless you, my darlings!" Mrs. Mugford was off by this time. She put down her peace-offering of carrots, chickens, bacon, butter. She cried plentifully. "It was Brandon came and told us," she said; "and when she told us how all your great people had flung you over, and you'd been quarreling again, you naughty fellow, I says to Mugford, 'Let's go and see after that dear thing, Mugford,' I says. And here we are. And year's two nice cakes for your children" (after a forage in the cornucopia), "and, 'lor, how they are grown!"

A little nurse from the up stairs regions here makes her appearance, holding a bundle of cashmere shawls, part of which is removed, and discloses a being pronounced to be ravishingly beautiful, and "jest like Mrs. Mugford's Emaly!"

"I say," says Mugford, "the 'old shop's still open to you. 'Tother chap wouldn't do at all. He was wild when he got the drink on board. Hirish. Pitched into Bickerton, and black'd 'is eye. It was Bickerton who told you lies about that poor lady. Don't see 'im no more now. Borrowed some money of me; haven't seen him since. We were both wrong, and we must make it up—the missus says we must."

"Amen!" said Philip, with a grasp of the honest fellow's hand. And next Sunday he and a trim little sister, and two children, went to an old church in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, which was fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard Steele kept house, and did not pay rent, hard by. And when the clergyman in the Thanksgiving particularized those who desired now to "offer up their praises and thanksgiving for late mercies vouchsafed to them," once more Philip Firmin said "Amen," on his knees, and with all his heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REALMS OF BLISS.

You know—all good boys and girls at Christmas know—that, before the last scene of the pantomime, when the Good Fairy ascends in a blaze of glory, and Harlequin and Columbine



take hands, having danced through all their tricks and troubles and tumbles, there is a dark, brief, seemingly meaningless penultimate scene, in which the performers appear to grope about perplexed, while the music of bassoons and trombones, and the like, groans tragically. As the actors, with gestures of dismay and outstretched arms, move hither and thither, the wary frequenter of pantomimes sees the illuminators of the Abode of Bliss and Hall of Prismatic Splendor nimbly moving behind the canvas, and streaking the darkness with twinkling fires—fires which shall blaze out presently in a thousand colors round the Good Fairy in the Revolving Temple of Blinding Bliss. Be happy, Harlequin! Love and be happy and dance, pretty Columbine! Children, mamma bids you put your shawls on. And Jack and Mary (who are young and love pantomimes) look lingeringly still over the ledge of the box, while the fairy temple yet revolves, while the fire-works play, and ere the Great Dark Curtain descends.

My dear young people, who have sate kindly through the scenes during which our entertainment has lasted, be it known to you that last chapter was the dark scene. Look to your cloaks, and tie up your little throats, for I tell you the great baize will soon fall down. Have I had any secrets from you all through the piece? I tell you the house will be empty and you will be in the cold air. When the boxes have got their night-gowns on, and you are all gone, and I have turned off the gas, and am in the empty theatre alone in the darkness, I promise you I shall not be merry. Never mind! We can make jokes though we are ever so sad. We can jump over head and heels, though I declare the pit is half

emptied already, and the last orange-woman has slunk away. Encore une pirouette, Colombine! Saute, Arlequin, mon ami! Though there are but five bars more of the music, my good people, we must jump over them briskly, and then go home to supper and bed.

Philip Firmin, then, was immensely moved by this magnanimity and kindness on the part of his old employer, and has always considered Mugford's arrival and friendliness as a special interposition in his favor. He owes it all to Brandon, he says. It was she who bethought herself of his condition, represented it to Mugford, and reconciled him to his enemy. Others were most ready with their money. It was Brandon who brought him work rather than alms, and enabled him to face fortune cheerfully. His interval of poverty was so short, that he actually had not occasion to borrow. A week more, and he could not have held out, and poor Brandon's little marriage present must have gone to the cenotaph of sovereigns—the dear Little Sister's gift which Philip's family cherish to this hour.

So Philip, with an humbled heart and demeanor, clambered up on his sub-editorial stool once more at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and again brandished the paste pot and the scissors. I forget whether Bickerton still remained in command at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or was more kind to Philip than before, or was afraid of him, having heard of his exploits as a fire-eater; but certain it is, the two did not come to a quarrel, giving each other a wide berth, as the saying is, and each doing his own duty. Good-by, Monsieur Bickerton. Except, mayhap, in the final group round the FAIRY CHARIOT (when, I promise you, there will be such a blaze of glory that he will be invisible), we shall never see the little spiteful, envious creature any more. Let him pop down his appointed trap-door; and, quick fiddles! let the brisk music jig on.

Owing to the coolness which had arisen between Philip and his father on account of their different views regarding the use to be made of Philip's signature, the old gentleman drew no further bills in his son's name, and our friend was spared from the unpleasant persecution. Mr. Hunt loved Dr. Firmin so ardently that he could not bear to be separated from the doctor long. Without the doctor, London was a dreary wilderness to Hunt. Unfortunate remembrances of past pecuniary transactions haunted him here. We were all of us glad when he finally retired from the Covent Garden taverns and betook himself to the Bowery once more.

And now friend Philip was at work again, hardly earning a scanty meal for self, wife, servant, children. It was indeed a meagre meal, and a small wage. Charlotte's illness, and other mishaps, had swept away poor Philip's little savings. It was determined that we would let the elegantly furnished apartments on the first floor. You might have fancied the proud Mr. Firmin rather repugnant to such a measure.

And so he was on the score of convenience, but of dignity, not a whit. To this day, if necessity called, Philip would turn a mangle with perfect gravity. I believe the thought of Mrs. General Baynes's horror at the idea of her son-in-law letting lodgings greatly soothed and comforted Philip. The lodgings were absolutely taken by our country acquaintance, Miss Pybus, who was coming up for the May meetings, and whom we persuaded (Heaven be good to us!) that she would find a most desirable quiet residence in the house of a man with three squalling children. Miss P. came, then, with my wife to look at the apartments; and we allured her by describing to her the delightful musical services at the Foundling hard by; and she was very much pleased with Mrs. Philip, and did not even wince at the elder children, whose pretty faces won the kind old lady's heart; and I am ashamed to say we were mum about the baby; and Pybus was going to close for the lodgings, when Philip burst out of his little room, without his coat, I believe, and objurgated a little printer's boy, who was sitting in the hall, waiting for some "copy" regarding which he had made a blunder; and Philip used such violent language toward the little lazy boy, that Pybus said "she never could think of taking apartments in that house," and hurried thence in a panic. When Brandon heard of this project of letting lodgings, she was in a fury. She might let lodgin's, but it wasn't for Philip to do so. "Let lodgin's, indeed! Buy a broom, and sweep a crossin'!" Brandon always thought Charlotte a poor-spirited creature, and the way she scolded Mrs. Firmin about this transaction was not a little amusing. Charlotte was not angry. She liked the scheme as little as Brandon. No other person ever asked for lodgings in Charlotte's house. May and its meetings came to an end. The old ladies went back to their country towns. The missionaries returned to Caffraria. (Ah! where are the pleasant-looking Quakeresses of our youth, with their comely faces and pretty dove-colored robes? They say the goodly sect is dwindling—dwindling.) The Quakeresses went out of town: then the fashionable world began to move: the Parliament went out of town. In a word, every body who could made away for a holiday, while poor Philip remained at his work, snipping and pasting his paragraphs, and doing his humble drudgery.

A sojourn on the sea-shore was prescribed by Dr. Goodenough as absolutely necessary for Charlotte and her young ones, and when Philip pleaded certain cogent reasons why the family could not take the medicine prescribed by the doctor, that eccentric physician had recourse to the same pocket-book which we have known him to produce on a former occasion; and took from it, for what I know, some of the very same notes which he had formerly given to the Little Sister. "I suppose you may as well have them as that rascal Hunt?" said the Doctor, scowling very fiercely. "Don't tell me. Stuff and nonsense. Pooh! Pay me when you are a rich

man!" And this Samaritan had jumped into his carriage and was gone before Philip or Mrs. Philip could say a word of thanks. Look at him as he is going off. See the green brougham drive away, and turn westward, and mark it well. A shoe go after thee, John Goodenough; we shall see thee no more in this story. You are not in the secret, good reader; but I, who have been living with certain people for many months past, and have a hearty liking for some of them, grow very soft when the hour for shaking hands comes, to think we are to meet no more. Go to! when this tale began, and for some months after, a pair of kind old eyes used to read these pages, which are now closed in the sleep appointed for all of us. And so page is turned after page, and behold *Finis* and the volume's end.

So Philip and his young folks came down to Periwinkle Bay, where we were staying, and the girls in the two families nursed the baby, and the child and mother got health and comfort from the fresh air, and Mr. Mugford—who believes himself to be the finest sub-editor in the world—and I can tell you there is a great art in sub-editing a paper—Mr. Mugford, I say, took Philip's scissors and paste pot, while the latter enjoyed his holiday. And J. J. Ridley, R.A., came and joined us presently, and we had many sketching parties, and my drawings of the various points about the bay, viz., Lobster Head, the Mollusc Rocks, etc., etc., are considered to be very spirited, though my little boy (who certainly has not his father's taste for art) mistook for the rock a really capital portrait of Philip, in a gray hat and paletot, sprawling on the sand.

Some twelve miles inland from the bay is the little town of Whipham Market, and Whipham skirts the park palings of that castle where Lord Ringwood had lived, and where Philip's mother was born and bred. There is a statue of the late lord in Whipham market-place. Could he have had his will, the borough would have continued to return two members to Parliament, as in the good old times before us. In that ancient and grass-grown little place, where your footsteps echo as you pass through the street—where you hear distinctly the creaking of the sign of the "Ringwood Arms" hotel and posting-house, and the opposition creaking of the "Ram Inn" over the way—where the half-pay captain, the curate, and the medical man stand before the fly-blown window-blind of the "Ringwood Institute" and survey the strangers—there is still a respect felt for the memory of the great lord who dwelt behind the oaks in yonder hall. He had his faults. His lordship's life was not that of an anchorite. The company his lordship kept, especially in his latter days, was not of that select description which a nobleman of his lordship's rank might command. But he was a good friend to Whipham. He was a good landlord to a good tenant. If he had his will Whipham would have kept its own. His lordship paid half the expense after the burning of the town-hall. He was an arbitrary man, cer-

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tainly, and he flogged Alderman Duffie before his own shop, but he apologized for it most handsome afterward. Would the gentlemen like port or sherry? Claret not called for in Whipham; not at all: and no fish, because all the fish at Periwinkle Bay is bought up and goes to London. Such were the remarks made by the landlord of the Ringwood Arms to three cavaliers who entered that hostelry. And you may be sure he told us about Lord Ringwood's death in the post-chaise as he came from Turveys Regum; and how his lordship went through them gates (pointing to a pair of gates and lodges which skirt the town), and was drove up to the castle and laid in state; and his lordship never would take the railway, never; and he always traveled like a nobleman, and when he came to a hotel and changed horses, he always called for a bottle of wine, and only took a glass, and sometimes not even that. And the present Sir John has kept no company here as yet; and they say he is close of his money, they say he is. And this is certain, Whipham haven't seen much of it, Whipham haven't.

We went into the inn yard, which may have been once a stirring place, and then sauntered up to the park gate, surmounted by the supporters and armorial bearings of the Ringwoods. "I wonder whether my poor mother came out of that gate when she eloped with my father?" said Philip. "Poor thing, poor thing!" The great gates were shut. The westering sun cast shadows over the sward where here and there the deer were browsing, and at some mile distance lay the house, with its towers and porticoes and vanes flaming the sun. The smaller gate was open, and a girl was standing by the lodge door. Was the house to be seen?

"Yes," says a little red-cheeked girl, with a courtesy.

"No!" calls out a harsh voice from within, and an old woman comes out from the lodge and looks at us fiercely. "Nobody is to go to the house. The family is a-coming."

That was provoking. Philip would have liked to behold the great house where his mother and her ancestors were born.

"Marry, good dame," Philip's companion said to the old beldam, "this goodly gentleman hath a right of entrance to yonder castle, which, I trow, ye wot not of. Heard ye never tell of one Philip Ringwood, slain at Busaco's glorious fi—"

"Hold your tongue, and don't chaff her, Pen," growled Firmin.

"Nay, and she knows not Philip Ringwood's grandson," the other wag continued, in a softened tone. "This will convince her of our right to enter. Canst recognize this image of your queen?"

"Well, I suppose 'ee can go up," said the old woman, at the sight of this talisman. "There's only two of them staying there, and they're out a drivin'."

Philip was bent on seeing the halls of his ancestors. Gray and huge, with towers, and vanes,

and porticoes, they lay before us a mile off, separated from us by a streak of glistening river. A great chestnut avenue led up to the river, and in the dappled grass the deer were browsing.

You know the house, of course. There is a picture of it in Watts, bearing date 1783. A gentleman in a cocked hat and pigtail is rowing a lady in a boat on the shining river. Another nobleman in a cocked hat is angling in the glistening river from the bridge, over which a post-chaise is passing.

"Yes, the place is like enough," said Philip; "but I miss the post-chaise going over the bridge, and the lady in the punt with the tall parasol. Don't you remember the print in our housekeeper's room in Old Parr Street? My poor mother used to tell me about the house, and I imagined it grander than the palace of Aladdin. It is a very handsome house," Philip went on. "It extends two hundred and sixty feet by seventy-five, and consists of a rustic basement and principal story, with an attic in the centre—the whole executed in stone. The grand front toward the park is adorned with a noble portico of the Corinthian order, and may with propriety be considered one of the finest elevations in the—' I tell you I am quoting out of Watts's 'Seats of the Nobility and Gentry,' published by John and Josiah Boydell, and lying in our drawing-room. Ah, dear me! I painted the boat and the lady and gentleman in the drawing-room copy, and my father boxed my ears, and my mother cried out—poor, dear soul! And this is the river, is it? And over this the post-chaise went with the club-tailed horses, and here was the pigtailed gentleman fishing. It gives one a queer sensation," says Philip, standing on the bridge and stretching out his big arms. "Yes, there are the two people in the punt by the rushes. I can see them, but you can't; and I hope, Sir, you will have good sport." And here he took off his hat to an imaginary gentleman supposed to be angling from the balustrade for ghostly gudgeon. We reach the house presently. We ring at a door in the basement under the portico. The porter demurs, and says some of the family is down, but they are out, to be sure. The same half-crown argument answers with him which persuaded the keeper at the lodge. We go through the show-rooms of the stately but somewhat faded and melancholy palace. In the cedar dining-room there hangs the grim portrait of the late earl; and that fair-haired officer in red? that must be Philip's grandfather. And those two slim girls embracing, surely those are his mother and his aunt. Philip walks softly through the vacant rooms. He gives the porter a gold piece ere he goes out of the great hall, forty feet cube, ornamented with statues brought from Rome by John first Baron, namely, Helio-gabalus, Nero's mother, a priestess of Isis, and a river god; the pictures over the doors by Pedimento; the ceiling by Leotardi, etc.; and in a window in the great hall there is a table with a visitors'-book, in which Philip writes his

name. As we went away we met a carriage which drove rapidly toward the house, and which no doubt contained the members of the Ringwood family, regarding whom the porters had spoken. After the family differences previously related we did not care to face these kinsfolks of Philip, and passed on quickly in twilight beneath the rustling umbrage of the chestnuts. J. J. saw a hundred fine pictorial effects as we walked: the palace reflected in the water; the dappled deer under the checkered shadow of the trees. It was, "Oh, what a jolly bit of color!" and, "I say, look, how well that old woman's red cloak comes in!" and so forth. Painters never seem tired of their work. At seventy they are students still—patient, docile, happy. May we, too, my good Sir, live for fourscore years, and never be too old to learn! The walk, the brisk accompanying conversation, amidst stately scenery around, brought us with good appetites and spirits to our inn, where we were told that dinner would be served when the omnibus arrived from the railway.

At a short distance from the Ringwood Arms, and on the opposite side of the street, is the Ram Inn, neat post-chaises, and farmers' ordinary; a house of which the pretensions seemed less, though the trade was somewhat more lively. When the tooting of the horn announced the arrival of the omnibus from the railway, I should think a crowd of at least fifteen people assembled at various doors of the High Street and Market. The half-pay captain and the curate came out from the Ringwood Athenæum. The doctor's apprentice stood on the step of the surgery door, and the surgeon's lady looked out from the first floor. We shared the general curiosity. We and the waiter stood at the door of the Ringwood Arms. We were mortified to see that of the five persons conveyed by the bus one was a tradesman, who descended at his door (Mr. Packwood, the saddler, so the waiter informed us), three travelers were discharged at the Ram, and only one came to us.

"Mostly bagmen goes to the Ram," the waiter said, with a scornful air; and these bagmen and their bags quitted the omnibus.

Only one passenger remained for the Ringwood Arms Hotel, and he presently descended under the *porte cochère*; and the omnibus—I own, with regret, it was but a one-horse machine—drove rattling into the court-yard, where the bells of the "Star," the "George," the "Rodney," the "Dolphin," and so on, had once been wont to jingle, and the court had echoed with the noise and clatter of hoofs and hostlers, and the cries of "First and second, turn out!"

Who was the merry-faced little gentleman in black, who got out of the omnibus, and cried, when he saw us, "What! you here?" It was Mr. Bradgate, that lawyer of Lord Ringwood's with whom we made a brief acquaintance just after his lordship's death. "What! you here?" cries Bradgate then to Philip. "Come down about this business, of course? Very glad that

you and—and certain parties have made it up. Thought you weren't friends."

What business? What parties? We had not heard the news? We had only come over from Periwinkle Bay by chance, in order to see the house.

"How very singular! Did you meet the—the people who were staying there?"

We said we had seen a carriage pass, but did not remark who was in it. What, however, was the news? Well. It would be known immediately, and would appear in Tuesday's *Gazette*. The news was that Sir John Ringwood was going to take a peerage, and that the seat for Whipham would be vacant. And herewith our friend produced from his traveling-bag a proclamation, which he read to us, and which was addressed:

"TO THE WORTHY AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF RINGWOOD.

"LONDON, Wednesday.

"GENTLEMEN—A gracious Sovereign having been pleased to order that the family of Ringwood should continue to be represented in the House of Peers, I take leave of my friends and constituents who have given me their kind confidence hitherto, and promise them that my regard for them will never cease, or my interest in the town and neighborhood where my family have dwelt for many centuries. The late lamented Lord Ringwood's brother died in the service of his Sovereign in Portugal, following the same flag under which his ancestors for centuries have fought and bled. My own son serves the Crown in a civil capacity. It was natural that one of our name and family should continue the relations which so long have subsisted between us and this loyal, affectionate, but Independent borough. Mr. Ringwood's onerous duties in the office which he holds are sufficient to occupy his time. A gentleman united to our family by the closest ties will offer himself as a candidate for your suffrages—"

"Why, who is it? He is not going to put in uncle Twysden, or my sneak of a cousin?"

"No," says Mr. Bradgate.

"Well, bless my soul! he can't mean me," said Philip. "Who is the dark horse he has in his stable!"

Then Mr. Bradgate laughed. "Dark horse you may call him. The new member is to be Grenville Woolcomb, Esq., your West India relative, and no other."

Those who know the extreme energy of Mr. P. Firmin's language when he is excited, may imagine the explosion of Philippine wrath which ensued as our friend heard this name. "That miscreant: that skinflint: that wealthy crossing-sweeper: that ignoramus who scarce could do more than sign his name! Oh, it was horrible, shameful! Why the man is on such ill terms with his wife that they say he strikes her. When I see him I feel inclined to choke him, and murder him. That brute going into Parliament, and the republican Sir John Ringwood sending him there! It's monstrous!"

"Family arrangements. Sir John, or, I should say, my Lord Ringwood, is one of the most affectionate of parents," Mr. Bradgate remarked. "He has a large family by his second marriage, and his estates go to his eldest son. We must not quarrel with Lord Ringwood for wishing to provide for his young ones. I don't say that he quite acts up to the extreme Liberal

principle of which he was once rather fond of boasting. But if you were offered a peerage, what would you do? what would I do? If you wanted money for your young ones, and could get it, would you not take it? Come, come, don't let us have too much of this Spartan virtue! If we were tried, my good friend, we should not be much worse or better than our neighbors. Is my fly coming, waiter?" We asked Mr. Bradgate to defer his departure, and to share our dinner. But he declined, and said he must go up to the great house, where he and his client had plenty of business to arrange, and where no doubt he would stay for the night. He bade the inn servants put his portmanteau into his carriage when it came. "The old lord had some famous port-wine," he said; "I hope my friends have the key of the cellar."

The waiter was just putting our meal on the table, as we stood in the bow-window of the Ringwood Arms coffee-room, engaged in this colloquy. Hence we could see the street, and the opposition inn of the Ram, where presently a great placard was posted. At least a dozen street boys, shopmen, and rustics were quickly gathered round this manifesto, and we ourselves went out to examine it. The Ram placard denounced, in terms of unmeasured wrath, the impudent attempt from the Castle to dictate to the free and independent electors of the borough. Freemen were invited not to promise their votes; to show themselves worthy of their name; to submit to no Castle dictation. A county gentleman of property, of influence, of liberal principles—no WEST INDIAN, no CASTLE FLUNKY, but a TRUE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, would come forward to rescue them from the tyranny under which they labored. On this point the electors might rely on the word of A BRITON.

"This was brought down by the clerk from Bedloe's. He and a newspaper man came down in the train with me; a Mr.—"

As he spoke, there came forth from the "Ram" the newspaper man of whom Mr. Bradgate spoke—an old friend and comrade of Philip, that energetic man and able reporter, Phipps of the *Daily Intelligencer*, who recognized Philip, and cordially greeting him, asked what he did down here, and supposed he had come to support his family.

Philip explained that we were strangers, had come from a neighboring watering-place to see the home of Philip's ancestors, and was not even aware until then that an electioneering contest was pending in the place, or that Sir John Ringwood was about to be promoted to the peerage. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradgate's fly had driven out of the hotel yard of the Ringwood Arms, and the lawyer running to the house for a bag of papers, jumped into the carriage and called to the coachman to drive to the castle.

"Bon appétit!" says he, in a confident tone, and he was gone.

"Would Phipps dine with us?" Phipps whispered, "I am on the other side, and the Ram is our house."

We, who were on no side, entered into the Ringwood Arms, and sat down to our meal—to the mutton and the catsup, cauliflower and potatoes, the copper-edged side dishes, and the watery melted butter, with which strangers are regaled in inns in declining towns. The town *baduuds*, who had read the placard at the Ram, now came to peruse the proclamation in our window. I dare say thirty pairs of clinking boots stopped before the one window and the other the while we ate tough mutton and drank fiery sherry. And J. J., leaving his dinner, sketched some of the figures of the townsfolk staring at the manifesto, with the old-fashioned Ram Inn for a back-ground—a picturesque gable enough.

Our meal was just over, when, somewhat to our surprise, our friend Mr. Bradgate the lawyer returned to the Ringwood Arms. He wore a disturbed countenance. He asked what he could have for dinner? Mutton, neither hot nor cold. Hum! That must do. So he had not been invited to dine at the Park? We rallied him with much facetiousness on this disappointment.

Little Bradgate's eyes started with wrath. "What a churl the little black fellow is!" he cried. "I took him his papers. I talked with him till dinner was laid in the very room where we were. French beans and neck of venison—I saw the housekeeper and his man bring them in! And Mr. Woolcomb did not so much as ask me to sit down to dinner—but told me to come again at nine o'clock! Confound this mutton—it's neither hot nor cold! The little skinflint! The glasses of fiery sherry which Bradgate now swallowed served rather to choke than appease the lawyer. We laughed, and this jocularly angered him more. "Oh," said he, "I am not the only person Woolcomb was rude to. He was in a dreadful ill-temper. He abused his wife: and when he read somebody's name in the strangers' book, I promise you, Firmin, he abused *you*. I had a mind to say to him, 'Sir, Mr. Firmin is dining at the Ringwood Arms, and I will tell him what you say of him.' What India-rubber mutton this is! What villainous sherry! Go back to him at nine o'clock, indeed! Be hanged to his impudence!"

"You must not abuse Woolcomb before Firmin," said one of our party. "Philip is so fond of his cousin's husband that he can not bear to hear the black man abused."

This was not a very brilliant joke, but Philip grinned at it with much savage satisfaction.

"Hit Woolcomb as hard as you please, he has no friends here, Mr. Bradgate," growled Philip. "So he is rude to his lawyer, is he?"

"I tell you he is worse than the old earl," cried the indignant Bradgate. "At least the old man was a peer of England, and could be a gentleman when he wished. But to be bullied by a fellow who might be a black footman, or ought to be sweeping a crossing! It's monstrous!"

"Don't speak ill of a man and a brother, Mr. Bradgate. Woolcomb can't help his complexion."

"But he can help his confounded impudence, and sha'n't practice it on *me*!" the attorney cried.

As Bradgate called out from his box, puffing and fuming, friend J. J. was scribbling in the little sketch-book which he always carried. He smiled over his work. "I know," he said, "the Black Prince well enough. I have often seen him driving his chestnut mares in the Park, with that bewildered white wife by his side. I am sure that woman is miserable, and, poor thing!—"

"Serve her right! What did an English lady mean by marrying such a fellow!" cries Bradgate.

"A fellow who does not ask his lawyer to dinner!" remarks one of the company; perhaps the reader's very humble servant. "But what an imprudent lawyer he has chosen—a lawyer who speaks his mind."

"I have spoken my mind to his betters, and be hanged to him! Do you think I am going to be afraid of *him*?" bawls the irascible solicitor.

"*Contempsit Catilinæ gladios*—do you remember the old quotation at school, Philip?" And here there was a break in our conversation, for, chancing to look at friend J. J.'s sketch-book, we saw that he had made a wonderful little drawing, representing Woolcomb and Woolcomb's wife, grooms, phaeton, and chestnut mares, as they were to be seen any afternoon in Hyde Park during the London season.

Admirable! Capital! Every body at once knew the likeness of the dusky charioteer. Iracundus himself smiled and sniggered over it. "Unless you behave yourself, Mr. Bradgate, Ridley will make a picture of *you*," says Philip. Bradgate made a comical face and retreated into his box, of which he pretended to draw the curtain. But the sociable little man did not long remain in his retirement; he emerged from it in a short time, his wine-decanter in his hand, and joined our little party; and then we fell to talking of old times; and we all remembered a famous drawing by H. B., of the late Earl of Ringwood, in the old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat and tight trowsers, on the old-fashioned horse, with the old-fashioned groom behind him, as he used to be seen pounding along Rotten Row.

"I speak my mind, do I?" says Mr. Bradgate, presently. "I know somebody who spoke *his* mind to that old man, and who would have been better off if he had held his tongue."

"Come, tell me, Bradgate," cried Philip. "It is all over and past now. Had Lord Ringwood left me something? I declare I thought at one time that he intended to do so."

"Nay, has not your friend here been rebuking me for speaking my mind? I am going to be as mum as a mouse. Let us talk about the election," and the provoking lawyer would say no more on a subject possessing a dismal interest for poor Phil.

"I have no more right to repine," said that philosopher, "than a man would have who drew number x in the lottery, when the winning tick-

et was number y. Let us talk, as you say, about the election. Who is to oppose Mr. Woolcomb?"

Mr. Bradgate believed a neighboring squire, Mr. Hornblow, was to be the candidate put forward against the Ringwood nominee.

"Hornblow! what, Hornblow of Grey Friars?" cries Philip. "A better fellow never lived. In this case he shall have our vote and interest; and I think we ought to go over and take another dinner at the 'Ram.'"

The new candidate actually turned out to be Philip's old school and college friend, Mr. Hornblow. After dinner we met him with a staff of canvassers on the tramp through the little town. Mr. Hornblow was paying his respects to such tradesmen as had their shops yet open. Next day being market-day he proposed to canvass the market-people. "If I meet the black man, Firmin," said the burly squire, "I think I can chaff him off his legs. He is a bad one at speaking, I am told."

As if the tongue of Plato would have prevailed in Whipham and against the nominee of the great house! The hour was late to be sure, but the companions of Mr. Hornblow on his canvass augured ill of his success after half an hour's walk at his heels. Baker Jones would not promise no how: that meant Jones would vote for the castle, Mr. Hornblow's legal aid-de-camp, Mr. Batley, was forced to allow. Butcher Brown was having his tea—his shrill-voiced wife told us, looking out from her glazed back parlor: Brown would vote for the castle. Saddler Briggs would see about it. Grocer Adams fairly said he would vote against us—against us?—against Hornblow, whose part we were taking already. I fear the flattering promises of support of a great body of free and unbiased electors, which had induced Mr. Hornblow to come forward and, etc., were but inventions of that little lawyer, Batley, who found his account in having a contest in the borough. When the polling-day came—you see, I disdain to make any mysteries in this simple and veracious story—MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB, whose solicitor and agent spoke for him—Mr. Greenville Woolcomb, who could not spell or speak two sentences of decent English, and whose character for dullness, ferocity, penuriousness, jealousy, almost fatuity, was notorious to all the world—was returned by an immense majority, and the country gentleman brought scarce a hundred votes to the poll.

We who were in nowise engaged in the contest, nevertheless, found amusement from it in a quiet country place where little else was stirring. We came over once or twice from Periwinkle Bay. We mounted Hornblow's colors openly. We drove up ostentatiously to the Ram, forsaking the Ringwood Arms, where MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB'S COMMITTEE ROOM was now established in that very coffee-room where we have dined in Mr. Bradgate's company. We warmed in the contest. We met Bradgate and his principal more than once, and our Mon-

tagus and Capulets defied each other in the public street. It was fine to see Philip's great figure and noble scowl when he met Woolcomb at the canvass. Gleams of mulatto hate quivered from the eyes of the little captain. Darts of fire flashed from beneath Philip's eyebrows as he elbowed his way forward, and hustled Woolcomb off the pavement. Mr. Philip never disguised any sentiment of his. Hate the little ignorant, spiteful, vulgar, avaricious beast? Of course I hate him, and I should like to pitch him into the river. Oh, Philip! Charlotte pleaded. But there was no reasoning with this savage when in wrath. I deplored, though perhaps I was amused by, his ferocity.

The local paper on our side was filled with withering epigrams against this poor Woolcomb, of which, I suspect, Philip was the author. I think I know that fierce style and tremendous invective. In the man whom he hates he can see no good; and in his friend no fault. When we met Bradgate apart from his principal we were friendly enough. He said we had no chance in the contest. He did not conceal his dislike and contempt for his client. He amused us in later days (when he actually became Philip's man of law) by recounting anecdotes of Woolcomb, his fury, his jealousy, his avarice, his brutal behavior. Poor Agnes had married for money, and he gave her none. Old Twysden, in giving his daughter to this man, had hoped to have the run of a fine house; to ride in Woolcomb's carriages, and feast at his table. But Woolcomb was so stingy that he grudged the meat which his wife ate, and would give none to her relations. He turned those relations out of his doors. Talbot and Ringwood Twysden, he drove them both away. He lost a child because he would not send for a physician. His wife never forgave him that meanness. Her hatred for him became open and avowed. They parted, and she led a life into which we will look no farther. She quarreled with parents as well as husband. "Why," she said, "did they sell me to that man?" Why did she sell herself? She required little persuasion from father and mother when she committed that crime. To be sure they had educated her so well to worldliness that when the occasion came she was ready.

We used to see this luckless woman, with her horses and servants decked with Woolcomb's ribbons, driving about the little town, and making feeble efforts to canvass the townspeople. They all knew how she and her husband quarreled. Reports came very quickly from the Hall to the town. Woolcomb had not been at Whipham a week when people began to hoot and jeer at him as he passed in his carriage. "Think how weak you must be," Bradgate said, "when we can win this horse! I wish he would stay away, though. We could manage much better without him. He has insulted I don't know how many free and independent electors, and infuriated others, because he will not give them beer when they come to the house. If Wool-

comb would stay in the place, and we could have the election next year, I think your man might win. But, as it is, he may as well give in, and spare the expense of a poll." Meanwhile Hornblow was very confident. We believe what we wish to believe. It is marvelous what faith an enthusiastic electioneering agent can inspire in his client. At any rate, if Hornblow did not win this time, he would at the next election. The old Ringwood domination in Whipham was gone henceforth forever.

When the day of election arrived you may be sure we came over from Periwinkle Bay to see the battle. By this time Philip had grown so enthusiastic in Hornblow's cause—(Philip, by-the-way, never would allow the possibility of a defeat)—that he had his children decked in the Hornblow ribbons, and drove from the bay, wearing a cockade as large as a pancake. He, I, and Ridley the painter, went together in a dog-cart. We were hopeful, though we knew the enemy was strong; and cheerful, though, ere we had driven five miles, the rain began to fall.

Philip was very anxious about a certain great roll of paper which we carried with us. When I asked him what it contained, he said it was a gun; which was absurd. Ridley smiled in his silent way. When the rain came, Philip cast a cloak over his artillery, and sheltered his powder. We little guessed at the time what strange game his shot would bring down.

When we reached Whipham the polling had continued for some hours. The confounded black miscreant, as Philip called his cousin's husband, was at the head of the poll, and with every hour his majority increased. The free and independent electors did not seem to be in the least influenced by Philip's articles in the county paper, or by the placards which our side had pasted over the little town, and in which freemen were called upon to do their duty, to support a fine old English gentleman, to submit to no castle nominee, and so forth. The pressure of the Ringwood steward and bailiffs was too strong. However much they disliked the black man, tradesman after tradesman, and tenant after tenant came up to vote for him. Our drums and trumpets at the Ram blew loud defiance to the brass band at the Ringwood Arms. From our balcony, I flatter myself, we made much finer speeches than the Ringwood people could deliver. Hornblow was a popular man in the county. When he came forward to speak the market-place echoed with applause. The farmers and small tradesmen touched their hats to him kindly, but slunk off sadly to the polling-booth and voted according to order. A fine, healthy, handsome, red-cheeked squire, our champion's personal appearance enlisted all the ladies in his favor.

"If the two men," bawled Philip, from the Ram window, "could decide the contest with their coats off before the market-house yonder, which do you think would win—the fair man or the darkey?" (Loud cries of "Hornblow for ever!" or, "Mr. Philip, we'll have *yew*!") "But

you see, my friends, Mr. Woolcomb does not like a *fair* fight. Why doesn't he show at the Ringwood Arms and speak? I don't believe he can speak—not English. Are you men? Are you Englishmen? Are you white slaves to be sold to that fellow?" (Immense uproar. Mr. Finch, the Ringwood agent, in vain tries to get a hearing from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms.) "Why does not Sir John Ringwood—my Lord Ringwood now—come down among his tenantry and back the man he has sent down? I suppose he is ashamed to look his tenants in the face. I should be, if I ordered them to do such a degrading job. You know, gentlemen, that I am a Ringwood myself. My grandfather lies buried—no, not buried—in yonder church. His tomb is there. His body lies on the glorious field of Busaco!" ("Hurray!") "I am a Ringwood!" (Cries of "Hoo—down. No Ringwoods year. We wunt have un!") "And, before George, if I had a vote I would give it for the gallant, the good, the admirable, the excellent Hornblow! Some one holds up the state of the poll, and Woolcomb is ahead! I can only say, electors of Whipham, *the more shame for you!*" "Hooray! Bravo!" The boys, the people, the shouting are all on our side. The voting, I regret to say, steadily continues in favor of the enemy.

As Philip was making his speech an immense banging of drums and blowing of trumpets arose from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and a something resembling the song of triumph called, "See the Conquering Hero comes!" was performed by the opposition orchestra. The lodges of the park were now decorated with the Ringwood and Woolcomb flags. They were flung open, and a dark-green chariot with four gray horses issued from the park. On the chariot was an earl's coronet, and the people looked rather scared as it came toward us, and said, "Do'ee look, now, 'tis my lard's own post-chaise!" On former days Mr. Woolcomb and his wife, as his aid-de-camp, had driven through the town in an open barouche, but to-day being rainy, preferred the shelter of the old chariot, and we saw presently within Mr. Bradgate, the London agent, and by his side the darkling figure of Mr. Woolcomb. He had passed many agonizing hours, we were told subsequently, in attempting to learn a speech. He cried over it. He never could get it by heart. He swore like a frantic child at his wife, who endeavored to teach him his lesson.

"Now's the time, Mr. Briggs!" Philip said to Mr. B., our lawyer's clerk, and the intelligent Briggs sprang down stairs to obey his orders. Clear the road there! make way! was heard from the crowd below us. The gates of our inn court-yard, which had been closed, were suddenly flung open, and amidst the roar of the multitude there issued out a cart, drawn by two donkeys and driven by a negro, beasts and man all wearing Woolcomb's colors. In the cart was fixed a placard, on which a most undeniable likeness of Mr. Woolcomb was designed, who

was made to say, "VOTE FOR ME! AM I NOT A MAN AND A BRUDDER?" This cart trotted out of the yard of the Ram, and, with a cortège of shouting boys, advanced into the market-place, which Mr. Woolcomb's carriage was then crossing.

Before the market-house stands the statue of the late earl, whereof mention has been made. In his peer's robes, a hand extended, he points toward his park gates. An inscription, not more mendacious than many other epigraphs, records his rank, age, virtues, and the esteem in which the people of Whipham held him. The mulatto who drove the team of donkeys was an itinerant tradesman who brought fish from the bay to the little town; a jolly wag, a fellow of indifferent character, a frequenter of all the ale-houses in the neighborhood, and rather celebrated for his skill as a bruiser. He and his steeds streamed with Woolcomb ribbons. With ironical shouts of "Woolcomb forever!" Yellow Jack urged his cart toward the chariot with the white horses. He took off his hat with mock respect to the candidate sitting within the green chariot. From the balcony of the Ram we could see the two vehicles approaching each other; and the Yellow Jack waving his ribboned hat, kicking his bandy legs here and there, and urging on his donkeys. What with the roar of the people and the banging and trumpeting of the rival bands, we could hear but little; but I saw Woolcomb thrust his yellow head out of his chaise-window—he pointed toward that impudent donkey-cart, and urged, seemingly, his postillions to ride it down. Plying their whips, the post-boys galloped toward Yellow Jack and his vehicle, a yelling crowd scattering from before the horses, and rallying behind them, to utter execrations at Woolcomb. His horses were frightened, no doubt; for just as Yellow Jack wheeled nimbly round one side of the Ringwood statue, Woolcomb's horses were all huddled together and plunging in confusion beside it, the fore-wheel came in abrupt collision with the stone-work of the statue railing; and then we saw the vehicle turn over altogether, one of the wheelers down with its rider, and the leaders kicking, plunging, lashing out right and left, wild and maddened with fear. Mr. Philip's countenance, I am bound to say, wore a most guilty and queer expression. This accident, this collision, this injury, perhaps death of Woolcomb and his lawyer, arose out of our fine joke about the Man and the Brother.

We dashed down the stairs from the Ram—Hornblow, Philip, and half a dozen more—and made a way through the crowd toward the carriage, with its prostrate occupants. The mob made way civilly for the popular candidate—the losing candidate. When we reached the chaise the traces had been cut, the horses were free, the fallen postillion was up and rubbing his leg, and as soon as the wheelers were taken out of the chaise Woolcomb emerged from it. He had said from within (accompanying his speech with many oaths, which need not be repeated, and showing a just sense of his danger), "Cut the

traces, hang you! And take the horses away; I can wait until they're gone. I'm sittin' on my lawyer; I ain't goin' to have *my* head kicked off by those wheelers." And just as we reached the fallen post-chaise he emerged from it, laughing, and saying, "Lie still, you old beggar!" to Mr. Bradgate, who was writhing underneath him. His issue from the carriage was received with shouts of laughter, which increased prodigiously when Yellow Jack, nimbly clambering up the statue-railings, thrust the outstretched arm of the statue through the picture of the Man and the Brother, and left that cartoon flapping in the air over Woolcomb's head.

Then a shout arose, the like of which has seldom been heard in that quiet little town. Then Woolcomb, who had been quite good-humored as he issued out of the broken post-chaise, began to shriek, curse, and revile more shrilly than before; and was heard, in the midst of his oaths and wrath, to say, "He would give any man a shillin' who would bring him down that confounded thing!" Then scared, bruised, contused, confused, poor Mr. Bradgate came out of the carriage, his employer taking not the least notice of him.

Hornblow hoped Woolcomb was not hurt, on which the little gentleman turned round, and said, "Hurt? no; who are you! Is no fellah goin' to bring me down that confounded thing? I'll give a shillin', I say, to the fellah who does!"

"A shilling is offered for that picture!" shouts Philip, with a red face, and wild with excitement. "Who will take a whole shilling for that beauty?"

On which Woolcomb began to scream, curse, and revile more bitterly than before. "You here? Hang you, why are you here? Don't come bullyin' me. Take that fellah away, some of you fellahs. Bradgate, come to my committee-room. I won't stay here, I say. Let's have the beast of a carriage, and— Well, what's up now?"

While he was talking, shrieking, and swearing half a dozen shoulders in the crowd had raised the carriage up on its three wheels. The panel which had fallen toward the ground had split against a stone, and a great gap was seen in the side. A lad was about to thrust his hand into the orifice when Woolcomb turned upon him.

"Hands off, you little beggar!" he cried, "no priggin'! Drive away some of these fellahs, you post-boys! Don't stand rubbin' your knee there, you great fool. What's this?" and he thrust his own hand into the place where the boy had just been marauding.

In the old traveling carriages there used to be a well or sword-case, in which travelers used to put swords and pistols in days when such weapons of defense were needful on the road. Out of this sword-case of Lord Ringwood's old post-chariot Woolcomb did not draw a sword but a foolscap paper folded and tied with a red tape. And he began to read the superscription—"Will of the Right Honorable John, Earl of Ringwood. Bradgate, Smith, and Burrows."

"God bless my soul! It's the will he had back from my office, and which I thought he had destroyed. My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart!" And herewith Mr. Bradgate the lawyer began to shake Philip's hand with much warmth. "Allow me to look at that paper. Yes, this is in my handwriting. Let us come into the Ringwood Arms—the Ram—any where, and read it to you!"

. . . Here we looked up to the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and beheld a great placard announcing the state of the poll at 1 o'clock.

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"We are beaten," said Mr. Hornblow, very good-naturedly. "We may take our flag down. Mr. Woolcomb, I congratulate you."

"I knew we should do it," said Mr. Woolcomb, putting out a little yellow-kidded hand. "Had all the votes beforehand—knew we should do the trick. I say. Hi! you—Whatdyoucallem—Bradgate! What is it about, that will? It does not do any good to *that* beggar, does it?" and with laughter and shouts, and cries of "Woolcomb forever!" and "Give us something to drink, your Honor!" the successful candidate marched into his hotel.

And was the tawny Woolcomb the fairy who was to rescue Philip from grief, debt, and poverty? Yes. And the old post-chaise of the late Lord Ringwood was the fairy chariot. You have read in a past chapter how the old lord, being transported with anger against Philip, desired his lawyer to bring back a will in which he had left a handsome legacy to the young man, as his mother's son. My lord had intended to make a provision for Mrs. Firmin, when she was his dutiful niece, and yet under his roof. When she eloped with Mr. Firmin, Lord Ringwood vowed he would give his niece nothing. But he was pleased with the independent and forgiving spirit exhibited by her son; and, being a person of much grim humor, I dare say chuckled inwardly at thinking how furious the Twysdens would be when they found Philip was the old lord's favorite. Then Mr. Philip chose to be insubordinate, and to excite the wrath of his great uncle, who desired to have his will back again. He put the document into his carriage, in the secret box, as he drove away on that last journey, in the midst of which death seized him. Had he survived, would he have made another will, leaving out all mention of Philip? Who shall say? My lord made and canceled many wills. This certainly, duly drawn and witnessed, was the last he ever signed; and by it Philip is put in possession of a sum of money which is sufficient to insure a provision for those whom he loves. Kind readers, I know not whether the fairies be rife now, or banished from this work-a-day earth, but Philip's biographer wishes you some of those blessings which never forsook Philip in his trials: a dear wife and children to love you, a true friend or two to stand by you, and in health or sickness a clear conscience and a kindly heart. If you

fall upon the way, may succor reach you! And may you, in your turn, have help and pity in store for the unfortunate whom you overtake on life's journey!

Would you care to know what happened to the other personages of our narrative? Old Twysden is still babbling and bragging at clubs, and though aged is not the least venerable. He has quarreled with his son for not calling Woolcomb out, when that unhappy difference arose between the Black Prince and his wife. He says his family has been treated with cruel injustice by the late Lord Ringwood, but as soon as Philip had a little fortune left him he instantly was reconciled to his wife's nephew. There are other friends of Firmin's who were kind enough to him in his evil days, but can not pardon his prosperity. Being in that benevolent mood which must accompany any leave-taking, we will not name these ill-wishers of Philip, but wish that all readers of his story may have like reason to make some of their acquaintances angry.

Our dear Little Sister would never live with Philip and his Charlotte, though the latter *especially*, and with all her heart, besought Mrs. Brandon to come to them. That pure and useful and modest life ended a few years since. She died of a fever caught from one of her patients. She would not allow Philip or Charlotte to come near her. She said she was justly punished for being so proud as to refuse to live with them. All her little store she left to Philip. He has now in his desk the five guineas which she gave him at his marriage; and J. J. has made a little picture of her, with her sad smile and her sweet face, which hangs in Philip's drawing-room, where father, mother, and children talk of the Little Sister as though she were among them still.

She was dreadfully agitated when the news came from New York of Doctor Firmin's second marriage. "His second? His third!" she said. "The villain, the villain!" That strange delusion which we have described as sometimes possessing her increased in intensity after this news. More than ever she believed that Philip was her own child. She came wildly to him, and cried that his father had forsaken them. It was only when she was excited that she gave utterance to this opinion. Doctor Goodenough says that though generally silent about it it never left her.

Upon his marriage Dr. Firmin wrote one of his long letters to his son announcing the event. He described the wealth of the lady (a widow from Norfolk, in Virginia) to whom he was about to be united. He would pay back, ay, with interest, every pound, every dollar, every cent he owed his son. Was the lady wealthy? We had only the poor doctor's word.

Three months after his marriage he died of yellow fever on his wife's estate. It was then the Little Sister came to see us in widow's mourning, very wild and flushed. She bade our servant say, "Mrs. Firmin was at the door," to the astonishment of the man, who knew her. She

had even caused a mourning-card to be printed. Ah, there is rest now for that little fevered brain, and peace, let us pray, for that fond, faithful heart.

The mothers in Philip's household and mine have already made a match between our children. We had a great gathering the other day at Roehampton, at the house of our friend Mr. Clive Newcome (whose tall boy, my wife says, was very attentive to our Helen), and, having been

educated at the same school, we sat ever so long at dessert telling old stories, while the children danced to piano music on the lawn. Dance on the lawn, young folks, while the elders talk in the shade! What? The night is falling: we have talked enough over our wine; and it is time to go home? Good-night. Good-night, friends, old and young! The night will fall: the stories must end: and the best friends must part.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER VI.

DAWNING HOPES.

WHEN Maso opened the door again, and ushered in the two visitors, Nello, first making a deep reverence to Romola, gently pushed Tito before him, and advanced with him toward her father.

"Messer Bardo," he said, in a more measured and respectful tone than was usual with him, "I have the honor of presenting to you the Greek scholar, who has been eager to have speech of you, not less from the report I made to him of your learning and your priceless collections, than because of the furtherance your patronage may give him under the transient need to which he has been reduced by shipwreck. His name is Tito Melema, at your service."

Romola's astonishment could hardly have been greater if the stranger had worn a panther-skin and carried a thyrsus; for the cunning barber had said nothing of the Greek's age or appearance; and among her father's scholarly visitors

she had hardly ever seen any but middle-aged or gray-headed men. There was only one masculine face, at once youthful and beautiful, the image of which remained deeply impressed on her mind: it was that of her brother, who long years ago had taken her on his knee, kissed her, and never come back again: a fair face, with sunny hair like her own. But the habitual attitude of her mind toward strangers—a proud self-dependence and determination to ask for nothing even by a smile—confirmed in her by her father's complaints against the world's injustice, was like a snowy embankment hemming in the rush of admiring surprise. Tito's bright face showed its rich-tinted beauty without any rivalry of color above his black *sajo* or tunic reaching to the knees. It seemed like a wreath of spring, dropped suddenly into Romola's young but wintry life, which had inherited nothing but memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier time—memories of far-off light, love, and beauty, that lay imbedded in dark mines of books, and could hardly give out their brightness again until they were kindled for her by the torch of some known joy. Nevertheless, she returned Tito's bow, made to her on entering, with the same pale, proud face as ever; but as he approached the snow melted, and when he ventured to look toward her again, while Nello was speaking, a pink flush overspread her face, to vanish again almost immediately, as if her imperious will had recalled it. Tito's glance, on the contrary, had that gentle, beseeching admiration in it which is the most propitiating of appeals to a proud, shy woman, and is perhaps the only atonement a man can make for being too handsome. The finished fascination of his air came chiefly from the absence of demand and assumption. It was that of a fleet, soft-coated, dark-eyed animal that delights you by not bounding away in indifference from you, and unexpectedly pillows its chin on your palm, and looks up at you desiring to be stroked—as if it loved you.

"Messere, I give you welcome," said Bardo, with some condescension; "misfortune wedded to learning, and especially to Greek learning, is a letter of credit that should win the ear of every instructed Florentine; for, as you are doubt-

less aware, since the period when your countryman, Manuello Crisolora, diffused the light of his teaching in the chief cities of Italy, now nearly a century ago, no man is held worthy of the name of scholar who has acquired merely the transplanted and derivative literature of the Latins; rather, such inert students are stigmatized as *opici* or barbarians, according to the phrase of the Romans themselves, who frankly replenished their urns at the fountain-head. I am, as you perceive, and as Nello has doubtless forewarned you, totally blind—a calamity to which we Florentines are held especially liable, whether owing to the cold winds which rush upon us in spring from the passes of the Apennines, or to that sudden transition from the cool gloom of our houses to the dazzling brightness of our summer sun, by which the *lippi* are said to have been made so numerous among the ancient Romans; or, in fine, to some occult cause which eludes our superficial surmises. But I pray you be seated: Nello, my friend, be seated."

Bardo paused until his fine ear had assured him that the visitors were seating themselves, and that Romola was taking her usual chair at his right hand. Then he said:

"From what part of Greece do you come, Messere? I had thought that your unhappy country had been almost exhausted of those sons who could cherish in their minds any image of her original glory, though indeed the barbarous Sultans have of late shown themselves not indisposed to ingraft on their wild stock the precious vine which their own fierce bands have hewn down and trampled under foot. From what part of Greece do you come?"

"I sailed last from Nauplia," said Tito; "but I have resided both at Constantinople and Thessalonica, and have traveled in various parts little visited by Western Christians since the triumph of the Turkish arms. I should tell you, however, Messere, that I was not born in Greece, but at Bari. I spent the first sixteen years of my life in Southern Italy and Sicily."

While Tito was speaking some emotion passed, like a breath on the waters, across Bardo's delicate features; he leaned forward, put out his right hand toward Romola, and turned his head as if about to speak to her; but then, correcting himself, turned away again, and said, in a subdued voice,

"Excuse me; is it not true—you are young?"

"I am three-and-twenty," said Tito.

"Ah," said Bardo, still in a tone of subdued excitement, "and you had, doubtless, a father who cared for your early instruction—who, perhaps, was himself a scholar?"

There was a slight pause before Tito's answer came to the ear of Bardo; but for Romola and Nello it commenced with a slight shock that seemed to pass through him, and cause a momentary quivering of the lip; doubtless at the revival of a supremely painful remembrance.

"Yes," he replied; "at least a father by adoption. He was a Neapolitan, and of accomplished scholarship both Latin and Greek.

But," added Tito, after another slight pause, "he is lost to me—was lost on a voyage he too rashly undertook to Delos."

Bardo sank backward again, too delicate to ask another question that might probe a sorrow which he divined to be recent. Romola, who knew well what were the fibres that Tito's voice had stirred in her father, felt that this new acquaintance had with wonderful suddenness got within the barrier that lay between them and the alien world. Nello, thinking that the evident check given to the conversation offered a graceful opportunity for relieving himself from silence, said—

"In truth, it is as clear as Venetian glass that this *bel giovane* has had the finest training; for the two Cennini have set him to work at their Greek sheets already, and they are not men to begin cutting before they have felt the edge of their tools, *mi pare*; they tested him well beforehand, we may be sure, and if there are two things not to be hidden—love and a cough—I say there is a third, and that is ignorance, when once a man is obliged to do something besides wagging his head. The *tonsor inequalis* is inevitably betrayed when he takes the shears in his hand; is it not true, Messer Bardo? I speak after the fashion of a barber, but, as Luigi Pulci says—

"Perdonimi s'io fallo: chi m'ascolta

Intenda il mio volgar col suo latino."

"Nay, my good Nello," said Bardo, with an air of friendly severity, "you are not altogether illiterate, and might doubtless have made a more respectable progress in learning if you had abstained somewhat from the *cicalata* and gossip of the street-corner, to which our Florentines are excessively addicted; but still more if you had not clogged your memory with those frivolous productions of which Luigi Pulci has furnished the most peccant exemplar—a compendium of extravagances and incongruities the farthest removed from the models of a pure age, and resembling rather the *grylli*, or conceits of a period when mystic meaning was held a warrant for monstrosity of form; with this difference, that while the monstrosity is retained, the mystic meaning is absent; in contemptible contrast with the great poem of Virgil, who, as I long held with Filelfo, before Landino had taken upon him to expound the same opinion, embodied the deepest lessons of philosophy in a graceful and well-knit fable. And I can not but regard the multiplication of these babbling, lawless productions, albeit countenanced by the patronage, and in some degree the example of Lorenzo himself, otherwise a friend to true learning, as a sign that the glorious hopes of this century are to be quenched in gloom; nay, that they have been the delusive prologue to an age worse than that of iron—the age of tinsel and gossamer, in which no thought has substance enough to be moulded into consistent and lasting form."

"Once more, pardon," said Nello, opening his palms outward, and shrugging his shoulders, "I find myself knowing so many things in good Tuscan before I have time to think of the Latin

for them; and Messer Luigi's rhymes are always slipping off the lips of my customers:—that is what corrupts me. And, indeed, talking of customers, I have left my shop and my reputation too long in the custody of my slow Sandro, who does not deserve even to be called a *tonsor inequalis*, but rather to be pronounced simply a bungler in the vulgar tongue. So with your permission, Messer Bardo, I will take my leave—well understood that I am at your service whenever Maso calls upon me. It seems a thousand years till I dress and perfume the damigella's hair, which deserves to shine in the heavens as a constellation, though indeed it were a pity for it ever to go so far out of reach."

Three voices made a fugue of friendly farewells to Nello, as he retreated with a bow to Romola and a beck to Tito. The acute barber saw that the pretty youngster, who had crept into his liking by some strong magic, was well launched in Bardo's favorable regard; and satisfied that his introduction had not miscarried so far, he felt the propriety of retiring.

The little burst of wrath, called forth by Nello's unlucky quotation, had diverted Bardo's mind from the feelings which had just before been hemming in further speech, and he now addressed Tito again with his ordinary calmness.

"Ah! young man, you are happy in having been able to unite the advantages of travel with those of study, and you will be welcome among us as a bringer of fresh tidings from a land which has become sadly strange to us, except through the agents of a now restricted commerce and the reports of hasty pilgrims. For those days are in the far distance which I myself witnessed, when men like Aurispa and Guarino went out to Greece as to a store-house, and came back laden with manuscripts which every scholar was eager to borrow—and, be it owned with shame, not always willing to restore; nay, even the days when erudite Greeks flocked to our shores for a refuge seem far off now—farther off than the oncoming of my blindness. But, doubtless, young man, research after the treasures of antiquity was not alien to the purpose of your travels?"

"Assuredly not," said Tito. "On the contrary, my companion—my father—was willing to risk his life in his zeal for the discovery of inscriptions and other traces of ancient civilization."

"And I trust there is a record of his researches and their results," said Bardo, eagerly, "since they must be even more precious than those of Ciriaco, which I have diligently availed myself of, though they are not always illuminated by adequate learning."

"There *was* such a record," said Tito, "but it was lost, like every thing else, in the shipwreck I suffered below Ancona. The only record left is such as remains in our—in my memory."

"You must lose no time in committing it to paper, young man," said Bardo, with growing interest. "Doubtless you remember much, if you aided in transcription; for when I was your

age words wrought themselves into my mind as if they had been fixed by the tool of the graver; wherefore I constantly marvel at the capriciousness of my daughter's memory, which grasps certain objects with tenacity, and lets fall all those minutiae whereon depends accuracy, the very soul of scholarship. But I apprehend no such danger with you, young man, if your will has seconded the advantages of your training."

When Bardo made this reference to his daughter Tito ventured to turn his eyes toward her, and at the accusation against her memory his face broke into its brightest smile, which was reflected as inevitably as sudden sunbeams in Romola's. Conceive the soothing delight of that smile to her! Romola had never dreamed that there was a scholar in the world who would smile at her for a deficiency for which she was constantly made to feel herself a culprit. It was like the dawn of a new sense to her—the sense of comradeship. They did not look away from each other immediately, as if the smile had been a stolen one; they looked and smiled with frank enjoyment.

"She is not really so cold and proud," thought Tito.

"Does *he* forget, too, I wonder?" thought Romola. "But I hope not, else he will vex my father."

But Tito was obliged to turn away and answer Bardo's question.

"I have had much practice in transcription," he said, "but in the case of inscriptions copied in memorable scenes, rendered doubly impressive by the sense of risk and adventure, it may have happened that my retention of written characters has been weakened. On the plain of the Eurotas, or among the gigantic stones of Mycenæ and Tyrins—especially when the fear of the Turk hovers over one like a vulture—the mind wanders, even though the hand writes faithfully what the eye dictates. But something doubtless I have retained," added Tito, with a modesty which was not false, though he was conscious that it was politic, "something that might be of service if illustrated and corrected by a wider learning than my own."

"That is well spoken, young man," said Bardo, delighted. "And I will not withhold from you such aid as I can give, if you like to communicate with me concerning your recollections. I foresee a work which will be a useful supplement to the *Isolario* of Cristoforo Buondelmonte, and which may take rank with the *Itineraria* of Ciriaco and the admirable Ambrogio Traversari. But we must prepare ourselves for calumny, young man," Bardo went on with energy, as if the work were already growing so fast that the time of trial was near; "if your book contains novelties you will be charged with forgery; if my elucidations should clash with any principles of interpretation adopted by another scholar our personal characters will be attacked, we shall be impeached with foul actions; you must prepare yourself to be told that your mother was a fish-woman, and that your

father was a renegade priest or a hanged malefactor. I myself, for having shown error in a single preposition, had an invective written against me wherein I was taxed with treachery, fraud, indecency, and even hideous crimes. Such, my young friend, such are the flowers with which the glorious path of scholarship is strewn! But tell me, then: I have learned much concerning Byzantium and Thessalonica long ago from Demetrio Calcondila, who has but lately departed from Florence; but you, it seems, have visited less familiar scenes?"

"Yes; we made what I may call a pilgrimage full of danger, for the sake of visiting places which have almost died out of the memory of the West, for they lie away from the track of pilgrims; and my father used to say that scholars themselves hardly imagine them to have any existence out of books. He was of opinion that a new and more glorious era would open for learning when men should begin to look for their commentaries on the ancient writers in the remains of cities and temples—nay, in the paths of the rivers, and on the face of the valleys and mountains."

"Ah!" said Bardo, fervidly, "your father, then, was not a common man. Was he fortunate, may I ask? Had he many friends?" These last words were uttered in a tone charged with meaning.

"No; he made enemies—chiefly, I believe, by a certain impetuous candor; and they hindered his advancement, so that he lived in obscurity. And he would never stoop to conciliate: he could never forget an injury."

"Ah!" said Bardo again, with a long, deep intonation.

"Among our hazardous expeditions," continued Tito, willing to prevent further questions on a point so personal, "I remember with particular vividness a visit we snatched to Athens. Our haste, and the double danger of being seized as prisoners by the Turks, and of our galley raising anchor before we could return, made it seem like a fevered vision of the night—the wide plain, the girdling mountains, the ruined porticoes and columns, either standing far aloof, as if receding from our hurried footsteps, or else jammed in confusedly among the dwellings of Christians degraded into servitude, or among the forts and turrets of their Moslem conquerors, who have their strong-hold on the Acropolis."

"You fill me with surprise," said Bardo. "Athens, then, is not utterly destroyed and swept away, as I had imagined?"

"No wonder you should be under that mistake, for few even of the Greeks themselves, who live beyond the mountain boundary of Attica, know any thing about the present condition of Athens, or *Setine*, as the sailors call it. I remember, as we were rounding the promontory of Sunium, the Greek pilot we had on board our Venetian galley pointed to the mighty columns that stand on the summit of the rock—the remains, as you know well, of the great temple

erected to the goddess Athena, who looked down from that high shrine with triumph at her conquered rival Poseidon; well, our Greek pilot, pointing to those columns, said, 'That was the school of the great philosopher Aristotle.' And at Athens itself, the monk who acted as our guide in the hasty view we snatched, insisted most on showing us the spot where St. Philip baptized the Ethiopian eunuch, or some such legend."

"Talk not of monks and their legends, young man!" said Bardo, interrupting Tito impetuously. "It is enough to overlay human hope and enterprise with an eternal frost to think that the ground which was trodden by philosophers and poets is crawled over by those insect-swarms of besotted fanatics or howling hypocrites."

"*Perdio*, I have no affection for them," said Tito, with a shrug; "servitude agrees well with a religion like theirs, which lies in the renunciation of all that makes life precious to other men. And they carry the yoke that befits them: their matin chant is drowned by the voice of the muezzin, who, from the gallery of the high tower on the Acropolis, calls every Mussulman to his prayers. That tower springs from the Parthenon itself; and every time we paused and directed our eyes toward it, our guide set up a wail, that a temple which had once been won from the diabolical uses of the Pagans to become the temple of another virgin than Pallas—the Virgin-Mother of God—was now again perverted to the accursed ends of the Moslem. It was the sight of those walls of the Acropolis, which disclosed themselves in the distance as we leaned over the side of our galley when it was forced by contrary winds to anchor in the Piræus, that fired my father's mind with the determination to see Athens at all risks, and in spite of the sailors' warnings that if we lingered till a change of wind they would depart without us; but after all, it was impossible for us to venture near the Acropolis, for the sight of men eager in examining 'old stones' raised the suspicion that we were Venetian spies, and we had to hurry back to the harbor."

"We will talk more of these things," said Bardo, eagerly. "You must recall every thing, to the minutest trace left in your memory. You will win the gratitude of after-times by leaving a record of the aspect Greece bore while yet the barbarians had not swept away every trace of the structures that Pausanias and Pliny described: you will take those great writers as your models; and such contribution of criticism and suggestion as my riper mind can supply shall not be wanting to you. There will be much to tell: for you have traveled, you said, in the Peloponnesus?"

"Yes; and in Bœotia also: I have rested in the groves of Helicon, and tasted of the fountain Hippocrene. But on every memorable spot in Greece conquest after conquest has set its seal, till there is a confusion of ownership even in ruins, that only close study and comparison could unravel. High over every fastness, from

the plains of Lacedæmon to the Straits of Thermopylæ, there towers some huge Frankish fortress, once inhabited by a French or Italian marquis, now either abandoned or held by Turkish bands."

"Stay!" cried Bardo, whose mind was now too thoroughly preoccupied by the idea of the future book to attend to Tito's further narration. "Do you think of writing in Latin or Greek? Doubtless Greek is the more ready clothing for your thoughts, and it is the nobler language. But, on the other hand, Latin is the tongue in which we shall measure ourselves with the larger and more famous number of modern rivals. And if you are less at ease in it, I will aid you—yes, I will spend on you that long-accumulated study which was to have been thrown into the channel of another work—a work in which I myself was to have had a helpmate."

Bardo paused a moment, and then added—

"But who knows whether that work may not be executed yet? For you, too, young man, have been brought up by a father who poured into your mind all the long-gathered stream of his knowledge and experience. Our aid might be mutual."

Romola, who had watched her father's growing excitement, and divined well the invisible currents of feeling that determined every question and remark, felt herself in a glow of strange anxiety: she turned her eyes on Tito continually, to watch the impression her father's words made on him, afraid lest he should be inclined to dispel these visions of co-operation which were lighting up her father's face with a new hope. But no! He looked so bright and gentle: he must feel, as she did, that in this eagerness of blind age there was piteousness enough to call forth inexhaustible patience. How much more strongly he would feel this if he knew about her brother! A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth, as easily as primitive people imagined the humors of the gods in fair weather: what is she to believe in, if not in this vision woven from within?

And Tito was really very far from feeling impatient. He delighted in sitting there with the sense that Romola's attention was fixed on him, and that he could occasionally look at her. He was pleased that Bardo should take an interest in him; and he did not dwell with enough seriousness on the prospect of the work in which he was to be aided, to feel moved by it to any thing else than that easy, good-humored acquiescence which was natural to him.

"I shall be proud and happy," he said, in answer to Bardo's last words, "if my services can be held a meet offering to the matured scholarship of Messere. But doubtless"—here he looked toward Romola—"the lovely damigella, your daughter, makes all other aid superfluous; for I have learned from Nello that she has been nourished on the highest studies from her earliest years."

"You are mistaken," said Romola; "I am

by no means sufficient to my father: I have not the gifts that are necessary for scholarship."

Romola did not make this self-depreciatory statement in a tone of anxious humility, but with a proud gravity.

"Nay, my Romola," said her father, not willing that the stranger should have too low a conception of his daughter's powers; "thou art not destitute of gifts; rather, thou art endowed beyond the measure of women; but thou hast withal the woman's delicate frame, which ever craves repose and variety, and so begets a wandering imagination. My daughter"—turning to Tito—"has been very precious to me, filling up to the best of her power the place of a son. For I had once a son....."

Bardo checked himself: he did not wish to assume an attitude of complaint in the presence of a stranger, and he remembered that this young man, in whom he had unexpectedly become so much interested, was still a stranger, toward whom it became him rather to keep the position of a patron. His pride was roused to double activity by the fear that he had forgotten his dignity.

"But," he resumed, in his original tone of condescension, "we are departing from what I believe is to you the most important business. Nello informed me that you had certain gems which you would fain dispose of, and that you desired a passport to some man of wealth and taste who would be likely to become a purchaser."

"It is true; for, though I have obtained employment as a corrector with the Cennini, my payment leaves little margin beyond the provision of necessities, and would leave less but that my good friend Nello insists on my hiring a lodging from him, and saying nothing about the rent till better days."

"Nello is a good-hearted prodigal," said Bardo; "and though, with that ready ear and ready tongue of his, he is too much like the ill-famed Margites—knowing many things and knowing them all badly, as I hinted to him but now—he is nevertheless 'abnormis sapiens,' after the manner of our born Florentines. But have you the gems with you? I would willingly know what they are—yet it is useless: no, it might only deepen regret. I can not add to my store."

"I have one or two *intagli* of much beauty," said Tito, proceeding to draw from his wallet a small case.

But Romola no sooner saw the movement than she looked at him with significant gravity, and placed her finger on her lips,

"Con viso che tacendo dicea, Tacé."

If Bardo were made aware that the gems were within reach, she knew well he would want a minute description of them, and it would become pain to him that they should go away from him, even if he did not insist on some device for purchasing them in spite of poverty. But she had no sooner made this sign than she felt rather guilty and ashamed at having virtually confessed a weakness of her father's to a stran-

ger. It seemed that she was destined to a sudden confidence and familiarity with this young Greek, strangely at variance with her deeply-seated pride and reserve; and this consciousness again brought the unwonted color to her cheeks.

Tito understood her look and sign, and immediately withdrew his hand from the case, saying, in a careless tone, so as to make it appear that he was merely following up his last words, "But they are usually in the keeping of Messer Domenico Cennini, who has strong and safe places for these things. He estimates them as worth at least five hundred ducats."

"Ah, then, they are fine intagli," said Bardo. "Five hundred ducats! Ah, more than a man's ransom!"

Tito gave a slight, almost imperceptible start, and opened his long dark eyes with questioning surprise at Bardo's blind face, as if his words—a mere phrase of common parlance, at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment—had had some special meaning for him. But the next moment he looked toward Romola, as if her eyes must be her father's interpreters. She, intensely preoccupied with what related to her father, imagined that Tito was looking to her again for some guidance, and immediately spoke.

"Alessandra Scala delights in gems, you know, father; she calls them her winter flowers; and the Segretario would be almost sure to buy some of Messere's gems if she wished it. Besides, he himself sets great store by rings and sigils, which he wears as a defense against pains in the joints."

"It is true," said Bardo. "Bartolommeo has overmuch confidence in the efficacy of gems—a confidence wider than is sanctioned by Pliny, who clearly shows that he regards many beliefs of that sort as idle superstitions; though not to the utter denial of medicinal virtues in gems. Wherefore, I myself, as you observe, young man, wear certain rings, which the discreet Camillo Leonardi prescribed to me by letter when two years ago I had a certain infirmity of sudden numbness. But thou hast spoken well, Romola. I will dictate a letter to Bartolommeo, which Maso shall carry. But it were well that Messere should notify to thee what the gems are, together with the intagli they bear, as a warrant to Bartolommeo that they will be worthy of his attention."

"Nay, father," said Romola, whose dread lest a paroxysm of the collector's mania should seize her father, gave her the courage to resist his proposal. "Your word will be sufficient that Messere is a scholar and has traveled much. The Segretario will need no further inducement to receive him."

"True, child," said Bardo, touched on a chord that was sure to respond. "I have no need to add proofs and arguments in confirmation of my word to Bartolommeo. And I doubt not that this young man's presence is in accord with the tones of his voice, so that, the door

being once opened, he will be his own best advocate."

Bardo paused a few moments, but his silence was evidently charged with some idea that he was hesitating to express, for he once leaned forward a little as if he were going to speak, then turned his head aside toward Romola and sank backward again. At last, as if he had made up his mind, he said in a tone which might have become a prince giving the courteous signal of dismissal:

"I am somewhat fatigued this morning, and shall prefer seeing you again to-morrow, when I shall be able to give you the secretary's answer, authorizing you to present yourself to him at some given time. But before you go"—here the old man, in spite of himself, fell into a more faltering tone—"you will perhaps permit me to touch your hand? It is long since I touched the hand of a young man."

Bardo had stretched out his aged white hand, and Tito immediately placed his dark but delicate and supple fingers within it. Bardo's cramped fingers closed over them, and he held them for a few minutes in silence. Then he said:

"Romola, has this young man the same complexion as thy brother—fair and pale?"

"No, father," Romola answered, with determined composure, though her heart began to beat violently with mingled emotions. "The hair of Messere is dark—his complexion is dark." Inwardly she said, "Will he mind it? will it be disagreeable? No, he looks so gentle and good-natured." Then aloud again:

"Would Messere permit my father to touch his hair and face?"

Her eyes inevitably made a timid entreating appeal while she asked this, and Tito's met them with soft brightness as he said, "Assuredly;" and, leaning forward, raised Bardo's hand to his curls, with a readiness of assent which was the greater relief to her because it was unaccompanied by any sign of embarrassment.

Bardo passed his hand again and again over the long curls and grasped them a little, as if their spiral resistance made his inward vision clearer; then he passed his hand over the brow and cheek, tracing the profile with the edge of his palm and fourth finger, and letting the breadth of his hand repose on the rich oval of the cheek.

"Ah!" he said, as his hand glided from the face and rested on the young man's shoulder. "He must be very unlike thy brother, Romola: and it is the better. You see no visions, I trust, my young friend?"

At this moment the door opened, and there entered, unannounced, a tall elderly man in a handsome black silk *lucco*, who, unwinding his *becchetto* from his neck and taking off his cap, disclosed a head as white as Bardo's. He cast a keen glance of surprise at the group before him—the young stranger leaning in that filial attitude, while Bardo's hand rested on his shoulder, and Romola sitting near with eyes dilated

by anxiety and agitation. But there was an instantaneous change: Bardo let fall his hand, Tito raised himself from his stooping posture, and Romola rose to meet the visitor with an alacrity which implied all the greater intimacy, because it was unaccompanied by any smile.

"*Ebbene, figlioccina*," said the stately man, as he touched Romola's shoulder; "Maso said you had a visitor, but I came in nevertheless."

"It is thou, Bernardo," said Bardo. "Thou art come at a fortunate moment. This, young man," he continued, while Tito rose and bowed, "is one of the chief citizens of Florence, Messer Bernardo del Nero, my oldest, I had almost said my only friend—whose good opinion, if you can win it, may carry you far. He is but three-and-twenty, Bernardo, yet he can doubtless tell thee much which thou wilt care to hear; for though a scholar, he has already traveled far, and looked on other things besides the manuscripts for which thou hast too light an esteem."

"Ah, a Greek, as I augur," said Bernardo, returning Tito's reverence but slightly, and surveying him with that sort of glance which seems almost to cut like fine steel. "Newly arrived in Florence, it appears. The name of Messere—or part of it, for it is doubtless a long one?"

"On the contrary," said Tito, with perfect good-humor, "it is most modestly free from polysyllabic pomp. My name is Tito Melema."

"*Davvero?* (Indeed?)" said Bernardo, rather scornfully, as he took a seat, "I had expected it to be at least as long as the names of a city, a river, a province, and an empire all put together. We Florentines mostly use names as we do prawns, and strip them of all flourishes before we trust them to our throats."

"Well, Bardo," he continued, as if the stranger were not worth further notice, and changing his tone of sarcastic suspicion for one of sadness, "we have buried him!"

"Ah!" replied Bardo, with corresponding sadness, "and a new epoch has come for Florence—a dark one, I fear. Lorenzo has left behind him an inheritance that is but like the alchemist's laboratory when the wisdom of the alchemist is gone."

"Not altogether so," said Bernardo. "Piero de' Medici has abundant intelligence; his faults are only the faults of hot blood. I love the lad—lad he will always be to me, as I have always been *padricciuolo* (little father) to him."

"Yet all who want a new order of things are likely to conceive new hopes," said Bardo. "We shall have the old strife of parties, I fear."

"If we could have a new order of things that was something else than knocking down one coat of arms to put up another," said Bernardo, "I should be ready to say, 'I belong to no party: I am a Florentine.' But as long as parties are in question I am a Medicean, and will be a Medicean till I die. I am of the same mind as *Farinata degli Uberti*: if any man asks me what is meant by siding with a party, I say, as he did, 'To wish ill or well, for the sake of past wrongs or kindnesses.'"

During this short dialogue Tito had been standing, and now took his leave.

"But come again at the same hour to-morrow," said Bardo, graciously, before Tito left the room, "that I may give you Bartolommeo's answer."

"From what quarter of the sky has this pretty Greek youngster alighted so close to thy chair, Bardo?" said Bernardo del Nero, as the door closed. He spoke with dry emphasis, evidently intended to convey something more to Bardo than was implied by the mere words.

"He is a scholar who has been shipwrecked and has saved a few gems, for which he wants to find a purchaser. I am going to send him to Bartolommeo Scala, for thou knowest it were more prudent in me to abstain from further purchases."

Bernardo shrugged his shoulders and said, "Romola, wilt thou see if my servant is without? I ordered him to wait for me here." Then, when Romola was at a sufficient distance, he leaned forward and said to Bardo, in a low, emphatic tone:

"Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare gem of thy own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a lithe sleekness about him that seems marvelously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his mind on."

Bardo was startled: the association of Tito with the image of his lost son had excluded instead of suggesting the thought of Romola. But almost immediately there seemed to be a reaction, which made him grasp the warning as if it had been a hope.

"But why not, Bernardo? If the young man approved himself worthy—he is a scholar—and—and there would be no difficulty about the dowry, which always makes thee gloomy."

CHAPTER VII.

A LEARNED SQUABBLE.

BARTOLOMMEO SCALA, secretary of the Florentine Republic, on whom Tito Melema had been thus led to anchor his hopes, lived in a handsome palace close to the Porta a Pinti, now known as the Casa Gherardesca. His arms—an azure ladder transverse on a golden field, with the motto *Gradatim* placed over the entrance—told all comers that the miller's son held his ascent to honors by his own efforts a fact to be proclaimed without wincing. The secretary was a vain and pompous man, but he was also an honest one: he was sincerely convinced of his own merit, and could see no reason for feigning. The topmost round of his azure ladder had been reached by this time: he had held his secretaryship these twenty years—had long since made his orations on the *ringhiera*, or platform, of the Old Palace, as the custom was, in the presence of princely visitors, while Marzocco, the republican lion, wore his

gold crown on the occasion, and all the people cried, "Viva Messer Bartolommeo!"—had been on an embassy to Rome, and had there been made titular Senator, Apostolical Secretary, Knight of the Golden Spur; and had, eight years ago, been Gonfaloniere—last goal of the Florentine citizen's ambition. Meantime he had got richer and richer, and more and more gouty, after the manner of successful mortality; and the Knight of the Golden Spur had often to sit with helpless cushioned heel under the handsome loggia he had built for himself, overlooking the spacious gardens and lawn at the back of his palace.

He was in this position on the day when he had granted the desired interview to Tito Melema. The May afternoon sun was on the flowers and the grass beyond the pleasant shade of the loggia; the too stately silk *lucco* was cast aside, and a light, loose mantle was thrown over his tunic; his beautiful daughter Alessandra and her husband, the Greek soldier-poet Marullo, were seated on one side of him: on the other, two friends, not oppressively illustrious, and, therefore, the better listeners. Yet, to say nothing of the gout, Messer Bartolommeo's felicity was far from perfect: it was embittered by the contents of certain papers that lay before him, consisting chiefly of a correspondence between himself and Politian. It was a human foible at that period (incredible as it may seem) to recite quarrels, and favor scholarly visitors with the communication of an entire and lengthy correspondence; and this was neither the first nor the second time that Scala had asked the candid opinion of his friends as to the balance of right and wrong in some half score Latin letters between himself and Politian, all springing out of certain epigrams written in the most playful tone in the world. It was the story of a very typical and pretty quarrel, in which we are interested, because it supplied precisely that thistle of hatred necessary, according to Nello, as a stimulus to the sluggish paces of the cautious steed, Friendship.

Politian, having been a rejected pretender to the love and the hand of Scala's daughter, kept a very sharp and learned tooth in readiness against the too prosperous and presumptuous secretary, who had declined the greatest scholar of the age for a son-in-law. Scala was a meritorious public servant, and, moreover, a lucky man—naturally exasperating to an offended scholar; but then—O beautiful balance of things!—he had an itch for authorship, and was a bad writer—one of those excellent people who, sitting in gouty slippers, "penned poetical trifles" entirely for their own amusement, without any view to an audience, and, consequently, sent them to their friends in letters, which were the literary periodicals of the fifteenth century. Now Scala had abundance of friends who were ready to praise his writings: friends like Ficino and Landino—amiable browsers in the Medicean park along with himself—who found his Latin prose style elegant and masculine; and the terrible Joseph

Scaliger, who was to pronounce him totally ignorant of Latinity, was at a comfortable distance in the next century. But when was the fatal coquetry inherent in superfluous authorship ever quite contented with the ready praise of friends? That critical, supercilious Politian—a fellow-browser, who was far from amiable—must be made aware that the solid secretary showed, in his leisure hours, a pleasant fertility in verses, that indicated pretty clearly how much he might do in that way if he were not a man of affairs.

Ineffable moment! when the man you secretly hate sends you a Latin epigram with a false gender—hendecasyllables with a questionable elision, at least a toe too much—attempts at poetic figures which are manifest solecisms. That moment had come to Politian: the secretary had put forth his soft head from the official shell, and the terrible lurking crab was down upon him. Politian had used the freedom of a friend, and pleasantly, in the form of a Latin epigram, corrected the mistake of Scala in making the *culex* (an insect well known at the revival of learning) of the inferior or feminine gender. Scala replied by a bad joke, in suitable Latin verses, referring to Politian's unsuccessful suit. Better and better. Politian found the verses very pretty and highly facetious: the more was the pity that they were seriously incorrect, and inasmuch as Scala had alleged that he had written them in imitation of a certain Greek epigram, Politian, being on such friendly terms, would inclose a Greek epigram of his own, on the same interesting insect—not, we may presume, out of any wish to humble Scala, but rather to instruct him; said epigram containing a lively conceit about Venus, Cupid, and the *culex*, of a kind much tasted at that period, but unhappily founded partly on the zoological mistake that the flea, like the gnat, was born from the waters. Scala, in reply, begged to say that his verses were never intended for a scholar with such delicate olfactories as Politian, nearest of all living men to the perfection of the ancients, and of a taste so fastidious that sturgeon itself must seem insipid to him; defended his own verses, nevertheless, though indeed they were written hastily, without correction, and intended as an agreeable distraction during the summer heat to himself and such friends as were satisfied with mediocrity, he, Scala, not being like some other people, who courted publicity through the booksellers. For the rest, he had barely enough Greek to make out the sense of the epigram so graciously sent him, to say nothing of tasting its elegances; but the epigram was Politian's: what more need be said? Still, by way of postscript, he feared that his incomparable friend's comparison of the flea to Venus, on account of its origin from the waters, was in many ways ticklish. Venus might be offended, and that cold and damp origin seemed doubtful in the case of a creature so fond of warmth: a fish were perhaps the better comparison, or, when the power of flying was in question, an eagle, or, indeed, when the darkness was taken into consideration, a bat or an

owl were a less obscure and more apposite parallel, etc., etc. Here was a great opportunity for Politian. He was not aware, he wrote, that when he had Scala's verses placed before him, there was any question of sturgeon, but rather of frogs and gudgeons: made short work with Scala's defense of his own Latin, and mangled him terribly on the score of the stupid criticisms he had ventured on the Greek epigram kindly forwarded to him as a model. Wretched cavils, indeed! for as to the damp origin of the flea, there was the authority of Virgil himself, who had called it the "*alumnus* of the waters;" and as to what his dear dull friend had to say about the fish, the eagle, and the rest, it was "*nihil ad rem*;" for, because the eagle could fly, it by no means followed that the flea could not fly, etc., etc. He was ashamed, however, to dwell on such trivialities, and thus to swell a flea into an elephant; but, for his own part, would only add that he had nothing deceitful and double about him, neither was he to be caught when present by the false blandishments of those who slandered him in his absence, agreeing rather with a Homeric sentiment on that head—which furnished a Greek quotation to serve as powder to his bullet.

The quarrel could not end there. The logic could hardly get worse, but the secretary got more pompously self-asserting, and the scholarly poet's temper more and more venomous. Politian had been generously willing to hold up a mirror, by which the too-inflated secretary, beholding his own likeness, might be induced to cease setting up his ignorant defenses of bad Latin against ancient authorities whom the consent of centuries had placed beyond question—unless, indeed, he had designed to sink in literature in proportion as he rose in honors, that by a sort of compensation men of letters might feel themselves his equals. In return, Politian was begged to examine Scala's writings: nowhere would he find a more devout admiration of antiquity. The secretary was ashamed of the age in which he lived, and blushed for it. Some, indeed, there were who wanted to have their own works praised and exalted to a level with the divine monuments of antiquity; but he, Scala, could not oblige them. And as to the honors which were offensive to the envious, they had been well earned: witness his whole life since he came in penury to Florence. The elegant scholar, in reply, was not surprised that Scala found the Age distasteful to him, since he himself was so distasteful to the Age; nay, it was with perfect accuracy that he, the elegant scholar, had called Scala a branny monster, inasmuch as he was formed from the offscourings of monsters, born amidst the refuse of a mill, and eminently worthy the long-eared office of turning the paternal millstones (*in pistrini sordibus natus et quidem pistrino dignissimus*)!

It was not without reference to Tito's appointed visit that the papers containing this correspondence were brought out to-day. Here was a new Greek scholar whose accomplishments were

to be tested; and on nothing did Scala more desire a dispassionate opinion from persons of superior knowledge than that Greek epigram of Politian's. After sufficient introductory talk concerning Tito's travels, after a survey and discussion of the gems, and an easy passage from the mention of the lamented Lorenzo's eagerness in collecting such specimens of ancient art to the subject of classical tastes and studies in general, and their present condition in Florence, it was inevitable to mention Politian, a man of eminent ability, indeed, but a little too arrogant—assuming to be a Hercules, whose office it was to destroy all the literary monstrosities of the age, and writing letters to his elders without signing them, as if they were miraculous revelations that could only have one source. And after all, were not his own criticisms often questionable and his tastes perverse? He was fond of saying pungent things about the men who thought they wrote like Cicero because they ended every sentence with "*esse videtur*:" but while he was boasting of his freedom from servile imitation, did he not fall into the other extreme, running after strange words and affected phrases? Even in his much-belauded *Miscellanea*, was every point tenable? And Tito, who had just been looking into the *Miscellanea*, found so much to say that was agreeable to the secretary—he would have done so from the mere disposition to please, without further motive—that he showed himself quite worthy to be made a judge in the notable correspondence concerning the *culex*. Here was the Greek epigram which Politian had doubtless thought the finest in the world, though he had pretended to believe that the "*transmarini*," the Greeks themselves, would make light of it: had he not been unintentionally speaking the truth in his false modesty?

Tito was ready, and scarified the epigram to Scala's content. O wise young judge! He could doubtless appreciate satire even in the vulgar tongue, and Scala—who, excellent man, not seeking publicity through the booksellers, was never unprovided with "*hasty uncorrected trifles*," as a sort of sherbet for a visitor on a hot day, or, if the weather were cold, why then as a cordial—had a few little matters in the shape of Sonnets, turning on well-known foibles of Politian's, which he would not like to go any farther, but which would, perhaps, amuse the company.

Enough: Tito took his leave under an urgent invitation to come again. His gems were interesting; especially the agate, with the *lusus naturæ* in it—a most wonderful semblance of Cupid riding on the lion; and the "*Jew's stone*," with the lion-headed serpent enchased in it; both of which the secretary agreed to buy—the latter as a reinforcement of his preventives against the gout, which gave him such severe twinges that it was plain enough how intolerable it would be if he were not well supplied with rings of rare virtue, and with an amulet worn close under the right breast. But Tito was assured that he him-

self was more interesting than his gems. He had won his way to the Scala Palace by the recommendation of Bardo de' Bardi, who, to be sure, was Scala's old acquaintance and a worthy scholar, in spite of his overvaluing himself a little (a frequent foible in the secretary's friends); but he must come again on the ground of his own manifest accomplishments.

The interview could hardly have ended more auspiciously for Tito, and as he walked out at the Porta a Pinti that he might laugh a little at his ease at the affair of the *culex*, he felt that Fortune could hardly mean to turn her back on him again at present, since she had taken him by the hand in this decided way.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FACE IN THE CROWD.

It is easy to northern people to rise early on Mid-summer morning to see the dew on the grassy edge of the dusty pathway, to notice the fresh shoots among the darker green of the oak and fir in the coppice, and to look over the gate at the shorn meadow, without recollecting that it is the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist.

Not so to the Florentine—still less to the Florentine of the fifteenth century: to him on that particular morning the brightness of the eastern sun on the Arno had something special in it; the ringing of the bells was articulate, and declared it to be the great summer festival of Florence, the day of San Giovanni.

San Giovanni had been the patron saint of Florence for at least eight hundred years—ever since the time when the Lombard Queen Theodolinda had commanded her subjects to do him peculiar honor; nay, says old Villani, to the best of his knowledge, ever since the days of Constantine the Great and Pope Sylvester, when the Florentines deposed their idol Mars, whom they were nevertheless careful not to treat with contumely; for while they consecrated their beautiful and noble temple to the honor of God and of the "Beato Messere Santo Giovanni," they placed old Mars respectfully on a high tower near the River Arno, finding in certain ancient memorials that he had been elected as their tutelar deity under such astral influences that if he were broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, the city would suffer great damage and mutation. But in the fifteenth century that discreet regard to the feelings of the Man-destroyer had long vanished: the god of the spear and shield had ceased to frown by the side of the Arno, and the defenses of the Republic were held to lie in its craft and its coffers. For spear and shield could be hired by gold florins, and on the gold florins there had always been the image of San Giovanni.

Much good had come to Florence since the dim time of struggle between the old patron and the new: some quarreling and bloodshed, doubtless, between Guelf and Ghibelline, between

Black and White, between orthodox sons of the Church and heretic Paterini; some floods, famine, and pestilence; but still much wealth and glory. Florence had achieved conquests over walled cities once mightier than itself, and especially over hated Pisa, whose marble buildings were too high and beautiful, whose masts were too much honored on Greek and Italian coasts. The name of Florence had been growing prouder and prouder in all the courts of Europe, nay, in Africa itself, on the strength of purest gold coinage, finest dyes and textures, pre-eminent scholarship and poetic genius, and wits of the most serviceable sort for statesmanship and banking: it was a name so omnipresent that a Pope with a turn for epigram had called Florentines "the fifth element." And for this high destiny, though it might partly depend on the stars and Madonna dell' Impruneta, and certainly depended on other higher Powers less often named, the praise was greatly due to San Giovanni, whose image was on the fair gold florins.

Therefore it was fitting that the day of San Giovanni—that ancient Church festival already venerable in the days of St. Augustine—should be a day of peculiar rejoicing to Florence, and should be ushered in by a vigil duly kept in strict old Florentine fashion, with much dancing, with much street jesting, and perhaps with not a little stone-throwing and window-breaking, but emphatically with certain street sights such as could only be provided by a city which held in its service a clever Cecca, engineer and architect, valuable alike in sieges and shows. By the help of Cecca, the very Saints, surrounded with their almond-shaped glory, and floating on clouds with their joyous companionship of winged cherubs, even as they may be seen to this day in the pictures of Perugino, seemed, on the eve of San Giovanni, to have brought their piece of the heavens down into the narrow streets, and to pass slowly through them; and, more wonderful still, saints of gigantic size, with attendant angels, might be seen, not seated, but moving in a slow, mysterious manner along the streets, like a procession of colossal figures come down from the high domes and tribunals of the churches. The clouds were made of good woven stuff, the saints and cherubs were unglorified mortals, supported by firm bars, and those mysterious giants were really men of very steady brain, balancing themselves on stilts, and enlarged, like Greek tragedians, by huge masks and stuffed shoulders; but he was a miserably unimaginative Florentine who thought only of that—nay, somewhat impious, for in the images of sacred things was there not some of the virtue of sacred things themselves? And if, after that, there came a company of merry black demons, well-armed with claws and thongs, and other implements of sport, ready to perform impromptu farces of bastinadoing and clothes-tearing, why, that was the demons' way of keeping a vigil, and they, too, might have descended from the domes and the tribunals. The Tuscan mind slipped from the

devout to the burlesque as readily as water round an angle; and the saints had already had their turn, had gone their way, and made their due pause before the gates of San Giovanni, to do him honor on the eve of his *festa*. And on the morrow, the great day thus ushered in, it was fitting that the tributary symbols paid to Florence by all its dependent cities, districts, and villages, whether conquered, protected, or of immemorial possession, should be offered at the shrine of San Giovanni in the old octagonal church, once the cathedral, and now the baptistery, where every Florentine had had the sign of the Cross made with the anointing chrism on his brow; that all the city, from the white-haired man to the stripling, and from the matron to the lisping child, should be clothed in its best to do honor to the great day, and see the great sight; and that again, when the sun was sloping and the streets were cool, there should be the glorious race or Corso, when the unsaddled horses, clothed in rich trappings, should run right across the city, from the Porta al Prato on the northwest, through the Mercato Vecchio, to the Porta Santa Croce on the southeast, where the richest of *Palii*, or velvet and brocade banners with silk linings and fringe of gold, such as became a city that half clothed the well-dressed world, were mounted on a triumphal car awaiting the winner or winner's owner.

And thereafter followed more dancing; nay, through the whole day, says an old chronicler at the beginning of that century, there were weddings and the grandest gatherings, with so much piping, music, and song, with balls, and feasts, and gladness, and ornament, that this earth might have been mistaken for Paradise!

In this year of 1492 it was, perhaps, a little less easy to make that mistake. Lorenzo the magnificent and subtle was dead, and an arrogant, incautious Piero was come in his room; an evil change for Florence, unless, indeed, the wise horse prefers the bad rider, as more easily thrown from the saddle; and already the regrets for Lorenzo were getting less predominant over the murmured desire for government on a broader basis, in which corruption might be arrested, and there might be that free play for every body's jealousy and ambition which made the ideal liberty of the good old quarrelsome, struggling times, when Florence raised her great buildings, reared her own soldiers, drove out would-be tyrants at the sword's point, and was proud to keep faith at her own loss. Lorenzo was dead, Pope Innocent was dying, and a troublesome Neapolitan succession, with an intriguing, ambitious Milan, might set Italy by the ears before long: the times were likely to be difficult. Still there was all the more reason that the Republic should keep its religious festivals.

And Mid-summer morning, in this year 1492, was not less bright than usual. It was betimes in the morning that the symbolic offerings to be carried in grand procession were all assembled at their starting-point in the Piazza della Signoria—that famous Piazza, where stood then,

and stand now, the massive turreted Palace of the People, called the Palazzo Vecchio, and the spacious Loggia, built by Orcagna—the scene of all grand State ceremonial. The sky made the fairest blue tent, and under it the bells swung so vigorously that every evil spirit with sense enough to be formidable must long since have taken his flight; windows and terraced roofs were alive with human faces; sombre stone houses were bright with hanging draperies; the boldly-soaring palace tower, the yet older square tower of the Bargello, and the spire of the neighboring Badia, seemed to keep watch above; and below, on the broad polygonal flags of the piazza, was the glorious show of banners and horses, with rich trappings and gigantic *ceri*, or tapers, that were fitly called towers—strangely aggrandized descendants of those torches by whose faint light the Church worshiped in the catacombs. Betimes in the morning all processions had need to move under the Mid-summer sky of Florence, where the shelter of the narrow streets must every now and then be exchanged for the glare of wide spaces; and the sun would be high up in the heavens before the long pomp had ended its pilgrimage in the Piazza di San Giovanni.

But here, where the procession was to pause, the magnificent city, with its ingenious Cecca, had provided another tent than the sky; for the whole of the Piazza del Duomo, from the octagonal baptistery in the centre to the façade of the cathedral and the walls of the houses on the other sides of the quadrangle, was covered, at the height of forty feet or more, with blue drapery, adorned with well-stitched yellow lilies and the familiar coats of arms, while sheaves of many-colored banners drooped at fit angles under this superincumbent blue—a gorgeous rainbow-lit shelter to the waiting spectators who leaned from the windows, and made a narrow border on the pavement, and wished for the coming of the show.

One of those spectators was Tito Melema. Bright, in the midst of brightness, he sat at the window of the room above Nello's shop, his right elbow resting on the red drapery hanging from the window-sill, and his head supported in a backward position by the right hand, which pressed the curls against his ear. His face wore that bland liveliness, as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike among men and women—the companion who is never obtrusive or noisy from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation. He showed no other change from the two months and more that had passed since his first appearance in the weather-stained tunic and hose, than that added radiance of good fortune, which is like the just perceptible perfecting of a flower after it has drunk in a morning's sunbeams. Close behind him, ensconced in the narrow angle between his chair and the window-frame, stood the slim figure of Nello in holiday suit, and at his



A RECOGNITION.

left the younger Cennini—Pietro, the erudite corrector of proof-sheets, not Domenico the practical. Tito was looking alternately down on the scene below, and upward at the varied knot of gazers and talkers immediately around him, some of whom had come in after witnessing the commencement of the procession in the Piazza della Signoria. Piero di Cosimo was raising a laugh among them by his grimaces and anathemas at the noise of the bells, against which no kind of ear-stuffing was a sufficient barricade,

since the more he stuffed his ears the more he felt the vibration of his skull, and declaring that he would bury himself in the most solitary spot of the Valdarno on a *festa*, if he were not condemned, as a painter, to life in wait for the secrets of color that were sometimes to be caught from the floating of banners and the chance grouping of the multitude.

Tito had just turned his laughing face away from the whimsical painter to look down at the small drama going on among the checkered

border of spectators, when at the angle of the marble steps in front of the Duomo, nearly opposite Nello's shop, he saw a man's face upturned toward him, and fixing on him a gaze that seemed to have more meaning in it than the ordinary passing observation of a stranger. It was a face with tonsured head, that rose above the black mantle and white tunic of a Dominican friar—a very common sight in Florence; but the glance had something peculiar in it for Tito. There was a faint suggestion in it, certainly not of an unpleasant kind. Yet what pleasant association had he ever had with monks? None. The glance and the suggestion were hardly longer than a flash of lightning.

"Nello!" said Tito, hastily, but immediately added, in a tone of disappointment, "Ah, he has turned round. It was that tall, thin friar who is going up the steps. I wanted you to tell me if you knew aught of him?"

"One of the Frati Predicatori," said Nello, carelessly; "you don't expect me to know the private history of the crows."

"I seem to remember something about his face," said Tito. "It is an uncommon face."

"What? you thought it might be our Fra Girolamo? Too tall; and he never shows himself in that chance way."

"Besides, that loud-barking 'hound of the Lord'* is not in Florence just now," said Francesco Cei, the popular poet; "he has taken Piero de' Medici's hint, to carry his railing prophecies on a journey for a while."

"The Frate neither rails nor prophecies against any man," said a middle-aged personage seated at the outer corner of the window; "he only prophecies against vice. If you think that an attack on your poems, Francesco, that is not the Frate's fault."

"Ah, he's gone into the Duomo now," said Tito, who had watched the figure eagerly. "No, I was not under that mistake, Nello. Your Fra Girolamo has a high nose and a large underlip. I saw him once—he is not handsome; but this man....."

"Truce to your descriptions!" said Cennini. "Hark! see! Here come the horsemen and the banners. That standard," he continued, laying his hand familiarly on Tito's shoulder—"that carried on the horse with white trappings—that with the red eagle holding the green dragon between his talons, and the red lily over the eagle—is the gonfalon of the Guelf party, and those cavaliers close round it are the chief officers of the Guelf party. That is one of our proudest banners, grumble as we may; it means the triumph of the Guelfs, which means the triumph of Florentine will, which means triumph of the *popolani*."

"Nay, go on, Cennini," said the middle-aged man, seated at the window, "which means tri-

umph of the fat *popolani* over the lean, which again means triumph of the fattest *popolano* over those who are less fat."

"Cronaca, you are becoming sententious," said the printer; "Fra Girolamo's preaching will spoil you, and make you take life by the wrong handle. Trust me, your cornices will lose half their beauty if you begin to mingle bitterness with them; that is the *maniera Tedesca* which you used to declaim against when you came from Rome. The next palace you build we shall see you trying to put the Frate's doctrine into stone."

"That is a goodly show of cavaliers," said Tito, who had learned by this time the best way to please Florentines; "but are there not strangers among them? I see foreign costumes."

"Assuredly," said Cennini; "you see there the Orators from France, Milan, and Venice, and behind them are English and German nobles; for it is customary that all foreign visitors of distinction pay their tribute to San Giovanni in the train of that gonfalon. For my part, I think our Florentine cavaliers sit their horses as well as any of those cut-and-thrust northerners, whose wits lie in their heels and saddles; and for you Venetian, I fancy he would feel himself more at ease on the back of a dolphin. We ought to know something of horsemanship, for we excel all Italy in the sports of the *Giostra*, and the money we spend on them. But you will see a finer show of our chief men by-and-by, Melema; my brother himself will be among the officers of the Zecca."

"The banners are the better sight," said Piero di Cosimo, forgetting the noise in his delight at the winding stream of color as the tributary standards advanced round the piazza. "The Florentine men are so-so; they make but a sorry show at this distance with their patch of sallow flesh-tint above the black garments; but those banners with their velvet, and satin, and minever, and brocade, and their endless play of delicate light and shadow!—*Va!* your human talk and doings are a tame jest; the only passionate life is in form and color."

"Ay, Piero, if Satanasso could paint, thou wouldst sell thy soul to learn his secrets," said Nello. "But there is little likelihood of it, seeing the blessed angels themselves are such poor hands at *chiaroscuro*, if one may judge from their *capo-d'opera*, the Madonna Nunziata."

"There go the banners of Pisa and Arezzo," said Cennini. "Ay, Messer Pisano, it is no use for you to look sullen; you may as well carry your banner to our San Giovanni with a good grace. 'Pisans false, Florentines blind'—the second half of that proverb will hold no longer. There come the ensigns of our subject towns and signories, Melema; they will all be suspended in San Giovanni until this day next year, when they will give place to new ones."

"They are a fair sight," said Tito; "and San Giovanni will surely be as well satisfied with that produce of Italian looms as Minerva with her peplos, especially as he contents him-

* A play on the name of the Dominicans (*Dominici Canes*) which was accepted by themselves, and which is pictorially represented in a fresco painted for them by Simone Memmi.

self with so little drapery. But my eyes are less delighted with those whirling towers, which would soon make me fall from the window in sympathetic vertigo."

The "towers" of which Tito spoke were a part of the procession esteemed very glorious by the Florentine populace, and having their origin, perhaps, in a confused combination of the tower-shaped triumphal car which the Romans borrowed from the Etruscans, with a kind of hyperbole for the all-efficacious wax taper, were also called *ceri*. But inasmuch as all hyperbole is impracticable in a real and literal fashion, these gigantic *ceri*, some of them so large as to be of necessity carried on wheels, were not solid but hollow, and had their surface made not solely of wax, but of wood and pasteboard, gilded, carved, and painted, as real sacred tapers often are, with successive circles of figures—warriors on horseback, foot-soldiers with lance and shield, dancing maidens, animals, trees, and fruits, and in fine, says the old chronicler, "all things that could delight the eye and the heart;" the hollowness having the further advantage that men could stand inside these hyperbolic tapers and whirl them continually, so as to produce a phantasmagoric effect, which, considering the towers were numerous, must have been calculated to produce dizziness on a truly magnificent scale.

"*Pestilenza!*" said Piero di Cosimo, moving from the window, "those whirling circles one above the other are worse than the jangling of all the bells. Let me know when the last taper has passed."

"Nay, you will surely like to be called when the contadini come carrying their torches," said Nello; "you would not miss the men of the Mugello and the Casentino, of whom your favorite Lionardo would make a hundred grotesque sketches."

"No," said Piero, resolutely; "I will see nothing till the car of the Zecca comes. I have seen clowns enough holding tapers aslant, both with and without cowls, to last me for my life."

"Here it comes, then, Piero—the car of the Zecca," called out Nello, after an interval during which towers and tapers in a descending scale of size had been making their slow transit.

"*Fediddio!*" exclaimed Francesco Cei, "that is a well-tanned San Giovanni! some sturdy Romagnolo beggar-man, I'll warrant. Our Signory plays the host to all the Jewish and Christian scum that every other city shuts its gates against, and lets them fatten on us like Saint Anthony's swine."

To make clear this exclamation of Cei's, it must be understood that the car of the Zecca, or Mint, was originally an immense wooden tower or *cero* adorned after the same fashion as the other tributary *ceri*, mounted on a splendid car, and drawn by two mouse-colored oxen, whose mild heads looked out from rich trappings bearing the arms of the Zecca. But the latter half of the century was getting rather ashamed of the towers with their circular or spiral paintings, which had delighted the eyes and the hearts of

the other half, so that they had become a contemptuous proverb, and any ill-painted figure looking, as will sometimes happen to figures in the best ages of art, as if it had been boned for a pie, was called a *fantoccio da cero*, a tower-puppet; consequently improved taste, with Cecca to help it, had devised for the magnificent Zecca a triumphal car like a pyramidal catafalque, with ingenious wheels warranted to turn all corners easily. Round the base were living figures of saints and angels arrayed in sculpturesque fashion; and on the summit, at the height of thirty feet, well bound to an iron rod and holding an iron cross also firmly infixed, stood a living representative of St. John the Baptist, with arms and legs bare, a garment of tiger-skins about his body, and a golden nimbus fastened on his head—as the Precursor was wont to appear in the cloisters and churches, not having yet revealed himself to painters as the brown and sturdy boy who made one of the Holy Family. For where could the image of the patron saint be more fitly placed than on the symbol of the Zecca? Was not the royal prerogative of coining money the surest token that a city had won its independence? and by the blessing of San Giovanni this "beautiful sheep-fold" of his had shown that token earliest among the Italian cities. Nevertheless, the annual function of representing the patron saint was not among the high prizes of public life; it was paid for with ten *lire*, a cake weighing fourteen pounds, two bottles of wine, and a handsome supply of light eatables; the money being furnished by the magnificent Zecca, and the payment in kind being by peculiar "privilege" presented in a basket suspended on a pole from an upper window of a private house, whereupon the eidolon of the austere saint at once invigorated himself with a reasonable share of the sweets and wine, threw the remnants to the crowd, and embraced the mighty cake securely with his right arm through the remainder of his passage. This was the attitude in which the mimic San Giovanni presented himself as the tall car jerked and vibrated on its slow way round the piazza to the northern gate of the baptistery.

"There go the Masters of the Zecca, and there is my brother—you see him, Melema?" cried Cennini, with an agreeable stirring of pride at showing a stranger what was too familiar to be remarkable to fellow-citizens. "Behind come the members of the Corporation of Calimara,* the dealers in foreign cloth, to which we have given our Florentine finish; men of ripe years, you see, who were matriculated before you were born; and then comes the famous Art of Money-changers."

"Many of them matriculated also to the noble art of usury before you were born," interrupted Francesco Cei, "as you may discern by a certain fitful glare of the eye and sharp curve of the nose which manifest their descent from the ancient harpies, whose portraits you saw support-

**Arte di Calimara*, "arte" being, in this use of it, equivalent to corporation.

ing the arms of the Zecca. Shaking off old prejudices now, such a procession as that of some four hundred passably ugly men carrying their tapers in open daylight, Diogenes-fashion, as if they were looking for a lost quattrino, would make a merry spectacle for the Feast of Fools."

"Blaspheme not against the usages of our city," said Pietro Cennini, much offended. "There are new wits who think they see things more truly because they stand on their heads to look at them, like tumblers and mountebanks, instead of keeping the attitude of rational men. Doubtless it makes little difference to Maestro Vaiano's monkeys whether they see our Donatello's statue of Judith with their heads or their tails uppermost."

"Your solemnity will allow some quarter to playful fancy, I hope," said Ceï, with a shrug, "else what becomes of the ancients, whose example you scholars are bound to revere, Messer Pietro? Life was never any thing but a perpetual see-saw between gravity and jest."

"Keep your jest then till your end of the pole is uppermost," said Cennini, still angry, "and that is not when the great bond of our republic is expressing itself in ancient symbols, without which the vulgar—the *popolo minuto*—would be conscious of nothing beyond their own petty wants of back and stomach, and never rise to the sense of community in religion and law. There has been no great people without processions, and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to any thing but contempt is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river rushed by."

No one said any thing after this indignant burst of Cennini's till he himself spoke again.

"Hark! the trumpets of the Signoria: now comes the last stage of the show, Melema. That is our Gonfaloniere in the middle, in the starred mantle, with the sword carried before him. Twenty years ago we used to see our foreign *Podesta*, who was our judge in civil causes, walking on his right hand; but our republic has been over-doctored by clever *medici*. That is the Proposto* of the *Priori* on the left; then come the other seven *Priori*; then all the other magistracies and officials of our republic. You see your patron the Segretario?"

"There is Messer Bernardo del Nero also," said Tito; "his visage is a fine and venerable one, though it has worn rather a petrifying look toward me."

"Ah," said Nello, "he is the dragon that guards the remnant of old Bardo's gold, which, I fancy, is chiefly that virgin gold that falls about the fair Romola's head and shoulders; eh, my Apollino?" he added, patting Tito's head.

Tito had the youthful grace of blushing, but he had also the adroit and ready speech that prevents a blush from looking like embarrassment. He replied at once:

"And a very Pactolus it is—a stream with golden ripples. If I were an alchemist—"

He was saved from the need for further speech

* Spokesman or Moderator.

by the sudden fortissimo of drums and trumpets and fifes, bursting into the breadth of the piazza in a grand storm of sound—a roar, a blast, and a whistling, well befitting a city famous for its musical instruments, and reducing the members of the closest group to a state of deaf isolation.

During this interval Nello observed Tito's fingers moving in recognition of some one in the crowd below, but not seeing the direction of his glance he failed to detect the object of this greeting—the sweet round blue-eyed face under a white hood—immediately lost in the narrow border of heads, where there was a continual eclipse of round contadina cheeks by the harsh-lined features or bent shoulders of an old spademan, and where profiles turned as sharply from north to south as weather-cocks under a shifting wind.

But when it was felt that the show was ended—when the twelve prisoners released in honor of the day, and the very *barberi*, or race-horses, with the arms of their owners embroidered on their cloths, had followed up the Signoria, and been duly consecrated to San Giovanni, and every one was moving from the window—Nello, whose Florentine curiosity was of that lively canine sort which thinks no trifle too despicable for investigation, put his hand on Tito's shoulder, and said,

"What acquaintance was that you were making signals to, eh, giovane?"

"Some little contadina who probably mistook me for an acquaintance, for she had honored me with a greeting."

"Or who wished to begin an acquaintance," said Nello. "But you are bound for the *Via de' Bardi* and the feast of the Muses: there is no counting on you for a frolic, else we might have gone in search of adventures together in the crowd, and had some pleasant fooling in honor of San Giovanni. But your high fortune has come on you too soon: I don't mean the professor's mantle—that is roomy enough to hide a few stolen chickens, but—Messer Endymion minded his manners after that singular good fortune of his; and what says our Luigi Pulci?"

"Da quel giorno in quà ch'amor m'accesse
Per lei son fatto e gentile e cortese."

"Nello, *amico mio*, thou hast an intolerable trick of making life stale by forestalling it with thy talk," said Tito, shrugging his shoulders, with a look of patient resignation, which was his nearest approach to anger; "not to mention that such ill-founded babbling would be held a great offense by that same goddess whose humble worshiper you are always professing yourself."

"I will be mute," said Nello, laying his finger on his lips, with a responding shrug. "But it is only under our four eyes that I talk any folly about her."

"Pardon! you were on the verge of it just now in the hearing of others. If you want to ruin me in the minds of Bardo and his daughter—"

"Enough, enough!" said Nello. "I am an absurd old barber. It all comes from that abstinence of mine in not making bad verses in my youth: for want of letting my folly run out that way when I was eighteen, it runs out at my

tongue's end now I am at the unseemly age of forty. But Nello has not got his head muffled for all that; he can see a buffalo in the snow. *Addio, giovane!*"

SEADRIFT.

SEE where she stands, on the wet sea-sands,
Looking across the water:
Wild is the night, but wilder still
The face of the fisher's daughter!

What does she there, in the lightning's glare,
What does she there, I wonder?
What dread demon drags her forth
In the night and wind and thunder?

Is it the ghost that haunts this coast?—
The cruel waves mount higher,
And the beacon pierces the stormy dark
With its javelin of fire!

Beyond the light of the beacon bright
A merchantman is tacking;
The hoarse wind whistling through the shrouds,
And the brittle topmasts cracking.

The sea it moans over dead men's bones,
The sea it foams in anger;
The curlews swoop through the resonant air
With a warning cry of danger.

The star-fish clings to the sea-weed's rings
In a vague, dumb sense of peril;
And the spray, with its phantom-fingers, grasps
At the mullein dry and sterile.

Oh, who is she that stands by the sea,
In the lightning's glare, undaunted?—
Seems this now like the coast of hell
By one white spirit haunted!

The night drags by; and the breakers die
Along the ragged ledges;
The robin stirs in its drenched nest,
The hawthorn on the hedges.

In shimmering lines, through the sullen pines,
The stealthy morn advances;
And the heavy sea-fog straggles back
Before those bristling lances!

Still she stands on the wet sea-sands;
The morning breaks above her,
And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the rocks—
What if it were her lover?

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of August. Congress adjourned on the 17th of July. The Confiscation Bill, as finally passed and approved by the President, consists of 14 sections, to the following effect:

(1.) Any person hereafter convicted of treason to be punished by death, or, at the discretion of the Court, by imprisonment for not less than five years and a fine of not less than \$10,000; his slaves in either case to be set free. (2.) Any one engaging in or aiding rebellion to be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or a fine not exceeding \$10,000, or both: his slaves to be set free. (3.) Persons guilty as above to be incapable of holding any office under the United States. (4.) This act not to affect the case of those guilty of treason before its passage, who are amenable to laws before existing. (5.) Provides for the seizure of the property of persons holding certain specified civil, naval, or military offices under the Southern Confederacy. (6.) If any person not enumerated in the preceding section, who is engaged in rebellion, does not return to his allegiance within 60 days after public warning by the President, his property shall also be subject to seizure. (7, 8.) Prescribe the legal processes of the seizure. (9.) Slaves of any person engaged in rebellion, coming in any way into the power of the United States forces, to be considered prisoners of war, and not again held as slaves. (10.) No fugitive slave to be given up, unless the claimant make oath that he has not been engaged in rebellion. (11.) The President may employ persons of African descent for the suppression of the rebellion, in such manner as he shall deem expedient. (12.) The President may make provision for the colonization of such freed slaves as may wish to emigrate. (13.) The President may at his discretion grant pardon or amnesty to persons engaged in rebellion. (14.) The Courts of the United States are authorized to make necessary orders for carrying this

Act into effect.—A Joint Resolution, passed at the instance of the President, declares that this Act does not apply to any thing committed prior to its passage; nor does the 5th section include any member of a State Legislature or Judge who has not in entering upon his office taken an oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States; nor make forfeiture of real estate beyond the natural life of the offender.

On the 25th of July the President issued his Proclamation, warning all persons referred to in the 6th section of the foregoing Act to return to their allegiance, under pain of the penalties provided for by that section.

The financial measures growing out of the war have been of the highest importance. The public debt of the United States, which on the 1st of July, 1861, amounted to less than \$91,000,000, is now, including that authorized to be contracted, about \$680,000,000. Large as the debt is, and considerable as is the sum required to meet the interest, both are far less than those of Great Britain, whose debt is about \$4,000,000,000, bearing an average interest of 5 per cent., requiring an annual expenditure of more than \$141,000,000; while our whole debt, including that which bears no interest, is at an average rate of 3.14 per cent., the annual interest amounting to \$21,878,000. To meet this expenditure, and carry on the Government, the principal measures have been an increase of the tariff (August 5, 1861) with the accompanying bill, imposing a direct tax of \$20,000,000 to be apportioned among the States, and the bill imposing specific taxes on incomes and manu-

factures, together with licenses, stamps, etc. This bill also modifies that of August 5, by providing that it shall be held to authorize the levy of one tax of \$20,000,000 upon the States, and that no other shall be levied by virtue of it until the 1st day of July, 1865, when it shall be in full force and effect. This National tax-bill was also accompanied by another, raising still higher the duties upon manufactured articles imported from abroad.

The following statement, reported by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows the amount of the funded debt on the 29th of May, 1862, together with the time of contraction, and the rate of interest:

Under what Act.	Rate of Interest.	Amount.
Loan, 1842.....	6 per cent.....	\$2,983,364
Loan, 1847.....	6 per cent.....	9,415,250
Loan, 1848.....	6 per cent.....	8,008,342
Loan, 1858.....	5 per cent.....	20,000,000
Loan, 1860.....	5 per cent.....	7,022,000
Loan, 1860.....	5 per cent.....	3,461,000
Loan, 1861, February 8.....	6 per cent.....	18,415,000
Loan, 1861, July 17.....	6 per cent.....	50,000,000
Loan, 1861, July 17.....	7.30 per cent.....	120,523,450
Loan, 1861, Oregon.....	6 per cent.....	878,650
Loan, 1862.....	6 per cent.....	2,679,400
Treasury certificates.....	6 per cent.....	47,199,000
Treasury notes, ordered.....	6 per cent.....	3,332,162
United States notes.....	No interest.....	145,880,000
Temporary deposits.....	5 per cent.....	41,565,524
Temporary deposits.....	4 per cent.....	5,913,042
Total (average) interest..... 4.35 per cent.....		\$491,446,184
Since May 29 Congress has authorized an additional issue of Treasury notes (of which \$35,000,000 shall be of lower denominations than \$5), to be a legal tender, and receivable for all debts to or from the United States, except for imports and interest on bonds and notes (July 11, 1862).....		
Postage and other stamps, receivable for all dues to the United States less than \$5, and exchangeable for notes in sums of \$5 and upward (July 17), estimated.....		40,000,000
Total funded debt, contracted and authorized.....		\$681,446,184

The following is a summary of the different kinds of Treasury notes issued and authorized to be issued:

1. Notes of 6 per cent., authorized by the former Congress. Receivable for all public dues.
2. Notes of 7 9-10 per cent., under act of July 17, 1861. Not receivable for duties on imports.
3. Demand notes, under same Act. Receivable for duties.
4. Notes of 3 65-100 per cent. Not receivable for duties.
5. Legal tender demand notes, under Acts of February 25 and July 11, 1862. Not receivable for duties.
6. Stamps. Receivable for all dues under five dollars, and exchangeable for notes in larger sums.

Contrary to expectation no official report has yet been published of the operations of our army before Richmond, and its entire change of position. It is only by a careful collation of unofficial accounts that we are able to present a general idea of these operations. Toward the end of June the main body of our army, under McClellan, had crossed the Chickahominy and intrenched themselves between that river and Richmond, at a general distance of some eight or ten miles. The right wing stretched north-eastward, along the opposite bank of the Chickahominy, to Mechanicsville, a distance of about fifteen miles. Our front thus occupied a curved line of fifteen miles, from White Oak Swamp on the south to Mechanicsville on the north. Our supplies were mainly brought by railroad from White House, twenty miles distant, on the Pamunky to the east. We had thus to guard a front of fifteen miles, and twenty miles of railway, against an army which was found to be greatly superior, massed at Richmond directly opposite our centre, and thus capable at any moment of directing an overwhelming attack upon any part of our extended line; while by turning

our right wing, which their command of the adjacent region enabled them to do, they could cut off our connection with the White House. In addition to this, the position occupied by our army was very unhealthy. The ground was an almost continuous swamp, and pure water was not to be found. Our troops were suffering severely from disease and exposure. Under these circumstances it appears that General McClellan had determined to change his position by falling back southwardly to the James River, making that his base and the means of receiving supplies. For this purpose he had constructed roads, and had begun to move the immense quantity of stores accumulated at the White House down the Pamunky and York rivers. Whether or not the enemy were apprised of this movement is uncertain. But on Thursday, June 26, they opened an attack in force upon our lines; and the operation of a change of front had to be performed in the face of a superior force. That it was performed in a skillful manner, after a series of battles lasting an entire week, is acknowledged on all sides. We propose to give a general account of this series of operations, omitting the names of the different divisions engaged, and the part borne by each, as, in the absence of direct official reports, any statement of these would be likely to be inaccurate.

On the morning of Thursday the 26th the attack was commenced on our extreme right near Mechanicsville; during the whole day a constant skirmishing was kept up; and toward evening the enemy made a vigorous attack, but were repulsed, and fell back, leaving us in possession of the field. Early on the morning of the 27th the enemy appeared in force, and our troops fell back to Gaines's Hill, where severe fighting took place, lasting all day, the enemy constantly receiving reinforcements from Richmond. Our troops were outnumbered and overpowered, and commenced to retreat toward the Chickahominy, which they succeeded in passing by various bridges which were partially destroyed behind them. On the same day detachments were sent out toward the White House, from which the greater part of the stores had been removed; the remainder were destroyed, and the house burned. On Saturday the greater part of our troops being gathered on the west bank of the Chickahominy, orders were given for the whole army to fall back toward the James River. The wagon train was sent on in front, the troops remaining under arms in the intrenchments during the night, and early on Sunday, the 30th, commenced falling back. The enemy followed, and a fierce fight took place at Savage's Station. Our troops then continued their retreat in the night, leaving behind them most of their sick and wounded. On Monday, the 30th, the last of our army, with the transportation train, crossed the White Oak Swamp, and were again attacked by the enemy, who fell back at night, and our retreat was resumed. On Tuesday morning the main body reached the James River, wearied and exhausted by six days of continuous fighting and as many nights of marching. A portion of the army had already intrenched itself on Malvern Hills, two miles from the river, and here the line of battle was again formed to meet the enemy, who poured in fresh troops, in seemingly inexhaustible numbers. The action lasted during the whole day, the gun-boats giving us great assistance from the river. This was the most fiercely contested battle of the series. A correspondent of the *New York Times*, who was present, writes: "The enemy's infantry marched up in

solid columns by brigades of ten to the support of their batteries, and would press forward in the face of a galling fire toward our artillery, determined to make trophies of our guns. Maintaining their close columns, they pushed forward to receive first our shot and shell, and then drawing nearer, to be mowed down by grape and canister. Facing this as long as they could, they would at length wheel around and march back again in good order, leaving the ground covered with their fallen. Again and again was this repeated, with new regiments, and again and again shot and shell, grape and canister, gave them awful punishment. The contest raged until dark, when they at last gave up the contest, and retired, leaving us in possession of the field."

Since Wednesday, July 2, there has been no fighting of importance near Richmond. The loss in this series of battles is not ascertained from authentic sources. The most reliable estimates place it at about 1500 killed, 6000 wounded, in our hands, and 7500 prisoners, among whom are a large proportion of wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is thought largely to exceed our own; while the number of prisoners is much less.

On the 4th of July General McClellan issued an address to his army, in which he says: "Attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy. Under every disadvantage of number and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your enemies with enormous slaughter. You have reached your new base complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat."—Jefferson Davis, in like manner, issued an address to his army, congratulating them upon the victory which they had won "over an enemy vastly superior in numbers and in the material of war. With well-directed movements and death-defying valor you charged him in his strong positions, drove him from the field over a distance of over 85 miles, and, despite his reinforcements, compelled him to seek shelter under his gun-boats, where he now lies, cowering before the army so lately derided and threatened with entire subjugation.... Let it be your grand object to drive the invader from your soil, and carrying your standards beyond the outer boundaries of the Confederation, to wring from an unscrupulous foe the recognition of your birthright, community, independence."

As we write, the position of our army of Virginia seems not to be free from peril. There can be little doubt that the enemy greatly outnumber us, and all the approaches to Richmond are strongly defended. There are many points below our position from which the James River may be commanded so as greatly to interfere with the transmission of our supplies; and it is reported that the enemy have nearly completed several vessels on the general model of the *Merrimac*, which would be capable of doing great damage to our numerous vessels in the river. Reports and surmises are numerous as to aggressive movements of the enemy in various directions. It is useless to reproduce them here, as before these pages meet the reader the facts in the case will probably be known from other sources.

From the Southwest the tidings of the month are far from favorable. Vicksburg, the only strong point on the Mississippi held by the Confederates, has not been taken; and though the town has suffered severely from bombardment, it appears that the fortifications which defend it can not be reduced by gun-boats. The town stands on a high bluff at the head of a long horse-shoe bend of the river. The distance across the horse-shoe from heel to heel is about a mile, while that from the heel to the toe, where Vicksburg stands, is nearly five miles. If the course of the river could be changed, so as to run across the isthmus, the town would be left five miles inland. To effect this a canal has been dug across the isthmus; but there appears to be little prospect that it will cause the desired change in the course of the river. In the mean while an unexpected danger has appeared. An iron-clad ram had been building at Memphis; just before the capture of that city it was removed to the Yazoo River and completed, and named the *Arkansas*. On the 15th of July it came down the Yazoo, entered the Mississippi, and fairly ran through our fleet, engaging vessel after vessel, inflicting serious injury to several, while suffering comparatively little herself, being almost invulnerable to shot. She reached Vicksburg, and a subsequent attempt to cut her out failed of success. The vessel seems to endanger our fleet in the Mississippi.

The corps from Missouri, under General Curtis, after winning the battle of Pea Ridge, penetrated some distance into *Arkansas*, but were obliged to retreat, owing to the want of subsistence. At one time they were supposed to be in serious danger of capture by the enemy. In *Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri*, and *Alabama* guerrilla raids of no great importance singly, but annoying and damaging in the aggregate, have been made upon quarters occupied by detachments of our forces.

But in the mean time our Government seems determined upon prosecuting the war with vigor. By an order dated July 11, though not published until some days after, General Halleck was recalled from the Department of the West, and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. —On the 22d the President issued a general order directing the military authorities in the insurgent States to seize and use any property necessary for supplies; authorizing military and naval commanders to employ as laborers persons of African descent, paying them reasonable wages, and keeping an account of the persons so employed, and the value of their work, "as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases." —On the 4th of August an order was issued from the War Department, directing that a draft of 300,000 militia should be called into the service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless previously discharged; and also directing that if any State should not, by the 15th of August, furnish its quota of the 300,000 volunteers previously demanded, and authorized by law, the deficiency would also be made up by a special draft from the militia. The 600,000 men to be raised under these orders will bring our effective force in the field up to fully a million. The special bounties for enlistments offered by the different States will probably, in most States, furnish the 300,000 volunteers without the necessity of recourse to drafting. —A general exchange of prisoners has been agreed upon between the contending parties, and under it a large number have been released on both sides.

Martin Van Buren, President of the United States from 1836 to 1840, died at Kinderhook, New York, on the 24th of July, aged nearly 80 years, having been born December 5, 1752. Among the public offices which he had held are, Governor of New York, Senator in Congress, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Vice-President and President of the United States. Since his defeat by Mr. Harrison, in 1840, he took little share in politics, although he was proposed in 1844 for President, but the nomination was given to Mr. Polk, who was elected. Again, in 1848, he was nominated by the "Free Soil" Democrats, and although he received no electoral votes, he drew off enough strength from Mr. Cass, the Democratic candidate, to secure the election of Mr. Taylor.—The steamer *Golden Gate*, which left San Francisco for Panama July 21, was destroyed by fire on the 27th, off the Mexican coast, near Manzanilla. It is reported that 180 persons—passengers and crew—were lost. The treasure on board, amounting to about \$1,400,000, is also supposed to have been lost.

EUROPE.

The English and French newspapers consider the operations before Richmond as, on the whole, unfavorable to the National cause. The cotton supply and the distress among the operatives engrosses a large share of public interest in England. The shipments of cotton from India prove to be much greater than had been anticipated; but the prospects of the harvest throughout Europe are not favorable, and the United States are regarded as the main source from which the deficiency must be made up. In the British Parliament Mr. Lindsay, on the 18th of July, offered his promised motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and for mediation. An animated debate ensued, in which several leading members took part. Lord Palmerston, on behalf of the Government, urged the withdrawal of the motion, asking that the question should be left in the hands of the Government. He took the ground that Great Britain would be justified in acknowledging the independence of the South, provided that this independence had been "firmly and permanently established;" and that this recognition would be no just cause of offense on the part of the United States; but he thought the contest had not assumed a character which would justify England in assuming that this independence had been established. Acknowledgment would not establish a nation unless it were followed by active interference. The successive phases of the contest had been so unexpected that he thought the Government should wait before taking any positive course. If ever Great Britain would be able to contribute to the establishment of peace, it would be only by having maintained an impartial position. He therefore asked that the House would not adopt the resolution, but would leave the Government as heretofore free to act as circumstances should dictate. After some further debate Mr. Lindsay withdrew his motion, hoping, as he said, that the Government would take the earliest opportunity to bring about a termination of the war.—On the 25th of July a debate sprung up in the House of Commons in respect to the defense of Canada, the general spirit of which was that, in the event of war, the Canadians must defend themselves. Lord Palmerston said that the Government did not mean to recall the troops now there nor to send more, for it was thought that when the factious conflict in the Provinces was over, the

people would urge their representatives to make adequate provision for the defense of their country in case of danger.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AT a late meeting of the Sassafras Club—it meets in cane-chairs upon the grass under the sassafras-tree, where the wind blows cool from the west—the member for China said that at an early day he should introduce for honorary membership two Indian gentlemen, Parsees, in fact, who would give a more interesting variety to the meetings of the Club. The suggestions of the member from China are always hailed with hearty enthusiasm. It is he who first familiarized the Club with the virtues of Manilla Number Fours, while a corresponding member in Hong Kong immortalized himself by calling the Club's attention to Number Twos by the presentation of specimens which are unique for freedom, smoothness, and richness. Both these members are held in most grateful and fragrant remembrance by the Sassafras, and even by those of the number belonging to the unsmoking sex, who enjoy the Manillas by proxy.

The member from China, of course, kept his word, and upon a day renowned for its ardors the honorary members were presented to the Club. It was that mid-summer weather in which fire-worshippers may be supposed to be peculiarly at home. The air was perfectly still. The locusts had not yet begun their sultry chant, but the wood-thrush dropped his cool, clear, gurgling notes in the thick shrubbery along the brook, and the cat-birds called spitefully from the boughs, as if the Club were a body of irregular and irresponsible intruders in the shade, who had no rights of sitting and silence that birds were bound to respect.

At the first glance the strangers looked as if they had walked out of the pictures in the old geographies. They were clad in long dark cassocks, or close coats, buttoned in front, with no relief of white linen apparent, and upon their heads they wore the curious high Persian hats, like depressed mitres, or mitres bent backward. They seemed to be made of a kind of figured glazed muslin. The face of one was very swarthy, with a fine, compact, curling, and grayish beard and mustache, and an expression of thoughtful gravity; that of the other was rather lighter, with the full mustache only, but with a sensitive, lambent light of appreciation and humor in the eyes. They sat very quiet and very upright, chatting readily and cheerfully and with a remarkable mastery of English.

We naturally spoke much of our differences in religion, habits, and general life; and in all they said there was the same constant gentleness and sweetness, an almost feminine refinement, in observing which it was delightful to remember that these same tranquil personages belonged to the most sagacious and practical race in India, and were the most esteemed and richest of the citizens of Bombay. "You know," said the Australian member after they were gone, "that a Jew is smarter than a Yankee, and a Parsee smarter than a Jew."

The Australian rather unguardedly said that it was fortunate that the English had put down the rebellion in India. The younger honorary member turned upon him with eyes that flashed, although his voice and manner were still courteous: "Fortunate! how fortunate? Were not the Hindoos in their own country? What right had the English

there? Do you not love liberty here? No, the Hindoos were right. There is a great sin on both sides. The English are wrong in coming to conquer the country, and we are wrong that we allow a few people from so far to govern us."

While he spoke the elder one gazed calmly at us, and when the younger had finished his energetic little speech, remarked, quietly, "We don't fight. We have nothing to do with it. We are commercial people." The younger one smiled and assented: but his assent was evidently like that of a young monk who renounces carnal weapons while his heart clearly burns for a fight, and the monkish impression was only deepened by the demure garb of the speaker.

When we asked about worshiping fire they smiled very much as the good Las Casas must have smiled upon his parishioners in his great Western diocese, or like Columbus upon the natives who asked in wonder about the eclipse. Indeed they had all the time a quite unconscious air of placid and amused superiority, which, however, seemed to be entirely becoming to these envoys from the oldest Oriental races to scions of the youngest race and country sitting under the sassafras-tree.

Zoroaster, they said in substance, was not an idolater. Our religion repudiates all worship but that of the Supreme Being; but as he is all love, and light and warmth are the most expressive symbols of his nature, we reverence the sun and fire, not as in themselves divine, but as symbols of the divine qualities. We are no more worshipers of fire than you are worshipers of the cross. That is to you the most expressive symbol, and that is all. Ignorant Christians have the same kind and quite as much idolatry for the cross as we have for fire. Our religion is to love God and to believe that all men are our brothers. Therefore we treat them all kindly. We do not fight. We are a peaceful people. We pray at all times and any where. Our churches are always open: a priest is always present. There are, as it were, five watches in the religious day, and a priest for every watch. The priests are not a privileged class, and a man is not considered sinful if he prefers to pray elsewhere than in the church. We expose dead bodies to the air rather than bury them, not in order that the birds may eat them, but because our religion teaches that the earth is defiled by a dead body. We attend to business at all times. We have no especially sacred days, because we think that we ought to be good and to pray at all times. But we generally close our offices on Sundays, because in Bombay, where we chiefly live, trade follows the habits of Englishmen. We do not try to convert other people.

"But other people try to convert you, do they not?" asked the member for the Pyramids. "Are there not missionaries who labor among you?"

The eyes of the younger Parsee gushed with humorous light as he listened to this question.

"Oh yes," he answered, brightly. "The English send out people to convert us to Christianity. But I have lived in England nearly four years, and I have found very few people there who have the least idea of what Christianity is."

The whole Sassafras Club was unable to make any other response than a smile. In manners, in morals, in Christian charity, the honorary members from Persia seemed fully fitted to be our instructors, and it was very difficult to perceive our *pari eto* in the business of converting them. So the Club politely changed the subject.

The Parsees are so called in India from the name of the country, Persia, from which they spring. They were the disciples of Zoroaster, whom the invading Mohammedans found in Persia, and were called by them Guebres, corrupted into the familiar Giaour or infidel. They were persecuted by the Mohammedans so sharply that most of them abjured their own prophet for Mohammed, and the number of those who remained faithful and are still living in Persia is estimated at one hundred thousand. Another body wandered off into Hindostan, and are now about a hundred and fifteen thousand, living chiefly in Bombay and the Colabba Islands. In Persia they are still honored for their upright character, although they are the shrewdest of traders.

When one of them said, "My mother was a Persian," the Club, after recovering from the stupefaction of actually talking under the sassafras-tree with a Persian in the flesh, said, with a complacent assumption of profound knowledge, as if it knew all about it, "Ah, then she was a follower of Alee." Ali was the successor of Mohammed whom the Persians chiefly honored. But the honorary member, with a little horror and surprise, rejoined, "Alee! no, no; she was of us. There are a few of us still left in Persia." Upon which the Sassafras Club exclaimed, "Ah!" and "Oh yes!" and looked smiling and wise.

The wind blew lightly and cool from the west. "We came in the *Great Eastern*," said one of them, "and we had many female Blondins on board." He smiled, and the Club with throbbing hearts perceived that some Parsee joke was to be uttered. But fancy the bewilderment of joking with fire-worshipers in depressed mitres! Who would lightly pun in the presence of Zoroaster? We instinctively felt that even the humor of Confucius would confuse us. "How female Blondins?" asked Titian da Cadore. "Because they walked on lines fifty feet above the sea," was the neat reply. The Yankee is a nimble-witted fellow, but how soon will any member of the Sassafras Club joke with equal success in pure Persian. It was impossible not to wonder, under the fragrant and benignant tree, whether every people in the world did not cherish the same secret feeling of superiority to all others that the modest Yankee, the retiring Briton, and the humble Frenchman entertain.

By this time, of course, a general sympathy was established. The constraint of rival continents and contrasted civilizations gradually disappeared. We did not try the tests of entire social fusion which the Australian Member suggested in his story of a conversation he held in India with a native who told him that a large body of other Hindoos were Christians.

"Christians! What kind of Christians? To what sect do they belong?"

"Oh! I don't know that they belong to any particular sect. I mean that they are ordinary Christians—they eat pork and drink brandy!"

As we became freer we ventured to speak of familiar topics, even to ask personal questions. They spoke of the verdure and the flowers and fruits; but seemed to think they had found nothing better than they had left behind. Then we talked of travel; and in all they said there was still the remote condescension of a son of the primeval ages and civilization to an utterly modern and foreign growth. Speaking of the public attention which their curious garb, and especially the hat, excited, they said, "We wear it to show that we are of another country."

Then the eyes of the younger twinkled again. "It is sometimes very annoying," he said. "In England and Scotland we were quite driven out of the streets by the mob, and when we took to a carriage they even stoned it. You seem to behave better in this country. People stare, but they do not insult us. In London the boys used to shout, 'Who's your hatter?' just as they ask young ladies who have much crinoline, 'Who's your cooper?'" Shade of Zoroaster!

So much sense, character, intelligence, good-humor, will always be welcome to the Sassafras Club. Our continental isolation in the world has its disadvantages as well as its merits. The intolerable and intolerant conceit that we are the flower of mankind is hardly to be classed with the latter. We are little children at this very moment learning the profoundest law of progress and civilization. We have hitherto done a large business in the world upon the capital of assumption. We have declared that we were the greatest, strongest, best, and freest of people. Now we are to prove it. Yes; and now we are proving it. What is greatest, strongest, and best is prevailing over the spirit that has sneered and swaggered; and all that we knew was latent and possible begins to reveal itself in accomplishment.

We shall be all the better company for the world hereafter, as the man, modest by experience, is socially more welcome than the raw and boasting boy. The man was in the boy, but the boy was all we had. The statue was in the block; but the sharp, heavy blows of the great artificer alone revealed it.

From such sweet, clear, luminous eyes as the honorary Parsee members of the Sassafras Club what could we hope to hide? Then why have what we wish to hide? Claiming to be leaders of civilization it has hitherto been necessary, in order to establish our claim, to prove that what has been called civilization was wrongly named, and was truly retrogression. Mr. Anthony Trollope is not a Parsee, and to say that he is less just, and humane, and considerate than a Parsee, is merely to say that he is an Englishman, which he will not deem an offensive insinuation. But even Mr. Trollope sees, and sees a great many unpleasant things, while he frankly owns the sound heart in our breasts and the honest head upon our shoulders.

The next regular topic for conversation in the Sassafras Club is the propriety of relinquishing the effort to convert the Parsees to Christianity, and to found home missions to convert ourselves. We are answering the great political question how to be democrats as well as to call ourselves so, in a manner which may well disgust all the friends of despotism and privilege throughout the world. Then it will remain only to answer the great religious question, how to be Christians as well as to call ourselves so; and when that question is fully answered, and the answer satisfactorily established in practice, the Sassafras Club will adjourn over for the Millennium.

THE signs of the war, of which we were speaking last month, begin to show themselves more plainly. The summer traveler can not but remark the change in the number and character of the passengers upon all the great routes. Newport is as quiet this summer as the line of the Potomac was last winter. There come stories of cottages full of busy women working for the war; thinking earnestly of other conquests than those of the ball-room, of other he-

roes than those of the redowa and polka. The huge parlor of the Ocean House, of which Anthony Trollope gives so amusing an account, is huger and more ghostly than ever. You hear of parties of visitors sitting in the great hall making lint and bandages. You see delicate women who have lived in the most abject idolatry of Fashion, but who are now devoted, with a more pious earnestness than they have ever shown, to the most constant and faithful care of the sick and wounded and dying. If they are in Newport they are not exactly of it. Their minds and hearts are elsewhere. The lint thread in their hands is a subtle line of connection between them and the grimmest realities.

How can they drive, or ride, or stroll, or dance, without remembering their partners of other summers? Every watering-place is full of ghosts, but now especially the memories are so recent and vivid. A sudden strain of heroism has broken out in the elegant monotony of gay life. The youths themselves are surprised into heroes. They find in themselves, and quite unsuspectedly, so much that is the very substance of romance and the music of poetry. Indeed, so brilliant in bravery is the history of a year that it is easy to understand the feeling with which a high-spirited woman regards the young man who, unbound by family ties, has lounged away the precious hours in which other youth have been laboriously campaigning, and marching, and picketing, and fighting. Newport and Saratoga, and the most velvet drawing-rooms now comprehend the proverb that none but the brave deserve the fair. It was a vague saying a few months since. Now it rings with the most significant reality.

War is a rough teacher surely, but Peace has its dangers. Perhaps it is not too hard a saying that the young gentlemen who shone in the summer solstice were not exactly noble—men. That is to say, they were not heroic and self-dependent even in thought. They accepted the current conventional prejudice as an actual estimate. And even in the affairs of our own country, which have always elsewhere been subjects upon which the technical "gentleman" was especially informed, we have cultivated an ignorance and indifference, with the ineffably ludicrous assumption that the ignorance and indifference were of themselves "gentlemanly." To know wines and horses, and billiards and yachts—to go a step further, and read books and talk of them—are all good things. To eat good dinners, and talk French, and gossip of foreign travel, and be intimate with the selectest circles of the Mugginses and the other good families—these were all the pleasantest things also. But, after all, to suppose these to be "life"—to imagine that we were fearfully and wonderfully made for such performances only—to accept seriously the grossest and most absolute self-indulgence as the solemn substance of existence, was infinitely droll—but was it not very common?

—Well, whether it were so or not, the war has shaken us into realities. There are a few of the Crustacea left—a few people who are horrified at plain thoughts and frank talk; but the great mass of people are not too squeamish to think of the questions that are the secret springs of our situation. When the news of the firing at the *Star of the West* reached a certain city, the Easy Chair chanced to be in the counting-room of Foggy and Co., the great South American merchants. The Easy Chair is intimate in the house, for it is a family connection. The Easy Chair is full of Foggy blood. Old Foggy was sitting at his writing-table, and as he read the

Extra turned pale. "I hope," said he, "that the whole army of the United States will be sent to demand satisfaction and preserve order. I hate Republican politics, but this is not politics—this is national honor."

Now, as the head of the house was of the strictest sect of what is vaguely and amusingly called Conservative, this frank expression of unqualified devotion to the Government was in every way agreeable. But young Foggy—a partner in the house—shook his watch chain complacently, and remarked, "Well, if they call out the Antediluvian Guard I shall resign, for I have no idea of fighting against Southern gentlemen, who have been goaded into a war." The senior partner heard him through, then said, simply, "Well, my son, let me know when you do resign, and I will have my name put down in your place." Then he turned gravely to his work.

This was a year ago last January. Yesterday who turns up but a square-shouldered, rugged-faced, and rusty-uniformed young officer, who cheerfully seats himself and says briskly, "Well, Cousin Easy Chair, will you have the last news from the Peninsula?" It was young Foggy fresh from the wars; fresh from the most constant and faithful service. He thought better of it. He did not resign. He marched when the regiment marched to which the Antediluvians belonged, and in all the sharp Virginia battles of a year there has been no brighter, braver soldier than Ned Foggy. He has been mentioned in letters and orders and speeches. He has borne dying comrades on his back from the field, received their last words of farewell for parents and dear ones, then closed their eyes and hurried back to another duty and to danger. He has lain ill and wasting in the terrible Chickahominy swamps, and been smilingly familiar with death and peril for months and months; but a steady heart, a clear brain, and a sweet temper have brought him out and made a man of him.

As we sat and talked I could not but recall the morning in the office. The young man had been confronted with realities since then. He had been learning of a very sharp and peremptory teacher. Something a little more actual and practical than the conventional traditions of the house of Foggy and Co. had been opening his heart and mind.

"The army is in good spirits?" I asked.

"Splendid."

"They are really in earnest?"

"I bet."

"How do they feel toward the gentlemen who have been goaded into war?"

Ned had not the least remembrance that he had ever used such an expression. He answered vehemently,

"They hate 'em."

"What will be the end?"

"Secesh will be exterminated, if nothing else will answer."

"Whew! and how about—"

"Peculiar institutions?" he asked, with a smile.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Well, Cousin Easy, there's a wonderful change of feeling. Do you know there are a great many A—S—y men now?"

"Possible?"

"Yes, indeed."

The Easy Chair turned the conversation, because it never discusses exciting topics. But if Ned Foggy should go to Newport before his furlough expires to perfect his recovery, what may he not say?

What a moving monument of the differences in thought and sympathy which a war has wrought! He has his own opinions fortified by experience. What he says he says not because "the set," or the friends of the Foggy family say so, but because he has been forced to see and to think for himself.

And that is the way in which the public opinion is made which really governs the country. If the people will but see, and hear, and think, there can be no danger in a system like ours. The only serious danger is from those who try to blind, and deafen, and muddle others. Let no man think this war is an unmitigated evil. The grief and tragedy can not be overstated; but they are not all. For this no one will deny, that as it is better for a man to be honest, industrious, and noble than to be rich, so is it better for a nation to be just, and generous, and humane rather than prosperous. But a man can be all those, and rich too; so can a nation. For as the old sailor said, God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do right. When they think so in the Ocean House hall, upon the beach at Long Branch, under the colonnades of Congress Hall, and wherever the summer paths and homes of men and women may be, then we may pity John Bull while we forgive him, and invite him to study morals in the same school that will have taught him politics.

THE absorbing topic leaves little thought for literature or art. The new books are few. The Opera is closed. The theatres have their summer season; but a Brigadier-General is the best star they can present to the audience. There are rumors of Fechter's coming, the famous German actor; of Ristori, resolved to pursue the conquests of Rachel even beyond the sea; and of Dickens coming to read from his stories. The latter would be surely successful. But of the two former it is not possible to speak precisely.

The wonderful Rachel! It is an audacious hand that snatches at her crown. How proud she was as she moved in upon the stage—how cold, how sweet! How she overflowed with power, so that the small white face, the pinched features, the close-set narrow eyes, the flat mouth, the cunning—yes, to say it baldly, the almost mean expression was irradiated and glorified by that magnificent abandon of passion! Her career here was a tragedy and a triumph. It was not possible to heed only the stories of her private life, for there was the woman before us struck with illness. Our criticism and impression of the artist were touched and made tender by our sympathy with the woman. Do you remember the *Moineau de Lesbie*? It was a little comedy, and she played a Roman woman—of the old classic Rome. How graceful, and delicate, and subtle it was—but the heart ached as we all looked and listened. Somehow there was, or we all thought there was, the tragedy of a life under the little comedy. That glittering life she led in Paris, the exquisitely-appointed *hôtel*; the rich things and rare which filled it; the brilliant festivity of its salons; the wits, the beauties, the philosophers, the artists that thronged them, the sparkling saturnalia of her constant success—all these seemed shadowy and unsatisfactory; shadowy even to her, as she stood there upon the stage hapless and sad under all the pretty smiling.

The rival, whoever she may be, of all this fascinating remembrance and real power, is a woman who should be richly gifted. That she is so, the steady applause of Europe testifies. That she is a true and loyal Italian woman a late story shows. She was

to give a performance in Paris for the benefit of some society, and the evening was to be called a Garibaldi Festival, or something of the kind. But "superior orders" decreed that no name from which trouble might spring should be used, so that the title must be dropped. There could be no dispute. But *aut Caesar, aut nullus*, was the instant response of Ristori. Either Garibaldi Festival or no festival at all. So she declined to proceed, but sent the sum that would probably have been realized to the Society.

Fechter, although a German, plays in English; and there has been warm discussion in London of his skill in Shakespeare's characters. He gives new readings of Hamlet and the other great plays, and has had a great success. Should he come to us, he will undoubtedly give us parts in the German drama also; and the fraternity of Germans among us is so large that he would be very sure of a triumph.

As for Dickens, except for the chances of the war, there is nothing to be thought of which seems to promise such overwhelming and hilarious success as his readings. We are weary of lectures and speeches and the ordinary recitations. But to see and hear the man who has made such fun for the world and been the friend of all of us would be an irresistible fascination. The account of a reading by Dickens in London, which appeared some months ago in this Magazine and was written by young Mr. Neill, a gentleman of great promise who died within the year, is the most delightful picture of the performance. The profuse dramatic genius of the actor is hardly less remarkable, according to the accounts, than the marvelous fertility and exquisite imagination of the author.

Of course the wild adulation of his first visit would not be repeated. We have grown older, and our pursuits, just now, are rather too serious. Nor can it be forgotten that we feel that we owe him a grudge. It is very unfair and unkind, but it is so. We think that the novelist used us ill. We gave him Champagne, and asked him to pour it into his eyes. We offered him pudding, and begged him to stuff it into his ears. He would not do it. He thanked us. He ate our dinners peaceably, like a Christian gentleman, and went his ways. He did not make fun of his hosts nor report the family scandal. But he kept his eyes wide open, and what he saw he remembered, and what he remembered, not of the individuals but of the nation, he wrote down.

Well, well! In those days we liked to hear that the greatest and best of men was named Yankee Doodle. But did we seriously suppose that John Bull, under whatever guise, was going to say it? Did we seriously think that a great humorist could come and see us, and then tell the world about us without a hundred quips and gibes and even ridicule? Were we not very funny even to ourselves? And is it not true that Dickens has said quite as hard things of England, and a hundred-fold harder, than he ever said of us?

Let him come if he is not afraid of some sharp talk which some of the newspapers could hardly help indulging. But don't come, dear Sir, if you have sneered at us lately. There is a great deal of pride in the Yankee heart. When it has undertaken a work in which it counted upon the sympathy of certain persons, it can go without the sympathy, but it does not forget. When you come, even if you delay coming for a century, you will find that it was in earnest.

THE reader of this Magazine has not failed, we

hope, to begin the romance of "Romola," by the author of "Adam Bede," of which the first number was published last month. It begins loftily, but as the poem ends, and your feet strike the hard pavement of Florence on the morning after the death of Lorenzo de Medici, you are immediately surrounded by the most charming and romantic groups and persons: your ears are filled with the hum of the beautiful Tuscan capital, with its eager out-of-doors life, the cry of the peddlers, the wrangle of traffickers, the shrill voice of market-women, the carol of birds at the windows, and the various music of bells in the towers: while your eyes are charmed with the infinite play of bright color and picturesque form which even the Florence of to-day has not lost.

The characters which already appear are varied and vivid, and are handled with masterly skill. There is an utterly foreign and remote flavor in the scenes which is strictly dramatic, and which impresses the reader with new admiration of the power which could deal with the young Methodist preacher Dinah in "Adam Bede," adding a new character to literature and experience, and then turn with equal hand to the delineation of a Greek youth in Italy four centuries ago. In the introductory number Romola, the heroine, is but presented to us in her blind father's study. If she fulfills the promise of her introduction she will be a superb creation. The danger is that the author may not be able to sustain the vein she has chosen with the uniformity of power which is essential to the symmetry of the story.

This work must satisfy us all that English literature has a really substantial addition in Miss Evans, or by whatever name the author should be known. There is a ripeness and fullness in her books which show a deep, rich vein. In her new one she herself erects a lofty standard. To undertake to draw the portrait of the daily life and character of the Medicæan Florence, and to fail, would be a fate which we do not believe is in reserve for so bountiful and buoyant a genius as that which produced "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss."

The numerous friends of "Madeleine Schaeffer," who have written to us to know of the success of her school in Charleston, whether she married, and if so whom, are informed that the story will be resumed in the next number of the Magazine.

Editor's Drawer.

MOHAMMED SAID, Viceroy of Egypt, is said to have come to Paris from Alexandria to be medically treated for his great *obesity*. He is too fat for comfort, and wants to be thinned out, toned down, reduced—fed for muscle, not flesh; being a Mussulman, it is natural that he should prefer muscle. It is not stated that he has been in the habit of reading the Drawer; but he has followed the good old rule, to "laugh and grow fat," and carried the joke a little too far.

A KENTUCKY advocate is defending his client, who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, THOMAS FLINN, off Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' coting yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not—I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. *He are not guilty.* TOM FLINN? Good heavings! gentlemen, you all know TOM FLINN, and—on honor, now, gentlemen—do you think he'd do it? No, gentlemen,

I s'pose not—I reckon not. THOMAS FLINN? Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a hoss to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' coting yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a-howling, gentlemen, on the mountings o' Kentucky, and Napoleon were a-fighting the battles o' Europe—do you think, gentlemen, my client, Mr. THOMAS FLINN, gentlemen, could be guilty o' hookin'—yes, hookin', gentlemen—that pitiful, low, mean, hank o' coting yarn? Onpossible! Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. TOM FLINN? Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, THOMAS FLINN! He's got the fastest nag and purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississipi! That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You kin bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin bet your bones on that! Now, 'pon honor, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of this jury, my client THOMAS FLINN am no more guilty o' stealin' that are hank o' coting yarn than a toad are got a tail!—yes, a tail, gentlemen! Than a toad are got a tail!" [Verdict for defendant—case dismissed—court adjourned.]

THE two following anecdotes come to us from "a former contributor" at Augusta, Maine. The first used to be told two-score years ago, only the scene was laid in Northern New York, and it was Lake Ontario that was to be spilled. However, the story is a good one, and the incident may have happened also in the Aroostook. If any one can prove the contrary, we will make all necessary corrections:

"Several years ago, before the eastern part of Maine was much settled, two explorers, who were on a *timber prospecting* tour in what is now the County of Aroostook, near the Madawaska settlement, stopped at a rude cabin inhabited by an Irish family. The 'man of the house' was absent, and his 't'other half' guarded the premises. They were tired and hungry, and asked for food and the privilege of resting a short time within the domicile. The woman was alone, the men rough in appearance, and her suspicions were aroused that all was not right, and she refused their request. The explorers were men of good repute and good intentions, and one of them was a bit of a wag. Indignant at being refused the food and rest their condition so much demanded, and presuming upon the ignorance of the woman, he told her she could keep her food, but she never would remain there alive long enough to eat up what she had, as the Indians, in revenge for some outrage perpetrated by white men in the upper country, were about to revenge themselves by tapping Moosehead Lake and letting the water down upon them in a flood, which would sweep the cabin of the unkind woman, and all about it, to destruction. The woman, in a state of terrible alarm, made haste to consult the Catholic priest living at the Madawaska settlement near by, to whom she told the story of the coming flood. The pious Father bade the woman to dismiss her fears and return to her home, as such an event could in nowise happen; and that they had the promise of the Almighty that He would 'no more destroy the earth with a flood.' 'I know that,' said the woman; 'but it is not the Almighty who is going to do it, it is the *cursed Indians*!'

"AKIN to the foregoing, let me relate another story of recent occurrence:

"Not long since, in the town of B——, in the

State of Maine, an explosion of burning fluid occurred, by which a Mr. C—— was shockingly burned and lost his life. He was one of the first citizens of the place, highly respected, and had held positions of honor and trust among his fellow-citizens. A leading temperance man, he had represented the Division of the Sons of Temperance in the Grand Division of the State; and it so happened that this body held a session, soon after his death, at the place of his late residence. During the session the customary resolutions were presented to the Division, deploring the death of the worthy member and the loss of the community and the order, and ascribing the accident by which he was so suddenly removed from his useful and honorable position in life to a dispensation of Divine Providence. Tributes were paid to his memory and character by several members, and in the midst of profound silence the Grand Worthy Patriarch arose to put the question on the passage of the resolutions. At this point a member, who had been a silent listener to the proceedings, arose and said that he had some doubts whether the resolutions were right in attributing the accident to Divine Providence. In his opinion *it was caused entirely by the explosion of burning fluid*, and he wished them amended accordingly."

"WHILE spending a pleasant evening in searching among the treasures of the Drawer in some back numbers of *Harper*, I was humorously reminded of an example of *patriotism* which came under my notice, and which afforded much amusement. I will send it to you, believing it not altogether unworthy of a generous smile:

"I was stopping in a small town in Western Pennsylvania when the news came of the fall of Sumter. The excitement became intense; patriotic speeches were made, companies for the war speedily formed. It was at this time, when the public excitement was at its height, that there was a flag-raising at a school-house two miles from A——, the orator of the occasion being a young collegiate, fresh from his Alma Mater. After the speech had been made a sheet of foolscap was produced, and twelve big, noble-looking fellows walked boldly up and enrolled their names among the brave defenders of their country. As each man put his name upon the paper he was greeted by three lusty cheers and the rolling of the drum. Finally, when the twelve recruits had taken their seats, and no one seemed to manifest any inclination of following their example of enlisting, a young man was called upon to speak. He was a strong, dashing, dark-eyed youth, and evidently much excited. He seemed determined, however, to acquit himself with applause, and he spread out accordingly.

"After stating numerous, and, as he urged, strong reasons for not going to the war—that 'he couldn't leave his business'—'would go if they couldn't get along without him'—'if he found it to be his duty,' etc., he waxed warm. He glowed in his overflowing patriotism, and having depicted in glowing colors the outrage practiced on our flag by the rebels, he closed his impressive speech with, in effect, the following: 'Gentlemen! do you know what I'd have done had I been down there when that glorious flag was torn by these traitors from its lofty height? I would have snatched it from their bloody hands—I would have mounted the flag-staff—and, regardless of the hail of bullets that might have stormed around me, I would have *nailed it there*—ay! with my own hands would I have nailed it there! and have—have—gentlemen—*desired it to remain!*'"

"AUNT SALLY, as she is called in our village, had lived a few years with us when she buried a second husband, the first having been buried in Rushville, some ten miles north, where she was first married. Speaking of her great and recent affliction, she said:

"We all have our trials and troubles, but I am most crazy now to know which of my two dear husbands I shall be buried alongside of."

"She went so nearly crazy about it that she finally had to decide the question by taking a third."

THEY have a famous water-cure establishment up in Vermont, to which a distinguished clergyman, having had the misfortune to lose his voice, went to be treated.

One of the prescriptions which the doctor gave him was to practice speaking as loudly as he could in the open air; for which purpose he often ascended a mountain near the village. One winter day (his voice having recovered strength) he made such a noise that the inhabitants of the adjoining village became alarmed, thinking the noise was made by a bear. Seizing muskets, guns, or whatever weapons came to hand, an adventurous band rushed up the mountain to capture it.

Forming a great circle around the spot from which the roaring came, they drew nearer and nearer to the centre to inclose the "varmint" and make his destruction sure. Some of the more valorous grew faint-hearted and retired as they came to the scratch. A few pressed on with loaded guns and stout cudgels, resolved to do or die. Nearer and still nearer drew the gallant band, when all at once, upon their astonished gaze, up stood the reverend divine, no bear, a bare-faced man with a white choker, spouting Shakspeare and Milton and David's Psalms to the listening rocks and trees. A roar, louder than that of bears, a roar of laughter, roused the speaker to the consciousness of a new auditory, and they all came down the hill together.

"THE following anecdote of Judge G——, late Justice of the Supreme Court in the Sixth Judicial District, I have never seen in print, and I deem it worthy of the Drawer." So writes an intelligent correspondent, and we agree with him in his opinion.

"Judge G—— was holding a circuit in Norwich, Chenango County, and as the duties of the term had been somewhat arduous, the Judge, whose nature at best was not the mildest, had become very irritable, and desired to dispatch as soon as possible the business before him. Among the latter causes of the term was one brought by an old Irishman for recovery on a trunk which had been lost between Norwich and Binghamton. The old man took the stand as a witness, and the Judge interrogated him as to the contents of the aforesaid trunk.

"Now, Sir," said the Judge, abruptly, "what was in the trunk?"

"Well," replied the old man, in an accent modified by long residence in this country, "well, there were some clothes and some holy pictures."

"Holy pictures! holy pictures!" exclaimed the Judge; "what do you mean by holy pictures?"

"Well, first, there was a picture of Father Mathew, who introduced temperance into Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heard o' him?"

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"And then there was a picture of the blessed St. Patrick, who banished snakes from Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heard o' him?"

"Yes, yes; what else?"

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"Well, then," said the old man, fixing his eyes on the Judge, "there was a picture of our blessed Lord, who came on earth to save men from their sins; perhaps your Honor's heard o' him!"

"I forbear on the scene which followed."

EVERY body has heard of the man who followed the trail of a "grizzly" for several days, and had nearly overtaken the game, when he suddenly gave up further pursuit because "the trail was getting too thundering fresh."

Last fall a party of amateur sportsmen started on a bear-hunt. They found a trail, and, after a hard day's work, were rewarded for their labor by hearing a low growl in a thicket a few rods ahead, when one of the party suddenly commenced a hasty retreat, remarking that "he hadn't lost any bear, and he'd be shot if he would hunt for one any longer."

"I HAVE a Sunday-school of bright, interesting children in New York, and, to encourage them, had recourse to a concert and exhibition, to which the parents were invited and the public generally. During the exercises I asked the children who could tell me any thing about Peter. No one answered. I repeated it, and finally a little girl of four years held up her hands and said, 'I can.'

"Well, my little girl, that's right. I am glad to see there is one little girl here who will put these larger boys and girls to shame."

"The little girl was then led to the platform, and I told her to tell me what she knew of Peter. She put her finger to her mouth, and looking very smiling, said,

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her—
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well."

"That sufficed the audience, who began to cough in their handkerchiefs, and she was allowed to find her seat."

BOTH the incidents that come next have been in former Drawers, but they are so well told by a valued correspondent that we repeat them:

In the days when "Women's Rights" were just beginning to be rampant in Massachusetts an eccentric, though excellent, clergyman had "a notice" sent him that a woman, Mrs. —, would give a public lecture on the Rights of the Sex at the Town Hall, and this notice he was particularly requested to read to his congregation, with his other public notices, on the Sabbath. Accordingly, on Sunday, after having given his other notices, he paused a moment, and then said, "I am also requested to give notice to the congregation that a *hen will crow in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. All who would like to hear her are invited to attend.*"

In an interior town in old Connecticut lives an odd character named Ben Hayden. Ben has some good points; but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corners. Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and wheel-barrow.

"Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and I want to pay you the cash for it."

"Very well," says B. And so they both go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn, and Ben takes it down while Mr. B. stops to close up his windows.

When he got down he saw old Ben some ways from the door, making for home.

"Halloo, Ben! You said you wanted to pay the cash for that corn."

Old Ben sat down on one handle of his barrow, and, cocking his head on one side, said, "That's all true, Mr. B. I do want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't."

"In our camp," writes a brave volunteer while our Army of the West was before Corinth, "are two Indians, comical geniuses both of them, but not very well versed in the white man's language. Our worthy chaplain became interested in them, and in one of his prayers asked a blessing for the poor untaught Indians among us. After service they were observed to be in a towering passion, and when they met the chaplain they broke out upon him for calling them bad names.

"'Why, no,' said he; 'what have I said?'"

"'You tell the Lord poor Indian great rascal.'"

"The good man explained as well as he could: but they were not satisfied; they didn't want to be called names."

At a session of a Kentucky court held a few years ago a negro woman was convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to be hung. In a few weeks she professed to be converted, and the jailer moved his Honor Judge N—— for an order allowing her to be removed from the jail to be baptized.

"Why not baptize her in the jail?" asked the Judge.

"She wishes to be immersed. She don't believe sprinkling or pouring valid baptism," says turnkey.

Judge N—— reflected a moment, and answered: "I have a right to settle that question. Mr. Clerk, make an order that this Court, being sufficiently advised, decides that sprinkling is valid baptism."

So this vexed question is settled by a Kentucky court.

ONE of the orthodox religious papers of Boston illustrates the present state of things in our country by the following story:

A couple of raftsmen were in a big blow on the Mississippi River in a gale. Their raft was emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar; and, expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion, not engaging in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he: "get down on yer knees now, for there isn't a minit between us and purgatory."

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with the pole; "be aisy now! what's the use of praying when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?"

It will be remembered that the transport on board of which General Butler took passage for Ship Island was run ashore on some shoal out South, and for a time was in great peril. There was more or less alarm among the soldiers. The boats were got ready to land the troops, and among the first to rush for a safe place on board was a chaplain. As he was about to step from the transport to the boat General Butler seized him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Look here, my long-haired friend, you came here

to pray for us, and now, the first time we really need your services, you desert your post. Step back, Sir!"

BLANCHE.

BLANCHE sat by her open casement,
Humming an air as she spinned;
Ever and oft the burden came,
Borne on the summer's wind.

'Twas an olden ditty she sang,
She had caught from lips long dead—
Lips now attuned to other songs,
To other songs, she said.

Round and round her spinning-wheel flew,
Swiftly the long silken thread
Dropped from her ivory fingers—
"An endless task!" she said.

The sun swooned away on the mountains,
Painting the valley in red,
In orange and purple the vineyards—
"An endless day!" she said.

The moon and stars they glimmered
As the twilight shadows fled;
She leans from her open casement—
"God only is peace!" she said.

An angel in secret is stitching
A death-shroud with mystical thread;
Sewing the half-finished meshes—
"God only is rest!" he said.

Now wipe the tears from thy cheek, Blanche!
Believe that thy lover is dead;
For faithless from thee he has wandered—
"God only is true!" she said.

'Twas night, and the angel was bending
Over Blanche as she lay on her bed;
He whispered, her spinning is ended—
"God only is life!" he said.

AWAY in the Jerseys they had a funeral a short time ago. The deceased was a lady about seventy-three; she left behind her a mother over ninety, and an only son turned fifty years of age. Being generally respected, the assemblage at the funeral was great. The prayers, or rather the services, in the house were conducted by the Presbyterian minister, who no doubt did his best. After praying for every body in and out of the congregation, he "begged Heaven to have pity upon the orphan, who, though advanced in years, was yet an orphan." The mother of the deceased was not forgotten; for a blessing was asked for her, "who, though older than her daughter, had yet survived her."

A GENTLEMAN in Ohio writes to the Drawer of a visit made by the Marion County Commissioners to Cleveland on some business for the county. They put up at a first-class hotel, and when they came to breakfast a bill of fare was handed to one of them by the waiter. The country gentleman was puzzled by the sight of it; but after examining it a moment he stretched himself back, and said, "I am much obliged to you for this paper, Sir; and I will read it after I have finished my breakfast!"

FROM Iowa a welcome correspondent writes:

"Judge P—— has his habitation in a city beautifully located on the west bank of the 'old Massasip.' Our legal friend is a white man in all essentials—barring a few: his copper complexion, high cheek-bones, and coarse black hair, with 'nary a kink' therein, strongly indicate a probable descent from Black Hawk or 'some other man of the same

persuasion.' The Judge has, until recently, been regarded a staunch Democrat;—'tis not necessary here to state how his political *status* came to be changed. At a late gathering of 'the unterrified,' our friend of the ermine, in the heat of argument with a 'son of Erin,' asserted that he (the Judge) was 'sound on the goose,' having been 'rocked in the cradle of democracy.'

"'Be the mortal,' interposed Dennis, 'yer tinder limbs niver reposed in a cradle at all; and as for rocking, be the holy poker! it's little uv that ye got, sthraped to a bit uv a board slung on an owld squaw's back!'

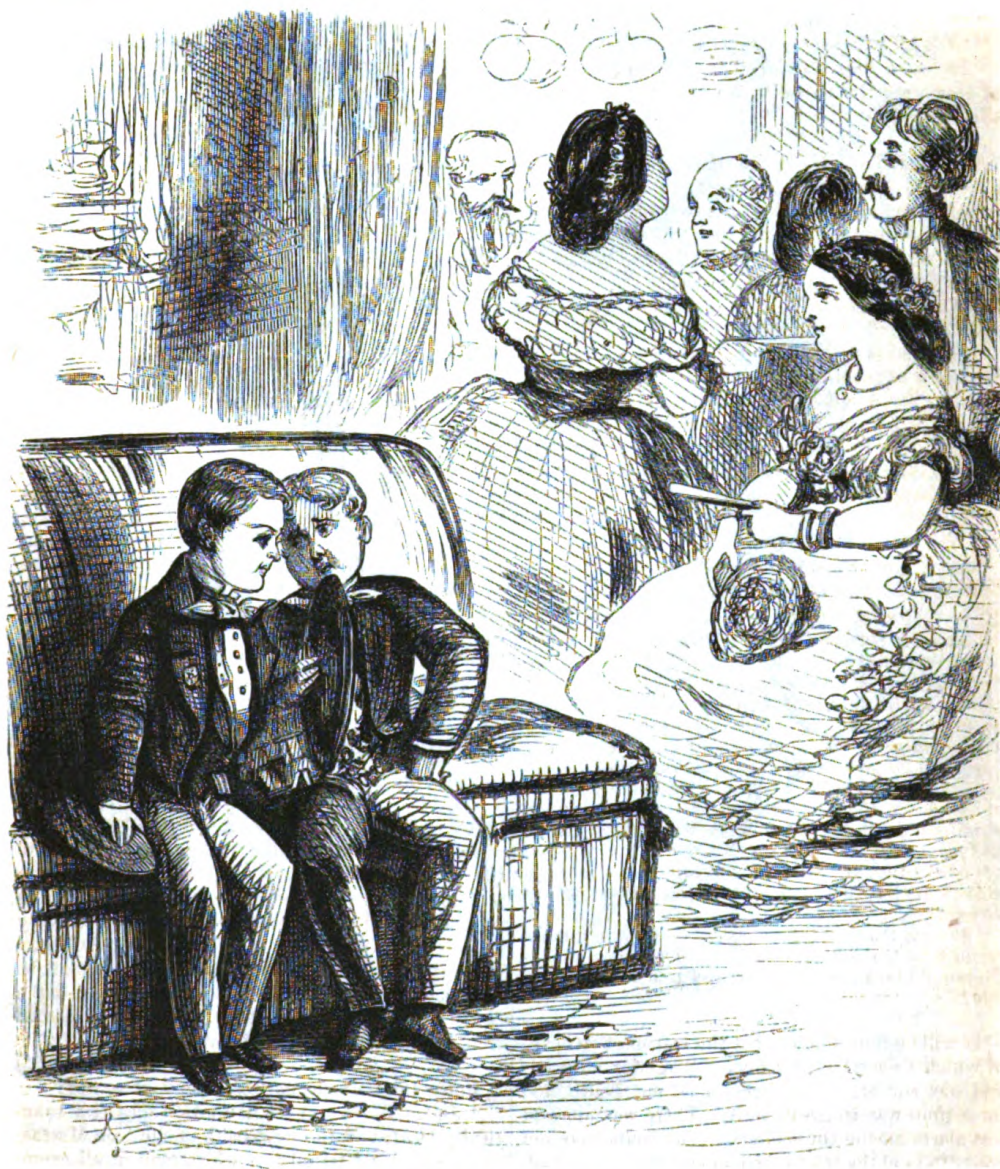
"Mention *cradle* in the Judge's vicinity and he'll rock you."

A TELEGRAPH operator was taken prisoner by a

gang of guerrillas in Western Virginia, and the captain offered to spare his life on condition of his taking the oath to support the Southern Confederacy (C. S. A.). He promptly replied that if, after a whole life's hard work, and the use of more oaths than it was pleasant to reflect upon, he had been unable to support himself, how could it be expected that he could support the C. S. A. taking only one? He "still lives."

A LONG ISLANDER tells a yarn about Old Rumpus that will bear telling again:

"Not many years ago there lived on the east end of Long Island a specimen of the race familiarly known as 'Old Rumpus.' He used to boast that he was the 'pootyest' man on Long Island—a fact that has been universally acknowledged, since he won the



LOVE AND POLITICS.

FRED.—"Fine Gurl that, Gus, looking at us. Isn't she rayther Sweet on you?"

AUGUSTUS.—"Oh yes, poor thing! but it's no use. I'm going in for Politics, and sha'n't have time for that sort of thing. Love will do for Boys; Men have more serious matters to attend to."

'ugly man's prize' at a Fourth of July frolic, by making the most homely face while looking through a horse-collar. The old man's passion was 'trading hosses;' but as he invariably got the best of the bargain, it became almost impossible for him to find a person to trade with, till he said one day if he could make *one* more trade he would be willing to have the world *come to an end*. Fortune favored him. A stranger drove up and stopped at the tavern. 'Old Rumpus' soon got into conversation with the man, examined his horse, remarked that he would be a 'nice hoss if it wa'n't for his years;' he showed the man his nag, which was a really fine animal to look at, and finally bantered the man to trade, who seemed nowise backward. A bargain was finally made; the stranger was to give 'Old Rumpus' his horse and twenty dollars, taking in return a horse

which for looks was vastly superior to his own. The money was paid; but suddenly 'Old Rumpus' seemed to repent of his bargain. He said he was a 'poor old man, nigh on to sixty;' 'he was afraid of a new hoss;' 'was no judge of hosses;' but knew 'his hoss was a good hoss.' He said he didn't want to trade; 'was only joking;' and with tears in his eyes begged to be released from his bargain; but the stranger called on the by-standers as witnesses that it was a trade, and he should consider it binding. 'Old Rumpus' asked permission to trade back in a week if either party should be dissatisfied in that time, but this also was refused. Then putting the money in his pocket, buttoning up his coat, he approached his newly-made acquaintance, and said, 'Take my advice, stranger, when you harness him up let out the traces and set well back, for he will kick your brains



HOUSE-CLEANING.

MRS. MILLEFLEURS.—"Oh, Angelina! I'm so glad to see you!—You must excuse my looks. I've been House-Cleaning all day, and I'm almost tired to death!"

out, if you've got any!' He was harnessed to the wagon of his new owner, and demolished it 'double-quick,' scattering dash-board, cushions, man, etc., at different places, all within a rod of the starting-place. This little affair put a new aspect on the transaction. The stranger now wanted to trade back, but 'Rumpus' called on the witnesses to prove that it was a trade; but said he didn't want to take advantage of a stranger, and was willing to trade back for ten dollars, which the victim gladly consented to give. The money was paid over, and 'Old Rumpus' drove out of the village in high glee, with thirty dollars in his pocket and a horse that no one could drive but himself; while the stranger, for attempting to cheat an old man, rode out a wiser man, minus thirty dollars and his wagon."

No moral.

In one of our towns the Postmaster has, by skillful manœuvring, managed to retain his office from the time of Harrison and Tyler down to the present day. Being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of Administration, he replied, that "it would take a mighty smart Administration to change quicker than he could."

WHILE our army was making its steady progress down the valley into Virginia a farmer came to camp with a load of *truck* to sell for Uncle Sam's gold, which was always quite as good in rebeldom as at home. He was told that he could not trade there unless he was ready to "swear"—that is, take the oath of allegiance. Not understanding the term, but supposing it to be taken literally, the old man opened his mouth and swore terribly. He put the



HOW MRS. MILLEFLEURS CLEANED HOUSE.

MRS. MILLEFLEURS.—"Oh, Bridget, do scrub a little more gently; you shock my nerves."

bad word in front of the name of Jeff Davis, Wise, Floyd, Letcher, and every rebel, big and little, he could put his tongue to: he swore till it looked blue all about him, and at last, out of breath, he asked "if that would do?" It was "taken and deemed" to be sufficient evidence of his loyalty, and he was allowed to dispose of his vegetables.

Mr. G. W. B— (every New Yorker will know who that means), who has fed more hungry people than any other man in the city, tells some good stories, of which the following is one:

A while ago some philanthropic effort was started in his church for which funds were to be raised, and it was decided to have a special sermon and a collection. Mr. B— was appointed as one of the members to pass the plate. It so happened that Mr. B—, who felt anxious that the affair should be successful, met a friend in Broadway, and urged his attendance and his moneyed co-operation. His friend told him he was compelled to leave town that very

day, but that he had given his wife a five-dollar bill to put in the plate for him.

When Mr. B— walked around the side of the church, with his collection plate in hand, he espied, sitting at the end of a pew, the wife of the friend whom he had met that morning, and who gave her the five-dollar bill. As he handed the plate to her, the lady placed into it a bill, not carefully folded, which was seen at a glance to be *three* dollars. Mr. B—, instead of passing on, stopped and said in an undertone, audible to her, however, "No you don't! I want the other two dollars. You know your husband gave you five!"

The lady looked astonished, and said, "Do move on, Mr. B—."

"No," said B—, "I'll stay here an hour unless I get that other two dollars."

His determined air and manner were too much for the lady. So quietly taking out her porte-monnaie she blushing added a two-dollar bill, and B— passed on triumphant.



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

AUNT SALLY.—"I hope, Eliza Jane, you did not neglect Public Worship in Paris.—What Church did you attend?"

ELIZA JANE.—"Oh, Not a Dam Church."

AUNT SALLY.—"Not a What!—I always knew Paris was an awfully wicked place, but I never expected to hear one of our Family come back and swear about Churches!"

(N.B. Aunt Sally does not understand that Eliza Jane meant to say the Church of Notre Dame.)

Fashions for September.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—CARRIAGE OR DINNER TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—AUTUMN PARDESSUS.

THE Robe represented in the DINNER TOILET is of taffeta, ornamented with a *chicorée*, heading falls of white and black lace, one above the other. The skirt is ornamented with festoons.

The AUTUMN PARDESSUS may be made of different

materials, according to the advance of the season. Composed of a fabric of somewhat light color, embroidered with black braids, it is a decided favorite. It may also be further ornamented with drops and fringes.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLIX.—OCTOBER, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



THE CAPTIVE SAVED.

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

SINCE the days of the robber barons in Germany, and border feuds between Englishmen and Scots, no portion of history is so fertile in narratives of personal daring and individual adventures as that which records the pioneer settlements of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The immigrants into the later settled States, who relied in a great measure on the Federal armies for protection, did not find so wide a field for individual exploits; besides which, the power of

the hostile tribes had been so broken by earlier conflicts that they were unable to offer so obstinate a resistance as they had done to the first encroachments beyond the Alleghanies. Thus the truly heroic age of our Western history extends only from the founding of Boonesborough, in 1775, to the Treaty of Ghent; after which, the savages, deserted by England, recognized their fate, and yielded the dominion of the Northwest to the white men.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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The treaty of 1762 had made the English colonists and the savages east of the Mississippi fellow-subjects of the same crown, but had done little to mitigate the hostility which a century and a quarter of constant and merciless war had engendered between them. The savages knew that their enemies were not the kings of England or France, who reigned thousands of miles away, but the ever restless colonists of the Atlantic sea-board, whose power they dreaded, and whose aggressions they were continually experiencing. So then, when war broke out between their own peculiar enemies and the English, the nations of the Northwest gathered as eagerly to the flag of Britain as they had ever done to that of France, and displayed as much ferocity under the command of St. Leger and Prevost as under that of Duquesne and Montcalm.

No national hatred was ever more bitter and lasting than that which existed between the two races on this continent—not even that between Spaniards and Moors—nor were hostilities ever carried on during any long series of years with such relentless ferocity. The final aim of both parties being extermination, the destruction of non-combatants was an object to be sought with hardly less eagerness than that of the most efficient warriors, and pity to any one of the hostile race came to be considered a weakness, especially among the whites. To smite the heathen hip and thigh, or, better still, make him an inheritance, was only another expression of the "right of might" doctrine always so willingly embraced by the strong, even when unaccompanied by the divine sanction that was supposed to justify its application in the particular case of a great continent abounding in every element of wealth being found in the possession of a people too weak to defend it. That a Christian, armed with steel cap and musketoon, should lack what the Mexican armed in cotton mail and obsidian sword possessed, appeared just as absurd to the Virginian cavalier and the New England Puritan as it did to the Spanish conquistador; and though the former did not proclaim their opinion so loudly as the latter, they acted it out as fully and relentlessly. A conflict begun in such a spirit could not be otherwise than merciless at the outset; and when we remember that the pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio were the sons and grandsons of the backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and that they met the red men with the accumulated rancor of generations raging in the breasts of both parties, neither the ferocity of their battles nor the cold-blooded treatment of prisoners will be deemed a matter of wonder.

But what does seem strange is, that in reading the story of these barbarous wars, if we are for a moment relieved by some tale of unwonted magnanimity, it is nearly always an Indian who falsifies the savage creed in which he has been educated; while a white man's boasted civilization is but seldom found to raise him sufficiently above his habitual prejudices as to show mercy to an Indian. One such exceptional act of kind-

ness we will venture to relate, because we are perfectly sure of its authenticity, having heard it from the gentleman who was its subject.

The massacre at the River Raisin is a name suggestive of all that is horrible in Indian warfare: at the mere mention of it our mothers still shudder, and over it our grandmothers wept bitter tears for sons, the very flower of Kentucky, who there fell a sacrifice to savage cruelty and the perfidy of an English general. It is well known that the first conflict at Frenchtown resulted favorably to our army, and that when the assailants renewed the attack, they for hours made good their frail stockades against the whole force of British and Indians combined. During the hottest part of this latter fight, Mr. C—, then a mere boy, was struck down by a bullet through the body, and carried to a log-hut in the rear, used as a hospital for the wounded, with whom it was soon crowded. After the surrender, which was not made until the English commander pledged his honor for the safety of the prisoners, a number of savages, drunk with rage and whisky, rushed into the cabin and began to tomahawk and scalp the helpless inmates. Young C—, who happened to be lying in such a position as to be partially hid but yet able to see all that was done, feigned death, hoping thereby to escape the hatchet, though he well knew it would not save him from the scalping-knife, for scalps then bore a good price at the government offices in Canada. While trying to nerve himself to endure the horrible mutilation without flinching, he noticed the entrance of an Indian who, instead of taking any part in the barbarous employment of his fellows, appeared to regard it with disapproval. Grasping at the slightest hope of escape, the youth determined to appeal to this man for protection. Springing suddenly to his feet, and eluding some blows aimed at him, he rushed to his side, and earnestly begged to be received as his prisoner. The noble savage for a moment regarded his eager petitioner with a look of mingled doubt and pity, and then asked if he thought himself able to endure a rapid march to Canada. Receiving an assurance in the affirmative, he threw his blanket round the youth and led him to his own camp, where he supplied him with proper food, examined tenderly into the nature of his hurt, and watched over his safety with the solicitude of a brother. During the subsequent day, when so many of the prisoners were murdered in cold blood by their guards, this Indian, by assistance and encouragement, enabled his suffering protégé to keep so well up with the party in its hasty march as not to attract the attention of his less merciful companions, who would have dispatched him if he had delayed their progress. At night, when the poor boy's wounds kept him awake and tossing with pain, his red friend sat by him trying to assuage his agony, and when he at last discovered that this was best accomplished by the patient lying across something, offered his own person for that purpose, and bore without moving the inconveniences of such a position during the remainder



INDIAN AND PONY.

of the night. The same conduct was continued until Mr. C—— was delivered to the British authorities at Malden. From that time he never saw or could hear of his noble benefactor; but he always cherished his memory with feelings of the deepest gratitude. We think we may challenge any historian of civilized warfare to point out a more striking instance of generosity than this. Certainly a darker scene was never relieved by a brighter gleam.

There is another little incident we have heard related by a venerable lady of our acquaintance, which displays a similar forbearance on the part of an Indian; and which we will here narrate, because it presents one of the very few instances of reciprocal forbearance on the part of the whites to an enemy who had fallen into their hands; and, what makes it stranger still, that enemy, not only an Indian but a horse-thief: which latter class of criminals the settlers hated as cordially, and slew as remorselessly, as they did the former. The lady, when a girl of eighteen or nineteen, resided with her father on the outskirts of the settlements at a period when the older parts of the State had become well popu-

lated, and the Indians, intimidated by the frequent expeditions into their own country, had ceased to cross the Ohio in large bodies, but singly, or in small parties, prowled along the frontiers with the design rather of plundering than slaying; seldom hesitating, however, to take a scalp when the opportunity offered, so that the whites still thought it dangerous to move far from home without company, but at the same time regarded their cabins as perfectly secure from attack, except in very isolated situations where succor could not be readily obtained. Miss M——, therefore, was in the habit of rambling fearlessly into the fields near her father's house for the purpose, among other things, of feeding and petting a favorite pony. One evening she went forth about sunset, and remained for an hour standing upon a log caressing the gentle animal, throwing her arms round his neck, stroking his face with her handkerchief, and talking to him as young ladies are apt to do with a pet of any description. Next morning, to her great grief, the pony was missing, and an examination showed that he had been stolen by an Indian. A small party, consisting of her

brothers and a few neighbors, quickly started in pursuit of the robber, and late in the evening came in sight of a single young warrior standing on a log with his arm round the neck of his prize—stroking his face with a piece of cloth, and talking to him in a soft girlish voice just as he had seen the young lady doing the evening before. The pursuers, guessing the truth and moved to a most unusual degree of clemency, instead of shooting the thief down in his tracks took the pains to surround and capture him, and thus learned that he had been lying under the very log on which Miss M—— stood while caressing her pet. And his savage fancy had been so much captivated by the graceful tableau that he had forborne to injure her though within arms' reach for an hour, and was trying to re-enact the scene himself when his enemies came upon him.

Two men, Boone and Harrod, are generally regarded as representatives of the border populations of their times, and in some superficial points they were so. But in mental power, elevation of sentiment, they were as different from the mass of their contemporaries, and as superior to them in every moral quality, as George Washington was to the majority of those who aided him in the Revolutionary struggle. Except in superficial things, indeed, no great man can be a representative one; for the very fact that he is great implies that he is exceptional, and he is only great so far as he is exceptional. Those who would find representatives of the Indian fighters of the West must look for them among such men as M'Intosh and Wetzel. But Boone and Harrod were remarkable for their magnanimity toward their red-skinned antagonists. The latter in particular was not surpassed in this respect by any hero of chivalry. He was in every essential a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*; and his life was a true romance of the forest. Born it is not certainly known where, ignorant of letters but intelligent from observation, with a spirit as lofty and as gentle as that of Sidney himself, he appeared among the earliest settlers of the country—or rather preceded them, for when Boone came first to Boonesborough Harrod's cabin already marked the site of Harrodsburg—and, after spending his prime of manhood in protecting the lives and property without deigning to grasp the immense fortune his own enterprise had placed within reach, at last, when all around him was peace and prosperity, when an affectionate family made his home pleasant, and age was beginning to silver his jetty curls and steal the vigor from his stalwart tread—when it was natural that he would settle quietly down, beloved by neighbors to whom he had shown so much kindness, and honored by the commonwealth he had helped to build up—he suddenly plunged into the forest, and disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. The beginning and end of his life no man knows, nor can any one point out the spot where his cradle stood or his bones repose.

Nature seldom produces such men as James Harrod. He was truly one of her noblemen, and art had no part in his formation. Unable to write his name, he succeeded in placing it permanently among the most beloved and renowned of his adopted State. Never seeking command, he was always called to leadership by the public voice in times of difficulty and danger. Perfectly candid and honest, he turned with disgust from the strifes and intrigues of party to the more honorable warfare with the wild beasts and wilder men of the forests. Entire personal freedom was his ruling passion; and he indemnified himself for even the ordinary restrictions of society by indulging in long solitary excursions into the wilderness, often lasting many weeks, while he abhorred and resolutely refused to wear the shackles of party-discipline and official propriety. Hence, except as Colonel of Militia, his name is not found among the dignitaries of his time—his want of education, indeed, incapacitating him for most civil employments. It was as a neighbor and friend that he was most distinguished; and in these simple capacities he performed most of those services that have joined his name with those of Boone and Clarke, in a triumvirate which the people of Kentucky still delight to honor as the three great founders of their State. Let the best-informed historian of Kentucky tell why this man was so highly admired, and by what arts he gained so much of the people's love:

"At Harrodsburg," says Mr. Marshall, "news was brought him that the Indians had surprised a party four miles away and killed a man. 'Boys,' said he, 'let us go and beat the rascals;' and accordingly he snatches his gun and runs at the head of his party. He hears that a family is in want of meat, and takes his rifle, repairs to the forest, kills the needful supply, and presently offers it to the sufferers. A plow-horse is in the range—a pasture without bounds. The owner, not yet used to the woods, and apprehensive of the danger attending a search, says to Harrod, 'My horse has not come up, so I can't plow to-day.' 'What kind of a horse is yours?' The description is given, Harrod departs, and in a little while the horse is driven up to the owner's door. If," continues the same author, "he who leads a party can be said to want ambition, James Harrod seems to have been free from that passion. Simple, frugal, candid, and complying, seeming to command because always foremost in danger; utterly destitute of art he nevertheless had a party—not because he wanted it, but because it wanted him; for whenever men are surrounded by danger they instinctively seek a leader, especially for self-defense and protection, and this leader is generally their favorite companion, the man in whose courage, skill, and perseverance they have the most implicit faith." This is the testimony of one who knew Harrod personally, and who is in general very niggardly in awarding praise to his contemporaries.

Mr. Webber relates an incident of one of



HARROD AND THE WARRIOR.

Harrod's solitary rambles into the wilderness which we have never seen mentioned elsewhere, and which strikingly illustrates the chivalrous character of this hero of the backwoods:

Being on one occasion hotly pressed by a party of Indians he plunged into the Miami, then in a flooded state, and holding his rifle above water with one hand, and swimming with the other, succeeded in reaching the other shore untouched by the bullets which closely flew about his head. Two of the savages as bold as himself followed, but the foremost, when in mid-stream, received a shot and disappeared with a stifled yell beneath the rushing waters, while the other, warned by his comrade's fate, turned back, and the chase was given up. An hour or two afterward, as Harrod approached the river a few miles below the point where this encounter had taken place, he saw something struggling in an eddy, and was not a little astonished when he beheld a naked warrior draw himself painfully upon a pile of drift-wood, where, having with difficulty fixed himself, he proceeded to apply a rude bandage to his shoulder, down which the blood was flowing from a deep rifle-shot wound.

Rightly conjecturing this to be the same Indian whom he had lately shot, who had contrived to save himself by clinging to some piece of floating timber, and moved by an impulse such as few white men of his time would have understood, he resolved to lend what assistance he could to his disabled adversary. But how to approach him was the first difficulty; for Harrod well knew that if he should present himself in the guise of an enemy the savage would not hesitate to plunge again into the stream rather than allow a foeman the honor of carrying away his scalp as a trophy of victory. Stealing cautiously, therefore, to one of the trees on the bank a few yards from where the unconscious object of his kindness sat, he laid aside his gun, knife, and hatchet, and then slipped suddenly into view with his arms extended, in token of peace, and to show that he was without any weapon. At the first sight of him the savage started in act to plunge into the stream, but a second glance assuring him that no immediate hostility was intended, he forbore his purpose, but remained watching with the jealous gaze of a disabled wild beast the stranger's approach, ready at the first sus-

picious motion to seek death in the foaming river rather than await it at the hands of an enemy. At length the encouraging gestures and open, kindly countenance of the other convinced him that nothing unfriendly was intended, when he suffered himself to be approached. Harrod finding him almost fainting from cold and loss of blood, gently assisted him to the shore, where he dressed his hurt with a portion of his own clothing, and then taking him on his back, bore him several miles to a beautiful little cave, which he had discovered years before, and used as a lodging in inclement weather during his excursions into this region. Here he continued to feed and nurse his late foe as long as he required such attentions, and finally dismissed him in safety to his tribe.

Such was James Harrod to his friends; and—a better test of character—such was he to his enemies.

Daniel Boone, the twin-founder of Kentucky, is one of those men who are much talked about and little understood—or rather, greatly misunderstood. He is generally regarded as a mere rover of the woods, who fled thither to escape the contact of his fellow-men, and happened to stumble on fame by the mere accident of being the first to settle in the country watered by the lower tributaries of the Ohio, and who possessed no extraordinary powers save endurance and courage. Even his panegyrist, Governor James Morehead, in an anniversary oration at Boonesborough, cites him as an “example of what may be achieved in our country by a man of no uncommon mental endowments”—a very striking example, indeed, if it were true; but no man ever acquired the voluntary obedience of his fellows, and retained it for any length of time, without superior powers of some sort. Our laws may call all men equal, but a higher law forbids; and by that eternal law was Daniel Boone invested with the office of leader of men.

Even among intelligent persons Boone has been too much undervalued; because through a long course of national prosperity the principal business of our public men has been to talk well, and we have, in our admiration of this faculty, come to look with small respect upon that inarticulate kind of intellect which reveals itself in acts and not in words. And the consequence has been that the workers have left the conduct of public affairs to the talkers, and turned their energies into the channels of private enterprise, which accordingly show a degree of energy and success almost unknown in the world. And now, when the storm is upon us in all its fury, and our people stand aghast at the sudden ruin of all their towering hopes; when they see that the talkers have theorized and philosophized us almost to the giving up our pretensions to our national existence, and begin to look around for men of action to lead them through the danger, we find these leaders stepping forth from private stations to which their voiceless energies had been confined, and that scarcely one of their names has ever been a party watch-word. And

this, instead of a suspicious, is really a propitious omen; for while the *work* of the country lay in making great roads and other enterprises of a private nature, these men did that work; and now, by the same law of their natures, when the great work of the nation is war and government, they come forth to do that. We have learned by a fearful lesson that mere institutions, however good, are no safeguards against personal ambition and national degeneracy; let us pray, then, for the speedy appearance of that which can save us—God's true vicegerent on earth—a *great man*: not a great talker—we have had enough of them—but a great doer.

This Magazine has already given* a biographical sketch of Boone, detailing the main incidents of his life, and although quoting Morehead's inadequate estimate of his character, presenting as a whole a fair estimate of the man. In that article the commonly accredited account of the Battle of Blue Licks is given in brief; and the present writer, in a former paper, has alluded to this account, rather by way of illustration than with any confidence in its correctness. Indeed it always seemed to him incredible that a body of men, most of them veterans in Indian warfare, could, merely by a taunt, be so far deprived not only of their habitual caution but of common sense, as to rush pell-mell into a trap whose existence had been pointed out by one who knew the whole ground, and could read the signs of an ambuscade as easily as he could a printed page. The whole tale about M'Gary's scornful exclamation having stung the whole army into momentary insanity always seemed to us very much like one of those excuses which national pride is sure to invent in order to hide its own humiliation. At length this suspicion was confirmed by a letter that appeared in one of our later historical collections, and which, though partially suppressed by the editor, still contained enough to prove that the whole disaster was attributable, not to any rash but chivalrous impulse of outraged gallantry, but to the most commonplace and unromantic misconduct on the part of both men and officers. As this statement was said to be derived from Boone, who was in the fight; from Clarke, who, as commander-in-chief, must have been well informed as to all its particulars; and from Kenton, who had often conversed with the survivors of the massacre, it certainly deserves to be heard in opposition to the received account; and when once so heard, we think there will be no doubt as to which will command the greater credit.

In order to render a description of this famous battle intelligible, it will be necessary to give the reader some general idea of the field on which it occurred, which, as its topographical features are very marked, may be easily done.

At the place called the “Lower Blue Lick,” the Licking River, in its general northwesterly course, encountering a spur of the great mount-

* October, 1850.

ain bed of Eastern Kentucky, sweeps sharply off to the left for more than a mile, whence, after doubling the point of the promontory, it flows back, along the further side, to a point almost exactly opposite to that of its original deflection; and then, by another abrupt turn, resumes its general course toward the north-west—thus forming a very elliptical “horse-shoe bend.” The inclosed area was entirely occupied by a bold limestone ridge, except at its western extremity, where the alluvial deposit had formed a bottom of several acres in extent. From this bottom, which was covered with coarse grass and other growths natural to such a situation, and from the river on either side, the hill rose bold and bare not only of vegetation but even of soil itself—leaving the whole surface paved, as it were, with large limestone flags, black and blistered by the sun, with only a few stunted cedar shrubs growing here and there out of the crevices. Following the crest of this desolate-looking ridge for about a mile, the road passes between the heads of two ravines which, beginning only a few yards apart, run down somewhat obliquely to the river on each side. These ravines were filled with a dense jungle of small wood; while beyond them, instead of a rocky pavement, the surface of the hill was covered with an open forest of heavy timber, through which ran the great buffalo road. Thus the field of battle was a complete *cul-de-sac*, with but two outlets, one formed by the narrow pass between the heads of the ravines, the other by the ford at the other extremity of the ellipse.

On the 15th of August, 1782, an Indian army, consisting of detachments from all the northern tribes, whose march had been so secret that not the slightest rumor had preceded them, suddenly appeared before Bryant's Station, a few miles northeast of Lexington. The garrison, though taken by surprise, prepared for a stubborn defense, and, at the same time, sent off a runner to Colonel Todd, at Lexington, the superior officer of the district, who at once called out the forces immediately about him, and sent warning of the attack to Colonel Boone, at Boonesborough, and Lieutenant-Colonel Trigg, at Harrodsburg, to join him as quickly as possible with what men they could gather on the spur of the moment. Trigg also transmitted the news to Colonel Logan, the senior officer of the Kentucky militia. The three parties under Boone, Todd, and Trigg, having Harland, M'Gary, and Levi Todd as majors, were united at Lexington on the 17th, forming together a body of between two and three hundred men, the very flower of the young commonwealth. This little army reached the threatened station early on the morning of the 18th, but found that the enemy had raised the siege and departed about daylight, not choosing to wait an attack at that place; but instead of skulking off, as if anxious to baffle pursuit, they had taken the great buffalo trail to the Blue Licks, probably the best-beaten road at that time in the country. This circumstance

at once aroused Boone's suspicions, which were increased, as they advanced in pursuit, by many signs which seemed to show that the savages were moving as slowly and making as distinct a trail as possible, while taking every precaution to conceal their numbers, which they accomplished so well that the veteran woodsman could only guess their force to be between three and five hundred. At length, after a march of 36 miles, the army reached the bank of Licking River, and for the first time caught sight of the Indians, three or four of whom were seen, on the other side, leisurely ascending the ridge. The conduct of this party convinced Boone and all the more experienced among the whites that they were merely acting as a decoy to draw the pursuers over the river, and that their main body, though invisible, was not far off. A council was therefore called, in which all who chose seemed to have taken part. Boone, who had often hunted over the ground, described it minutely, particularly the situation of two ravines, and gave it as his opinion that the whole Indian force was lying in ambush at that point. He therefore advised that they should defer further operations till Logan, who was known to be hastening on, should join them with the men of Lincoln; and then, with their combined forces, continue the pursuit, and try to bring the enemy to battle in some less formidable position, before they could recross the Ohio. This would certainly have been the most prudent course, but the Fabian policy was little admired by the borderers, and seldom practiced. Seeing, therefore, that this first plan was unacceptable both to the officers and men, and still anxious to defer the battle as long as possible, but above all to prevent the passage of the river, he next proposed that the army should be divided into two bodies, the stronger of which should march *up* the river and cross at another ford, beyond the mouth of the ravine on that side, thus gaining the rear of the enemy's right; while the other division, moving *down* along the northern side of the bend, should flank and uncover their left, supposing them to be posted, as he conjectured, in the ravines; and to make sure of this latter point, he urged that scouts should first be sent out to examine the ground in both directions.

The usual version is, that while Boone was enforcing this last proposition Major M'Gary broke emphatically away from the group of officers, and waving his hat, spurred his horse into the water, calling on all who were not “cowards to follow, and he would show them where the Indians were;” when, according to M'Clung (who has been copied by every subsequent writer), the whole army, stung to madness by the taunt, flung aside all thoughts of discipline or danger, and poured in one mingled mass of horse and foot through the ford, and in the same disorder ascended the hill. Mr. Marshall, the best historian of those times, says, that first one and then another followed M'Gary, until the movement was gradually communicated to the whole body, which crossed in disorder in-

deed, but with none of the thoughtless precipitation so vividly described by M'Clung. But the letter of which we have spoken represents the whole movement as made in obedience to the orders of the commanding officers, and further states that, instead of rushing heedlessly on to an engagement, the men were reduced to some degree of order before ascending the hill, and each of the three divisions assigned its particular position and duty.

Of all the leaders, Boone alone seems to have understood how fatal a blunder had thus been committed. And so knowing, we can imagine his feelings when he saw that little army, composed so largely of his personal friends, among whom were a son and a nephew, inclosed in a trap, where victory was almost impossible, and defeat would be destruction. Still his mind continued as clear and his thoughts as unconfused as before the fatal step had been taken, and he saw that there remained one desperate hope of victory and salvation—namely, to push on, force the narrow passage between the ravines, and gain the woods beyond, thus at once gaining shelter for themselves, cutting the enemy's line, and exposing their rear—a situation in which he knew neither the savages nor any

other troops could be held steady for any length of time. With this hope he rapidly ascended the hill with his own men, and in a few minutes neared the desired point, which he found strongly guarded, and where the battle immediately began. Boone and M'Gary, at the head of their brave little forlorn hope, attempted to clear the strait on a run, and close with the enemy in the woods beyond. Had the number of the whites been near equal to that of the Indians, their stubborn valor might possibly have prevailed. Some few, indeed, did succeed in entering the wood, but it was only to die by the tomahawk instead of the rifle. But the converging fire from a semicircle of concealed foes swept the exposed and narrow passway with such murderous effect that Boone, after having seen his son stretched dead at his feet, gave up at last the desperate attempt. A single glance told him that the rest of the army was already not only defeated but on the brink of destruction, as he had foreseen. For the two wings, the extremities of which were to rest on the river on either side, thus occupying the whole breadth of the ellipse, having come into action wearied by a long march, and considerably disordered by the hasty passage of the stream, were met by a fire



BOONE AT THE BLUE LICKS.

from the ravines so accurate and sustained that in three or four minutes every field-officer except Major Todd was killed. The men, thus left without commanders, and unable to face the deadly fusillade, to which they could return no effectual reply, had gradually fallen back, still maintaining their connection with the centre, so that the line had first assumed a triangular form, and finally, when the action ceased in the van, the entire force was disposed along the crest of the ridge in an irregular column, searched throughout its whole length and breadth by the hostile shot. This position they maintained for a while, unable to advance, yet unwilling to fly; but their hesitancy was of short duration, for the Indians were now seen leaving the lower part of the ravines with the design of occupying the ford. The meaning of this movement was at once understood, and a panic seized the soldiers, who, leaving their wounded friends to their fate, rushed in tumultuous disorder down the hill, each thinking only of securing his own safety by reaching the only outlet from that bloody trap before it should be closed. But many never reached it at all, and others who did perished under the hatchet before they could gain the opposite shore; for the savages, issuing from their coverts when the retreat began, swarmed thickly round the flanks and rear of the flying crowd, striking them down at every step, and even slaying numbers in the stream itself, in spite of a galling fire from some of the whites who had already gained the farther bank.

But in the midst of this rout and dismay Boone saved himself by a boldness as timely and sagacious as his former prudence. Being most deeply involved, he saw that to fly toward the ford would only be sharing the fate of the crowd who had preceded him, as the Indians could reach that point before he could. Calling around him a party of fifteen or twenty friends, they dashed into one of the ravines, and, after a short but furious hand-to-hand struggle with the Indians who still remained there, succeeded in breaking through their line and gaining the shelter of the woods, whence, by a circuitous route, they reached Bryant's without losing a man.

Such we believe to have been the true character of the famous battle of the "Blue Licks," in which we scarcely know which to admire most, the skill with which the Indian leader posted and fought his savage army, or the acuteness with which Boone penetrated all his plans, and pointed out the means by which they might have been baffled.

But Daniel Boone was not only great-minded; for if our conduct and feelings toward enemies form, as they certainly do, the best measure of magnanimity, then was the Kentucky pioneer one of the most noble-minded of men. The narrative of his adventures, as detailed by himself, contains not one of those savage personal encounters with Indians which give so much interest to the lives of his compeers. The man, in fact, seems to have had nothing of the bully or

bravo about him, and to have had a singular aversion to shedding the blood even of his enemies. Even in that touching passage of Filson's narrative, where the veteran pioneer sums up his losses by savage hands—his two eldest sons being included in the list—he seems to feel no bitterness or anger in the melancholy retrospect, only deep sadness and a slight consciousness of ill-treatment from those for whom he had suffered so much.

Thus we see that Boone and Harrod were entirely free from one of the most characteristic feelings of their class, namely, "Indian hating;" a feeling the strength of which we may faintly conceive by talking to one of the old pioneers who yet linger here and there in the Western country, but more vividly perhaps from the frequency of what may very properly be termed revenge monomania. Mr. Bird's "Bloody Nathan," and Mr. Webber's "Silent Hunter," whether portraits or fancy sketches, are both good representatives of a class of persons whose minds had been more or less disordered by some of those awful incidents of savage warfare which make us shudder even at the distance of seventy years, and whose mysterious modes of life and ruthless pursuit of vengeance still form the burden of traditionary tales in many regions of our State.

Toward the end of the last century there lived at Vincennes a woman whose whole life had been spent on the frontier. She had been widowed four or five times by the Indians; her last husband, whose name was Moredock, had been killed a few years before the time of which we speak. But she had managed to bring up a large family in a respectable manner. Now, when her sons were growing up, she resolved to better their condition by moving "West." The whole of Illinois was a blooming waste of prairie land, except in a few places where stood the trading posts built a hundred years before by the French. These quiet little colonies of Normans and Bretons, nestling here and there, supply almost the only idyllic chapters in our history, otherwise so resonant with the noise of battle and the din of progress.

The lower peninsula of Illinois was not of a nature to attract emigrants when so much finer lands were to be found on the banks of the Great River and its tributaries; nor was a land journey over that marshy region, infested as it was by roving bands of savages, to be lightly undertaken, when the two rivers furnished a so much more easy though circuitous way to the delightful region beyond. Hence it was usual for a company of those intending to make the journey to purchase a sufficient number of pirogues, or keel-boats, in them descend the Ohio, and then ascend the Mississippi to the mouth of the Kaskaskia, or any other destined point. By adopting this mode of traveling all serious danger of Indian attacks was avoided, except at one or two points on the latter stream, where it was necessary to land and draw the boats around certain obstructions in the channel.



ATTACK ON THE EMIGRANTS.

To one of these companies the Moredock family joined itself—several of the sons being sufficiently well-grown to take a part not only in the ordinary labors of the voyage but in any conflict that might occur. All went well with the expedition until they reached the rock known as the "Grand Tower" on the Mississippi, almost within sight of their destination. Here, supposing themselves to be out of danger, the men carelessly leaped on shore to drag the boats up against the current which here rushed violently around the base of the cliff. The women and children, fifteen or twenty in number, tired of being cooped in the narrow cabins for three or four weeks, thoughtlessly followed. While the whole party were thus making their way slowly along the narrow space between the perpendicular precipice on one hand, and the deep, swift-flowing stream on the other, the well-known yell of savage onset rung in their ears, and a volley of rifles from above stretched half a dozen of the number dead in their midst, while almost at the same moment a band of the painted demons appeared at each end of the fatal pass. The experienced border-men, who saw at a glance that their condition was hopeless, stood for one mo-

ment overwhelmed with consternation; but in the next the spirit of the true Indian fighter awoke within their hearts, and they faced their assailants with hopeless but desperate valor. The conflict that ensued was only a repetition of the scene which the rivers and woods of the West had witnessed a thousand times before, in which all the boasted strength and intelligence of the whites had been baffled by the superior cunning of the red men. "Battle Rock," "Murder Creek," "Bloody Run," and hundreds of similar names scattered throughout our land, are but so many characters in that stern epitaph which the aborigines, during their slow retreat across the continent toward the Rocky Mountains, and annihilation, have written for themselves in the blood of the destroying race. The history of Indian warfare contains no passage more fearful than is to be found in the narrative of this massacre at the Grand Tower of the Mississippi. Half-armed, surprised, encumbered with their women and children, and taken in so disadvantageous a situation, being all huddled together on a narrow sand beach, with their enemies above and on either side, their most desperate efforts availed not even to postpone their

fate; and in the space of ten minutes after the warning yell was heard the mangled bodies of forty men, women, and children lay heaped upon that narrow strip of sand. The conflict had ended in the complete destruction of the emigrant company: so complete that the savages imagined not a single survivor remained to carry the disastrous tidings to the settlements.

But one such wretched survivor, however, there was. John Moredock, who having fought like a young tiger until all hope of saving even a part of the unfortunate company was lost, and who then, favored by the smoke, and the eagerness of the assailants for scalps, and the plunder of the boats, glided through the midst of the savages and nestled himself in a cleft of the rocks. Here he lay for hours, sole spectator of a scene of Indian ferocity which transformed his young heart to flint, and awoke that thirst for revenge which continued to form the ruling sentiment of his future life—and which raged as insatiably on the day of his death, forty years later, when he had become a man of mark, holding high offices in his adopted State, as it did when crouching among the rocks of the Grand Tower; and, beholding the bodies of his mother, sisters, and brothers mangled by the Indian tomahawks, he bound himself by a solemn oath never from that moment to spare one of the accursed race who might come within reach of his arm; and especially to track the footsteps of the marauding band who had just swept away all that he loved on earth, until the last one should have paid the penalty of life for life.

How long he remained thus concealed he never knew; but at length, as the sun was setting, the Indians departed, and John Moredock stepped forth from his hiding-place, not what he had entered it, a brave, light-hearted lad of nineteen, the pride of a large family circle and the favorite of a whole little colony of borderers, but an orphan and an utter stranger in a strange land, standing alone amidst the ghastly and disfigured corpses of his family and friends. He had hoped to find some life still lingering amidst the heaps of carnage; but all, all had perished. Having satisfied himself of this fact, the lonely boy—now transformed into that most fearful of all beings, a thoroughly desperate man—quitted the place, and guiding himself by the stars struck across the prairie toward the nearest settlement on the Kaskaskia, where he arrived the next morning, bringing to the inhabitants the first news of the massacre which had taken place so near their own village, and the first warning of the near approach of the prowling band which had been for several months depredating, at various points along that exposed frontier, in spite of the treaties lately made by their nations with the Federal Government.

John Moredock was by nature formed for a leader in times of danger, and his avowed determination to revenge the massacre of his friends and kindred by the extirpation of the murderous band coincided so exactly with the feelings of

the frontiersmen, that, in spite of his lack of previous acquaintance, he in a few days found himself at the head of a company of twenty-five or thirty young men, whose lives had been spent in the midst of all kinds of perils and hardships, and who now bound themselves to their leader by an oath never to give up the pursuit until the last one of the marauding band engaged in the attack at Grand Tower should be slain.

Stanch as a pack of blood-hounds this little company of avengers ranged the frontier from the Des Moines to the Ohio, now almost within reach of their victims, and now losing all trace of them on the boundless prairies over which they roamed, unconscious of the doom by which they were being so hotly but stealthily pursued. Once, indeed, the whites came up with their game on the banks of a tributary of the Missouri, a hundred and fifty miles beyond the utmost line of the settlements; but as the Indians, though unsuspecting of any particular danger, had pitched their camp in a spot at once easy to defend and to escape from, and as Moredock wished to destroy and not to disperse them, he forbore striking a partial blow, and resolved rather to postpone his revenge than to enjoy it incompletely. Fortune, however, seemed to repay him for this act of self-restraint by presenting the very opportunity he had sought, when, a few weeks afterward, he discovered the whole gang of murderers encamped for the night on a small island in the middle of the Mississippi. After a hasty consultation with his companions, a course of procedure was determined upon which strikingly displays both the monomaniacal tendency of the leader and the desperate ascendancy he had acquired over his followers. This was nothing less than to shut themselves up on that narrow sand bar and engage the savages in a hand-to-hand conflict—a conflict from which neither party could retreat, and which must necessarily end in the total destruction of one or the other. A most desperate undertaking truly, when we reflect that the numbers of the combatants were about equal, and that to surprise an Indian encampment was next to impossible. But John Moredock, and probably more than one of his companions, were monomaniacs, and considerations of personal danger never entered into their calculations. Revenge, not safety, was their object, and they took little thought of the latter when the opportunity of compassing the former was presented.

Slowly and stealthily, therefore, the canoes approached the island when all sounds there had ceased, and the flame of the camp fire had sunk into a pale red glow, barely marking the position of the doomed party among the undergrowth with which the central portion of the little isle was covered. The Indians, confiding in their natural watchfulness, seldom place sentinels around their camps; and thus Moredock and his band reached the island without being discovered. A few moments sufficed to set their own canoes as well as those of the Indians adrift, and then, with gun in hand and tomahawk ready,



RETURN OF JOHN MOREDOCK.

they glided noiselessly, as so many panthers, into the thicket, separating as they advanced so as to approach the camp from different quarters. All remained still as death for many minutes while the assailants were thus closing in around their prey, and not a twig snapped and scarcely a leaf stirred in the thick jungle through which thirty armed men were making their way in as many different directions, but all converging toward the same point, where a pale glimmer indicated the position of the unsuspecting savages. But though an Indian camp may be easily approached within a certain distance, it is almost impossible, if there be any considerable number of them, to actually strike its occupants while asleep. As savages, roaming at large over the face of the Continent without fixed habitations, and relying upon chance for the supply of their few wants, they know nothing of that regularity of habit which devotes certain fixed portions of time to the various purposes of life, but each one eats, sleeps, or watches just as his own feelings may dictate at the moment, without any regard to established usages of time or place. Hence the probability of finding all the members of an

Indian party asleep at the same time is small indeed. On the present occasion two or three warriors, who were smoking over the embers, caught the alarm before the assailants had quite closed in. Still the surprise gave the white men a great advantage, and half a dozen of the savages were shot down in their tracks before they comprehended the meaning of the hideous uproar, which suddenly broke the midnight stillness as Moredock and his company, finding their approach discovered, rushed in upon them. This fatal effect of the first volley was a lucky thing for the adventurers; for the Indians are less liable to panics than almost any other people, and they closed with their assailants with a fury that, combined with their superior skill in nocturnal conflict, would have rendered the issue of the struggle a very doubtful matter had the number of combatants been more nearly even. As it was, the nimble warriors fought their way against all odds to the point where their canoes had been moored. Here, finding their expected means of flight removed, and exposed upon the naked sand beach, the survivors still made desperate battle until all were slain except three,

who plunged boldly into the stream, and, aided by the darkness, succeeded in reaching the main land in safety.

Twenty-seven of those engaged in the massacre at the Grand Tower had been destroyed at a single blow. But three had escaped from the bloody trap, and while these lived the vengeance of John Moredock was unsatisfied. They must perish, and he determined that it should be by his own hand. He therefore dismissed his faithful band, and thenceforth continued the pursuit alone. Having learned the names of the three survivors he easily tracked them from place to place, as they roamed about in a circuit of three or four hundred miles. Had the wretches known what avenger of blood was thus dogging their tracks, the whole extent of the Continent would not have afforded space enough for their flight, or its most retired nook a sufficiently secure retreat. But quiet as relentless Moredock pursued his purpose, and but few even of his acquaintances knew the motive of his ceaseless journey along the frontiers from Green Bay to the mouth of the Ohio, and far into the unsettled wastes beyond the Mississippi. At length, about two years after the massacre of his family at the Tower, he returned to Kaskaskia having completed his terrible task, and bearing the scalp of the last of the murderers at his girdle.

Had he rested here few persons would have felt inclined to blame, while most would have applauded his conduct as being guided by the most rigid principles of poetic justice. But, alas! human virtues, unregulated, are almost certain to degenerate into vices, the more dangerous because so deceptive. John Moredock, although he no longer devoted his whole time to Indian hunting, never relaxed in his hatred to that people; and when he died at the age of sixty, popular as a public officer, highly esteemed as a neighbor, and beloved as a husband and father, the ruling passion was still strong in his heart: so that his biographer could truly say that he had never spared the life of an Indian when in his power, or lost an opportunity of inflicting injury upon the detested race. And yet this man was remarkable for his mildness in his intercourse with his own people; and though possessed of that constitutional courage that braves the most frightful dangers without a tremor, and of a strength and activity seldom surpassed, and living in a state of society where these qualities were more available for the protection of a man's person and rights than the loosely administered laws, he was never known to be engaged in a quarrel with his fellow-citizens. And yet this man, so peaceable and kind-hearted in all other respects, hesitated not to murder a red man when and wherever he might meet him.

While small parties of marauders were still prowling through the thick beech forests which cover the country for miles south of the Ohio River, a small station had been erected considerably in advance of the general frontier line. A few miles from this little place of refuge two

men, named Saunders and Smith, had ventured to build their lonely cabins about a mile apart, on opposite sides of a small stream. The Saunders family consisted of the parents, a daughter about seventeen, and a son about five years old. In the neighboring family was also a young daughter of about the same age with Mary Saunders; and of course the two girls, having no other associates of their own age and sex, became very intimate, and were in the habit of exchanging frequent visits unattended by any male protector, without much fear of danger, as the path from one dwelling to the other lay with its whole course visible from the doors of both. On one of these visits Mary Saunders had remained later than usual; but as no signs of lurking enemies had been reported in the vicinity for some time, she felt no hesitation about returning alone, although twilight was already setting in, and set forth gayly upon her journey, promising—according to their established custom on such occasions—to notify her safe arrival at home by singing a snatch of a favorite song, which, amidst the profound silence of that secluded neighborhood, could easily be heard over the intervening space. Her friend, whom a vague fear still rendered uneasy, watched till her form disappeared in the dark shadows of the lower valley, and then stood listening long and anxiously for the promised signal. But it never came. On the other hand, no scream or other sound was heard such as would certainly have accompanied any act of violence, so that she finally turned away, partially relieved of her apprehension, but remarking that it was strange that Mary Saunders had forgotten to give the accustomed signal on reaching home.

But poor Mary Saunders had not reached home; and her parents, supposing that she had determined, as often before, to remain with their neighbors all night, were not alarmed at her absence. When, however, on the morrow she failed to make her appearance, this feeling of security gave place to doubts and a fearful misgiving—which a visit to their neighbors converted into a certainty—that their child had fallen into the hands of some prowling band of savages. The alarm was quickly spread, and long before noon the bereaved father, at the head of a resolute party of sympathizing friends, was straining forward on the track of the captors. It was a chase which many a parent in those times had followed with an aching heart, knowing well that the danger attending success was not less terrible, and only in a slight degree less certain, than that which a failure to overtake the fugitives involved. For the Indians never hesitated to kill their prisoners when a recapture seemed imminent. So it proved on this occasion; for, after following the trail until late in the evening, the half-maddened father found his daughter tomahawked and scalped by her brutal captors—not because they feared an immediate rescue, but apparently in cold blood, as the atrocious deed had evidently been committed several hours before the arrival of the pursuing



MURDER OF MARY SAUNDERS.

party. And here the poor mangled girl had lain during all these long hours. But she was still able to recognize her father as he knelt beside her, and to recount every thing that had befallen her since she had parted with her friend the preceding evening.

It seems that she had sauntered carelessly along until she approached the stream and entered the shadow of the grove of small trees that bordered its banks. Here, becoming somewhat more watchful, she thought she heard a sound resembling stealthy footsteps on either hand, and a moment afterward saw several figures gliding among the trees on the opposite shore; but so dimly defined against the obscure light of the opening beyond that she could not distinguish whether they were those of human beings or of deer, which she knew frequented the meadow-like bottom at night. While pausing to assure herself on this point, she was softly and firmly, but not rudely, seized by several pairs of strong arms, and before she could utter a single scream a cloth was bound tightly over her mouth, and then, without an instant's delay, she felt herself borne away at a rapid pace toward the

deep forest. After traveling until all danger of discovery was past, they encamped for the night, closely guarding their captive, but otherwise treating her with gentleness. Early the next morning they again set forth rapidly toward the Ohio, intending to put that barrier between themselves and the pursuit which they knew would be made as soon as her capture became known. The strength and endurance of the border maiden was such as our degenerate women know nothing of; but at last it began to fail, and she was no longer able to keep pace with the rapid flight of her captors; although with trembling limbs and panting breath she strove to do so, warned by the increasing impatience of the savages, and knowing well the penalty should her weariness too much delay their progress. As long, therefore, as her limbs would uphold her she continued to reel forward, hoping that the noon halt would enable her to hold out until her friends should come up. But when the hasty meal was dispatched, and the savages ready to set forth, she found herself unable to move. After a hasty consultation the chief—a stern, sullen-looking barbarian—approached, and

by signs ordered her to sit down. Believing that he intended an outrage worse than death, she refused to obey; but in this she probably did him injustice, for, to the credit of the red men be it said, there is scarcely one single instance of their offering such violence to their female captives. Still the mistake was natural to one in her forlorn condition. Again the command was given more emphatically, and again obedience was refused. Exasperated by such resistance, he grasped his tomahawk, and shaking it threateningly before her, he fiercely reiterated his order in such broken English as he was master of. The hapless maiden still refused. But though she had courage enough to choose death rather than dishonor, she had not enough to enable her calmly to face the approach of the latter; and therefore threw her apron over her head, which was instantly cleft by the hatchet of the brutal savage. Then, as she sunk at his feet, he tore the scalp away, and, without taking pains even to see that she was dead, departed with his band, leaving her still breathing on the spot where she had fallen. Thus she was found by her distracted father, to whom she related the foregoing particulars, and in whose arms she died before reaching home.

But of all who mourned for Mary Saunders none mourned so long or so bitterly as her infant brother George, the excess of whose childish grief threatened for a time to overpower his reason. Had his situation been similar, his life, like that of John Moredock, would probably have been devoted to a ceaseless vengeance, and his name become famous along the borders as an Indian slayer. But before he reached manhood the frontiers had been extended hundreds of miles toward the north and west, and an Indian had become almost as much a curiosity in Central Kentucky as a Malay or an Arab; so that his hostility, though undiminished in virulence, remained a mere barren sentiment in his own heart, or proved its existence only by a bitter curse whenever the detested name was mentioned in his presence. But even in the careless seasons of youth and early manhood the memory of that sweet face which he had worshiped in infancy never grew dim, though the grave in the orchard (beside which those of his father and mother had also been made) was left to the care of strangers when he wandered forth, a lonely orphan, to seek his fortune in the wide and growing West.

Twenty-five years after the murder of Mary Saunders a deputation of Shawnees (whose diminished tribes had been removed from their old seats on the Miami to the West), returning from an embassy to Washington, happened to stop in one of the flourishing towns then springing up on the Mississippi. After supper, when the inmates of the hotel where they lodged, together with many of the inhabitants of the city, were assembled in the dining-hall, it was proposed that the wild warriors should entertain the company with some of their war and hunting dances. To this they readily consented, and a space was

cleared in the middle of the floor for the ceremony.

The first who presented themselves were young braves who had seen but little of actual warfare, and their songs were confined principally to the narration of their exploits in hunting the wolf and buffalo. When all these had finished the oldest chieftain of the band arose. He was a man of gigantic stature, with a countenance naturally stern and forbidding, and rendered positively hideous by the parti-colored painting with which it was covered.

Unlike those who had preceded him, his song—which consisted of a sort of recitative chant in broken English, with a pantomime accompaniment almost as expressive as the words—referred not to adventures of the chase or to little combats with other enfeebled tribes on the prairies, but to the great actions of former days, when the Shawnees, Delawares, and Wyandots were mighty nations, and maintained a doubtful struggle with the Long Knives for the dominion of the "dark and bloody land." And the old man's eye gradually kindled with all its youthful fire, and his voice grew shrill and piercing, as he recalled the memory of those prouder days, and recounted the numbers of pale faces he had slain, and painted with fearful distinctness the scenes of carnage in which his savage heart had delighted. Surprise, fight, massacre, and torture, with all the wiles and stratagems of Indian warfare, the stealthy approach to some isolated cabin, the sudden onset, the yells of pursuers and cries of fugitives, were presented with a horrible reality that made the blood of the spectators run cold in their veins, and caused many to turn shuddering away from so vivid a representation of what the pioneer fathers had suffered so short a time before.

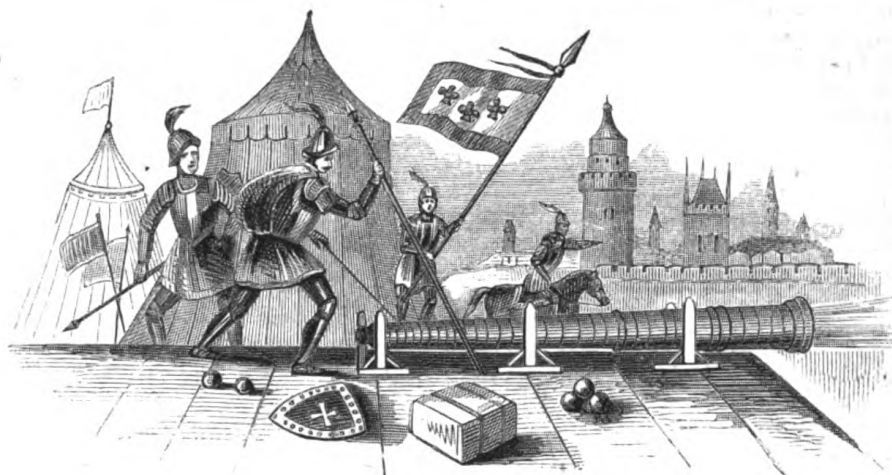
Soon, however, their attention became partially diverted by the conduct of one of their own number, whom many recognized as a young physician lately settled in the place, who had at first seemed to regard the ceremony with a contemptuous indifference, but was observed to become suddenly attentive, pressing forward into the front ranks, where he stood with suspended breath and straining eyes gazing eagerly upon the savage tragedian, who had just begun the narration of a new adventure, at the remembrance of which his own feelings seemed to be wrought up almost to a pitch of frenzy, while his actions, which had before been sufficiently earnest, grew more and more violent, until they became so terrifically wild and excited that most of the ladies left the room, unable longer to endure the spectacle which began to wear so much the appearance of a horrible reality. He told how, many winters ago, when his nation was in all its glory, he had led his young men across the beautiful river against the border settlements of the white people in Kentucky. How, while they lay in ambush, a young maiden came gliding timidly along in the darkness, casting fearful glances on every side and starting at every rustle of the leaves on the trees or in the grass

at her feet, like a fawn which dreads the wolf when driven by thirst to seek the stream. How he himself lay upon his face so close beside the path that he felt her garments brush him as she passed. How the affrighted captive struggled in his arms like a quail in the talons of a hawk, and strove to scream for help, stretching her hand despairingly toward her father's cabin as they bore her past into the forest; and how, when encamped, the maiden slept not, but wept and prayed to the white man's Manitou continually. Then, unconscious amidst the excitement of his own savage feelings of the volcano of passions he was kindling in the bosom of one of his hearers, he began to enact the closing scene of the adventure, representing with wonderful histrionic art the characters of victim and murderer alternately, as the exigencies of the story required. Now with brandished tomahawk assuming the stern and menacing mien of the one, and anon exhibiting all the alarmed and despairing attitudes of the other; his voice and gestures becoming yet more wild and startling as he approached the final catastrophe. At length, throwing his blanket over his head, he

covered for an instant almost to the floor, like one who dreads but can not avoid a stroke; then suddenly springing to his full height, with a face convulsed with rage, he seemed to deliver a furious blow, while at the same moment a yell of devilish significance pealing through hall and corridors of the house announced the accomplishment of the brutal deed. But before the appalling sounds ceased to vibrate from his lips, the young gentleman who had been watching the scene so eagerly, starting forward with a cry as savage if not as loud, had cleared with a bound the intervening space, and seizing the barbarian by the wrist, buried the blade of a hunting-knife again and again into his panting breast before any of those present could interfere even by a word to prevent him. And then, as the savage sunk without a groan at his feet, the homicide, still grasping the dripping weapon, turned to the horrified company, and proceeded calmly to explain the motives of his conduct, which to a Western audience at that period seemed perfectly satisfactory—for the slayer was George Saunders, and thus strangely had he discovered his sister's murderer and avenged her death.



DEATH OF THE INDIAN.



CANNON OF 1390.

ABOUT CANNON.

UNFORTUNATELY the inhabitants of this little planet of ours are a fighting race, and from their earliest history until now have been accustomed to settle all matters of dispute by the stern arbitrament of war. Not merely questions of power and sovereignty or territory, but those of morals and even of religion, have at last been appealed to the same fearful tribunal. The footsteps of the Saviour had scarcely ceased echoing on the earth before the Cross became the banner under which the strong legions of Rome moved to battle; and the waves of bloody war followed fast on the heels of the Reformation under Luther. From earliest time the generations of men have been looking forward to the day when "swords should be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and men learn war no more;" and yet we seem to advance only in the number, variety, and murderous character of the engines of death that we construct. From the fist and club and knife to the sword, battle-axe, and spear—and thence to fire-arms, which are constantly improving in destructive power—we are steadily advancing to God knows where.

Of all the instruments of destruction, however, invented by man cannon are the most terrific and deadly. And now human ingenuity seems strained to its utmost to make them resistless on the one hand, and, on the other, to construct defenses that shall be impregnable against them. In fact, destructive power and defensive capacity seem to have striven side by side since the race began; till, from the helmet, shield, and coat of mail, we have come to bomb-proof batteries and iron-clad steamers.

At first sight it seems strange that the invention of gunpowder and cannon—two such terrible engines of destruction—can be traced to no particular nation, nor fixed at any particular period. We only know that the former must of necessity precede the latter. Like most of our great discoveries, however, they both probably

had their origin in the East, from which the knowledge drifted slowly and imperfectly into Europe. And here, too, they had such small beginnings, and advanced by such uncertain steps, that we can not award to any particular nation the merit of first introducing them. The famous Greek fire may have been the result of an attempt to imitate powder, already known among the Arabs; or it may have been one of the steps in the progress toward the discovery of powder itself.

There is great discrepancy among writers as to the time in which artillery was first used. The word "cannon" is evidently derived from the French word *canne*, "a reed;" and they were first made of wood wrapped in numerous folds of linen, and secured by iron hoops. Some say the Chinese used them eighty years after Christ, and that a deserter from Heliopolis introduced them into Greece in 676. Condé, in his History of the Moors of Spain, says they used them in attack and defense of fortified places as early as 1118; and so on down till we have Cordova, in Spain, besieged by artillery in 1280. Ferdinand IV. is said to have taken Gibraltar from the Moors by artillery in 1308. There seems to be good reason for believing that Spain and Italy used artillery about this period. Many doubt these statements, and assert that there was not ten years' difference in the time in which artillery was used by the principal powers of Europe. Taking this view, they place its introduction in the commencement of the fourteenth century. Louis Napoleon seems to find no authority for their being used in France till 1369, in which year 500 little cannon of a "palme de longueur" were made in the town of Perouse. Others say that there is found in the archives of Tournay a statement that, in 1346, the town council having heard that a worker in tin, named Peter Bruges, knew how to make an engine named "connoiles" which could throw leaden balls, ordered him to construct one. He did so, and present-

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ed for their inspection a hollow tube weighing two pounds. This at their request he fired off, and though, to their surprise, they could not see the flight of the ball, they found it had killed a man beyond the second wall of the town. This so frightened Peter that he fled to a church for safety. In view, however, of all the circumstances he was granted a free pardon. This seems good authority; and other circumstances render it probable that the general introduction of artillery into Europe could not have been much antecedent to this. It is hardly credible that in a military age, when the art of war was the chief study of all European princes, two centuries could have elapsed after its introduction into Spain and Italy before it was used by the bordering powers. The knowledge of such an invention must have traveled fast in those warlike days when might made right. This also seems probable from one of the letters of Petrarch, who was born in 1304. He says: "I am astonished that thou also dost not possess those brazen globes, which, impelled by fire, start off with a horrible noise. Was it not sufficient that the anger of an immortal God should thunder from the sky, but must a fragile being thunder in the earth? This scourge, till lately, was so scarce as to be looked upon as a prodigy; but now that men's minds are apt for the most wicked deeds, it has become common, and is made use of as much as any other weapon."

This is stronger evidence from being wholly circumstantial, and shows clearly that cannon were not much used till his time, and that their employment soon became general.

Against this, however, it is said that the Moors had cannon at sea in 1342, the English fleet in 1347, the Arragonese in 1359, and the Danes in 1361. But it must be remembered that cannon were placed immediately after their invention on board ships. The common belief that they were employed for a long time in the reduction of fortified places on land before they were introduced into maritime warfare is erroneous. Cannon at first were fixtures, and their proper place was in position on board a vessel, which was also the most appropriate vehicle for transporting them. The short intervals elapsing between their introduction into the various maritime powers of Europe is indirect proof also that their introduction on land was equally simultaneous, and thus corroborates the evidence of Petrarch.

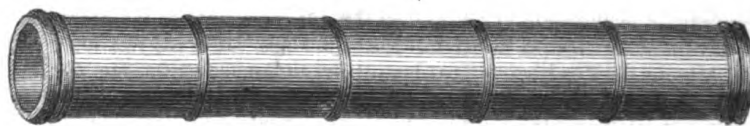
Some assert that cannon were first used by the English in the battle of Crecy, or Cressy, in 1346; others at that of Werewater, in 1327. Be this as it may, at the outset they were comparatively harmless weapons. Made of staves of iron, and roughly hooped together like barrels,

and imbedded in solid timber, and with none of the modern facilities for elevating or depressing them, or changing their direction, their range was easily avoided, while a squadron of cavalry could gallop several miles during the time it took to load one. The balls were of stone, and went every where but in the right direction. But such a destructive engine could not long remain in its infancy, and one is amazed at the rapidity with which its capabilities were developed, and the perfection to which it was brought as a weapon. Indeed our boasted improvements over the ancients consist chiefly in the accuracy of firing, and the mechanical aids and skill in handling cannon, rather than in the construction of the piece itself.

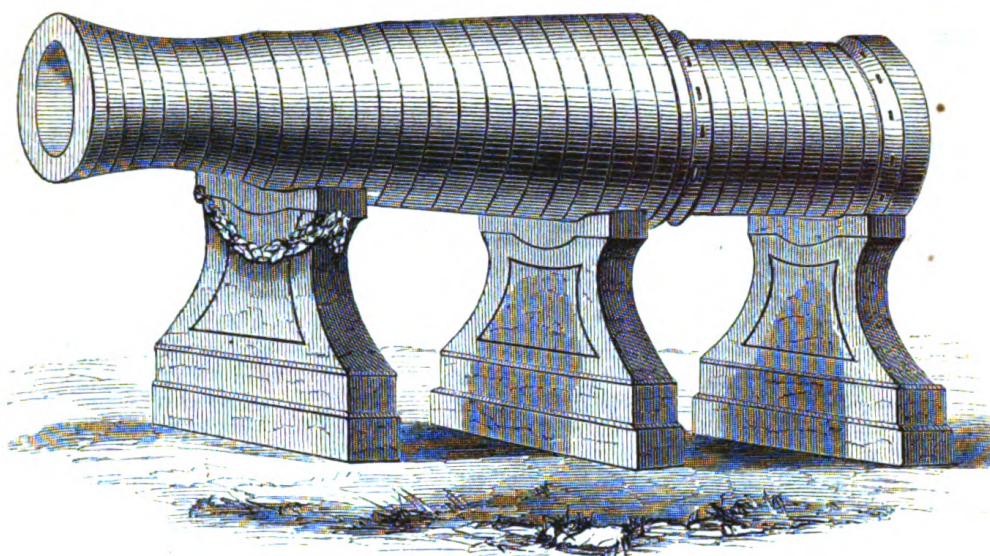
The employment of such a powerful engine to effect breaches in the walls of defended cities at once suggested itself to the warlike princes of those times. To do this they must be made large enough to throw balls of enormous weight. Hence monster guns became the great desideratum, and they soon reached proportions that to-day seem fabulous. These were called "bombards," and were made of wrought-iron staves firmly hooped together. Of course they assumed a great variety of forms and proportions; but one constructed by the Venetians seemed to have furnished the best model. The staves of this were securely bound by thirty-four iron rings, driven on one after another, and close together, while red-hot. Besides these the piece was further strengthened by eight larger rings at the muzzle and breech, and four more intermediate ones with rings by which it was handled. They were at first imbedded in timber, and hence could fire only directly in front. But when once planted before walls the heavy stone balls they threw did terrible execution. The charging of them, however, was a very slow and laborious affair, often requiring half an hour.

Our initial figure shows the manner in which this gun was mounted for service. The piece being placed in the long, trough-like timber, was brought to its proper elevation by blocking up in front. The stone shot was rolled into the muzzle, up a sort of movable inclined trough of wood, by hand-spikes. The recoil was prevented "by a firm blocking of timber fixed in rear of the breech, between which and the blocking a stuffed pad of leather seems to have been interposed as a sort of a buffer." The recoil was not so sudden and swift as in the guns at the present day. These pieces were made with a separate chamber, which fitted into the bore and which received the charge. These at first were taken out and loaded and then inserted, but afterward they were fastened firmly in the gun.

Pieces called "Basilica" were used in Cepha-



ORIGINAL CANNON.



BOMBARD DU GAND.

lonia, made of two or three pieces and screwed together, but which were difficult to serve. They were said to possess enormous power—the balls which they threw being able to pierce six or eight feet into solid masonry. Then, as now, all kinds of experiments were tried in the construction of wrought-iron guns, so as to combine strength and destructive force with the greatest possible size. Those generally adopted, however, were known by the name of “bombards” and “serpentes.” The latter were forged like the former, but of smaller calibre, and of enormous length. Some of the earlier writers say they were made occasionally 50 feet long! These dimensions, however, seem preposterous, and are more probably the rough guess of the author than the results of actual measurement. Still there seems to be undoubted authority for believing that some of them were 30 feet in length. After gun-carriages were introduced they were never mounted on two wheels, but on four placed wide apart. A notion seemed to prevail at that time that the longer the gun the farther it would carry.

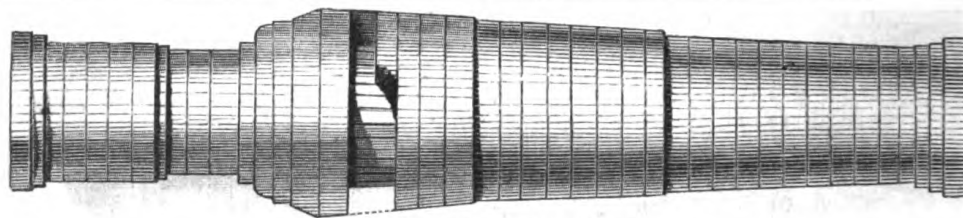
Perhaps the most remarkable of the ancient bombards, formed of longitudinal staves firmly bound together by rings, is the “great gun of Ghent” (Bombard du Gand). It was probably forged in 1382, when Philip Von Artevelde was besieging Oudenarde of Belgium. Afterward, in 1452, when forced to abandon the siege of this same place, the Gantois left it in the hands of the enemy, among whom it remained as a trophy for nearly a century. It was then, however, recaptured by the Gantois leader Rockelfing, and fired in triumph on the 8th of March, 1578, on the quay Kuypzat—now the plain Des Recolets. It stands to-day on stone trestles, as seen in the cut, near the Marche du Vendredi. This bombard, probably the largest in Europe, threw enormous stone balls, as well as “barrels filled with pieces of stone, iron, and glass,” for grape-shot.

The chamber is made separate from the chase, or gun proper, but firmly fastened within. It still bears the name first given to it, “The Raging Meg;” whether in allusion to the noise of its explosion, or to perpetuate the memory of the hated, infamous Margaret, Countess of Flanders, who died in 1279, chroniclers have not settled.

It weighed 33,606 pounds. As an illustration how writers formerly exaggerated the dimensions of former monster guns, Voisin says this piece is 18 feet long; whereas, by actual measurement, it is only about 11½ feet. It was about 9 feet in circumference at the muzzle, and the chamber and chase together made a wall over a foot thick. Froissart says it played a fearful part in the siege of Oudenarde, and its enormous masses of stone thundering against the walls sent consternation among the inhabitants. He declares that its terrific explosions could be heard ten miles in the daytime, and twice that distance at night; and when it hurled its ponderous load on the place, it seemed as if “all the devils in hell were on the march.”

The great gun of Moscow, now in the arsenal at St. Petersburg, and which attracts so many visitors, though 21 feet long weighs only 17,435 pounds, with a calibre of but 68 pounds.

The next ancient bombard in size and interest, still in existence in Europe, is also a “Meg”—the “Mons Meg” of Edinburgh. It is in the main constructed like the former, except that the piece is slightly conical inside and out, the calibre at the muzzle being three-quarters of an inch less than at the breech. This form may have been given it as a scientific experiment, or simply to facilitate the driving on of the rings. It is 13½ feet long, and over 6 feet in circumference at the muzzle, and still larger at the breech. The longitudinal bars are twenty-five in number, and 2½ inches broad by ¾ of an inch thick, while the external rings average 3½ inches



MONS MEG IN EDINBURGH CASTLE.

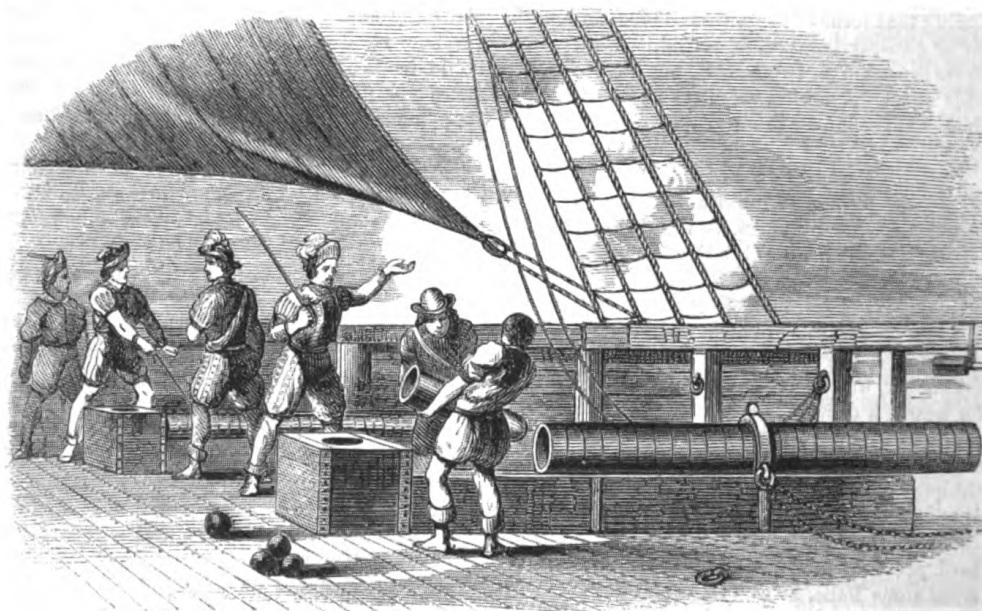
in width to $3\frac{1}{2}$ thick. It took a peck of powder to load it, and threw a granite shot weighing 330 pounds.

The Scotch have the following tradition respecting this piece: "When the act of forfeiture against the Douglas was passed by the Scotch Parliament in 1455, and the Castle of Threave was the last strong-hold of that family, King James II. marched into Galloway, and taking up a position near where the town of Castle Douglas now stands, besieged it. Among the country people who came to witness the siege were a blacksmith and his sons, named M'Kin or M'Ken. Seeing that the royal artillery produced no effect, old M'Kin offered, if furnished with proper materials, to make a more efficient piece of ordnance. The King gladly accepted the proposal, and the people of Kirkcudbright each contributed a bar of iron, out of which M'Kin produced the gun called 'Mons Meg.' It was made at Buchan's Croft, close to the 'Three Thorns of Carlin Wark,' where the King had encamped. In a short time the garrison surrendered under the fire of this piece. The King gave M'Kin the forfeited lands of 'Mollance' as a reward. M'Kin soon became called (as was the custom) 'Mollance,' after his lands. The cannon was named after him, with the addition of Meg, his wife's name, whose voice was said to rival that of her namesake. Thus the original name of the gun, Mollance

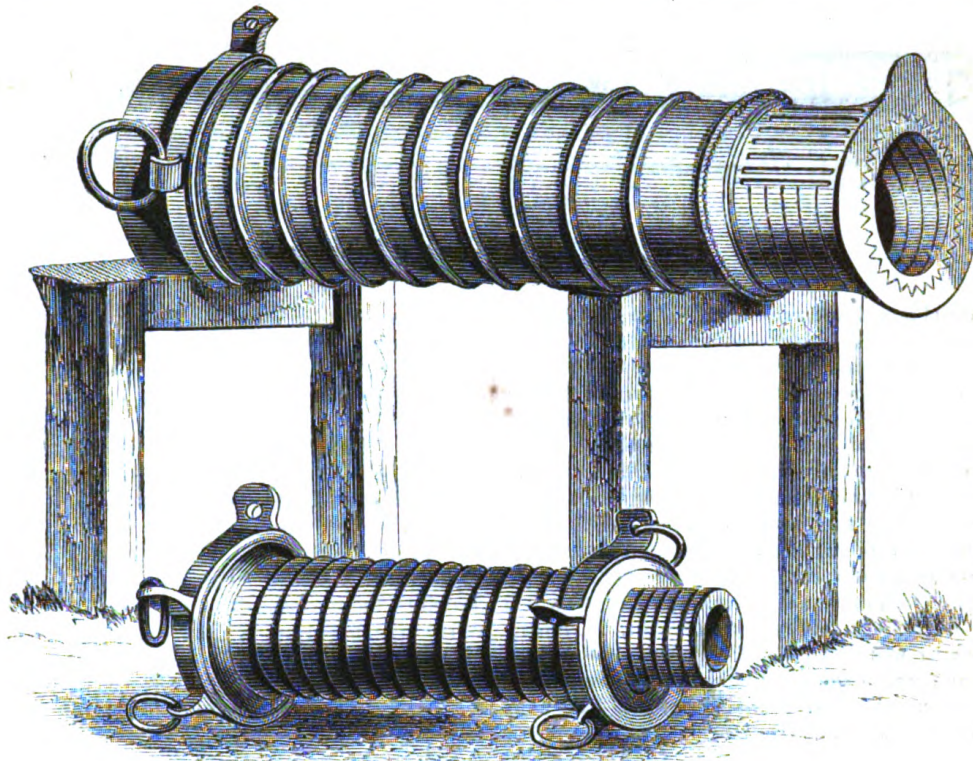
Meg, was soon shortened into Mons Meg." Others say the name was derived from Montis Magnus, the place where it was made. Others still assert that it was called after Margaret, wife of James II., the nickname of which is Meg. But the probability is the sobriquet originated just as other pet names do. We have had our "Long Toms," "Spitfires," and even one old piece, taken at Louisburg, was called the "Old Sow."

At all events Meg was a great favorite as well as wonder of her time. Whenever her services were required she was taken with great pomp and ceremony from Edinburgh Castle, and the same display was exhibited on her safe return to her old quarters. She was finally captured by Cromwell when he took Edinburgh, in 1650, and carried to London Tower, where she remained till 1822, when, at the urgent request of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, she was given up, and was installed at her old home with appropriate ceremonies, where she still lies as represented in the cut. The iron rings which are partly wanting on the breech were blown off in 1682 in firing a salute to the Duke of York.

Science can devise no better guns than these to accomplish the work they were designed to perform—the beating down of massive masonry. What would our renowned casemates be worth against such a ponderous shot? As a companion to this we give a description of a naval gun of the time of Henry VIII., 1545. The



IRON SHIP GUN, 1545.



GREAT WROUGHT-IRON GUN OF MOORSHEDABAD.

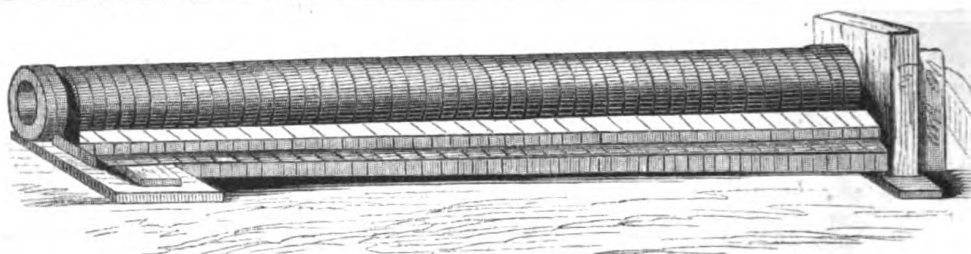
Mary Rose, an English vessel, "while standing along the coast during a distant firing from the French fleet, under Admiral Anneboud, was overpowered by her own ordnance and sunk, together with her commander and crew of six hundred men." A few years ago several of the guns of this vessel were fished up, some of them in an excellent state of preservation. Among these is an *iron breech-loading gun*. It is not composed of iron bars, but is a tube of iron jointed together, each section overlapping the other half its length, and then secured by iron hoops, driven on apparently while red-hot. The chamber was separate, and after being charged, was inserted in the breech and then wedged firmly in. There was no way of raising or depressing the piece, it being imbedded in a large block of timber and secured there by bolts, while a large piece of wood or iron was inserted in the deck to prevent the recoil. It is rather mortifying to our pride of the present day to know that several years ago a celebrated gunmaker constructed a gun on the very same principle adopted in this piece. He and others thought it showed great skill and originality, when lo! this gun, after being over three hundred years under the sea, rises from its mysterious bed like a ghost to tell men that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Perhaps the next most remarkable *wrought-iron bombard* is one which was dug up in the East, a few years since, from the Bhagretti River, and now stands opposite the palace at Moorsheadabad. It is the same in principle as the Bombard of Ghent. The chamber-piece, as

it is seen, is separate, and was made fast to the chase by lashings through rings. It is $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and carries a ball $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. It is evidently of great antiquity, and goes far to prove that even in *wrought-iron cannon* Europe was indebted to the East. Indeed, the chronological history of cannon in Europe is curious testimony on this point. Its introduction was by the Moors in the first part of the twelfth century, and thence into Spain, where we find them in the next century, as well as in Italy, and working steadily North in the order of time.

Bronze guns first appeared in Europe in 1370, both in France and Germany. At first they were cast after the model of the old wrought-iron guns, with both separate and attached chambers, "the ancestors of all modern breech-loading guns." Culverins, however, replaced the serpentines, and were of enormous length—one of which is at this time in existence at Nancy, and is *twenty-one feet long*. The knowledge of the casting in bronze doubtless came from the East, where it was understood, for aught we know, from the time of Tubal Cain, before the flood.

From hints here and there casually thrown out in ancient chronicles, cannon in the East were known even before the Christian era. Saltpetre, which is hardly known in Europe, was found in large quantities in India and China; and it seems hardly probable that such an inquisitive, ingenious people as the inhabitants of the East were, could long remain in ignorance of so simple a compound as the mixture of it



SERPENTINE.

with charcoal and sulphur. The earliest bronze guns were made without trunnions, dolphins, rings, or breech buttons.*

Eight years after the introduction of bronze guns spherical shot of cast iron were made, and soon took the place of the stone shot. Louis Napoleon, in his work entitled "*Passé et l'Avenir d'Artillerie*," says they were first used in France in the wars with the English under the Maid of Orleans. The facilities which moulding and casting gave, suggested the making of trunnions and of dolphins, or rings, which in wrought iron was very difficult. Cannon-making was now pushed with great ardor; and from being plain, solid pieces, were ornamented in the most elaborate manner. The Venetians excelled in ornamentation, and many of their pieces were literally covered with various and beautiful designs, wrought in the most exquisite style of ancient art.

By 1450 they were in general use, and at the end of the century wrought-iron cannon had almost entirely disappeared. We can not here go into a history of the various kinds of cannon that were made, nor even of those which had a Continental reputation. Some, as has been observed, were in their exterior ornamentation gems of art; some were called griffins, because they were made to resemble this mythical creature. The muzzles of some were the heads of ferocious animals. Though a majority of the bronze pieces were of medium calibre, yet the old idea of monster guns was not abandoned. Some of these were cast in beds, and others over cores in a perpendicular position.

Previous to their being introduced into Europe enormous pieces were made in India. Colonel Symes speaks of a gun captured from the Burmese *thirty feet* long, and *two feet and a half* across the muzzle.

At Sienna a gun was cast carrying a ball weighing 375 pounds. Louis XI. had bronze bombard throwing an iron ball weighing over 500 pounds. The Spaniards seem to have had some difficulty in casting large guns. The metal was often porous, the casting unequal, and the weight so badly distributed that the piece would roll one side, and sometimes pitch at every discharge on its muzzle. To remedy this last de-

* Trunnions are the two short arms on which the gun rests upon its carriage; dolphins are the two handles on brass pieces, so called because these handles were formerly bronze dolphins; breech button, the round knob projecting from the breech.

fect the cannonier would hang a basketful of balls on the breech. In the East they early attained a great perfection, and Gibbon speaks of one gun, cast by the Turks for the siege of Constantinople, that threw a stone shot weighing 600 pounds. Bishop Pococke, in his travels in the East, gives an account of brass pieces at the Castles of the Dardanelles, one of which was *twenty-five feet* long, and another *twenty feet*, with a bore six feet in circumference, in which a man could be comfortably seated. Other writers have also described these extraordinary guns; and Baron von Moltke, major in the Russian service, says, in his work, "*The Russian Campaigns in Bulgaria and Roumelia in 1828-29*:" "The batteries on the Dardanelles contain one hundred and eight 44-pounders, nineteen 60-pounders, thirty 121-pounders, besides sixty-three Kemerlicks, or guns which throw stone balls, some of which are *one thousand five hundred and seventy pounds* weight. These gigantic guns are some of them twenty-eight inches in diameter, and a man can creep into them up to the breech; they lie on the ground on sleepers of oak, instead of gun-carriages, with their butts against strong walls, so as to prevent the recoil, as it would be impossible to run them forward again in action. Some of them are loaded with as much as one hundred-weight of powder." Another writer, Baron de Tott, speaking of the same guns, says the effect of their discharges was like that of an earthquake, shaking the surrounding shores, while the deep reverberations rolled away in the distance like heavy thunder. In most of them the touch-holes are large as a musket-barrel. "It is easy to follow the ball, blackened with powder, with the eye, and it is frequently seen to split into two pieces; huge jets of water are thrown up when it strikes the surface of the sea, as the ball, fired off in Europe, slowly ricochets across the water till it reaches the Asiatic shore. These giant cannon of the Dardanelles have this disadvantage, that they can only fire straight before them, and that they take very long to load; but then the effect of a single ball that does hit is tremendous." Thus we find when Admiral Duckworth sailed through the Straits in 1807, although the arrangements made to receive him were miserable in the extreme, that his fleet suffered severely from these monstrous Kemerlicks. A granite ball, weighing eight hundred pounds, crashed into the timbers forward of the *Active*, sweeping every thing before it, and, rolling heavily along the deck, sent con-

sternation among the crew. Another, carrying away the wheel, killed and wounded twenty-four men. The fore-castle of the *Royal George*, a 110-gun ship, was shattered by a single ball, and it required the greatest exertion to keep her from sinking. It is known in sea-fights that the holes made beneath the water-line by cannon-balls are plugged up with conical pins of wood, kept on hand on purpose; but who could plug up a hole *seven feet* in circumference? If with the guns so imbedded in timber as to be immovable, and with the miserable engineering skill of the Turks, such execution was done, what could have been accomplished had they been mounted on revolving platforms and railways, with all the modern machinery which makes it as easy to change the direction and elevation of the largest as of the smallest piece, and mounted also with sights and fired by practiced artillerists? We smile at these unwieldy engines of destruction, and point with pride to what modern science can do with half the outlay; but we may find that we shall have to come back to the Turks to learn how to defend our harbors. The English boast that their iron-clad steamer *Warrior* can move scornfully past our batteries along the Narrows, taking without injury the iron storm we would hurl against her impervious sides, and quietly anchor in New York bay, and lay her broadsides to the city. The country is alarmed, and in and out of Congress the people are clamorous for iron-clad ships. Committees are appointed to examine Stevens's novelty, and every body declares that nothing but iron-clad frigates can protect our harbor. But how they would do this, even if we had them, we are not told. Suppose we had a vessel in every respect a match for the *Warrior*, how would it protect the city from the latter's broadsides? Whether our impregnable leviathan remained in port or went out to sea to meet the enemy, the only result would be a harmless battle. They might pepper away at each other a month, and, both being shot and shell proof, no damage would be done save a few indentations in the iron plates. When the enemy had amused herself long enough in this harmless combat, she would clap on steam, and laughing at the iron hurricane beating on her sides, move on to the city. People seem to have jumped to the conclusion that an iron-clad frigate is going to be more destructive to such a vessel than land batteries. In the contest between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* the former, though disabled, abandoned the conflict when she wished to, and went back to her own dock. Suppose a combat should take place between some English *Merrimac* and another *Monitor* off Sandy Hook, and, both being equally impregnable, what would prevent the former—when she found her American adversary invulnerable—from clapping on steam and sailing up the Narrows lay her broadsides to New York City? If she was the *fastest steamer*, certainly nothing.

We have erected fortifications and mounted guns for the purpose of destroying wooden vessels, and now we must find guns that *will sink*

iron-clad ones or our ports are indefensible. To learn how to do this we may have to go to the Dardanelles. We need no treatise on naval gunnery—no new ingenious projectiles—we want only the heavy round shot of the Turkish *Kemerlicks*. Let a six or eight hundred pound round shot be thrown with slow velocity—say eight or nine hundred feet a second—and nothing that ever floated or will float can stop it. Through iron plates and heavy timbers both it will crash as through an egg-shell. A single ball like this striking the renowned *Warrior* amid-ship would make a sad wreck of her. With guns throwing such a weight of metal, sighted, mounted, and served as they would be now by us, lining the Narrows, no iron-clad vessel could easily enter the harbor of New York.

It may be a question, since the capture of New Orleans, whether any thing can certainly stop war steamers, whether wood or iron. Hitting them with round shot while under full headway is very much like hitting a bird on the wing with a bullet. But if they can be arrested it must be by forts so thickly overlaid with iron as to be absolutely impregnable, and mounted with cannon too heavy for ships. It is possible that, with flat-headed shot, a velocity may be attained that will compensate for weight, especially at short range; but at long range it is very doubtful.

When our enemy has invented a coat of mail that is proof against the missiles we use, the true course is not to see if we can not obtain the same defense, but to find a weapon that shall render it useless. The large guns of ancient times were not abandoned because they were unsafe, but because they could not be handled. The moderns have overcome that difficulty, and the heavy guns of two hundred years ago must be brought into use again, if we would defend our ports against iron-clad frigates. The same is true of shells. We now have bomb-proof casemates in our fortifications. They are bomb-proof, however, only against 11-inch and 13-inch shells, or thereabout; but would they be before 36-inch shells? It is no evidence that mortars can not be constructed to throw shells of this size because the "monster mortar of Antwerp," made in 1832, was a failure. In some of the experiments even from this, the shells weighing 1015 pounds penetrated into the solid earth nearly eight feet, and the explosion of one bursting produced a crater twenty feet in diameter.

But to return to bronze guns. At the end of the sixteenth, and throughout the seventeenth century, the Mohammedan powers seem to have taken the lead in the number and magnitude of their guns. Perhaps the largest piece in the world is now at Bejapoor, called "Lord of the Plain." It was cast in 1685, and is 14½ feet long, 14½ feet in circumference at the breech, and 14 feet at the muzzle. Its calibre is 2½ feet. There is another at the same place of nearly the same size. A gun cast at Agra in 1628, and taken by the English in 1803, was another monster. It was 14 feet long, and carried a ball

nearly 6 feet in circumference, and weighed nearly 80 tons. The prize committee estimated the value of the metal in it at \$35,000. One of these enormous Indian guns was taken at Bhurtpore in 1826, and is now on the common at Woolwich, England. Upon it is engraved "The Father of Victory: The Reviver of Religion: The Warrior: The Victorious King." It is 16 feet 4 inches in length, and is nearly 10 feet in circumference at the base, and 6 feet at the muzzle. Its calibre, however, is much smaller than the others, and the whole gun weighs only about eighteen tons.

The history of artillery is an interesting one, but can not be compressed into a single article.

Some of the ancient guns, as before remarked, were ornamented in the highest style of art. Others had curious or heroic inscriptions and remarkable names. A French piece of 1500 was named "Sacre," and had inscribed on it, "They call me cruel, because I overturn and destroy walls." A Russian cannon, very noted, named "Unicorn" from its shape, has on it the inscription, "With the aid of God this cannon was taken at Ebling, by King Charles XII., 12th December, 1703." A favorite Austrian cannon, of the same period, had with its date, "When my song is in the air know that walls are being overthrown." Queen Elizabeth's "pocket-pistol" of 1578, at Dover, has inscribed upon it: "Nothing can withstand me."—"Je traverse et mont et muraille." It is over 21 feet long, and the popular belief was that it would send a ball across the channel into France. The Algerines were accustomed to adorn their cannon with extracts from the Koran. On some would be, "The mountains themselves can not resist my force." And again, "O thou who inspirest wise counsels open to us the gate of victory." Louis XII. had twelve, named after the twelve peers of France. Charles V. twelve, which he called the Twelve Apostles. It sounds rather odd to hear cannon addressed as Peter and Paul and John; but it is not much more incongruous than to call a gun "Peace-maker"—the name of the one which burst a few years since on board the *Princeton*. An 80-pounder at Berlin was named "The Thunderer," one at Bois le Duc the "Devil," another at Malaga "The Terrible," and two 60-pounders at Bremen "The Messengers of Bad News."

Cannon, though for a long time employed chiefly in sieges, yet were used also on the field of battle. Of various sizes and proportions they had assumed various names, and became more or less prominent as a part of the army; but according to Louis Napoleon, Charles VIII. of France, in his invasion of Italy, at the close of the fifteenth century, to obtain the crown of Naples, first introduced regularly organized and equipped field-trains. A French writer says, in speaking of this army: "But that which inspired greatest fear was more than 36 cannon on wheels, drawn by horses—the greatest 8 feet long, and weighing 600 pounds, and that launched a ball of iron big as a man's head. After these

came the culverins, a little longer than the cannon, but of smaller calibre; then the faucons of different proportions, but the smallest throwing balls big as an orange. The little cannon had two wheels, and the larger four. The masters, by whip and voice, made the horses that drew them go like cavalry." The cannoniers were superbly dressed—like a drum-major at the present day. Hitherto cannon had been drawn by oxen, and hence moved slowly, and the sight of them flying like cavalry over the field filled the Italians with dismay. Louis Napoleon says, "This was the foundation of our artillery." Robert Gagnin, in speaking of the treaty of peace between Charles and Henry VII., in 1496, says, "The expedition had 140 pieces of artillery, 200 great 'bombards,' 6200 pioneers. 200 masters conducted the artillery, 600 master carpenters accompanied it, while there were 300 masters for preparing huge stone balls for the bombards: 1100 charcoal-burners, and 200 men to make cords and ropes." Napoleon quotes this account, but criticises it, and says the proportion of artillery is too great for an army which consisted of only 30,000 men. He thinks, however, Charles left France with about 100 pieces of cannon, and at Sarzannes increased the number with the addition of 40 great bombards which had been sent on by water.

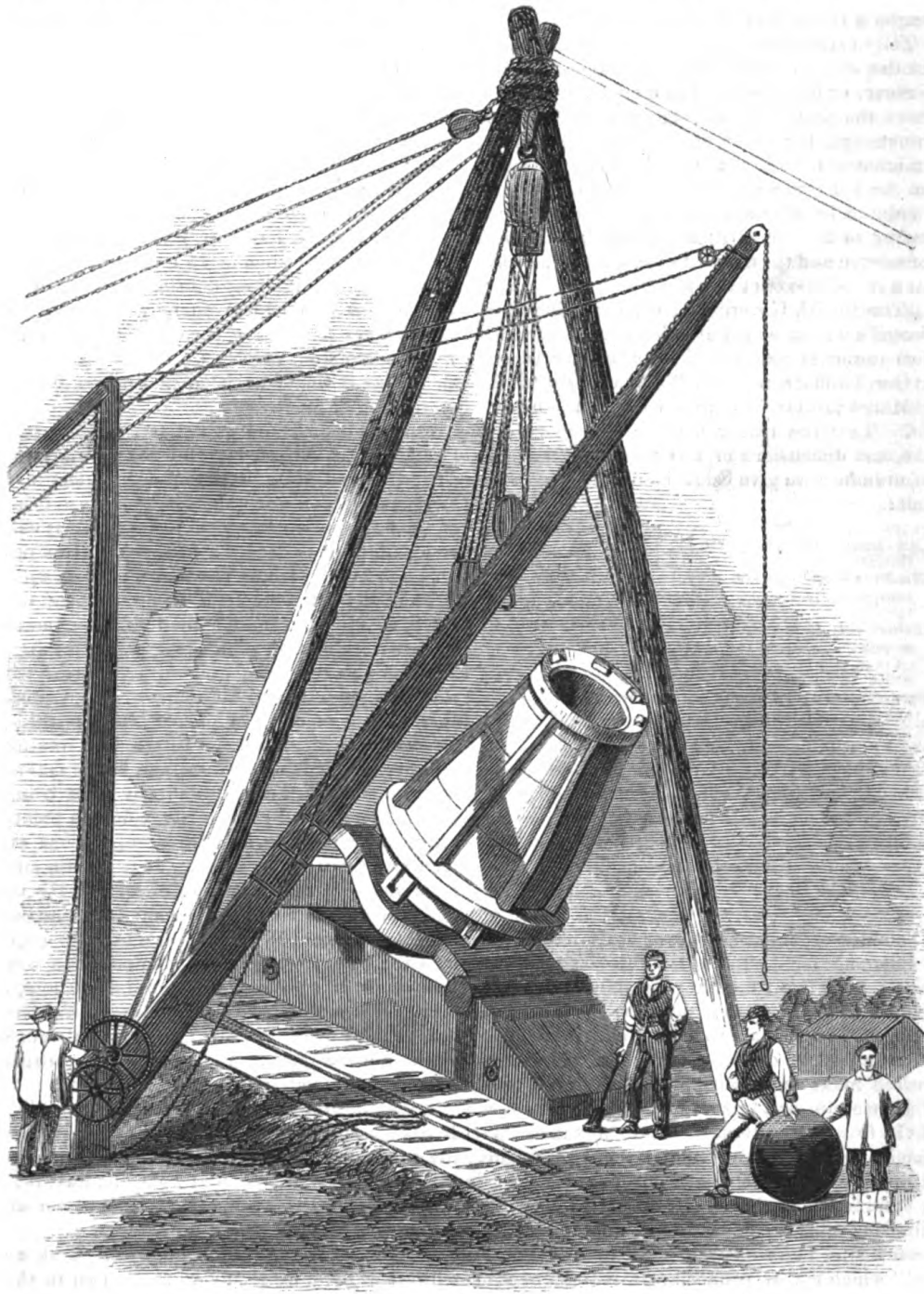
Bronze guns gradually gave way to cast iron ones, as they were not durable enough, until at last long bronze pieces were entirely abandoned. Long-continued firing destroys the vent and causes them to droop, not, as vulgarly supposed, by softening the entire mass of metal, for before the piece reached such an intense heat the charge would be fired in sending it home. Scientific men attribute it to the unequal expansion and contraction of the metal on different sides of the gun.

The idea of wrought-iron guns, however, was never fully abandoned, and of late years has received much attention. Men who have made the science of gunnery their especial study differ very much as to the practicability of making heavy guns of wrought iron that will stand the severe strain of enormous charges. The heavy gun which burst on board the *Princeton* several years ago, and which was made in Massachusetts, was an experiment in wrought-iron guns made by welding. This piece was 11 feet long, and carried a shot weighing 219 pounds. It weighed 27,390 pounds before it was bored, and the hammer employed in welding it 15,000 pounds! The reason why wrought-iron guns is such a desideratum consists in the fact that wrought iron is intrinsically three times stronger than gun-metal, four times stronger than cast iron, and a third stronger than steel, while it is five times as durable as the former and twenty-two times as cast iron; and, taking first cost and durability together, gun-metal pieces should be seventy, cast iron thirty times as dear as wrought iron. Added to all this, the cost of transportation, horse-labor, etc., is from three to five times greater in the former than in the

latter. It would be strange if, with such enormous advantages on the side of wrought-iron artillery, modern science should not discover some means to remove the present difficulties in the way of its introduction, so that in a few years we shall return to first principles in cannon-making.

The practice of throwing hollow shot or projectiles was introduced very early, for we find mention made of them at Naples in 1495; at Padua, 1509; Heilsberg, 1520; Rhodes, 1522;

and at Boulogne, in 1542, of 19-inch shells. These were made of wrought iron, bronze, alloys of lead and tin, and, at length, cast iron. They were first used in France in 1643, where they had been introduced by an Englishman named Malthus, who learned the art in Holland. As in round shot, the ancients far surpassed the moderns in the weight of shells they threw. There was made at Berlin a mortar that threw a shell which weighed 1100 pounds, or nearly five times larger than that of the "Peace-maker" of



THE MALLET MORTAR.

the *Princeton*. The next year we find them at Genoa of the enormous weight of 1320 pounds! Such a ponderous mass, thrown at an angle of 45°, would, in its descent, crush through any casemate that ever was built. As late as 1830, the French, in taking Algiers, threw shells weighing 462 pounds, and holding 40 pounds of powder. We have already referred to the monster mortar of Antwerp. Mortars, it is known, are short pieces with a chamber—the trunnions being behind the vent—and always fired at an elevation—usually of 45°. Hence the shells describe a curve, and their flight is calculated on strictly mathematical principles. Tartaglia, an Italian engineer, first published a theory on trajectory, or throwing shot in a curve. Mortars, from the first, have undergone very little improvement, the great effort being, apparently, to increase the size of the shell. We often smile at the clumsy, unwieldy specimens of gunnery produced by the ancients; but it has been reserved to modern civilization, with all the aids of science and the experience of the past, to give us a *chef-d'œuvre* of this kind.

The British Government not long since projected a mortar which, if it had been constructed two centuries ago, would have been christened "Our Forefathers' Folly." It was called the "Mallet Mortar," from the name of the inventor. That the reader may be able to take in the vast dimensions of this extraordinary piece of ordnance we give below its dimensions in detail:

	Tons.	Cwt.	Qrs.	Lbs.
Cast-iron base, with wrought breech shrunk into bore.	21	19	0	2
Wood carriage complete, with wrought-iron screw and spanner for elevating mortar.	8	9	0	14
Bottom part of mortar to fit on top of breech.	7	5	3	23
Part of mortar (a ring) to fit on top of the above.	5	8	8	23
Part of mortar (a ring) to fit on top of the above.	8	0	2	13
Muzzle ring.	1	2	3	12
Wood ring.	0	0	1	0
Wrought-iron ring.	0	4	8	4
Wrought-iron ring to fix on top of muzzle ring.	0	8	8	25
T-headed bolts, with gibbs and keys for fixing mortar to base (outer staves).	1	16	2	0
Wood wedges, etc., for elevating.	0	13	3	22
Outer pins, with cross for turning mortar round.	0	8	3	14
Total weight.	50	13	2	21

Diameter of shell, 56 inches, or 14 feet in circumference! Weight of the shell before it was filled, 1 ton 728 pounds; when filled, over 3000 pounds! Such a ponderous globe as this, hurled into the air at an angle of 45°, would, in its descent to the earth, cause a concussion that would make an astronomer think that one of the asteroids had forsaken its orbit and struck us in its wild wanderings. But this "Brobdingnagian toy," as Greener calls it, was a sad failure. It cost the British Government only \$40,000!

The breech of this mortar was solid cast iron; abutting upon it were a "succession of wrought-iron hoops, ingeniously inserted into each other," which six huge outside staves secured still further. Wedges were placed under the ends

of the staves, beneath the projection of the cast-iron breech, which could be driven home when it was found necessary to tighten the binders.

Mortars form a class of guns by themselves, and escape all the modern improvements of rifling, etc., which are made in other guns. Their great utility consists in obtaining a vertical fire, and so assail works that can not be reached by a horizontal one.

We can not, in this article, go into a description of all the modern guns—rifled cannon, etc. The famous Lancaster gun is doubtless a failure, as well as the Whitworth. The Paixhan gun, though invented by an American about 1812, received but little attention until introduced into France in 1824 by Captain Paixhan, was a new step in gunnery. The firing of hollow shot and shells from guns of a large calibre, point-blank, just as round shot were fired, was shown to be practicable by this piece of ordnance. The original canon-obusier, as it was called, of Colonel Paixhan, was 9 feet 4 inches long, and weighed nearly 74 cwt., and was designed to throw either a solid shot of 86½ pounds, or a hollow shot of 60½ pounds. Numberless experiments have since been made in France and England and America on guns of this class. Of course it would be impossible to go into a description of them.

Monck's guns, the Lancaster, Whitworth, Rodman, and Armstrong gun have each their defenders and their imitators. The last has been lauded as a great success by the English; but as late experiments seem to show that it will be a failure, it is hardly necessary to give a description of it. Rifled cannon, too, open up a field more interesting to those particularly devoted to military science than to the general reader. It may be said, however, in passing, that the idea of rifling cannon originated with the celebrated "Joe Manton." The British Government of that day offered him a farthing for each gun made on his patent, but Manton demanded \$150,000 premium, and so the patent was allowed to expire without any thing being done. That rifled cannon are going to create an entire revolution in military operations on land there can be no doubt. It is a little singular that the well-known superiority of the rifle, in accuracy of fire, to a smooth-bore musket should not long before have suggested to gunners the propriety of rifling cannon. No new principle was involved; it required only the application of a thoroughly-attested successful one to a piece of larger bore. The increased range might not have been anticipated, but the superior accuracy could not have been doubted.

Breech-loading pieces must also be passed by. It has already been shown that they are no new invention, and the probabilities are that they never will come into general use. At least it is well understood that they are to be kept out of our navy.

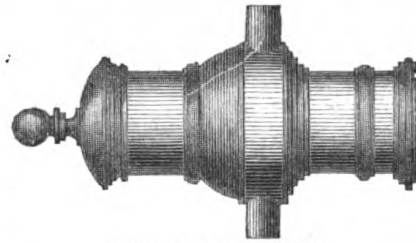
Having said so much of cannon in general, we will speak more especially of those used in the navy. We have referred to the mortar and to

the Paixhan gun for throwing hollow shot and shells. Mortars, as a part of the armament of a ship, are useful chiefly in attacking fortifications on land. Dropping a shell into so small an object as a ship, which on the unsteady swell of the ocean is necessarily constantly shifting its position, is of course a very uncertain operation. Hence the necessity, if shell were used at all in naval warfare, of firing them direct, like solid shot. But here, too, arose a difficulty. The constantly-shifting position and distance of a ship rendered shells with time fuses, even if fired in this way, very unreliable; for the difference of the small fraction of a second in the time of explosion would make it harmless, though accurately aimed. Hence the necessity of shells that would explode on concussion. This was a grand step forward, still it was only an approximation to the thing that was wanted; for a shell bursting on the outside of a ship expends half its force in the air. To give it its full destructive power it ought to explode between decks. Hence for a long time the grand desideratum has been to invent a shell that, thrown horizontally like a solid shot, would be fired by concussion, and yet not explode until it reached the centre of a ship—in other words, a percussion and time shell combined. Such a shell would be the most destructive missile ever known in naval warfare. Such a shell is now being experimented on, and with prospects of success. It can be loaded from the muzzle, and handled like a common shot. Perhaps in its final trial some difficulties not yet encountered may be discovered; if not, it will work a revolution in naval warfare, and give American ships a greater advantage than the introduction of accurate sights did in the last war with England.

The carronade is another ship cannon, shorter than the common gun, and designed for close engagement. Steam vessels and the vast increase in the range of guns will probably cause it to be held in slight estimation by the navy.

The howitzer is another kind of gun, used both on land and sea. The moderns have vastly improved in the efficiency of this piece, and Dahlgren has brought it to a high state of perfection. The howitzer of 1693 was a clumsy piece.

Frederick of Prussia first gave the howitzer its proper place as a field-piece, he having forty-five of them at one position in the battle of Burkendorf in 1762.



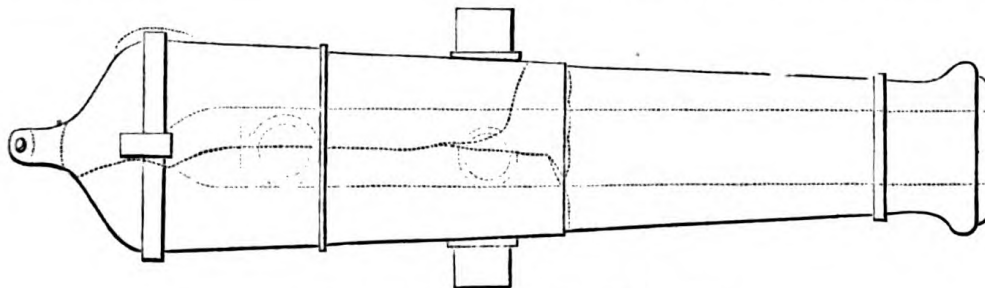
ENGLISH HOWITZER, 1693.

The "Dahlgren guns" have become common as household words, and many people suppose they possess some new and extraordinary power in throwing shot. But his improvement consists entirely in taking the metal from the forward part of the gun and putting it in the breech. There being no strain near the muzzle, weight of metal is unnecessary there. Hence a Dahlgren gun and one constructed on the old principle, of the same weight, would have very different calibres, the former throwing a much larger shot. Captain Dahlgren can not claim to be the originator of the suggestion to construct pieces in this way. In fact, the way cannon have always burst ought to have made it apparent to any one that the strength of a gun should be back of the trunnions. Fractures do not *invariably* follow the same direction, though they uniformly do. Beginning at the vent, they run forward to the trunnions, when they turn at right angles across the gun—the forward part being thrown off entire, and turning a complete somersault, falls on the ground in a direct line with the shot, the blackened muzzle pointing back on the shattered carriage. The annexed diagram shows the law of fractures. Hence when guns burst forward it is pretty certain that the shot, from its formation or that of the bore, has been jammed near the muzzle.

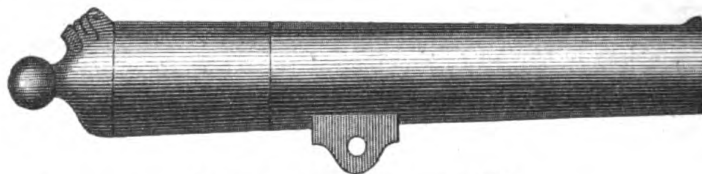
The changes that have been made in the form and character of shells and shot are almost endless, and can not be noticed here.

Dahlgren has added greatly to the efficiency of the howitzer, especially as adapted to sea-service. In glancing at the ancient and modern field-pieces, the casual observer would not detect such vast improvements in their construction, but he can in that of the howitzer. The howitzer of 1693 and Dahlgren's 24-pounder howitzer of to-day are radically different guns.

Our boat-howitzers are all the same except in size, and by the Navy Department are ordered



GENERAL COURSE OF FRACTURE IN CAST-IRON GUNS.



DALGHREN 24-POUND HOWITZER, 1862.

to be 24-pounders for launches of seventy-fours, medium 12-pounders for frigates, and light ones for sloops of war. The canister-shot they throw is composed of iron shot packed in a tin case, the interstices being filled with saw-dust, the upper end closed with an iron plate, and the lower with a wooden block. Shrapnell are used when the range is beyond canister, being fired by a fuse. The 12-pounder shrapnell contains eighty musket-balls, which, when the shell explodes, fly off in every direction. One of these bursting in a column of Mexicans at the battle of Palo Alto, made a gap wide enough to drive a cart and oxen through. After the battle was over seventy-five men were picked up where it had exploded. The boat-howitzers of Dahlgren, it will be remembered, were much coveted by the Japanese when Commodore Perry visited them, and he finally made them a present of one. A light carriage is supplied for those which are designed to be used on land.

They are terribly destructive, tearing columns of infantry and cavalry with frightful rapidity. Mounted on the bows of launches, they can be carried into the shallowest water, and will soon clear the shore of any enemy not protected by breast-works.

The changes that have been introduced in the artillery as a military arm on the land are very great, and have been going on since the time of Bonaparte. But the chief ones that modern science will work in naval warfare are few and very marked. The firing of horizontal shells, and the long ranges that have been obtained, and the employment of steamers, will probably put an end to the formation of lines of battle on the sea, of which we had perhaps the most imposing and crowning exhibition in the battle of Trafalgar; and also to those close broadside engagements which distinguished our naval encounters in the last war with England.

The wind has always been an important element in naval tactics, indeed formed the basis of all movements. Steam gives both parties—to make a Hibernianism—the weather-gage, and hence in engagements between large fleets more independent action of separate ships will be allowed. Moreover the long ranges which have been obtained will cause a battle to be opened at long distances, which, among ships of different sizes, carrying guns of very different ranges, will interfere sadly with simultaneous movements. So in single-handed encounters, a ship with guns of the longest range is not going to lay aside her advantage and come to a yard-arm conflict, where these will be less destructive than old-fashioned pieces. Iron-clad ships, if

they ever come into general use, will make a naval engagement, usually so terrible, one of the most harmless things imaginable. Two such vessels, lying off at the proper distance, might keep up a desperate encounter for a week and nobody be hurt. Just so far as we advance in obtaining long ranges and in making our war ships impregnable, will naval valor depreciate and naval exploits sink in significance. The history of naval warfare will show this. The early combats between galley fleets in the Mediterranean exhibit a personal daring and valor bordering on ferocity. The destruction of life, too, was terrible—a whole army disappearing in the crimson sea before the conflict was ended. The line of battle was for a long time in the form of a triangle, the admiral's galley at the head. Just before coming into action he would sail down between his vessels, haranguing the crews of each to stimulate them to valor. The first naval engagement on record was fought by Erythros, a prince who controlled the Red Sea. The most noted one of ancient times was that of Salamis between the Greeks and Persians. The fleet of Xerxes, consisting of twelve hundred and seven galleys, manned by five hundred thousand men, was engaged by the Greek fleet only four hundred strong. On the day of battle Xerxes caused his throne to be placed on a mountain spur that overlooked the fleets, covered with a canopy. Around him knelt secretaries with pen in hand to note the heroic conduct of individual ships, or mark those which lagged in the fight, while all along the mountain ridges spectators from the Acropolis, the Hill of Mars, were gathered, who, with the mighty army shining in Oriental splendor, and dazzling the eye with its wilderness of glittering armor and gayly-colored banners, gazed down, as from an amphitheatre, upon those sixteen hundred galleys, closing in mortal combat. No smoke obscured the conflict, so that every deed of valor could be distinctly seen; while ever and anon the deafening shouts of the excited host on shore rolled like thunder along the heights and fell on the ear of the combatants. Trireme after trireme went down with all on board, till at last the Persian fleet turned and fled.

This was five hundred years before Christ. In the centuries that followed human ingenuity, then as now, exhausted itself in multiplying the engines of destruction. Turrets were built on the prow or stern from which arrows could be discharged in showers; huge engines arose from the centre from which rocks were hurled with a power that sent them like a round shot through the vessel's bottom; battering rams swung from

the masts to beat in the sides of the enemy; pots of live coals, and melted pitch, and combustible compounds, full as destructive as the hot shot of modern times, were added to the deadly battle-axe and spear, to augment the slaughter. It is said that the ancestor of the great Hannibal threw pots of live and poisonous serpents on board his enemy's ships, which darting around on deck spread consternation among the crew. The Romans made still other improvements in naval warfare, until at length the invention of cannon introduced a new element into it.

We hear of their being first used by the Venetians against the Genoese. The first great naval battle that was fought after the introduction of cannon into ships was that of Lepanto in 1571, between the Venetians and Spanish on one side, and the Turks on the other. We talk at the present day of the importance of this and that battle to civilization, while few have ever been fought fraught with more important interests than this. In it was decided the question whether Christianity or Mohammedanism should control Southern Europe. The Turks had nearly two hundred and thirty galleys and transports, with six vessels carrying heavy artillery. The Christians had two hundred and fifty ships, manned by fifty thousand men. Modern naval warfare furnishes no such imposing array of force. Though cannon, and culverins, and muskets were used, those fierce warriors could not wait the slow effect of their inefficient broadsides, and rushed to the death-grapple. Those nearly five hundred ships became mixed in a hand-to-hand fight, vessel rushed on vessel, and the roar of the guns gave way to the clash of battle-axe, spear, and sword. And when the combat ended nearly a hundred of the Turkish fleet had gone to the bottom, or were helpless wrecks on the water; and *twenty-five thousand* men lay mangled and slain on the slippery decks, or had disappeared in the blue waves of the Gulf. Ten thousand Christians had also fallen, making the total number of victims in this terrific sea-fight *thirty-five thousand*. The world to-day would stand aghast at such a naval combat. Naval expeditions in our present war have been organized on a large scale, and with a rapidity which we take for granted to be unprecedented in the history of the world. Captain Porter laid the keel of a gun-boat in the West, and in forty days floated her off into the river ready for service. To complete contracts that had ninety days to run tasked to the utmost our mechanical force. And yet, in olden time, with all their want of machinery, grand naval expeditions were fitted out in a space of time fabulously short. Rome once fitted out an immense fleet in ninety days after the trees were standing in the forest. Piso built and equipped a fleet to sail against Hiero, King of Syracuse, of two hundred and twenty vessels, in *forty-five days*; and Scipio is said to have put to sea in the second Punic war with a large fleet, the timbers that composed the vessels of which forty days before were lying in the forest.

The Romans, in some of their vast naval expeditions, in which it was necessary to carry large bodies of cavalry, showed a forethought which it would be well for our Government at the present day to imitate. Ships were constructed on purpose for their transportation—literally *horse ships*, or floating stables. Our way of huddling horses on inconvenient and unsteady transports has already cost the Government vast sums. In the short trip to Ship Island we can often save only some half a dozen reduced animals out of a hundred and fifty or sixty choice horses.

The extraordinary means of defense that have been resorted to in modern times have naturally caused the introduction of terrific engines of destruction; but it is very doubtful if, in adapting means to ends, we have made any advances on ancient warfare.

The discovery of America making it necessary to cross the ocean, and the extension of commerce round the world, gave, of course, an immense impetus to ship-building. War ships kept pace with this improvement, and naval combats gradually came under a system of tactics similar to those which governed the movements of large armies on land. This system, as before remarked, reached its fullest development, and furnished its finest exhibition, at Trafalgar. Thirty-one ships of the line and frigates composed Nelson's fleet, while the French and Spanish had forty. At noon, on the 21st of October, 1805, this mighty array of the Spanish and French lay in a vast semicircle off Cape Trafalgar, waiting the approach of the English fleet, that, crowded with canvas, came slowly down on the long, steady swell that rolled toward the Bay of Cadiz. Nelson had previously arranged his plan, which was to attack in double columns, so as to break the enemy's line in two places at once. He himself led one column of thirteen ships, and Collingwood the other composed of fourteen. Thus, like two columns of infantry, these magnificent ships bore down on the compact lines of the enemy. Of course when the battle fairly commenced it lost all resemblance to the movements of infantry, and became a hand-to-hand fight, like a conflict of the knights of old. Such an attempt at a grand *systematic* sea-fight will probably never be made again. It was the old Roman and Carthaginian galley fight over again, with modern war ships and their terrible armaments.

Since the commencement of naval warfare some one nation has believed itself to have reached perfection, as nearly as it can be obtained, in the construction of ships and armaments; but suddenly a new discovery has been made, working an entire change. Thus, after the victories of Nelson, England thought she had reached the Ultima Thule of maritime warfare, and when the war of 1812 broke out the idea of our attempting to dispute the supremacy of the seas with her would have been looked upon as a good joke had it not been for the disgusting impertinence of the thing.

But the first conflict between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere* showed that some new element had entered into naval warfare. When the Englishman first saw the *Constitution*, and the resolute way she bore down on him, he was somewhat staggered; and after watching her a while handed his glass to the Captain of an American privateer whom he had captured a short time before, and asked him if he could make out to what nation that ship belonged. The American, after narrowly scrutinizing her, handed back the glass, replying that, from the cut of her sails, he had no doubt she was an American frigate. "It can not be possible," said Dacres, "for she would not stand on so boldly. However," he added, "should it prove true so much the better, as I shall have the honor of taking the first American man-of-war on the ocean." He cleared for action, for it was evident the stranger, whatever he was, was bent on mischief, and slowly moved away. Soon the Stars and Stripes were seen proudly flying in the breeze. When the *Constitution* arrived within long gun-shot, the *Guerriere* opened her fire. Wearing ever and anon to bring her broadsides to bear, she was astonished to see the American keep steadily on, replying only now and then with an occasional gun, as if to tell her enemy she heard her, and if she wanted to fight, to hold up until she could get alongside. The Captain of the *Guerriere*, nothing loth, filled and moved off with the wind free, showing that he was willing to receive her and finish the conflict yard-arm to yard-arm. The *Constitution* then drew slowly ahead, and the moment her bows began to lap the quarters of the *Guerriere* her forward guns opened, and in a few minutes the welcome orders were received to pour in broadside after broadside rapidly as possible. As the old ship forged slowly ahead with her greater way, she seemed moving in flame. Soon down came the mizen mast of the enemy with a crash, while her hull was riddled with shot and her decks slippery with gore. The carnage was so awful that the blood from the wounded and mangled victims, as they were hurried into the cockpit below, poured over the ladder as if it had been dashed like water from a bucket. In less than an hour the conflict was over, and the English vessel was so terribly cut up that she went down on the spot where she had fought.

In the single-handed fight that occurred not long after between the *United States* and *Macedonian*, the latter had a third of her entire crew and officers, numbering three hundred, killed and wounded, while the *United States* had but twelve all told. So the latter was found to have suffered but very little in her hull, while the British vessel had been struck a *hundred times* below her bulwarks. So in the conflict between the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, though waged in a stormy sea, with the waves running half-mast high, the same disparity in killed and wounded was exhibited, and also in the condition of the ships after it was over.

Every after-combat was but the repetition of the first. The *Constitution* came out of the fight with the *Java* with every spar standing and ready for another antagonist, while the latter resembled a slaughter pen, and went, a helpless wreck, to the bottom. The uniformity of result in these numerous naval actions revealed the steady working of some principle. A single contest might exhibit the same disparity in killed and wounded, and in the destruction accomplished, and yet be accounted for by the condition and sailing powers of the two ships, the character of the crew, or an unexpected accident; but these peculiar circumstances would not occur month after month in different seas, and in widely dissimilar ships. English writers made all our astonishing victories the result of a mere chapter of accidents, or to be accounted for by the immense advantage which a superiority of three or four guns, or a crew of fifty more men gave. We, on the contrary, err almost as widely in adopting the very simple conclusive explanation of superior skill and courage. Granting our superiority in these respects, our vanity can not claim it to be so great as to account for our almost unbroken success. The true secret lay in our superior gunnery. One would think that the shattered hulls of the *Guerriere*, *Frolic*, and *Java*, and other vessels, would have settled this. Our broadsides were not wasted on the sea, but went crashing through the oaken sides of the enemy; and the reason of our superior gunnery was, we had *regular sights* to our cannon, which the English had not. We had, in short, introduced as great an improvement in this respect as has since been made on land by the invention of rifled cannon. It is true the English used the pendulum, which was swung in the square of the hatchway, by which the inclination of the ship was ascertained, and thus enabled them to keep the guns in a horizontal position. But we had sights—sometimes fixed on the muzzle ring answering to the forward sight of the rifle, and sometimes tubes laid along the gun, either immovable or capable of being adjusted to suit the range. No wonder we made riddles of the English ships. The British Government learned the trick after the war was over, and now she is not a whit behind us in her naval gunnery. Those who boast of our former naval successes, and think they can be easily repeated, would do well to remember this. Such a marvelous, unbroken series of victories are not to be expected in a war with such a maritime power as England, without some great superiority in the use of artillery. We should have this again, in wooden ships, if the shell before mentioned proves to be what is claimed for it. A shell acting invariably as a round shot on the hull of a ship, and as a shell inside, between decks, would make a contest between an American wooden vessel and that of any other nation more unequal than any that occurred in our last war with England. The inventive genius of the Americans, that always produces something to meet emergencies, though it can

not do every thing, is nevertheless one of our greatest resources. The London *Times*, a short time ago, admitted this, when giving the comparative strength of the two nations in case of war, and said that, notwithstanding the overwhelming superiority of the English navy, Yankee ingenuity would devise ways of giving them a great deal of trouble. The *Warrior*, it is said, has an English invention on board, which it is claimed will give her an advantage independent of her shot-proof sides, that will make her overwhelmingly superior to any vessel that ever floated. By it she is enabled to throw molten iron into an enemy's ship. A cupola furnace is constructed on board for melting iron, which is poured into a thin shell which breaks in pieces on entering a ship, leaving the molten mass imbedded in the timbers. Several apparently insuperable objections suggest themselves to the practicability of this strange scheme, and we predict its abandonment. Still it may be a success; if so, it is a horrible one, for no wooden vessel could withstand many broadsides of such shot. It would hardly have begun to fight before it would be in flames.

LETTY'S PROPOSAL.

THERE was a great excitement in the pretty little locust-bowered house familiarly known in the village of Mabury as the "Brown Cottage"—an excitement which seemed to pervade the whole ménage, from the tidy kitchen, where the slicing of delicate pinky ham and the buttering of melt-in-your-mouth biscuit was going on with dextrous celerity, up to the Gothic-windowed guest-chamber, where constant relays of arrivals were successively denuding themselves of "Clouds," "Sontags," "Mariposas," and other dainty feminine wraps; and down again to the parlor, in which some twenty ladies—old, young, and middle-aged—were assembled, with tongues and needles flying with equal zest and industry.

The "Sewing Society of the Parish of St. Barnabas, Mabury," was assembled at the Brown Cottage for the first time. The Cottage had been vacant for a length of time; it was at once too small and too highly ornée to find tenants readily, and its present occupants, Mrs. and Miss Ramsay, a widow lady and her daughter, had come up from New York and taken possession of it only a few weeks ago. They were not very widely known as yet by the good people of Mabury; but those ladies who, after due inspection of them at church, had made up their minds that they were proper persons to be called upon, pronounced them cultivated, well-bred, and agreeable—"quite an accession to society." The young ladies, perhaps, did not unite in this favorable dictum quite so cordially as their mammas: there were far too few young men in Mabury to suffer the advent of another candidate for their attentions to be very eagerly welcomed; and while the fair young creatures admitted collectively that Adelaide Ramsay was

certainly a very fine-looking girl, *one* of them, whose eyes had been compared to violets by a sentimental adorer, suggested that such *very* black eyes had always a something bold in them; and another, whose lips had been likened to rose-buds by the same flowery-minded youth, intimated that, in her opinion, some mouths might be too large even if the teeth were quite good enough for display.

The ladies at the Cottage had come forward in quite a public-spirited sort of way to take part in every thing that was going on in Mabury. They had rented a pew at St. Barnabas's at once, put down their names on the list of the Charity Fund, and joined the Sewing Society without delay. Then they were so patriotic! Miss Ramsay was really quite an oracle on military matters. She was acquainted with the officers of ever so many regiments, had witnessed drills and parades innumerable, and had actually had a share in a flag-presentation. Her interest in the movements of the army was known to be intense; and it was said that she perused daily every line of the telegrams, the editorials, and the interminable letters from "special correspondents," on the all-absorbing topic of the war. It would really look suspicious, if she were not so frank and undisguised; as it was, it was positively very creditable to her public spirit and love of country.

So it happened that there was an unusually full "gathering from near and from far" on the occasion of the Ramsays' first "Society." Not that curiosity had any thing to do with it—oh, by no means!—but it was a *very* fine day, and there really was a great deal of work to be done; that last hundred of shirts not yet finished, and the quota of stockings and mittens volunteered still incomplete.

The little parlor of the Cottage never had presented so animated a scene before; it really would have made a very charming "interior," with its glowing fire, its bright and tasteful appointments, and its groups of well-dressed and good-looking people, all laughing and talking and working in the best possible spirits. Adelaide Ramsay thought so as she passed in and out of the room—now welcoming a new-comer; now stopping to speak to this one or that; or going up to the corner where her mother, a stately old lady in black silk, sat in her own special easy-chair, to refer some question of the *cuisine* to her decision. She would have formed the most attractive point in the picture herself, perhaps—with her tall, well-formed person, her rich dark hair and animated countenance; but this idea would never have suggested itself to her, and she would unhesitatingly have referred the artist to the bay-window which looked out upon the lawn for his fore-ground group. And there, indeed, was gathered most of the youth and beauty of the "Society." Pretty Jennie Hathaway sat there, knitting away industriously, without the slightest idea of what a charming "study" she would make for a "Hearth-flower"—that's the new name for a young lady with a domestic turn

of mind, you know! The elegant Miss Lushington spread her ample skirts over the damask lounge in the window recess, and likewise held the ubiquitous knitting-work in her long ringed fingers. Eleanor Grant occupied the small portion left unoccupied by her neighbor's flounces, bending her Madonna face over a cumbrous mass of cloth, which was gradually assuming the "shapeless shape" of a hospital wrapper, with a look as sad and thoughtful as though she already saw the pale and wounded form round which it was to be wrapped; and on an ottoman by her side sat little Letty Lawson, the youngest, the smallest, and the prettiest of the Mabury maidens. Her ivory crochet-needle was slipping with marvelous celerity in and out the bright border she was putting on a great pair of coarse gray mittens.

"Poor fellows!" said she, when the girls laughed at her pretty fancy, "why shouldn't they have red borders for their mittens? It's just as easy as to knit them all this horrid dun color; and it will make the box look a great deal gayer when it's opened in camp. I can imagine the soldiers all gathering round it, as in the picture in the last *Harper's Weekly*, you know, and quarreling over my mittens. Every body 'll want 'em!"

"I wonder if you'll always be so careful to make the mittens you give agreeable, Letty?" said Jennie Hathaway; and though the joke was neither very new nor very good, they all laughed, and Letty's pink roses turned to crimson ones at once.

"There was but *one* person, just now," she thought, "who—who—" Letty could not put it in words even in her own mind. "And the idea of *any* body's not being glad and proud of his love—oh!"

"Only see Letty blush!" pursued Jennie, mischievously; "one would think she had been making some one a present of that useful article as late as last evening."

"Not she," said Miss Lushington; "indeed I'm afraid we won't any of us get a chance to dispose of any mittens but these veritable yarn ones until this horrid war is over. I don't know any one in Mabury who has a shadow of a lover but Miss Ramsay."

"Miss Ramsay! Has she made a conquest so soon? Who is it? Do tell!" The whole group was in a flutter of eager curiosity at once, and Miss Lushington answered, in surprise,

"Why, I thought every one knew—Randall North, of course; there's no one else up here she'd condescend to captivate. He called the day after her first appearance at church and staid an hour at least. He has been there since two or three evenings in a week, and she plays and sings for him; I can hear, you know, being only across the street. But, hush! here she comes now."

There was a sudden silence and a great access of industry on the part of the fair gossipers as Miss Ramsay, stopping for a smile and a word with one and another of her guests, made her way toward the bay-window. So that no one

noticed the rapid changes that passed over Letty's face at these words—the sudden surprise, the flash of anger fading into incredulity, and then the slow, sick whiteness that crept over cheek and brow as the conviction of their truth crushed upon her.

"Randall North! And she had thought him *her* lover!"

Women are born Spartans, where their woman's pride is concerned; and though a pang keener than that of death had seized upon Letty's heart, so glad and hopeful a moment before, she "died and made no sign." She even looked up with a smile when Miss Ramsay approached, and, gayly commending the party for their patriotic zeal, suggested that they should slacken a while in their industry, as tea was about to be served.

"And after that you must beautify yourselves as much as possible, young ladies," she went on, in her bright, laughing way; "for we are to have a stranger here this evening, Mr. Eugene Lamar, the son of a millionaire, the best waltzer in town last winter, and a perfect adept in the art of putting on ladies' skates. He's coming up to one of our country sociables in search of a new sensation. Won't some of you undertake to revivify his numb heart? You, Miss Letty, can't you snare him in the meshes of those bright ringlets?"

Letty forced down a sort of spasm that constricted her throat, and answered in a tone through whose assumed merriment the bitterness of her heart betrayed itself.

"I don't know any one who is so skillful in the management of hearts as Miss Ramsay. She had better undertake Mr. Lamar herself."

"Not I!" was the laughing answer. "I have other business to attend to—" And there Miss Ramsay broke off suddenly, and a deep crimson blush overspread her bright, handsome countenance. Only for a second, and the young lady recovered herself, and saying, merrily, "I shall certainly introduce him to you the first thing," moved on to the next group; but it sufficed to set the seal upon Letty's terrible fear; and from that moment the twin fiends Jealousy and Hatred came and took up their abode in the young girl's heart, driving out before them the sweet angels Love and Faith.

A general bustle of preparation filled the room; work was rapidly folded up and laid away in the great "Society basket;" a "nest" of tables was taken apart and placed about in various directions, for the greater convenience of cups and saucers; and the ladies "sat round" in a state of expectancy, with napkins and plates duly spread upon their laps. In the midst of the confusion Letty managed to slip away unobserved, and make her escape to the empty guest-chamber above. She longed for this refuge, that she might be free just a little while from the noise and lights below—might press her burning brow against the cool window-panes, and even cry, unobserved, if only the tears would come.

But they would not. She felt too excited, outraged, for that sweet relief. Besides, in spite of almost conviction, she still clung to a precious doubt: there *might* be some mistake; he could not be so base! And as she stood in the deep window recess, and looked out upon the star-lit winter-night, her passion of conflicting emotions grew calmer, and a generous trust in the man she loved came back to expel with indignation the unworthy suspicion which had usurped its place.

"She could not understand it," she said to herself; "there was some mystery about it; but one thing was certain, Randall North was the soul of truth and honor; she could not prove it, but she felt it. He was incapable of playing a double game, and yet he had certainly been—well, every thing but actually *lover-like*;" and Letty blushed and thrilled all alone in the dim window recess, at certain memories of the past few weeks. "Well, she should know very soon now."

The sound of opening doors below, the rustle of dresses, and the tripping of feet upon the stair startled Letty from her painful thoughts. She sprang hastily to the little dressing-table, and begun rearranging her hair assiduously, with fingers that were all too nervous for the task. A moment after a party of girls broke laughingly into the room, and, scattering about in various directions, addressed themselves to the business of refreshing their toilets for the evening.

"Why, here is Letty Lawson stealing a march upon us!" exclaimed one gay damsel, exuberantly. "You've heard of the distinguished guest we are to have to-night, eh? and are bound to be first on the ground. Well, I give you fair warning, I intend to fascinate him myself. Be a generous rival, now, and help me to fasten this camelia in my hair. Isn't it superb? Mrs. Grandon brought it to me from her own green-house."

Letty performed the little service, scarcely knowing what she was doing. "A generous rival! Could she be that?" But she only said, "If you want to come to the glass now, Nelly, I have finished," and was moving to the door, when another young lady, who was at the wash-stand, laboring to remove the stain of blue yarn from her delicate fingers, called to her to stop.

"Just go to the window, won't you, Letty, and see who's come? I heard wheels—yes, and there are gentlemen's voices. Oh dear! bless the soldiers and their stockings—this war'll be the ruin of my hands! Who is it, Letty?"

"Mr. Cranston's buggy, with two gentlemen in it, and a whole party walking up the lawn. But indeed I can't play 'Sister Ann' for you any longer. I must go down and make room for others. See, all the Society is coming up stairs to brush its hair!"

And the speech and tone were so like Letty's old self that not one of the gay girls, intent upon their toilet, dreamed with what an effort it was uttered, or that it was because she had espied

one special person in the "party" coming up the lawn that she was in such haste to get down to the parlor. She wanted to see all, from the very first greeting—then she could judge.

So she made her way through the crowd of ladies whom the arrival of the gentlemen had started suddenly up to the dressing-room, and was hastening down stairs, when, to her vexation, she discovered that her boot-lace was broken. She stopped on a little landing made by an abrupt turn of the staircase to fasten it; but it gave her some trouble to arrange it neatly, and as she sat there, trying to tie a knot with her nervous fingers, she heard the new arrivals make their entrance, deposit their hats and coats in the hall, laughing and talking a good deal, meanwhile, and then pass into the parlor, leaving the hall deserted. A moment after there were other steps and voices—quieter, but sending a strange thrill through Letty's frame, which only made her bungle the more over her task.

For it was Miss Ramsay welcoming Randall North, and in her most cordial tone.

"So early, Mr. North? That is very good of you to come and help me break the 'awful pause' between tea and dancing."

"Am I not always good?" was the gay retort, made so familiarly that Letty's lip curled involuntarily. "I have come prepared to sacrifice myself to the public good, and do what I may to insure the success of your first 'Society.' Of course I shall not have an opportunity of trying my powers of entertainment upon you—you will be on hospitable thoughts intent. Do you think you could find time to read this, however?"

Letty stood directly behind them on the stair; she could not have helped seeing, unless she had deliberately turned her eyes away, and this it was not in human nature to do. So she looked on, and saw Randall North take from his pocket and place in Miss Ramsay's hand a letter; she saw her hand stretched out eagerly to receive it; she saw the unmistakable look in his eyes, the quick mounting flush on her cheek, and then, before a word could be spoken, the sudden retreat of Miss Ramsay into the dining-room, and the simultaneous entrance of another party of new-comers.

Letty felt sick and staggering, as though she had received a rude blow upon her breast. She shrank back into the dim landing, and braced herself against the wall to keep from falling. Her head reeled, and strange lights danced before her eyes. The stroke had come, and for a moment she was blind and stunned. But the urgent necessity for rallying her strength gave her power to do it; at the sound of approaching steps she started to her feet, and the color which had forsaken cheek and lip rushed violently back to her face. She stood still a moment to steady herself, and then slowly descended the stair and entered the lighted parlor with a firm step and erect head. True, she had been subjected to the cruellest wrong a woman can suffer; the man, in whose truth she had trusted, almost as in

Heaven's, had proved himself false and heartless before her very eyes: but should the world know this? Should he exult in the love of two women, and her rival triumph in her success? Henceforward he should see that she despised him as he deserved, and not one of all that careless throng should dream that she was a slighted woman.

There was a knot of gentlemen standing near the door by which she entered, and Letty had to stop to exchange greetings with them all; she had always been a favorite in Mabury, and she had a smile and a merry word for each. She did not stop to chat with any of them longer than she could help, but watched her opportunity to take possession of a low seat in the corner at the end of a sofa, where she could be almost concealed from sight by the fall of Mrs. Judge Denham's voluminous flounces, and yet command a view of the door, near which she had discovered Randall North standing, exchanging lively banter with Jennie Hathaway.

She sat there unobserved, leaning back against the wall, and half listening to the discussion of the respective merits of M'Clellan and Frémont which old Mr. Varney was keeping up across her with Mrs. Denham, but all the while keeping her eyes fixed upon the group at the door, and noting bitterly how Randall North, even in the midst of his badinage with the pretty girl at his side, was evidently on the watch for the entrance of another.

Yes, and now he need watch no longer, for there she was, crossing the hall from the dining-room and coming toward him. How radiant she looked with that smile and blush! and the glance she lifted to his face was full of consciousness. Her words, too, what a confidence of possession they seemed to indicate!

"Come, Sir, it is quite time you entered upon your duties of assistant entertainer. What shall we do to start the evening? Shall I sing? Will you sing with me? I am in the most obliging of moods to-night!"

And then again that conscious smile flashed over each face.

Ah, it was impossible! Letty thought, with the sharpest pang yet of pain and anger. That could not have been a letter of proposal. Not even Miss Ramsay could speak so lightly after it. They must have been engaged before; yes, at the very time when he had sat beside her those evenings so sweet in their passing hours, so unutterably bitter now in their memory: in the little parlor at home, teaching her to play chess, singing with her, and charming tears from her eyes by his exquisite reading of exquisite poems.

False and cruel heart! He had used her only as a blind for some purpose of his own; and Letty set her teeth together hard and drew back farther into the corner as the two approached the piano, Miss Ramsay's rustling silk sweeping in stately folds about her tall person and her face radiant with smiles and color.

Poor little Letty! *hers* had the look of a cat ready to spring in the dark.

There was a sudden lull in the hum and buzz through the room as the first clear ringing chords were struck out from Miss Ramsay's free, firm fingers. No such music as hers had ever been heard in Mabury: all the young ladies played and sang "after a fashion," but it was a very different fashion from the brilliant and artistic style of the cultivated city girl. Letty had been on the point of giving up her simple little ballads in despair after hearing Miss Ramsay sing, when Randall North told her one evening that *her* voice was one of those meant for only one listener, with such a look and tone that there was no doubting his meaning!

And now look at him!—standing close by Miss Ramsay's side, turning over the leaves of her music with lover-like assiduity, openly expressing his admiration as song after song was ended, and in more than one mingling his fine tenor with her rich tones. As for Miss Ramsay herself her happiness had produced an almost magical effect upon her. An inward flame of joy and hope sent its glow to her cheek, its sparkle to her eye; she sang in an electric sort of way which *vitalized* her audience, as it were, and called forth unbounded admiration. Presently, as if her swelling spirits could not find vent in any quieter music, she broke suddenly into a ringing martial strain. There was a clangor of clashing chords, a shrill succession of trumpet tones, and then the loud thud-thud of the base, like the beat of a muffled drum, by way of prelude; and then, while every one listened in eager silence, the rush of stirring song broke forth, the very words having a ringing rhythm, a sonorous refrain, that thrilled like a bugle call:

"There are glad hearts and sad hearts
By millions to-day,
As over the wires the magical fires
Are flashing the tidings of Donelson's fray.
Hearts swelling with rapture
For Donelson's capture;
Hearts breaking with aching
For Donelson's slain."

Miss Ramsay had found the verses going the rounds of the press, and had herself adapted them to a stirring strain that suited their martial ring; and now she found herself scarcely able to complete the first stanza for the wild enthusiasm she had aroused in her listeners. Every breast heaved high; every eye flashed in all the throng; a chord still quivering from its recent tension had been struck; soft palms came together in eager applause; people crowded round the piano, and when the clear, full tones rang out the thrilling words,

"We join the wild shout,
The tumultuous hosanna
That greets our dear banner
From Donelson's ramparts in triumph sung out,"

their enthusiasm vented itself in a resounding cheer for the beautiful musician, the unknown poet, the grand old Union, and the cottage parlor re-echoed with tones of excitement and delight.

And Miss Ramsay, how radiant she looked!

Letty marked the proud and pleased glance which Randall North bent upon her, and her conscious blush beneath it; and felt herself as though the last faint spark of life and hope were slowly dying, dying within her.

Meanwhile a good-natured young lady had relieved the hostess at the piano, and the first notes of the Lancers dispersed the gentlemen in various directions in search of partners. Letty shrank back still farther in her corner in the hope of concealment. Randall North would be just double-dealer enough, she thought, to come and ask her to dance, that there might not be too marked a cessation of his attentions—and she felt as though she should strike him if he did! But her retreat was not secure enough to escape the carrying out of Miss Ramsay's playful threat; she approached her almost immediately with a mischievous smile on her face, and bringing with her, as she had said she would, Mr. Eugene Lamar, the elegant young scion of upper-tendom, whose advent had been so eagerly anticipated by the young ladies up stairs.

There was an evil look on Letty's face behind the smile with which she acknowledged the introduction, and a bitter and defiant thought sprung up in her heart. She would overlook her indignation at Miss Ramsay's impertinent attempt to supply the place of the lover she had stolen with her city dandy, and use him as her tool to show her recreant admirer that she neither valued nor missed his attentions.

So, as Mr. Lamar pronounced the customary formula and offered his arm, Letty rose from her ottoman, and suffered him to lead her to a place among the dancers. She had resolved to act her part so well that none should suppose it to be only a part; the shadow was banished from her face, a smiling light summoned in its stead; nothing could be more coquettishly pretty than her whole aspect as she took her place with a smile at her partner and a graceful little bow to her *vis-à-vis*. And so Randall North seemed to think, for he started suddenly forward from his careless position near the piano-forte and approached her at once.

"Why, where in the world have you been all the evening, Miss Letty?" he asked, with a bright look and tone. "I haven't seen you any where!"

"Not in Miss Ramsay's neighborhood: that accounts for it," replied Letty, coolly and gayly, looking him full in the face with a careless smile; and just then the music struck up, and away went her light little figure down the room, her step like a child's in its graceful freedom, and her brown curls flowing back upon her shoulders.

Randall North stood watching her a few moments, thinking he had never seen little Letty Lawson look so pretty, though, to be sure, she always had a winsome face of her own. But now there was a strange brightness and glow about her; her cheeks were as red as the red wild rose, her eyes like the dew-drops at its heart, her dress of azure silk was blue as the starlit sky without. There was a kind of eagerness in her manner that made it a pleasure to

watch her, just for the delight she seemed to be enjoying.

"What an enthusiastic little thing she is!" thought Randall North, with a half sigh for his own indifference. "The idea now of finding pleasure in that stupid dance! But then she enjoys higher pleasures as well. I think hers is one of those rare happy temperaments that imparts its own brightness to every thing. What did she mean by that allusion to Miss Ramsay? Can people have begun to notice?"

He both smiled and looked vexed at the thought, and presently turned away, thinking to stroll into the little library, and see how the sober middle-aged players at chess and draughts were getting on. A group of girls were gathered round a little table near the door, on which were strewn various objects intended for the amusement of an idle hour: a stereoscope fitted up with rare pictures, an album filled with the photographs of celebrities, Miss Ramsay's own clever crayon sketches, and so on. One of them stopped him as he was passing to ask if he didn't think Ruskin looked more like a poet than Tennyson; and another gayly inquired if *he*, too, hadn't been shocked to find that grand Mrs. Browning such a fright? "Wasn't it a pity," she rattled on, "that she should have been so vain of her curls as to give her eyes that horrid leer in the effort to place her head in a position to display them and yet look one full in the face? But then didn't Mr. North think all ladies who wore natural curls were apt to be vain of them? See Letty Lawson now playing hers off on that young New Yorker!"

Randall North smiled at the young girl's nonsense, which he saw was not meant to be ill-natured, and turned to look at Letty. She stood in a pause of the dance with one dimpled white hand carelessly playing with her nut-brown ringlets, and her face drooping, yet showing warm and crimson through their meshes, while her partner bent low, and almost whispered in her evidently willing ear. Her attitude, her whole aspect was picturesquely pretty; but there was an expression as Letty lifted her eyes which Randall North had never seen before on her innocent face—a sort of hard exultation, as it were. He did not like it, and removing his glance after a moment's survey, he turned back to the album and the jesting discussion of the foible of which Mrs. Browning had been accused.

Meanwhile *Les Lanciers* came to an end, and presently Letty's bright curl-veiled head was seen passing and repassing the open door as she promenaded the hall, hanging on Mr. Lamar's arm, to get cool. Very gay and bright she looked, smiling and talking incessantly; and Mr. Lamar stroked his mustache and listened, and brought out his whole stock of "society" compliments—thinking complacently that it was only like his usual luck to fascinate the prettiest girl in the room. He did not know what a very tiger of jealousy and rage was chained down in the bosom of the fair young creature at his side; he did not see the sharp, watchful glances she

cast ever and anon from the shaded hall into the bright room beyond, and he simply could not have understood the impatient disdain she felt toward him even had she taken pains to explain it.

The music struck up again, this time a waltz of merriest measure, leaping, sparkling forth from Miss Ramsay's brilliant fingers.

"Oh, that is something worth while!" exclaimed the city gentleman, who had a proper contempt for quadrilles. "Of course you waltz, Miss Lawson?" and almost before she knew it Letty was drawn into the parlor and whirling round the room encircled by his arm, her white hand upon his shoulder, her glowing face upraised to his, his breath amidst her flowing curls.

People drew back and watched the pair and whispered—the affair was really progressing into quite a flirtation; and Randall North stood and looked on a moment with folded arms and quiet brow, while Letty's floating drapery touched him as she swept circling past; then he turned, and, sauntering up to the piano, seemed absorbed in watching the flashing play of Miss Ramsay's white fingers over the ivory keys.

Letty saw him as he stood there, and saw too how Miss Ramsay's eye and lip welcomed his approach with their brightest smile, and she felt her heart grow sick and cold, despite its pride, to read in the frequent exchange of meaning look and whisper repeated evidence of a tender understanding between them. She went on desperately with the part she was acting—danced, talked, ate ices, and flirted almost without knowing what she was doing; and at last, to her unspeakable relief, the evening was over, and she was alone in the carriage on her homeward way. Mr. Lamer had been most assiduous in shawling her: he had even presumed to kiss her hand at parting, and she had suffered it because Randall North stood near enough to see it at the door, where Miss Ramsay stood in hospitable country fashion, bidding her guests good-by as one after another drove away; taking up his post by her side as though they were already *one*, Letty thought bitterly, and rubbing, with infinite disdain, the insulted member with her handkerchief. And Randall North turned, as the carriage rolled away, to his companion and said, in the grave way in which we may speak to one of whose sympathy we are sure: "There goes a girl in whom I have been strangely mistaken. I thought her a perfect little wild-flower for purity and artlessness; but she has shown herself to-night not a whit more modest, or maidenly, or single-minded than the rest of husband-seeking young ladies. You are the most womanly woman of them all, Adelaide."

Letty came down to a late breakfast next morning haggard and spiritless; and in answer to her mother's interested inquiries about the last evening pronounced it "the stupidest society of the whole winter," in a tone which checked further questioning. She alleged a headache as an excuse for pale looks and want of appetite: "she would be better by-and-by if

they would only let her be quiet." So her little brothers started off to school, her mother went about her household ways, and the cozy sitting-room, with its bright fire, its cushioned chair, and comfortable lounge, was at her service with as much solitude and quiet as she chose.

But she did not throw herself upon the sofa and wander off with shut eyes into the land of day-dreams, as was one of her habits when she felt idle and self-indulgent; neither did she nestle in the great rocking-chair before the grate, and amuse herself with making out wonderful pictures in the fire. Many a time had she conjured up images of her future in the dancing flames, the shifting coals; but now the future was a dreary blank lit by no bright fancies: she did not care to think about it. She stood within the recess of the curtained window watching the pale leaden clouds, which were beginning to dissolve in snow, and thought how dull were the winter days when there was no bright sunshine and no merry wind whistling about the eaves. Yesterday had been a calm, gray day too; but somehow Letty had not noticed it, and neither did the want of sleep always make her feel so wretchedly ill. She had lain awake far into the small hours only a few nights ago; Randall North had been with her during the evening; he had made her sing for him, and had praised her voice so kindly, and said he should bring her some new music which would suit those bird-like tones. He had brought over his own paper to read her the "News from Gaeta," and she had sobbed outright at the terrible pathos of the wondrous poem which was thrilling the hearts of two nations; and he had chided her playfully for her softness, while yet the tears stood in his own deep eyes. He had helped her wind worsted for her soldier-mittens, and had called her a "zealous little patriot," laughingly, but as if he meant it; and he had talked to her about his own thoughts and feelings, as if he considered that she could both understand and appreciate them. This had won her on to open to him her own girl-heart. She had talked to him as she never had to any one else; for no one else had ever sounded the depths that lay beneath the sunny surface of her character. And she had loved him with all the romance and enthusiasm of her eager little soul. How could she help it, when he, so learned and clever, so sought after by every one, would leave his books and his friends and come and talk to an uninformed girl like her? He must love her just a little she had thought, else why did he do this? And she had lain awake through the silent midnight so *alive* with a tingling, electric joy that she could not sleep.

Now she knew that this had been all the wildest waste of feeling; that he had been merely trying his power over a young, fresh heart, while his own was safe in another's keeping!

Letty dashed away from her eyes the blinding tears which these soft memories had brought there, and, turning from the window, walked to and fro the room, the vehement indignation, the

resentful scorn of a proud and slighted woman quivering in her form and flashing in her eye, and meanwhile the cold, pitiless snow fell softly and smoothly without.

The sudden crunching of wheels upon the graveled walk caused Letty to quiet her passionate step, and in a moment more there was a ring at the door, and then Mr. Lamar's voice inquiring for her. A look of disgust both at herself and him crossed the girl's face as she remembered that the miserable acting of the night before must be kept up in order to produce the desired effect. She despised herself for stooping to appear to trust a man who she knew was only seeking her to amuse the passing hour, regardless of consequences; and she *hated*, while she passionately loved, the man who had forced upon her such humiliation! But all trace of any but the pleasantest feelings had vanished from her face as she advanced smilingly to greet her visitor; and Mr. Lamar, looking with unfeigned admiration at her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, thought the graceful Hebe of last evening scarcely so lovely as the fresh-faced Phoebe of the morning, in her simple merino and home-like little black silk apron. Of course it was impossible that Lamar, the son of Lamar, could marry under a million—else, well! Miss Isabel le Grand, of Madison Square, would have to look after her husband elect, that was all!

"Only his errand could be his apology for intruding in the midst of a snow-storm," he said, and proceeded, with much admixture of compliment and condescending allusion to the entertainment of the evening before, to deliver the same. "It was his only day in Mabury; he had invoked a snow-storm in his prayers that he might have a regular country sleigh-ride; the gods had been propitious—would Miss Lawson be equally kind? He was there to entreat her to join a party which the friends with whom he was stopping had made up for that evening, if the snow should cease in time. Would she be ready if he brought round his cutter at seven?"

So Letty smiled and blushed, and thanked Mr. Lamar, and accepted the invitation quite as readily as he could desire; and he drove away, after a very long and lively call, happily unsuspecting that it was the prospect of revenge upon another's indifference, not delight at his own attentions, which had brought the glow and sparkle to the little beauty's face.

Letty remembered a certain playful agreement made between herself and Randall North some weeks ago: "Recollect, Letty, the very next snow I am coming for you in my cutter, and Flight shall show you what a sleigh-ride is!" and thought with bitter pride that she could let him see now just how independent she was of him for pleasure. She took up again her restless, rapid walk as the door closed upon her visitor, holding her head erect with haughty grace, and looking as though she, childlike creature as she was, could defy the world! But this mood could not last long with Letty; hers was one of those clinging natures which, where once they

love, find it almost impossible to cease to love; and in spite of her struggles against it the old tenderness, the old up-looking admiration and perfect trust which she had felt for Randall North, came over her irresistibly. Her pride could not take the place of her lost happiness: and presently her step faltered in its quick, disdainful tread; she threw herself upon a sofa and covered her face; her hair was wet with the rain of her passionate tears; her whole frame shook with the sobs of her despair; the waves and billows of a hopeless sorrow broke over her.

Meanwhile the white snow-shower fell silently and fast all through the hours of daylight; but when the moon rose in the early evening its crystal light beamed in a cloudless sky, and spangled all the earth's pure robe with pearls and silver.

Letty came down from her room as the merry jingle of bells and prancing of horses announced Mr. Lamar's arrival, looking so bright and pretty in her dark furs and warm crimson hood that her mother's anxiety about her headache and unfitness to go out was dispelled. The good lady watched her beautiful daughter and the strange gentleman's assiduous care of her as to wraps and buffalo robes with a smile of gratified maternal vanity; and went back into the tea-room as the stylish little cutter dashed away, thinking complacently that Letty was likely to have as many admirers as she had had herself in her young days.

Scarcely a half hour later she was called upon to greet another aspirant for the pleasure of her daughter's company.

"Too late!" was her merry response, as Randall North drove up to the door and inquired for Letty. "Gone some time since with Mr. Lamar to join the Darbys."

And he, answering lightly her banter about his tardiness, said half aloud to himself as he drove away,

"I was not so uncharitable after all last night as I thought perhaps I might have been. She really is as vain and shallow as I feared. Well, 'sic transit gloria,' Letty!"

No one would ever have imagined that that had passed between these two which gave one of them cause to love, and think herself beloved, to see the carelessly polite bow which passed between them the next Sunday in the vestibule of St. Barnabas, or to hear the light and cool tone in which they exchanged the compliments of the evening at Mrs. Chapsal's Society on Thursday. The only person whom Mr. North troubled himself to be attentive to was Miss Ramsay, and all Letty's smiles were bestowed upon Mr. Lamar. This gentleman had accepted readily the courteous invitation extended at the last Society to be present at others, whenever he chose to come up; and he had at once taken and maintained his position at Miss Lawson's side. The other gallants held aloof, the young ladies looked on, and commented in various ways; and Letty talked and danced and flirted with him, with a fixed smiling face, but a sick, sick heart, and an

eye ever furtively glancing in the direction where Randall North stood singing with Miss Ramsay, or talking to her in an earnest way which showed their mutual confidence. Her days were passed in a wretched alternation between dreary apathy and feverish excitement. Mr. Lamar came up from the city two or three times every week, spending the evenings at Mrs. Lawson's, and lodging at the Mabury Hotel; he had brought up his city team of fast trotters, and whenever the Lady Moon was propitious sleigh-rides or carriage parties were got up; and as the spring came on, horseback rides in the early sunset, in which Mr. Lamar always managed that he should be Letty's cavalier. People looked on, and commented, and made up their minds that if it was *not* a match, it *ought* to be; and Letty heard it with a scornful smile, and cared only to convince Mr. North that she was not left desolate by his desertion.

One bright morning in April, as the young girl was walking along the barberry-hedged lane which led from her house to the village street, she descried Miss Ramsay in the distance approaching. There was no other residence but her own with which it communicated; so Letty knew she must be coming to visit her, as was her habit now and then. For Miss Ramsay had taken a good-natured fancy to the pretty young girl, despite Mr. North's conviction of her vanity and fickleness, and Letty had encouraged her visits, bitterly jealous as she was, because from her she was sure to hear of Randall North, what he was doing, what he talked with her about in their evenings together, what books he was reading, what songs they sung—and this food, deadly and exciting as Hasheesh, her starved heart craved.

But this morning she felt in a mood in which it would be intolerable to listen to her merry, care-free talk, even for the perilous bliss of hearing mention made of the beloved name; so Letty turned abruptly aside into another path that led across a meadow and over a stile, and so, by a roundabout way, to the village. The meadow was uneven and covered with great boulder stones; by the time Letty had climbed the rough ascending path she was tired and out of breath, and she stopped a moment to rest before commencing the descent. Looking back toward the barberry lane from this height she saw Miss Ramsay not stopping at her house, as she had supposed, but already past it, and making her way across a field on the other side, which sloped down to the shore of the Sound.

There were no houses beyond that but a few miserable fisher huts, and Letty knew very well to which one of these Miss Ramsay's steps were directed. The wife of one of the poor men who lived in them had recently added another to her already numerous flock of sickly little ones; she had been very ill, and was miserably poor; the ladies of the Society had been greatly interested in her, and every day some of them sent or carried her comforts for herself or the child. A basket hung now on Miss Ramsay's arm, and

Letty was sure that she was bound thither on an errand of mercy.

A strange and sudden change came over the girl's face as she perceived this; a sort of eager, desperate look in her eyes, a flush of joy and triumph that yet was not pleasant to see, for it seemed to have its source in evil. Some great excitement took possession of her; she shook from head to foot in her vehement agitation, but braced herself against a great upheaving rock, and fixed her eyes on the retreating form of her rival with a gaze that was full at once of exultation and horror.

"She will die, surely," she said, through her shut teeth; "or, at least, she will become hideous, and that will kill his fickle love. I shall be revenged! And it is but justice, for they two have murdered *me*; I die by inches daily."

Had a demon entered in and taken possession of Letty's fair young soul? She looked possessed by evil indeed, and meanwhile the fated girl was going straight, with rapid, unconscious steps, to her doom. In that mean hut by the sea-shore lay ill not only the wretched mother but the fisherman himself, prostrate with the most loathsome of diseases, malignant small-pox. He had been seized with it only two days before; a servant, whom Letty's mother had dispatched with a basket for the sick woman only yesterday, had been stopped on her way by another of the fisher's wives who told her her danger, and it was part of Letty's errand to the village to acquaint the neighbors with the dreadful fact. And now the woman who had stolen her lover's heart from her was walking straight into the jaws of the grim monster Disease—should she stop her?

It was scarcely for a second that the wretched doubt found harbor in Letty's mind; a thrill of horror that the mere *thought* had dared pollute her consciousness made her shiver. "My God, for that moment I was a murderer!" she thought, aghast, and turning, she flew down the steep path, unheeding the rough stones that hurt her feet, and ran breathlessly across the lane and over the greening field, calling aloud upon Miss Ramsay's name, and at last coming up with her, panting, trembling, and scarce able to speak with excitement and fatigue.

Miss Ramsay turned back in amazement. "What *can* be the matter?" she asked, and then stood listening with a face on which the quick color came and went tumultuously as Letty stammered out her incoherent warning.

"You have saved my life, perhaps!" she said, as soon as she could speak, seizing Letty's hands, and then stopping short, with brimming eyes and quivering lips. Letty hastily disclaimed any acknowledgments, and would have hurried away, but Miss Ramsay drew her down to a seat upon the ground beside her and went on in a tender passion of gratitude.

"And you have nearly killed yourself in the effort to save me. You tremble all over; you are cold and hot, red and pale, by turns. Letty, if you should grow ill I should never forgive

myself! As it is I owe you a great debt; I could not have borne to die just now, Letty, no, nor even be ill; not just now, when—" She stopped, her face all crimson, and wet with tender tears; and the old aching, bitter pain came back to Letty's heart.

"Just now, when love makes life so sweet—no!" she thought, and the contrast with her own hopeless loneliness aroused the jealous, angry feeling again, and she sat, as if by force, in rigid silence.

"You do not ask me why, Letty," said Miss Ramsay, wistfully, her woman's heart all full and quivering, and ready to open to this other woman who had saved it for years of happiness. "Do you care for my confidence? Will you accept my love in return for my life? Shall I tell you why the service you have done me to-day is so inestimably more precious than it would have been a year ago?"

Poor Letty! this was almost too much! She forced back a great throb of passion, and answered in a cold, cutting tone that made her listener recoil: "I don't think you would tell me any secret, Miss Ramsay. Your prospects of future happiness with Mr. North are generally understood, I believe. I am glad to have an opportunity of congratulating you, and I wish you from my heart all the wedded bliss that can be hoped for in a union with a man of Mr. Randall North's known constancy and faithfulness. Now you must really excuse me; my head is aching so violently I must get home, and perhaps you will be kind enough to mention for me the fact of the small-pox being in the neighborhood, in the village."

She was gone the next moment, and Miss Ramsay looked after her, too full of astonishment, indignation, and wounded feeling to speak. A light broke over her face presently, however; a pleasant thought seemed to strike her. "What a bat I have been!" she exclaimed aloud; "I, who prided myself upon my eagle vision!" and then she laughed outright. "I see it all now. Poor child! what she has suffered for nothing; and Randall too, poor fellow! though his Lucifer pride would never let him acknowledge it. Well! I can requite her now for the kindness she has done me, and give her a love in return for my life which she will not scorn as she did mine. Silly people! But they shall be happy. Heavens, what a morning this has been!"

She sprang up and hastened off in the direction of the village, to see the doctor, and offer her assistance in the search for a suitable nurse for the poor fisherman; and then went home, and, sitting down at her desk, wrote a little note to Randall North, her face glowing with amused and happy smiles all the while, which brought him to the cottage early that evening, and kept him there for at least two long hours, as Miss Lushington, who was taking note of the time from her window opposite, avouched.

The next day was Easter Sunday; and it dawned, not bright and sweet, with glad sun-

shine, and genial airs, and happy song of birds, as the blessed anniversary of the Resurrection should, but chill and dark, the wind moaning in the branches, the skies ready to dissolve in rainy tears. Yet it looked like "the garden of the Lord" within the little village church. The font, the altar, and the desk were wreathed with flowers; the sweet incense from the heart of rose and violet and Easter lily, blending with the faint aroma of the sacramental wine, filled the little temple with the very "odor of sanctity," as it were; an atmosphere of peace and goodwill, of solemn gladness and grateful love, seemed to Letty to surround her as she sat in the corner of the pew and listened to the solemn service. It permeated her troubled spirit; it soothed her aching heart; it grew possible to her in this sacred hour to forgive those who made her present so miserable, and to trust her future to God. Such sweet peace had not visited her heart for many a long day as filled it softly now, when, after exchanging kindly greetings with the throng who stopped to chat in the vestibule, she made her way through their midst, and set out on her homeward walk, through the pleasant lanes, bordered by green hedgerows, all sparkling with the recent showers.

She was alone, for Mrs. Lawson's neuralgia never suffered her to set foot upon damp ground, and she walked on, communing with her own thoughts, and really trying, as she had never done before, to submit to what seemed God's will, and accept the ordering of her life at his hands.

She had to pass Miss Ramsay's house on her way home, and as she drew near the cottage she saw Miss Ramsay herself, and Randall North as her companion, of course, walking on leisurely before her, and talking very earnestly together. Letty slackened her pace, that she might not overtake them, but she was still near enough to see them when they entered the gate, and went up the graveled walk together; and she saw more too—that which sent a thrill through all her frame, which made the hot blood leap to her cheek, and her heart throb in great pulsations, so that she trembled and staggered, and had need to stop and steady herself a moment under a great tree on the road-side before she could go on.

She saw a tall, soldierly-looking man in military undress, start up from the cottage porch, where he had evidently been watching and waiting, and rush down the steps to meet Miss Ramsay; she saw the eager clasp with which he seized and drew her toward the door, the warm, brotherly grasp with which he wrung the hand of Randall North; she heard the exclamations of surprise and joy uttered by them all. The strange truth flashed over her; a sudden rush of hope and happiness came over her; and then a great wave of humiliation, of shame, of unutterable regret surged in her breast, and threatened to overwhelm her. She saw it all now—her ungenerous suspicions, her hasty anger, her blind jealousy. She had killed her happiness

with her own hands; but even that was better than to think *him* unworthy. She would see no fault now on his part; and she hastened on homeward, her veil pulled down to conceal her streaming tears, but still her heart lightened of the bitterest part of its burden.

She had scarcely passed the cottage gate when a manly step rang on the path beside her, and a manly voice sounded in her ear.

"Let me carry that umbrella for you," said Randall North, taking Letty's out of her hand. "You do not need it now. It has ceased to rain. See, the clouds are breaking away in the west; we shall have a pleasant Easter yet!"

How the old beloved tones went to Letty's heart! She had great ado to steady her trembling limbs; but she controlled herself thus far, and walked on, weeping silently; speak she could not, and Randall North went on:

"Why did you try to get away from me? I saw you from Miss Ramsay's door, and so did she, and so did Captain Kirwan, my old college chum, and her affianced for nearly a year. They seemed to anticipate a happy afternoon in going over the wondrous exploits at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, which have earned this furlough for him, and this happy surprise for his betrothed; and I saw no reason why we should not follow their example, Letty, and have one of our pleasant talks again. It has been a long time since we talked to each other, Letty."

Letty's heart beat thick and fast; it seemed as if its throbs would strangle her. She walked on, still in silence, her face hidden behind her veil.

"What! will you not bid me welcome, then, Letty? And have you no word of sympathy or congratulation for Miss Ramsay? I thought she was your friend. She told me you had saved her life. Violet!" and the deep, changed tone, the old dear name, which he had used only in moments of tenderness, lifted Letty's face perforce at its sound, "have you no word for me after all this dreary time of silence?"

The overflowing eyes were raised to his now; a beseeching hand was laid upon his arm. "Only to ask you to forgive me, Mr. North," came the hurried, broken words. "I accused you wrongfully, and condemned you unheard. I thought—I thought—you know what I thought. I wronged you wickedly. Can you forgive me?"

Randall North's dark face glowed with a sudden flush; his deep eyes lit with a singular smile. He was a much more human sort of man than his little worshiper was disposed to think.

"Forgive you?" he said, solemnly. "Forgiveness is enjoined upon us as a Christian duty. Yes, I think I can forgive you, Letty, on one condition."

Letty's eyes asked it eagerly.

"That you will promise never to be jealous as Mrs. North. I don't think I could put up with a jealous wife, Letty."

It was Letty who crimsoned now. "I didn't mean—I didn't mean," she stammered.

"Didn't mean what? Be quick and promise."

"I didn't mean that—that you were to marry me. I mean I didn't mean to *propose* to you when I asked you to forgive me!" Letty at last got it out, and withdrew behind her veil again in hopeless confusion, and almost incredulous of her sudden bliss.

Randall North laughed aloud. "Oh, but you did, you did! You can not deny that the proposal was yours! And it was very improper of you, and I shall go in immediately and tell your mother of you. But first—" He stopped under the great horse-chestnut tree outside the gate, and taking her face, now drooping crimson and veiled with the flow of nut-brown curls, in his hand, bent his lips to hers. She drew back hastily, and said, in the pleading tone of a child who knows it has been naughty,

"Let me say one word first. You know, don't you—you understand that—that all that nonsense between Mr.—Mr. Lamar and myself is over with. It was only to brave you any how on my part, and to amuse himself on his. You *know* I could not like him after having loved you. You will not remember it against me?"

Randall North stood a moment looking down into the up-turned face, all wet and quivering, and tinted like the blood-red rose.

"I hold myself almost as much to blame in the matter as you, my poor child!" he said, at last. "We will never speak of it again. And you understand how it was first my friendship for my old classmate, and afterward an almost brotherly affection for her own noble self, that kept me at Miss Ramsay's side after you had left me alone. We trust each other fully, Letty?"

Letty lifted her lips to his, and there was no need of words. They walked up the graveled path that led to the house together, and a few moments later Randall North was sitting by the side of the astonished mother-in-law elect, pouring into her incredulous ears the story of Letty's proposal.

A MONTHLY CONCERT AT TAMPA BAY.

I DID not care to go. I had given my mite for the spread of the Gospel for the current year more than a thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Nevertheless my friends persisted, affirming there was sometimes *music* enough in a Tampa missionary meeting to cure a heap of homesickness.

Music at a Monthly Concert! All my experience and observation maintained that strains more fervid than "Greenland's icy mountains" never emanated from such a source. I had been familiar with such meetings in the old Puritan churches of New England, as well as in the more gorgeous temples of Gotham, and visions of solemn-visaged men in sombre black, treading softly up and down the aisles with silver platters or long-handled contribution-boxes in their hands, were still fresh in imagination. And yet I decided to go.

It was a plain little wooden building toward which we directed our way. Wooden steps, short and narrow, led up to the one door of entrance. There was neither porch nor vestibule for catching breath and smoothing disordered "fixin's;" the first step over the outer threshold plunged us directly *in medias res*.

The interior of the building corresponded with the outside. Walls of common plaster, sanded floor for the special accommodation of tobacco-chewers, and rude wooden benches ranged on either side, with "Gentlemen to the *right*, Ladies to the *left*," like the parabolic sheep and goats, were the first things to attract the eye of a stranger. Then there was the speaker's desk, with moreen cushion and scarlet tassels, on either side of which stood lamps with gilt stands and glass shades, *à la mode*. In front was a square pine table, covered with a bit of gayly-flowered oil-cloth; and this was the church *par excellence* of Hillsboro County.

The Presiding Elder had been holding a Quarterly Meeting, and that Monthly Concert was to be its *finale*. There had been a baptism of children there that morning, followed by the administration of the Holy Eucharist. In the afternoon the servants had had their love-feast, and the shouts of "Boun' for de kingdom" and "Ony one Jurdin ribber to cross" had startled the echoes of the groves of Tampa, and suggested the idea of a general exodus.

They were singing Heber's hymn when we entered the house, and had got as far as

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—"

an assumption upon which they were putting forth the entire strength of their lungs. After the hymn was finished the Presiding Elder, according to established usage, enlightened his audience by reading the statistics of the Conference, and making known the exact state of their finances. It was a sad account, and the speaker's face grew more lugubrious as he showed how far their expenditures were exceeding their income. His listeners were evidently moved by it, for suddenly a heavy clinking of coin was heard from various parts of the house. He proceeded with a little more energy then to speak of the moral darkness and ignorance of a world lying in wickedness, and the jingling grew louder, and had more the "ring of the true metal," as though interest had risen out of a *copper* into a *silver* medium.

The speaker's face brightened, and when the Macedonian cry for "Help" was sufficiently urged, the hymn

"Watchmen, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?"

was given out and sung, while the pockets of the Tampa youth played an accompaniment, giving the very best signs of promise in the world. Then was a good time to "pass the hat," which was handed round amidst solemn exhortations to charity. A few ladies dropped in their benefactions, a few elderly gentlemen untied their purse-strings with ill-concealed reluctance; but

the totally unconscious look of *the boys* as the hat went by was disheartening! And when a direct appeal was made to them, their shake of the head and response of *nary red* caused the barometer of expectation to fall with terrible rapidity.

In every community are natures that understand "hook and crook," or the way to win by petty artifice. There were men in that Tampa church, who, having heard the *cash-note*, would, in their own expressive phraseology, undertake to "ring it in." The Chairman of the meeting was a native-born Yankee, immensely popular on the Gulf shore, as he deserved to be. He was, or had been, a preacher himself; was now town physician and general benefactor. Every one liked him, and he not only desired but knew how to serve every one a good turn. Dr. B— knew that the Presiding Elder's statement was not an exaggerated one, and that their missionary society was sinking for lack of funds. He saw how mortified their minister felt at the result of Brother Murphy's appeal; and knew, moreover, that the Tampa boys might be made to *enjoy* giving away their loose change if the right cord could only be pulled. He resolved to undertake it.

The Chairman whispered a few words to one of the Leading Members, and another speaker was called up to repeat the tale of destitution, and set the money rattling. When it was done Leading Member had a word to say—just a little story to tell. Leading Member, by-the-way, was a *widower*, and had the reputation of making occasional visits to the distant town of Micanopy, the object of which was more than surmised. He began with, "When I was in Micanopy once"—at which every young man in the house hemmed most significantly, while the rest of the assembly, not excepting the Presiding Elder himself, laughed convulsively. Leading Member had to laugh too, and bow an acknowledgment of the "soft impeachment." He then proceeded to tell his story, which was only of some person he had heard of while in Micanopy who "squeezed a three-cent piece until it *squall-ed*," when asked to give something for charity. He liked to see people hold their money *looser*. (Immense jingling, and bursts of laughter on every side.) Leading Member went on to say that they had a little curly-headed Englishman in Tampa who was a music-teacher and led their choir. He had just been abroad and brought back a bride with him. He, for one, would like to show the bride some little token of respect; he would like to be "one of ten to make her a life-member of the Missionary Society. It would take but twenty dollars; how many of the Tampa young men would unite with him in this trifling wedding-present?"

There was a ready rattling of cash, and in much less time than I am writing it the Secretary reported the stock all taken, and the bride a member of the Society.

It was now the Chairman's turn to rise. According to his own statement, he was so grati-

fied that he could keep his seat no longer, and he had a word to say besides. The day before he had witnessed a most affecting spectacle—a contribution on the part of the young ladies of Tampa, involving a greater sacrifice, he had no doubt, than that of giving away a few dollars in money. They had given, with smiles and blessings, and some tears too, he verily believed, thirty-five of the best young men in the place to the service of the Southern Confederacy. They had promised, furthermore, to give them a name and a flag. Who would now make the captain of those gallant young volunteers a life-member of the Missionary Society before he went forth on his errand of danger? He, for one, would feel proud to give two dollars to head the subscription, and two more to close it, if necessary.

Leading Member said he had a natural interest in this certificate, as the young captain was his son. He wished to be allowed to place his subscription next to the Doctor's. Some of the ladies, judging from the appearance of things, had an interest in the matter also, and the sum was made up as easily as the first.

The face of the Parish Preacher grew radiant. He had always a mite to give on such occasions, he said, and thus far his brethren and sisters were too fast for him. But he saw before him that moment one of the sisters of the church who had always taken an unusual interest in the Sabbath-school, and in the welfare of the young. He would like Sister Givens to have a certificate of membership as well as the others. He would head a subscription for that purpose with two dollars. Sister Givens's husband would like two dollars' worth of stock now. Sister Givens's son—one of the young volunteers—had a dollar toward his mother's promotion; and so the ball went rolling on until her book was closed also, and Sister Givens was a life-member.

Presiding Elder would say, by way of encouragement, that these members would soon be furnished with handsome pictured certificates, all framed and ready to hang in the parlor. He was rejoiced that so many of their number had been honored with memberships. They had acted nobly. The Methodist Episcopal Church and congregations always acted nobly. *They never pinched their money until it squaled.* He had not yet had an opportunity to make his contribution, but he saw there before him another sister who was always foremost in every good word and work. His contribution should go toward making Sister Hooker a member of the Board.

The pockets of the young men made feeble responses to this latter call, and Leading Member was on his feet in a moment. "If the young men of Tampa," he said, "would add a mite for Sister Hooker, he had not the slightest doubt their Preacher or Presiding Elder would marry them for *half-price* when the time came. If not, he was a *magistrate* himself, and would do the job for nothing."

"Better to pay *your own fee* the second time in advance, old boy," was the quick rejoinder.

Bursts of laughter from all quarters were followed by a shower of coin. For the next few minutes Preacher, Presiding Elder, Leading Member, and Chairman had all they could do to secure the dimes and quarters aimed at them from all directions with certain aim. Nothing could have been more ludicrous, and nothing was surer than Sister Hooker's amount, though collected with a good deal of trouble and no small danger to heads and nasal appendages.

"Hold on, my boys!" cried out Leading Member, who had just been hit in the back by a flying shot. "Enough! enough! You have done nobly!"

"Tell us another story about Micanopy then!"

"I haven't another to tell. I *will* say though, there is a certain widow there" (cries of "Cooper! Cooper!") "whom I would give *ten dollars* this minute to make a member, if she were not one already."

"And there is a certain *young* lady here in Tampa," interrupted the Chairman, "whom I am sure a sufficient number of these young men are interested in to compliment in the same way. It has just occurred to me, that, with all your liberality, gentlemen, not a single unmarried lady has been presented with a membership this evening. Will you now make Miss E—— L—— a member of the Missionary Board?"

There was a speedy rattling of something sounding more like old keys than coin, accompanied with a confusion of calls. "Will she *git a pictur?*" "Will you take my note, Mr. Secretary, cause I'm *dead broke?* If so, I'll take about five dollars of this last stock." "And I," cried another, "will take seven on the same terms, which is all I'm worth!"

"Not *quite* so fast," said the Secretary; "let every one have a chance here."

Whether every one got a chance to give who wished I can not say. It was very soon reported that the *fifth* membership was made, and one hundred dollars were on the Secretary's books.

"It would be well enough to pass the hat *once more*," suggested some person. *There may be a little small change left yet.*"

"It is time for us to be going now," remarked my friend, "for this last seems to be adding insult to injury."

We were quite beyond reach of the hat before it got round, but not out of hearing of the final hymn,

"On the mountain's top appearing,"

which rose and swelled with the energy of a triumphal psalm. So indeed it was. Viewed in a *dollar-and-cent* light, that Tampa Missionary Meeting was a complete success; and I was forced to acknowledge that, for once, I had found amusement in a monthly concert.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIX.

"MISSING"—"Lost"—"To"—all the initials of the alphabet—we read these sort of advertisements in the newspapers; and unless there happens to be in them something intensely pathetic, comical, or horrible, we think very little about them. Only those who have undergone all that such an advertisement implies can understand its depth of misery: the sudden missing of the person out of the home-circle, whether going away in anger or driven away by terror or disgrace; the hour after hour and day after day of agonized suspense; the self-reproach, real or imaginary, lest any thing might have been said or done that was not said or done—any thing prevented that was not prevented; the gnawing remorse for some cruel, or careless, or bitter word, that could so easily have been avoided.

Alas! if people could only be made to feel that every word, every action carries with it the weight of an eternity; that the merest chance may make something said or done quite unpremeditatedly, in vexation, sullenness, or spite, the *last* action, the *last* word; which may grow into an awful remembrance, rising up between them and the irredeemable past, and blackening the future for years!

Selina was quite sure her unhappy nephew had committed suicide, and that she had been the cause of it. This conviction she impressed incessantly on her two sisters as they waited upon her, or sat talking by her bedside during that long Saturday, when there was nothing else to be done.

That was the misery of it. There was nothing to be done. They had not the slightest clew to Ascott's haunts or associates. With the last lingering of honest shame, or honest respect for his aunts, he had kept all these things to himself. To search for him in wide London was altogether impossible.

Two courses suggested themselves to Hilary—one, to go and consult Miss Balquidder; the other—which came into her mind from some similar case she had heard of—to set on foot inquiries at all police-stations. But the first idea was soon rejected: only at the last extremity could she make patent the family misery—the family disgrace. To the second, similar and even stronger reasons applied. There was something about the cool, matter-of-fact, business-like act of setting a detective officer to hunt out their nephew, from which these poor women recoiled. Besides, impressed as he was—he had told his Aunt Johanna so—with the relentlessness of Mr. Ascott, might not the chance of his discovering that he was hunted drive him to desperation?

Hardly to suicide. Hilary steadfastly disbelieved in that. When Selina painted horrible pictures of his throwing himself off Waterloo Bridge; or being found hanging to a tree in one of the parks; or locking himself in a hotel bed-chamber and blowing out his brains, her younger sister only laughed—laughed as much as she could—if only to keep Johanna quiet.

Yet she herself had few fears. For she knew that Ascott was, in a sense, too cowardly to kill himself. He so disliked physical pain, physical unpleasantness of all kinds. She felt sure he would stop short, even with the razor or the pistol in his hand, rather than do a thing so very disagreeable.

Nevertheless, in spite of herself, while she and her sisters sat together, hour after hour, in a stillness almost like that when there is a death in the house, these morbid terrors took a double size. Hilary ceased to treat them as ridiculous impossibilities, but began to argue them out rationally. The mere act of doing so made her recoil; for it seemed an acknowledgment that she was fighting not with chimeras but realities.

"It is twenty-four hours since he went," she reasoned. "If he had done any thing desperate he would have done it at once, and we should have heard of it long before now; ill news always travels fast. Besides, his name was marked on all his clothes in full. I did it myself. And his coat-pockets were always stuffed with letters; he used to cram them in as soon as he got them, you know."

And at this small remembrance of one of his "ways," even though it was an unkind way, and had caused them many a pain, from the want of confidence it showed, his poor, fond aunts turned aside to hide their starting tears. The very phrase "he used to," seemed such an unconscious admission that his life with them was over and done; that he never would either please them or vex them any more.

Yet they took care that during the whole day every thing should be done as if he were expected minute by minute: that Elizabeth should lay the fourth knife and fork at dinner, the fourth cup and saucer at tea. Elizabeth, who throughout had faithfully kept her pledge; who went about silently and unobservantly, and by every means in her power put aside the curiosity of Mrs. Jones as to what could be the reason that her lodgers had sat up all night, and what on earth had become of young Mr. Leaf.

After tea, Johanna, quite worn out, consented to go to bed; and then Hilary, left to her own responsibility, set herself to consider how long this dreadful quietness was to last, whether nothing could be done. She could endure whatever was inevitable, but it was against her nature as well as her conscience to sit down tamely to

endure any thing whatsoever till it did become inevitable.

In the first place, she determined on that which a certain sense of honor, as well as the fear of vexing him should he come home, had hitherto prevented—the examining of Ascott's room, drawers, clothes, and papers. It was a very dreary business—almost like doing the like to a person who was dead, only without the sad sanctity that belongs to the dead, whose very errors are forgotten and forgiven, who can neither suffer nor make others suffer any more.

Many things she found, and more she guessed at—things which stabbed her to the heart, things that she never told, not even to Johanna; but she found no clew whatever to Ascott's whereabouts, intentions, or connections. One thing, however, struck her—that most of his clothes, and all his somewhat extensive stock of jewelry were gone; every thing, in short, that could be convertible into money. It was evident that his flight, sudden as it was, had been premeditated as at least a possibility.

This so far was satisfactory. It took away the one haunting fear of his committing suicide; and made it likely that he was still lingering about, hiding from justice and Mr. Ascott, or perhaps waiting for an opportunity to escape from England—from the fear that his godfather, even if not prosecuting him, had the power and doubtless the will completely to crush his future, wherever he was known.

Where could he go? His aunt tried to think over every word he had ever let fall about America, Australia, or any other place to which the hopeless outlaws of this country fly; but she could recollect nothing to enable her to form any conclusion. One thing only she was sure of—that if once he went away, his own words would come true; they would never see his face again. The last tie, the last constraint that bound him to home and a steady, righteous life would be broken: he would go all adrift, be tossed hither and thither on every wave of circumstance—what he called circumstance—till Heaven only knew what a total wreck he might speedily become, or in what forlorn and far-off seas his ruined life might go down. He, Ascott Leaf, the last of the name and family.

"It can not be; it shall not be!" cried Hilary. A sharp, bitter cry of resistance to the death; and her heart seemed to go out to the wretched boy and her hands to clutch at him, as if he were drowning, and she were the only one to save him. How could she do it?

If she could only get at him, by word or letter! But that seemed impossible, until, turning over scheme after scheme, she suddenly thought of the one which so many people had tried in similar circumstances, and which she remembered they had talked over and laughed over, they and Ascott, one Sunday evening not so very long ago. This was—a *Times* advertisement.

The difficulty how to word it, so as to catch his attention and yet escape publicity, was very

great, especially as his initials were so common. Hundreds of "A. L.'s" might be wandering away from home, to whom all that she dared say to call Ascott back would equally apply. At last a bright thought struck her.

"A. leaf" (with a small *l*) "will be quite safe wherever found. Come. Saturday. 15."

As she wrote it—this wretched double-entendre—she was seized with that sudden sense of the ludicrous which sometimes intrudes in such a ghastly fashion in the very midst of great misery. She burst into uncontrollable laughter, fit after fit; so violent that Elizabeth, who came in by chance, was terrified out of her wits, and kneeling beside her mistress, implored her to be quiet. At last the paroxysm ended in complete exhaustion. The tension of the last twenty-four hours had given way, and Hilary knew her strength was gone. Yet the advertisement ought to be taken to the *Times* office that very night, in order to be inserted without fail on Monday morning.

There was but one person whom she could trust—Elizabeth.

She looked at the girl, who was kneeling beside the sofa, rubbing her feet, and sometimes casting a glance round, in the quiet way of one well used to nursing, who can find out how the sufferer is without "fussing" with questions. She noticed, probably because she had seen little of her of late, a curious change in Elizabeth. It must have been gradual, but yet its result had never been so apparent before. Her brusqueness had softened down, and there had come into her and shone out of her, spite of all her natural uncomeliness of person, that beautiful, intangible something, common alike to peasant and queen, as clear to see and as sad to miss in both—womanliness. Added thereto was the gentle composure of mien which almost invariably accompanied it, which instinctively makes you feel that in great things or small, whatever the woman has to do, she will do it in the womanliest, wisest, and best way.

So thought Miss Hilary as she lay watching her servant, and then explained to her the errand upon which she wished to send her.

Not much explanation, for she merely gave her the advertisement to read, and told her what she wished done with it. And Elizabeth, on her part, asked no questions, but simply listened and obeyed.

After she was gone Hilary lay on the sofa, passive and motionless. Her strength and activity seemed to have collapsed at once into that heavy quietness which comes when one has endured to the utmost limit of endurance, when one feels as if to speak a word or to lift a finger would be as much as life was worth.

"Oh, if I could only go to sleep!" was all she thought.

By-and-by sleep did come, and she was taken far away out of these miseries. By the strange peculiarity of dreams, that we so seldom dream about any grief that oppresses us at the time, but generally of something quite different, she

thought she was in some known unknown land, lovely and beautiful, with blue hills rising in the distance, and blue seas creeping and curling on to the shore. On this shore she was walking with Robert Lyon, just as he used to be, with his true face and honest voice. He did not talk to her much; but she felt him there, and knew they had but "one heart between them." A heart which had never once swerved, either from the other; a heart whole and sound, into which the least unfaith had never come—that had never known, or recognized even as a possibility, the one first doubt, the ominous

"Little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

Is it ever so in this world? Does God ever bring the faithful man to the faithful woman, and make them love one another with a righteous, holy, persistent tenderness, which dare look in His face, nor be ashamed; which sees in this life only the beginning of the life to come; and in the closest, most passionate human love something to be held with a loose hand, something frail as glass and brittle as straw, unless it is perfected and sanctified by the love divine?

Hilary at least believed so. And when at Elizabeth's knock she woke with a start, and saw—not the sweet sea-shore and Robert Lyon, but the dull parlor, and the last flicker of the fire, she thanked God that her dream was not all a dream—that, sharp as her misery was, it did not touch this—the love of her heart: she believed in Robert Lyon still.

And so she rose and spoke quite cheerfully, asking Elizabeth how she had managed, and whether the advertisement would be sure to be in on Monday morning.

"Yes, Miss Hilary; it is sure to be all right."

And then the girl hung about the room in an uneasy way, as if she had something to tell, which was the fact.

Elizabeth had had an adventure. It was a new thing in her monotonous life; it brightened her eyes, and flushed her cheeks, and made her old nervousness of manner return. More especially as she was somewhat perplexed, being divided in her mind between the wish she had to tell her mistress every thing, and the fear to trouble her, at this troublous time, with any small matter that merely concerned herself.

The matter was this. When she had given in her advertisement at the *Times* office, and was standing behind the counter waiting for her change and receipt, there stood beside her a young man, also waiting. She had hardly noticed him, till on his talking to the clerk about some misprint in his advertisement, apparently one of the great column of "Want Places," her ear was caught by the unmistakable Stowbury accent.

It was the first time she had heard it since she left home, and to Elizabeth's tenacious nature home in absence had gained an additional charm, had grown to be the one place in the world about which her affections clung. In

these dreary wilds of London, to hear a Stowbury tongue, to catch sight of a Stowbury person, or even one who might know Stowbury, made her heart leap up with a bound of joy. She turned suddenly, and looked intently at the young man, or rather the lad, for he seemed a mere lad, small, slight, and whiskerless.

"Well, Miss, I hope you'll know me again next time," said the young fellow. At which remark Elizabeth saw that he was neither so young nor so simple as she had at first thought. She drew back, very much ashamed, and coloring deeply.

Now, if Elizabeth ever looked any thing like comely, it was when she blushed; for she had the delicate skin peculiar to the young women of her district; and when the blood rushed through it, no cheek of lady fair ever assumed a brighter rose. That, or the natural vanity of man in being noticed by woman, caught the youth's attention.

"Come now, Miss, don't be shy or offended. Perhaps I'm going your way? Would you like company home?"

"No, thank you," said Elizabeth, with great dignity.

"Well, won't you even tell a fellow your name? Mine's Tom Cliffe, and I live—"

"Cliffe! Are you little Tommy Cliffe, and do you come from Stowbury?"

And all Elizabeth's heart was in her eyes.

As has been said, she was of a specially tenacious nature. She liked few people, but those she did like she held very fast. Almost the only strong interest of her life, except Miss Hilary, had been the little boy whom she had snatched from under the horse's heels; and though he was rather a scape-grace, and cared little for her, and his mother was a decidedly objectionable woman, she had clung to them both firmly till she lost sight of them.

Now it was not to be expected that she should recognize in this London stranger the little lad whose life she had saved—a lad, too, from her beloved Stowbury—without a certain amount of emotion, at which the individual in question broadly stared.

"Bless your heart, I am Tommy Cliffe from Stowbury, sure enough. Who are you?"

"Elizabeth Hand."

Whereupon ensued a most friendly greeting. Tom declared he should have known her any where, and had never forgotten her—never! How far that was true or not, he certainly looked as if it were; and two great tears of pleasure dimmed Elizabeth's kind eyes.

"You've grown a man now, Tommy," said she, looking at him with a sort of half-maternal pride, and noticing his remarkably handsome and intelligent face, so intelligent that it would have attracted notice, though it was set upon broad, stooping shoulders, and a small, slight body. "Let me see; how old are you?"

"I'm nineteen, I think."

"And I'm two-and-twenty. How aged we are growing!" said Elizabeth, with a smile.

Then she asked after Mrs. Cliffe, but got only the brief answer, "Mother's dead," given in a tone as if no more inquiries would be welcome. His two sisters, also, had died of typhus in one week, and Tom had been "on his own hook," as he expressed it, for the last three years.

He was extremely frank and confidential; told how he had begun life as a printer's "devil," afterward become a compositor, and his health failing, had left the trade, and gone as servant to a literary gentleman.

"An uncommon clever fellow is master; keeps his carriage, and has dukes to dinner, all out of his books. Maybe you've heard of them, Elizabeth?" and he named a few, in a patronizing way; at which Elizabeth smiled, for she knew them well. But she nevertheless regarded with a certain awe the servant of so great a man, and "little Tommy Cliffe" took a new importance in her eyes.

Also, as he walked with her along the street to find an omnibus, she could not help perceiving what a sharp little fellow he had grown into; how, like many another printer's boy, he had caught the influence of the atmosphere of letters, and was educated, self-educated, of course, to a degree far beyond his position. When she looked at him, and listened to him, Elizabeth involuntarily thought of Benjamin Franklin, and of many more who had raised themselves from the ink-pot and the compositor's desk to fame and eminence, and she fancied that such might be the lot of "little Tommy Cliffe." Why not? If so, how excessively proud she should be!

For the moment she had forgotten her errand; forgotten even Miss Hilary. It was not till Tom Cliffe asked her where she lived, that she suddenly recollected her mistress might not like, under present circumstances, that their abode or any thing concerning them should be known to a Stowbury person.

It was a struggle. She would have liked to see the lad again; have liked to talk over with him Stowbury things and Stowbury people; but she felt she ought not, and she would not.

"Tell me where you live, Tom, and that will do just as well; at least till I speak to my mistress. I never had a visitor before, and my mistress might not like it."

"No followers allowed, eh?"

Elizabeth laughed. The idea of little Tommy Cliffe as her "follower" seemed so very funny.

So she bade him good-by; having, thanks to his gay frankness, been made acquainted with all about him, but leaving him in perfect ignorance concerning herself and her mistress. She only smiled when he declared contemptuously, and with rather a romantic emphasis, that he would hunt her out, though it were half over London.

This was all her adventure. When she came to tell it, it seemed very little to tell, and Miss Hilary listened to it rather indifferently, trying hard to remember who Tommy Cliffe was, and to take an interest in him because he came from

Stowbury. But Stowbury days were so far off now—with such a gulf of pain between.

Suddenly the same fear occurred to her that had occurred to Elizabeth.

"The lad did not see the advertisement, I hope? You did not tell him about us?"

"I told him nothing," said Elizabeth, speaking softly, and looking down. "I did not even mention any body's name."

"That was right: thank you."

But oh, the bitterness of knowing, and feeling sure Elizabeth knew too, the thing for which she thanked her; and that not to mention Ascott's name was the greatest kindness the faithful servant could show toward the family.

CHAPTER XX.

ASCOTT LEAF never came home.

Day after day appeared the advertisement, sometimes slightly altered, as hope or fear suggested; but no word, no letter, no answer of any kind reached the anxious women.

By-and-by, moved by their distress, or perhaps feeling that the scape-grace would be safer got rid of if found and dispatched abroad in some decent manner, Mr. Ascott himself took measures for privately continuing the search. Every outward-bound ship was examined; every hospital visited; every case of suicide investigated; but in vain. The unhappy young man had disappeared, suddenly and completely, as many another has disappeared, out of the home-circle, and been never heard of more.

It is difficult to understand how a family can possibly bear such a sorrow, did we not know that many have had to bear it, and have borne it, with all its load of agonizing suspense, slowly dying hope,

"The hope that keeps alive despair," settling down into a permanent grief, compared to which the grief for loss by death is light and endurable.

The Leaf family went through all this. Was it better or worse for them that their anguish had to be secret? that there were no friends to pity, inquire, or console? that Johanna had to sit hour by hour and day by day in the solitary parlor, Selina having soon gone back to her old ways of "gadding about," and her marriage preparations; and that, hardest of all, Hilary had on the Monday morning to return to Kensington and work, work, work, as nothing were amiss?

But it was natural that all this should tell upon her; and one day Miss Balquidder said, after a long covert observation of her face, "My dear, you look ill. Is there any thing troubling you? My young people always tell me their troubles, bodily or mental. I doctor both."

"I am sure of it," said Hilary, with a sad smile, but entered into no explanation, and Miss Balquidder had the wise kindness to inquire no further. Nevertheless, on some errand or other

she came to Kensington nearly every evening, and took Hilary back with her to sleep at No. 15.

"Your sister Selina must wish to have you with her as much as possible till she is married," she said, as a reason for doing this.

And Hilary acquiesced, but silently, as we often do acquiesce in what ought to be a truth, but which we know to be the saddest, most painful falsehood.

For Selina, it became plain to see, was one of the family no more. After her first burst of self-reproachful grief she took Mr. Ascott's view of her nephew's loss—that it was a good riddance; went on calmly with her bridal preparations, and seemed only afraid lest any thing should interfere to prevent her marriage.

But the danger was apparently tided over. No news of Ascott came. Even the daily inquiries for him by his creditors had ceased. His Aunt Selina was beginning to breathe freely, when, the morning before the wedding-day, as they were all sitting in the midst of white finery, but as sadly and silently as if it were a funeral, a person was suddenly shown in "on business."

It was a detective officer sent to find out from Ascott Leaf's aunts whether a certain description of him, in a printed hand-bill, was correct. For his principal creditor, exasperated, had determined on thus advertising him in the public papers as having "absconded."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen in the little parlor the three aunts could not have been more utterly overwhelmed. They made no "scene"—a certain sense of pride kept these poor gentlewomen from betraying their misery to a strange man; though he was a very civil man, and having delivered himself of his errand, like an automaton, sat looking into his hat, and taking no notice of aught around him. He was accustomed to this sort of thing.

Hilary was the first to recover herself. She glanced round at her sisters, but they had not a word to say. In any crisis of family difficulty they always left her to take the helm.

Rapidly she ran over in her mind all the consequences that would arise from this new trouble—the public disgrace; Mr. Ascott's anger and annoyance, not that she cared much for this, except so far as it would affect Selina; lastly, the death-blow it was to any possible hope of reclaiming the poor prodigal. Who she did not believe was dead, but still fondly trusted he would return one day from his wanderings and his swine's husks, to have the fatted calf killed for him and glad tears shed over him. But after being advertised as "absconded," Ascott never would, never could, come home any more.

Taking as cool and business-like a tone as she could, she returned the paper to the detective.

"This is a summary proceeding. Is there no way of avoiding it?"

"One, Miss," replied the man, very respectfully. "If the family would pay the debt."

"Do you know how much it is?"

"Eighty pounds."

"Ah!"

That hopeless sigh of Johanna's was sufficient answer, though no one spoke.

But in desperate cases some women acquire a desperate courage, or rather it is less courage than faith—the faith which is said to "remove mountains"—the belief that to the very last there must be something to be done, and, if it can be done, they will have strength to do it. True, the mountain may not be removed, but the mere act of faith or courage sometimes teaches how to climb over it.

"Very well. Take this paper back to your employer. He must be aware that his only chance of payment is by suppressing it. If he will do that, in two days he shall hear from us, and we will make arrangements about paying the debt."

Hilary said this, to her sisters' utter astonishment; so utter that they let her say it, and let the detective go away with a civil "Good-morning," before they could interfere or contradict by a word.

"Paying the debt! Hilary, what have you promised! It is an impossibility."

"Like the Frenchman's answer to his mistress—'Madame, if it had been possible it would have been done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done.' It shall, I say."

"I wonder you can jest about our misfortunes," said Selina, in her most querulous voice.

"I'm not jesting. But where is the use of sitting down to moan! I mean what I say. The thing must be done."

Her eyes glittered—her small, red lips were set tightly together.

"If it is not done, sisters—if his public disgrace is not prevented, don't you see the result? Not as regards your marriage, Selina—the man must be a coward who would refuse to marry a woman he cared for, even though her nearest kinsman had been hanged at the Old Bailey—but Ascott himself. The boy is not a bad boy, though he has done wickedly; but there is a difference between a wicked act and a wicked nature. I mean to save him if I can."

"How?"

"By saving his good name; by paying the debt."

"And where on earth shall you get the money?"

"I will go to Miss Balquidder and—"

"Borrow it?"

"No, never! I would as soon think of stealing it."

Then controlling herself, Hilary explained that she meant to ask Miss Balquidder to arrange for her with the creditor to pay the eighty pounds by certain weekly or monthly installments, to be deducted from her salary at Kensington.

"It is not a very great favor to ask of her: merely that she should say, 'This young woman is employed by me: I believe her to be honest, respectable, and so forth: also, that when she makes a promise to pay, she will to the best of her power perform it.' A character

which is at present rather a novelty in the Leaf family."

"Hilary!"

"I am growing bitter, Johanna; I know I am. Why should we suffer so much! Why should we be always dragged down—down—in this way? Why should we never have had any one to cherish and take care of us, like other women! Why—"

Miss Leaf laid her finger on her child's lips—

"Because it is the will of God."

Hilary flung herself on her dear old sister's neck and burst into tears.

Selina too cried a little, and said that she should like to help in paying the debt, if Mr. Ascott had no objection. And then she turned back to her white splendors, and became absorbed in the annoyance of there being far too much clematis and far too little orange-blossom in the bridal bonnet—which it was now too late to change. A little, also, she vexed herself about the risk of confiding in Miss Balquidder, lest by any chance the story might get round to Russell Square; and was urgent that at least nothing should be said or done until after tomorrow. She was determined to be married, and dreaded any slip between the cup and the lip.

But Hilary was resolute. "I said that in two days the matter should be arranged, and so it must be, or the man will think we too break our promises."

"You can assure him to the contrary," said Selina, with dignity. "In fact, why can't you arrange with him without going at all to Miss Balquidder?"

Again the fierce, bitter expression returned to Hilary's face.

"You forget, Miss Balquidder's honest name is his only guarantee against the dishonesty of ours."

"Hilary, you disgrace us—disgrace me—speaking in such a way. Are we not gentlewomen?"

"I don't know, Selina. I don't seem to know or to feel any thing, except that I would live on bread and water in order to live peaceably and honestly. Oh, will it ever, ever be?"

She walked up and down the parlor, disarranging the white draperies which lay about, feeling unutterable contempt for them and for her sister. Angry and miserable, with every nerve quivering, she was at war with the whole world.

This feeling lasted even when, after some discussion, she gained her point and was on her way to call on Miss Balquidder. She went round and round the Square many times, trying to fix in her mind word for word what she meant to say; revealing no more of the family history than was absolutely necessary, and stating her business in the briefest, hardest, most matter-of-fact way—putting it as a transaction between employer and employed, in which there was no more favor asked or bestowed than could possibly be avoided. And as the sharp east wind

blew across her at every corner, minute by minute she felt herself growing more fierce, and hard, and cold.

"This will never do. I shall be wicked by-and-by. I must go in and get it over."

Perhaps it was as well. Well for her, morally as physically, that there should have been that sudden change from the blighting weather outside to the warm, well-lighted room where the good rich woman sat at her early and solitary tea.

Very solitary it looked—the little table in the centre of that large handsome parlor, with the one cup and saucer, the one easy-chair. And as Hilary entered she noticed, amidst all this comfort and luxury, the still, grave, almost sad expression which solitary people always get to wear.

But the next minute Miss Balquidder had turned round, and risen, smiling.

"Miss Leaf, how very kind of you to come and see me! Just the day before the wedding, too, when you must be so busy! Sit down and tell me all about it. But first, my dear, how wet your boots are! Let me take them off at once."

Which she did, sending for her own big slippers, and putting them on the tiny feet with her own hands.

Hilary submitted—in truth she was too much surprised to resist.

Miss Balquidder had, like most folk, her opinions or "crotchets"—as they might be—and one of them was, to keep her business and friendly relations entirely distinct and apart. Whenever she went to Kensington or her other establishments she was always emphatically "the mistress"—a kindly and even motherly mistress, certainly, but still authoritative, decided. Moreover, it was her invariable rule to treat all her *employées* alike—"making no step-bairns" among them. Thus for some time it had happened that Hilary had been, and felt herself to be, just Miss Leaf, the book-keeper, doing her duty to Miss Balquidder, her employer, and neither expecting nor attaining any closer relation.

But in her own house, or it might be from the sudden apparition of that young face at her lonely fireside, Miss Balquidder appeared quite different.

A small thing touches a heart that is sore with trouble. When the good woman rose up—after putting the little feet, and approving loudly of the woolen stockings—she saw that Hilary's whole face was quivering with the effort to keep back her tears.

There are some women of whom one feels by instinct that they were, as Miss Balquidder had once jokingly said of herself, specially meant to be mothers. And though, in its strange providence, Heaven often denies the maternity, it can not and does not mean to shut up the well-spring of that maternal passion—truly a passion to such women as these, almost as strong as the passion of love—but lets the stream, which might otherwise have blessed one child or one family,

flow out wide and far, blessing wherever it goes.

In a tone that somehow touched every fibre of Hilary's heart, Miss Balquidder said, placing her on a low chair beside her own,

"My dear, you are in trouble. I saw it a week or two ago, but did not like to speak. Couldn't you say it out, and let me help you? You need not be afraid. I never tell any thing, and every body tells every thing to me."

That was true. Added to this said motherliness of hers, Miss Balquidder possessed that faculty, which some people have in a remarkable degree, and some—very good people too—are totally deficient in, of attracting confidence. The secrets she had been trusted with, the romances she had been mixed up in, the Quixotic acts she had been called upon to perform during her long life, would have made a novel—or several novels—such as no novelist could dare to write, for the public would condemn them as impossible and unnatural. But all this experience—though happily it could never be put into a book—had given to the woman herself a view of human nature at once so large, lenient, and just, that she was the best person possible to hear the strange and pitiful story of young Ascott Leaf.

How it came out Hilary hardly knew; she seemed to have told very little, and yet Miss Balquidder guessed it all. It did not appear to surprise or shock her. She neither began to question nor preach; she only laid her hand, her large, motherly, protecting hand, on the bowed head, saying,

"How much you must have suffered, my poor bairn!"

The soft Scotch tone and word—the grave, quiet Scotch manner, implying more than it even expressed—was it wonderful if underlying as well as outside influences made Hilary completely give way?

Robert Lyon had had a mother, who died when he was seventeen, but of whom he kept the tenderest remembrance, often saying that of all the ladies he had met with in the world there was none equal to her—the strong, tender, womanly peasant woman—refined in mind and word and ways—though to the last day of her life she spoke broad Scotch, and did the work of her cottage with her own hands. It seems as if that mother—toward whom Hilary's fancy had clung, lovingly as a woman ought to cling, above all others, to the mother of the man she loves—were speaking to her now, comforting her and helping her—comfort and help that it would have been sweeter to receive from her than from any woman living.

A mere fancy; but in her state of long uncontrolled excitement it took such possession of her that Hilary fell on her knees, and hid her face in Miss Balquidder's lap, sobbing aloud.

The other was a little surprised; it was not her Scotch way to yield to emotion before folk; but she was a wise woman, she asked no questions, merely held the quivering hands and

smoothed the throbbing head, till composure returned. Some people have a magical, mesmeric power of soothing and controlling: it was hers. When she took the poor face between her hands, and looked straight into the eyes, with, "There, you are better now," Hilary returned the gaze as steadily, nay, smilingly, and rose.

"Now, may I tell you my business?"

"Certainly, my dear. When one's friends are in trouble, the last thing one ought to do is to sit down beside them and moan. Did you come to ask my advice, or had you any definite plan of your own?"

"I had." And Hilary told it.

"A very good plan, and very generous in you to think of it. But I see two strong objections: first, whether it can be carried out; secondly, whether it ought."

Hilary shrank, sensitively.

"Not on my account, my dear, but your own. I often see people making martyrs of themselves for some worthless character on whom the sacrifice is utterly wasted. I object to this, as I would object to throwing myself or my friend into a blazing house, unless I were morally certain there was a life to be saved. Is there in this case?"

"I think there is! I trust in Heaven there is!" said Hilary, earnestly.

There was both pleasure and pity expressed in Miss Balquidder's countenance as she replied, "Be it so: that is a matter on which no one can judge except yourself. But on the other matter you ask my advice, and I must give it. To maintain two ladies and pay a debt of eighty pounds out of one hundred a year is simply impossible."

"With Johanna's income and mine it will be a hundred and twenty pounds and some odd shillings a year."

"You accurate girl! But even with this it can not be done, unless you were to live in a manner so restricted in the commonest comforts that at your sister's age she would be sure to suffer. You must look on the question from all sides, my dear. You must be just to others as well as to that young man, who seems never to— But I will leave him unjudged."

They were both silent for a minute, and then Miss Balquidder said: "I feel certain there is but one rational way of accomplishing the thing, if you are bent upon doing it, if your own judgment and conscience tell you it ought to be done. Is it so?"

"Yes," said Hilary, firmly.

The old Scotswoman took her hand with a warm pressure. "Very well. I don't blame you. I might have done the same myself. Now to my plan. Miss Leaf, have you known me long enough to confer on me the benediction—one of the few that we rich folk possess—'It is more blessed to give than to receive?'"

"I don't quite understand."

"Then allow me to explain. I happen to know this creditor of your nephew's. He being a tailor and an outfitter, we have had dealings

together in former times, and I know him to be a hard man, an unprincipled man, such a one as no young woman should have to do with, even in business relations. To be in his power, as you would be for some years if your scheme of gradual payment were carried out, is the last thing I should desire for you. Let me suggest another way. Take me for your creditor instead of him. Pay him at once, and I will write you a check for the amount."

The thing was put so delicately, in such an ordinary manner, as if it were a mere business arrangement, that at first Hilary hardly perceived all it implied. When she did—when she found that it was in plain terms a gift or loan of eighty pounds offered by a person almost a stranger, she was at first quite bewildered. Then (ah! let us not blame her if she carried to a morbid excess that noble independence which is the foundation of all true dignity in man or woman) she shrunk back into herself, overcome with annoyance and shame. At last she forced herself to say, though the words came out rather coldly,

"You are very good, and I am exceedingly obliged to you; but I never borrowed money in my life. It is quite impossible."

"Very well; I can understand your feelings. I beg your pardon," replied Miss Balquidder, also somewhat coldly.

They sat silent and awkward, and then the elder lady took out a pencil and began to make calculations in her memorandum-book.

"I am reckoning what is the largest sum per month that you could reasonably be expected to spare, and how you may make the most of what remains. Are you aware that London lodgings are very expensive? I am thinking that if you were to exchange out of the Kensington shop into another I have at Richmond, I could offer you the first floor above it for much less rent than you pay Mrs. Jones; and you could have your sister living with you."

"Ah! that would make us both so much happier! How good you are!"

"You will see I only wish to help you to help yourself; not to put you under any obligation. Though I can not see any thing so very terrible in your being slightly indebted to an old woman, who has neither chick nor child, and is at perfect liberty to do what she likes with her own."

There was a pathos in the tone which smote Hilary into quick contrition.

"Forgive me! But I have such a horror of borrowing money—you must know why after what I have told you of our family. You must surely understand—"

"I do, fully; but there are limits even to independence. A person who, for his own pleasure, is ready to take money from any body and every body, without the slightest prospect or intention of returning it, is quite different from a friend who in a case of emergency accepts help

from another friend, being ready and willing to take every means of repayment, as I knew you were, and meant you to be. I meant, as you suggested, to stop out of your salary so much per month, till I had my eighty pounds safe back again."

"But suppose you never had it back? I am young and strong; still I might fall ill—I might die, and you never be repaid."

"Yes, I should," said Miss Balquidder, with a serious smile. "You forget, my dear bairn, '*Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these little ones, ye have done it unto ME.*' '*He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the LORD.*' I have lent Him a good deal at different times, and He has always paid me back with usury."

There was something at once solemn and a little sad in the way the old lady spoke. Hilary forgot her own side of the subject; her pride, her humiliation.

"But do you not think, Miss Balquidder, that one ought to work on, struggle on, to the last extremity, before one accepts an obligation, most of all a money obligation?"

"I do, as a general principle. Yet money is not the greatest thing in this world, that a pecuniary debt should be the worst to bear. And sometimes one of the kindest acts you can do to a fellow-creature—one that touches and softens his heart, nay, perhaps wins it to you for life, is to accept a favor from him."

Hilary made no reply.

"I speak a little from experience. I have not had a very happy life myself; at least most people would say so if they knew it; but the Lord has made it up to me by giving me the means of bringing happiness, in money as well as other ways, to other people. Most of us have our favorite luxuries; this is mine. I like to do people good; I like, also—though maybe that is a mean weakness—to feel that I do it. If all whom I have been made instrumental in helping had said to me, as you have done, 'I will not be helped, I will not be made happy,' it would have been rather hard for me."

And a smile, half humorous, half sad, came over the hard-featured face, spiritualizing its whole expression.

Hilary wavered. She compared her own life, happy still, and hopeful, for all its cares, with that of this lonely woman, whose only blessing was her riches, except the generous heart which sanctified them, and made them such. Humbled, nay, ashamed, she took and kissed the kindly hand which had succored so many, yet which, in the inscrutable mystery of Providence, had been left to go down to the grave alone; missing all that is personal, dear, and precious to a woman's heart, and getting instead only what Hilary now gave her—the half-sweet, half-bitter payment of gratitude.

"Well, my bairn, what is to be done?"

"I will do whatever you think right," murmured Hilary.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFEDERACY.

AT this time, when a monstrous rebellion—resting for its chief support on that most dangerous of all heresies which have afflicted our Government, namely, STATE SUPREMACY—has deeply engaged the American mind with thoughts and inquiries concerning the true nature of our political system, it may be profitable to indulge in retrospection, and to glance at the most prominent of those events which have illustrated the tendency of the early English colonists in America to political aggregation, a democratic form of government, and an enlightened nationality. For this purpose it is proposed to give outline sketches of such events, in a series of three short papers, respectively entitled, *The New England Confederacy*, in 1643; *The Albany and Stamp Act Congresses*, in 1754 and 1765; and *The League of States*, in 1781, which immediately preceded our present consolidated National Government.

The first settlers of New England were English Puritans, who had spoken aloud concerning civil and religious liberty, and who had been driven from their native land by storms of persecution engendered by the heats of bigotry in Church and State. The earliest of these, who came in the famous *Mayflower*, had been exiles in Holland long enough to learn most valuable lessons in the school of Republicanism, which had been the fundamental principle of State policy in that asylum for the oppressed for more than forty years. They had been apt scholars; and the first fruit of the political teachings which they had there received was seen in the solemn written Constitution of government—the first known in human annals—which they all signed before leaving the ship, and in which they declared that they did “Solemnly and mutually, in the Presence of God and of one another, Covenant and Combine themselves together into a Civil body Politick, for their better Ordering and Preservation, and Furtherance of the Ends aforesaid [to plant the first colony in North Virginia, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of their king and country]; and by Virtue thereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions, and Offices, from Time to Time, as should be thought most meet and convenient for the General Good of the Colony; unto which,” they said, “we Promise all due Submission and Obedience.”

This was the germ of popular constitutional government in America. It was signed by every male adult of the emigrants on board the *Mayflower*. It was made by the PEOPLE, and thus they were solemnly recognized as sovereign—the source of all political power. With this chart as a guide, they marked out the lines of a colony; upon this rock, dug out of Hebrew and Netherlandish jurisprudence, more enduring than that of Plymouth, the symbol of New England Puritanism, they laid the foundations of a State

destined to be a beacon to nations who sit in darkness. Others came from England out of the glowing furnace of persecution, and seated themselves in peace in other places on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The joyful news went back that there was a cool and refreshing asylum in the wilderness beyond the stormy Atlantic, where the Christian disciple might enjoy perfect freedom in his worship of Almighty God, and where the citizen was not subjected to the frowns of despotism, political or ecclesiastical. This sweet gospel fell upon ears of eager listeners; and within twenty years almost two hundred ships made their way to that earthly paradise for martyrs, carrying to it more than twenty thousand persons, who built churches, and school-houses, and fifty villages; and by special statute decreed that the fugitive and the persecuted for conscience' sake should be the guest of the Commonwealth.

Intolerance, in the guise of strict discipline, administered by magistrates and church ministers, too soon assumed to hold an iron sceptre over the almost irrepressible freedom of thought and action which the fresh earth and air and woods and streams develop. The bound soul naturally rebelled, and the tyranny of power blossomed and bore fruit. Punishment followed contumacy. Too much freedom of speech concerning magistrates and too little reverence for church ministers brought sharp reproofs and admonitory punishments. “It doth a little grieve my spirit,” wrote Sir Richard Saltonstall, from England, in 1635, “to hear what sad things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecution in New England, as that you fine, whip, and imprison men for their consciences.” The humbled became the enemies of the rulers of the half-theocratic State. They represented and misrepresented them before the court and hierarchy; and the ears of King Charles the sovereign, and Bishop Laud the Primate of England, were filled with complaints of the “irregularities” of the colonists on the borders of Massachusetts Bay. They were truly represented as the contemners of the Established Church, and indifferent, if not inimical, to the authority of the Crown. Lyford, a minister sent to Salem from England, was expelled because he was friendly to the English hierarchy; and John and Samuel Browne, members of Governor Endicott's council at Salem, were sent to England as “factions and evil-conditioned persons,” because they insisted upon the use of the Liturgy, or printed forms of the English Church, in their worship. Endicott caused the cross to be cut out of the British flag; and Roger Williams denounced the charter of the colony as invalid because the King had given to the white people the lands of other owners, the Indians; and he not only denied the right of the King to require an oath of allegiance from the colonists, but contended that the civil magistrates had no right to control the consciences of the people, and even declared that obedience to magistrates ought not to be enforced. The people said

Amen! for thoughts of Liberty and Independence filled their minds. "The colonists," wrote Burdette to Laud, in 1637, "aim not at new discipline, but *sovereignty*. It is accounted treason in their General Court to speak of appeals to the King."

Royalty and Prelacy—linked by the strong bond of mutual and vital interest—were alarmed. A crisis in the affairs of both was approaching. The civil war—which soon laid sceptre and crozier, throne and cathedra in the dust; which made Charles a pitiful convict in the hands of his subjects, and allowed the old woman of Edinburgh to boldly greet Laud and his Liturgy with cries of "What! ye villain! will ye say mass in my lug? stane him! stane him!"—was kindling; and King and Primate evoked every element of power to sustain themselves and their cause. Fearful of the reactive consequences of a large State in America left to unbridled liberty, the King and Council determined to suppress emigration to New England. Perceiving such "numbers of faithful and free-born Englishmen and good Christians" departing for Massachusetts Bay, they ordered that no person above the rank of a serving-man might remove to the colony without the special consent of proper authority; and emigrant ships in the Thames were detained by royal decree. An arbitrary commission was appointed, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at its head, invested by Church and State with full power over the "American Plantations," civil and ecclesiastical. They were armed with authority to establish government and dictate the laws, to regulate the church, to inflict even the heaviest punishments, and to revoke any charter which had been surreptitiously obtained—as they expressed it—or which conceded liberties prejudicial to the royal prerogative.

Upon the wings of the next vessel that made its way to Boston, the New England capital, intelligence of this measure was conveyed to the colonists, with the assurance that a governor-general was doubtless on his way. The rumbling of an earthquake beneath a city; the blaze of a comet before the eyes of the superstitious; the visible waving of the black wing of the Angel of Pestilence over a populous land, could not have produced a more profound and universally felt emotion than that which stirred the settlers of New England when this intelligence broke upon them. The baleful ministers of persecution from which they had fled, and braved the storms of the Atlantic and the perils of a wilderness, were coming with chains to bind and sceptres to rule a free, self-exiled, and unoffending people! It must not be. A fearful ordeal was before them. It must be met, and it was met in a spirit of true heroism. The oppressed were poor in purse but rich in faith and courage. The ministers, and magistrates, and people, forgetting all local animosities and difficulties, met in friendly consultation. "We ought," they said, "to defend our lawful possessions, if we are able; if not, to avoid and

protract." So they raised six hundred pounds sterling (or three thousand dollars) toward paying for the erection of fortifications, wherewith to defy the temporal and spiritual power of England, and defend the inalienable rights of man.

The appointment of this absolute commission was followed by a *quo warranto* against the company of the Massachusetts Bay, with the intention of depriving them of their charter. Then followed a proclamation to prevent the emigration of Puritans to America, and these worried inhabitants of England were left to choose between the increasing fires of persecution at home and the rare chance of eluding the watchful vigilance and implacable vengeance of the royalists and churchmen, and finding an asylum in the New World.

Already a demand had been made upon Governor Winthrop for a return of the charter to the King. This demand was accompanied by a threat that, in the event of a refusal, his Majesty would assume the entire management of the New England plantations, of which Massachusetts Bay was the chief and perfect representation. The New England authorities calmly sent back an argument instead of the charter. They contended, with firm but kind and loyal words, that such a step on the part of the King would be a breach of royal faith pregnant with immediate and prospective evils; that it would demoralize the colonists and strengthen the French at the eastward and the Dutch at the westward of the English plantations in New England. "If the patent be taken from us," they said, significantly, "the common people will conceive that his Majesty hath cast them off, and that hereby they are freed from their allegiance and subjection, and therefore *will be ready to confederate themselves under a new government, for their necessary safety and subsistence*, which will be of dangerous example unto other plantations, and perilous to ourselves, of incurring his Majesty's displeasure." All that they asked was to be left undisturbed.

The broad Atlantic rolled between the monarch and his sturdy trans-oceanic subjects. No steamships then traversed the three thousand miles of aqueous space in ten days. Small, ill-built argosies made tedious and perilous voyages by way of the Antilles or the Bahamas, and weeks were consumed in the passage. Precious time was therefore spent in this correspondence—precious indeed to the blinded King; and equally precious was the delay to the colonists. The Star Chamber Court, meanwhile, was performing unconsciously, unintentionally, and vigorously the work of England's emancipation from kingly and priestly rule with the weapons of despotism; and before the arguments of Winthrop and his associates could be pondered by the crown and mitre both were trembling before the angry denunciations of an outraged people.

We now stand upon the threshold of the memorable year in New England history, 1643. Let us glance at the political condition and

character of that New England then. Twenty-two years before (December, 1620) the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed among the snows of Plymouth, and heard the voice of Samoset crying, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" They chose a governor under the written democratic constitution which we have just noticed; established a government; built houses, and founded a colony. That first government was exceedingly simple. It consisted of a governor and one assistant. Each man had, by his own signature, pledged himself to implicit obedience. In 1624 other emigrants were there, when the governor was furnished with five assistants elected by the people. Six years later, when the colony numbered about five hundred souls, there were seven assistants. For nineteen years pure democracy prevailed at Plymouth in church and state, when a representative government was instituted (1639), and a pastor was chosen as spiritual guide.

In the mean time other settlements were planted within the chartered limits of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In the summer of 1628 John Endicot and a hundred emigrants came over and settled at Naumkeag, which they named Salem, and founded an independent colony there. In July the following year three dissenting ministers arrived there with two hundred settlers, and laid the foundation of Charlestown. In September the same year the members of the company agreed to surrender the charter into the hands of the colonists, and thus a democratic state was established which invited a better class of men than had hitherto emigrated—men of more wealth and education. In July, 1630, John Winthrop and three hundred others arrived, and settled Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, and Cambridge; and on the peninsula of Shawmut, which they called Trimountain, because of its three hills, they planted the seeds of Boston, the capital of New England. Winthrop came as governor of the colony under the new arrangement, with Thomas Dudley as deputy-governor, and a council of sixteen.

In 1634 the pure democracy of the colonial jurisprudence assumed the form of a representative government. The governor's assistants, or council, and the deputies were chosen by the people—the former by the whole colony, the latter by the several towns. The people also demanded a written constitution in the form of a Bill of Rights. The two bodies of representatives acted together as a Congress; but, under the teachings of Cotton and other ministers, the assistants claimed patrician consideration and a negative vote in all joint proceedings. On the election of Henry Vane to the chair of chief magistrate in 1636, the aristocratic portion of the settlers were so active and powerful that, in plain defiance of the charter, a new order of magistracy was instituted by the General Court, called a Council for Life. The reverence for rank was deep-rooted in the mind of these English immigrants, and as they were expecting accessions to their number from the most exalted class

of society, they seemed disposed to provide places for them in the government. The democracy—the great mass of the people—were offended by this violation of their chartered rights, and this feeling stimulated the deputies to oppose vehemently the assumptions of the Assistants. For ten years there was a controversy between them, the Assistants maintaining their authority by well-managed delays and an occasional "wise sermon," the ministers being all active politicians. The dispute was finally left to the arbitrament of the ministers, for the foundations of the State were confessedly religious. Church membership was the condition by which a citizen was permitted to exercise the elective franchise. It was settled that the Assistants and Deputies should legislate separately as distinct bodies, each having a negative upon the other. Thus, in 1644, was established in New England the modern republican form of government; namely, a Governor or President, and a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Plymouth government was not of such a perfect form of a republic as that established at Boston.

In 1632 Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, visited the beautiful Valley of the Connecticut River. Two years before, that region had been granted to the Earl of Warwick, and by him, in 1631, it was conveyed to other parties. The eastern boundary of the grant was the Narraganset River (now Bay); and the western, as in all the other charters of the time, was the "South Sea" or Pacific Ocean. Winslow determined to promote emigration thither. The Dutch of New Netherland (New York), jealous of the Puritans, hearing of the movement, built a fort on the Connecticut near the present city of Hartford; and when, in the autumn of 1633, Captain Holmes and a company of pioneers sailed up the Connecticut in a schooner, with the frame of a house on board, the Dutch garrison threatened to blow them out of the water with their guns. But Holmes sailed by unmolested except by some Teutonic oaths, landed at the site of Windsor, and planted there the seed of a colony. In the autumn of 1635 a party of sixty men, women, and children, with cattle, journeyed through the forests from Massachusetts Bay, seated themselves on the Connecticut, and in the spring of 1636 built a small place for public worship on the site of Hartford. These were followed in the summer by the Rev. Thomas Hooker with about one hundred persons, and they founded settlements at Hartford and Weathersfield, and as high up as Springfield. There were five distinct settlements on the Connecticut in 1637, when a war with the powerful Pequods east of the Thames was declared by the colonists on account of the aggressions of the savages. The men of the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies flew to the aid of their western brethren with a few friendly Indians from Narraganset Bay and vicinity; and so thorough was the chastisement of the Pequods that, it has been said by an eminent historian, "there did not remain a sannup or squaw, a warrior or a child

of the Pequod name. A nation had disappeared in a day."

Soon after this war was closed the Reverend John Davenport, an earnest non-conformist minister of London, and two or three opulent merchants, who were representatives of a wealthy company, explored the shores of Long Island Sound in search of a good place for a settlement. They selected one on the site of the present New Haven, and there, in the spring of 1638, under the branches of a huge oak-tree, Davenport preached the first sermon. Taking the Bible as a guide, they formed a "plantation covenant" as a constitution of government. The colony prospered, and they named the place **NEW HAVEN**. The following year the settlers on the Connecticut met in Convention at Hartford and adopted a written constitution, in which it was ordered that a governor and deputies of the people, and elected by them, should form the government, and that an oath of allegiance to the colony, and not to the King, should be required. The little commonwealth of separate and feeble settlements was called the **COLONY OF CONNECTICUT**. This and the New Haven colony were united in 1665 and formed the province of Connecticut.

Between these settlements and those of Plymouth and Massachusetts lay a commonwealth founded by Roger Williams, who, because of his extreme tolerant and almost anarchical views, was banished from Salem at the close of 1635. In the dead of winter he made his way through the deep snows in the forests toward Narraganset Bay, finding food and shelter, hospitality and toleration in the wigwams of the savages. He finally seated himself at the head of Narraganset Bay, determined there to plant a colony wherein conscience should be entirely free, and named the place Providence. Being out of the jurisdiction of both Plymouth and Massachusetts, he proclaimed his views boldly, and the persecuted from these colonies gathered around him. Newport, on the island of Rhode Island, was founded in 1638; and in 1644 all the settlements in that region were united under the general title of **RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS**, with a free charter of incorporation from the Long Parliament, and with a seal that bore the motto, *Amor vincit omnia*—"Love conquers all things."

Eastward of all these was a territory extending from the Merrimac to the Kennebec, and from the ocean to the St. Lawrence, which was granted to two members of the Plymouth Company in 1622, and named by them **LACONIA**. In 1629 the Reverend Mr. Wheelwright, who had been engaged in exciting religious and political controversies in Boston, purchased from the Indians the wilderness between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, and founded Exeter. In the same year Mason, one of the proprietors of **LACONIA**, purchased of his partner that region and named it **NEW HAMPSHIRE**. In 1631 he built a house on the site of Portsmouth, and gave that name to the place. Settlements along

the coast and a few in the interior were planted. These were all feeble, and in 1641 they formed a coalition with the powerful colony of Massachusetts. New Hampshire remained a dependency of that province until 1680.

Such was the political condition of New England at the period we are considering. The Massachusetts colony had increased wonderfully. During the year 1635 full three thousand new settlers were added to it, some of them men of much wealth and influence, the most distinguished of whom was Hugh Peters, an eloquent preacher, and Henry Vane, an enthusiastic young member of the English Aristocracy (son of a Privy Councilor), who, in 1636, was elected governor of the colony. It was by far the most populous and influential of all the settlements eastward of the Dutch on Manhattan, and led them all. Its policy was their policy; and when indignant English authority aimed a blow at New England, even down to the Revolution, it always fell most directly on the head of Massachusetts. Virginia, its elder sister, paid court to it; and so impressed were some of the people of that colony with a sense of the superior learning and piety of the New England ministers, that a deputation was sent by them to Governor Winthrop to solicit a supply of pastors from the New England churches. Three clergymen were sent. They preached with such power and acceptance that the people flocked to hear them from all parts of the colony, when the bigoted and imperious Sir William Berkeley, the governor, who, some years later, thanked God officially that there were no free schools nor a printing-press in Virginia, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years, issued a proclamation by which all persons within his dominions who would not conform to the rituals of the Church of England, were commanded to leave the colony forthwith. The ministers returned to Boston, and the two colonies, made of the same nationality but of a different class of men, were separated for many years by unfriendly feelings.

The civil war in England, which ended in the abolition of royalty, so engaged public attention there that for almost twenty years the American colonies were subjected to very little interference from the mother country. Left free to act, democratic ideas speedily crystallized into practical form; and among the more thoughtful men of New England aspirations for and hopes of an independent nationality led to vigorous action. They perceived that the forced withdrawal of imperial supervision was their golden opportunity; and leading men in all the settlements pondered seriously the topic of a confederation.

Another powerful motive for a union of the New England colonies was the more material and more pressing necessity of self-preservation. The Dutch menaced them on the borders of their western settlements; but far more alarming were the evidences of the hostility of the savages in their midst, who were brooding like a dark cloud, pregnant with destruction, over

all their borders. The annihilation of the Pequods had created a general belief that the savage tribes upon and beyond the borders of the settlements, who had from time to time exhibited hostile intentions, would be awed by this terrible display of the white man's power into perfect docility and quietude. This belief was a fallacy. The Indians saw, in the destruction of one family of their race, and the occupancy of its territory by Europeans, a sure prophecy of their own fate in time—and all felt a burning desire to drive the white intruder from their soil. While the minds of the Puritan settlers were filled with sunny dreams of an independent empire for themselves, and the beginning of a more exalted civilization for the world, on the western shores of the North Atlantic, dark visions of fear, and dread, and revenge, and deeds of blood were brooding in the benighted minds of the savages of the wilderness. The Europeans were anxious to confederate for the establishment of a splendid empire upon the foundations of religion, morality, justice, and equality; the savages were anxious to confederate for the destruction of its builders, and to perpetuate pagan barbarism and forest shadows over a fertile soil. The New England settlers were made perfectly conscious of an incipient conspiracy among the savages for the destruction of the white people very soon after the close of the war against the Pequods, and all were ripe for union when it was proposed.

The earliest movements toward a confederation were made by the settlers on the Connecticut River when the Pequot war was kindling in 1636-37. Menaced by the Dutch in the west, and by the Indians all around them, they sought an alliance with their more powerful brethren on Massachusetts Bay. Some of the magistrates and ministers of Connecticut went to Boston for the purpose at the close of the war; and on the 31st of August they met those of Massachusetts in convention in the New England capital. The authorities of Plymouth were invited to attend, but the notice was so short that they could not come. The conference resulted in nothing definite. Another was held at the same place in June the following year when the Connecticut delegates exhibited such extreme "State Right" views—such a jealousy of power—such unwillingness to delegate to a common government for all one iota of individual sovereignty, that the representatives of Massachusetts in the Convention declared that a further prosecution of the scheme was undesirable. That commonwealth, because of its population, wealth, and intellectual greatness as compared with the others, must, of necessity, in a representative government, overshadow the rest. While Connecticut was shy about coming under her rule, Massachusetts was unwilling to hold a merely equal rank in the proposed confederacy. So the Convention adjourned without an agreement on any essential point, and an irritating correspondence between the two colonies ensued.

When, in 1639, the vigor and aggressive char-

acter of the policy of Kieft, the Director-General of New Netherland (New York) was developed, the Connecticut settlers were alarmed, and again revived, in earnest expressions, the proposition for a New England confederacy. Governor Hayne and Minister Hooker went to Boston and staid there a month—much of the time in conference with the magistrates and ministers of that colony on the subject of Union. The Connecticut authorities also sent a delegation to Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut, to confer with Fenwick, who represented the interests of the parties to whom the Earl of Warwick had conveyed his grant, and who held himself politically independent of the Connecticut and New Haven colonies.

Massachusetts, in the mean time, appeared quite indifferent to the proposition of Connecticut, because she felt strong enough to rear a powerful republic herself. But circumstances wrought a change in her views. The civil war in England was raging. It was between Puritanism and Civil Liberty on one side, and kingly and priestly Despotism on the other. Should the former fail, America would be the chosen asylum for the vanquished. Wisdom and prudence therefore commanded the greatest possible enlargement of the area wherein a perfect union of religious and political sentiment, consonant with that of the English Puritans, prevailed. It was desirable to have a receptacle large enough for the exiles if they came, and a government over the whole perfect and homogeneous enough to present, with this accretion, a powerful state—too powerful for the armies of despotism, temporal or spiritual, to overthrow. Accordingly, in September, 1642, the General Court or Government of Massachusetts earnestly "considered the propositions sent from Connecticut about a combination," et cetera, and referred them to a committee. At the next General Court, held in May, 1643, Commissioners from Plymouth, Connecticut, New Haven, and Mr. Fenwick, of Saybrook, presented themselves at Boston for consultation on the subject of Union. The Governor, with two magistrates and three deputies, was authorized to treat with them on the part of Massachusetts. "These," says Winthrop, in his journal, "coming to consultation, encountered some difficulties; but being all desirous of union and studious of peace, they readily yielded to each other in such things as tended to common utility." Taking the confederacy of the Netherlands as their model, these representatives of four New England colonies, after holding three meetings, agreed upon a constitution for a Confederacy, which they embodied in twelve articles, prefaced by the following preamble:

"Whereas we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end and aim, namely, to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity with peace; and whereas in our settling (by a wise providence of God) we are further dispersed upon the sea-coasts and rivers than was at first intended, so that we can

not, according to our desire, with convenience combine in one government and jurisdiction; and whereas we live encompassed with people of several nations and strange languages, which hereafter may prove injurious to us or our prosperity [Dutch on the west, French on the east]; and forasmuch as the natives have formerly committed sundry insolences and outrages upon several plantations of the English, and have of late combined themselves against us; and seeing, by reason of those sad distractions in England which they have heard of, and by which they know we are hindered from that humble way of seeking advice, or reaping those comfortable fruits of protection which, at other times, we might well expect; We therefore do conceive it our bounden duty, without delay, to enter into a present consociation among ourselves, for mutual help and strength in all our future concerns, that, as in nation and religion, so in other respects, we be and continue as one."

It was stipulated that the four colonies, parties to the confederation, should be bound together under the name of "*The United Colonies of New England*," in "a firm and perpetual league of friendship and amity, for offense and defense, mutual advice and succor, upon all just occasions, both for preserving and propagating the truth and liberties of the Gospel, and for their own mutual safety and welfare;" that each province should remain a separate and distinct municipal association, and retain independent jurisdiction within its own territory; and that no member should be received into the league, nor any two members be consolidated into one jurisdiction, without the consent of the rest; that in every war, offensive or defensive, each of the confederates should furnish its quota of men, money, and provisions, at a rate to be fixed from time to time in proportion to the male population of the respective communities between the ages of sixteen and sixty, and the spoils of war to be distributed to the several colonies on the same principle; that, upon notice of three magistrates of an existing invasion of any colony, the rest were forthwith to send it relief, the nearest confederate alone to be summoned if the occasion required no more, the men to be "victualled and supplied with powder and shot for their journey (if they were needed) by that jurisdiction which employed or sent for them;" that if more than the stipulated amount of aid was demanded, then the whole body of the Commissioners were to be convened to order a further enlistment; that if in their judgment the invaded colony was in fault, then to condemn it to give satisfaction to the invader, and to defray the charges incurred, contrary to the modern pernicious maxim, "Our country, right or wrong;" that a council, or board of management, composed of two commissioners or representatives from each colony, all of them church-members, should be established for the transaction of the general business of the Confederacy, with power to "determine all affairs of war or

peace, leagues, aids, charges, and numbers of men for war, division of spoils and whatsoever was gotten by conquest, receiving of more confederates for plantations into combination with any of the confederates, and all things of like nature which were the proper concomitants or consequents of such a confederation for amity, offense, and defense;" such commissioners to meet annually to deliberate and decide on all points of common concern to the Confederacy, the concurrence of six of the Commissioners in any measure being conclusive; in default of which, the matter so considered to be referred to the General Courts of the several colonies, the concurrence of them all to be binding and final; that the Commissioners, or six of them, at each annual meeting, should choose a President from their own number, who was to be invested "with no power or respect," except to "take care and direct for order and a comely carrying on of all proceedings;" that the Commissioners should establish agreements and orders for the preservation of peace among the confederate colonies, securing justice to the Indians, and the extradition of runaway servants and fugitives from justice; that all war not inevitable should be abstained from, and that any breach in the terms of the league should be considered by the Commissioners, or Federal Government, who were empowered to determine the offense and the remedy.

This League was signed by all the representatives in the convention at Boston, on the 19th of May, 1643, except by those from Plymouth, whose constituency had not authorized them to do so. Plymouth, where the pupils of the liberal Holland school of politics were the most numerous, was the most vigilant guardian of popular rights and most jealous of delegated power. That colony would not give their delegates discretionary authority to execute any thing. They were sent to deliberate and agree, while the power to ratify or reject was reserved for the people. The Articles of Confederation agreed to by the Convention were carefully examined by the people and then voted upon. A majority ratified them by their vote, and Plymouth became a member of the League.

All New England was not included in the Confederacy. "The people beyond the Piscataqua," or New Hampshire, were excluded, because, "in ministry and civil administration," they "ran a different course" from the Puritans. Massachusetts, though having no greater political power in the confederation than the feeble colony of New Haven, it having only the same number of Federal Commissioners, was the body and soul of the affair; and presented to all others an exceedingly straight platform, to which all must conform or be considered alien enemies. The persecutions which Roger Williams and his associates had suffered at the hands of Massachusetts, and the defiance which he and they had hurled at her magistrates and ministers, had produced an irreconcilable breach between the parent colony and the Providence plantation.

It desired to form one of the Confederacy, but the will of Massachusetts excluded it. The Rhode Island plantation had steadily refused allegiance to the Plymouth colony, and for that reason it, too, was excluded. Thus cut off from the common sympathy of the rest of New England, these proscribed plantations sought for and obtained an independent charter the same year, and established a truly free government.

The Confederacy thus formed, while it exhibits to the world the tendency of the more enlightened English settlers to political aggregation and a democratic or republican form of government, and was the seminal idea of our present independence and nationality, was deficient in the great principle of order, perpetuity, and enduring usefulness—namely, centralization of delegated power with proper checks and balances. The President was only a “moderator,” such as may be found at any town meeting. The Commissioners or representatives of the sovereignty of the people were merely legislators. They possessed no executive powers; and when they declared war, the declaration was only recommendatory and wholly inoperative until sanctioned by the voice of the people. Like the Confederation of 1781, which preceded the present national government (whose Constitution, at the command of the people, melted the States into a consolidated nation), there was no central power to represent the sovereignty of the people in sovereign acts.

The New England Confederacy lasted more than forty years, surviving the Long Parliament and the Protectorate, and running parallel with a royal government restored; yet its vitality and puissance consisted not in the league, but in the might of the single member, Massachusetts. That colony was practically the sovereign—it was the huge planet about which the others, in a degree, revolved as satellites. Its will was their will. It was regarded in Europe as well as in America, then, and down to the Revolution in 1775, as New England. The Canadians called all of the Americans of the eastern provinces who invaded their territory “Bostonians.” Massachusetts established a mint without consulting other members of the Confederacy. It was Massachusetts alone that the Long Parliament, when it had abolished royalty, invited to receive a new patent and act under its authority as a loved and favorite child; and it was Massachusetts, awake to the value of independence, that, with true heroism, declined the offer which would have been destructive of it, and thereby foiled the politicians of that Parliament. It was the creed of her people, expressed by their deputies, that “if the King, or any party from him, should attempt any thing against the Commonwealth,” it was the duty of every citizen to “spend estate, and life, and all, without scruple, in its defense”—to “pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor” in the cause of the Rights of Man. And it was Edward Winslow, the agent of Massachusetts in England, thoroughly instructed concerning public sentiment at home, who stood up

before Europe and said, in language almost identical with that used more than a hundred years later by our revolutionary fathers: “If the Parliament of England should impose laws upon us, *having no burgesses in the House of Commons*, nor capable of summons by reason of the vast distance, we should lose the liberties and freedom of Englishmen indeed.”

The Puritans of Massachusetts who fled from persecution, ever jealous of their rights and ever fearful of the germination of the seeds of religious or civil despotism in the soil of New England, became, in their zeal, persecutors; and the annals of that Commonwealth are stained with the blood of martyrs shed by the hands of Massachusetts bigots. But when a relief from a consciousness of danger came, a more generous and enlightened spirit prevailed. To the superficial observer the New England Puritan, especially during the Confederacy, is an unlovely character; but when we study his qualities carefully in the light of history, he commands our most profound esteem and reverence.

For more than thirty years the conspirators in the Slave States against the National Government have endeavored, for unholy purposes, to excite bitter sectional animosities by disparaging the Puritan character and exalting that of the Cavalier—the representative of chivalry; the former, according to their declarations, being the type of the men of the Free States, and the latter of the Slave States. They have claimed for the latter a right to the title of “the dominant race,” and represented the Puritan, or “Northern man,” as sordid, narrow, and cowardly, and intended by Providence to be the fawning servant of the Cavalier—the Chivalry of the South. They have sneered at the piety, earnestness, industry, and correctness of life of the Puritan, or Northern man; and a thousand times during the earlier months of the present rebellion, until the stern logic of events shamed their folly, they have declared that “one Southron was equal to five Yankees” in war—apparently forgetful that history has always vindicated the truth of Cromwell’s assertion, that “he that prays best and preaches best will fight best.” The real comparative value of the two classes in a government like ours, and in the advancement of civilization, may be estimated by a careful consideration of the following picture drawn by Mr. Bancroft:

“Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of Chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The Knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The Knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans of liberty. The Knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure,

multiplied amusements, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued country; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements;

the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of Chivalry were subverted by the gradually-increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE TWO JUDGES.

FELIX GRAHAM as he left the Alston court-house on the close of the first day of the trial was not in a happy state of mind. He did not actually accuse himself of having omitted any duty which he owed to his client; but he did accuse himself of having undertaken a duty for which he felt himself to be manifestly unfit. Would it not have been better, as he said to himself, for that poor lady to have had any other possible advocate than himself? Then as he passed out in the company of Mr. Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass, the latter looked at him with a scorn which he did not know how to return. In his heart he could do so; and should words be spoken between them on the subject, he would be well able and willing enough to defend himself. But had he attempted to bandy looks with Mr. Chaffanbrass, it would have seemed even to himself that he was proclaiming his resolution to put himself in opposition to his colleagues.

He felt as though he were engaged to fight a battle in which truth and justice, nay, Heaven itself, must be against him. How can a man put his heart to the proof of an assertion in the truth of which he himself has no belief? That though guilty this lady should be treated with the utmost mercy compatible with the law; for so much, had her guilt stood forward as acknowledged, he could have pleaded with all the eloquence that was in him. He could still pity her, sympathize with her, fight for her on such ground as that; but was it possible that he, believing her to be false, should stand up before the crowd assembled in that court, and use such intellect as God had given him in making others think that the false and the guilty one was true and innocent, and that those accusers were false and guilty whom he knew to be true and innocent?

It had been arranged that Baron Maltby should stay that night at Noningsby. The brother-judges therefore occupied the Noningsby carriage together, and Graham was driven back in a dog-cart by Augustus Staveley.

"Well, old boy," said Augustus, "you did not soil your conscience much by bullying that fellow."

"No, I did not," said Graham; and then he was silent.

"Chaffanbrass made an uncommonly ugly show of the Hamworth attorney," said Augustus, after a pause; but to this Graham at first made no answer.

"If I were on the jury," continued the other, "I would not believe a single word that came from that fellow's mouth unless it were fully supported by other testimony. Nor will the jury believe him."

"I tell you what, Staveley," said Graham, "you will oblige me greatly in this matter if you will not speak to me of the trial till it is over."

"I beg your pardon."

"No; don't do that. Nothing can be more natural than that you and I should discuss it together in all its bearings. But there are reasons, which I will explain to you afterward, why I would rather not do so."

"All right," said Augustus. "I'll not say another word."

"And for my part, I will get through the work as well as I may." And then they both sat silent in the gig till they came to the corner of Noningsby wall.

"And is that other subject tabooed also?" said Augustus.

"What other subject?"

"That as to which we said something when you were last here—touching my sister Madeline."

Graham felt that his face was on fire, but he did not know how to answer. "In that it is for you to decide whether or no there should be silence between us," he said at last.

"I certainly do not wish that there should be any secret between us," said Augustus.

"Then there shall be none. It is my intention to make an offer to her before I leave Noningsby. I can assure you for your satisfaction that my hopes do not run very high."

"For my satisfaction, Felix! I don't know why you should suppose me to be anxious that you should fail." And as he so spoke he stopped his horse at the hall-door, and there was no time for further speech.

"Papa has been home a quarter of an hour," said Madeline, meeting them in the hall.

"Yes, he had the pull of us by having his carriage ready," said her brother. "We had to wait for the hostler."

"He says that if you are not ready in ten minutes he will go to dinner without you. Mamma and I are dressed." And as she spoke

she turned round with a smile to Felix, making him feel that both she and her father were treating him as though he were one of the family.

"Ten minutes will be quite enough for me," said he.

"If the governor only would sit down," said Augustus, "it would be all right. But that's just what he won't do. Mad, do send somebody to help me to unpack." And then they all bustled away, so that the pair of judges might not be kept waiting for their food.

Felix Graham hurried up stairs, three steps at a time, as though all his future success at Noningsby depended on his being down in the drawing-room within the period of minutes stipulated by the judge. As he dressed himself with the utmost rapidity, thinking perhaps not so much as he should have done of his appearance in the eyes of his lady-love, he endeavored to come to some resolve as to the task which was before him. How was he to find an opportunity of speaking his mind to Madeline, if, during the short period of his sojourn at Noningsby, he left the house every morning directly after breakfast, and returned to it in the evening only just in time for dinner?

When he entered the drawing-room both the judges were there, as was also Lady Staveley and Madeline. Augustus alone was wanting. "Ring the bell, Graham," the judge said, as Felix took his place on the corner of the rug. "Augustus will be down about supper-time." And then the bell was rung and the dinner ordered.

"Papa ought to remember," said Madeline, "that he got his carriage first at Alston."

"I heard the wheels of the gig," said the judge. "They were just two minutes after us."

"I don't think Augustus takes longer than other young men," said Lady Staveley.

"Look at Graham there. He can't be supposed to have the use of all his limbs, for he broke half a dozen of them a month ago; and yet he's ready. Brother Maltby, give your arm to Lady Staveley. Graham, if you'll take Madeline I'll follow alone." He did not call her Miss Staveley, as Felix specially remarked, and so remarking, pressed the little hand somewhat closer to his side. It was the first sign of love he had ever given her, and he feared that some mark of anger might follow it. There was no return to his pressure; not the slightest answer was made with those sweet finger points; but there was no anger. "Is your arm quite strong again?" she asked him as they sat down, as soon as the judge's short grace had been uttered.

"Fifteen minutes to the second," said Augustus, bustling into the room; "and I think that an unfair advantage has been taken of me. But what can a juvenile barrister expect in the presence of two judges?" And then the dinner went on, and a very pleasant little dinner-party it was.

Not a word was said, either then or during the evening, or on the following morning, on that subject which was engrossing so much of

the mind of all of them. Not a word was spoken as to that trial which was now pending, nor was the name of Lady Mason mentioned. It was understood even by Madeline that no allusion could with propriety be made to it in the presence of the judge before whom the cause was now pending, and the ground was considered too sacred for feet to tread upon it. Were it not that this feeling is so general, an English judge and English counselors would almost be forced to subject themselves in such cases to the close custody which jurymen are called upon to endure. But, as a rule, good taste and good feeling are as potent as locks and walls.

"Do you know, Mr. Graham," said Madeline, in that sort of whisper which a dinner-table allows, "that Mrs. Baker says you have cut her since you got well?"

"I! I cut one of my very best friends! How can she say any thing so untrue? If I knew where she lived I'd go and pay her a visit after dinner."

"I don't think you need do that—though she has a very snug little room of her own. You were in it on Christmas-day when we had the snapdragon—when you and Marion carried away the dishes."

"I remember. And she is base enough to say that I have cut her? I did see her for a moment yesterday, and then I spoke to her."

"Ah, but you should have had a long chat with her. She expects you to go back over all the old ground, how you were brought in helpless, how the doctor came to you, and how you took all the messes she prepared for you like a good boy. I'm afraid, Mr. Graham, you don't understand old women."

"Nor young ones either," it was on his tongue to say, but he did not say it.

"When I was a young man," said the baron, carrying on some conversation which had been general at the table, "I never had an opportunity of breaking my ribs out hunting."

"Perhaps if you had," said Augustus, "you might have used it with more effect than my friend here, and have deprived the age of one of its brightest lights, and the bench of one of its most splendid ornaments."

"Hear, hear, hear!" said his father.

"Augustus is coming out in a new character," said his mother.

"I am heartily obliged to him," said the baron. "But as I was saying before these sort of things never came in my way. If I remember right, my father would have thought I was mad had I talked of going out hunting. Did you hunt, Staveley?"

When the ladies were gone the four lawyers talked about law, though they kept quite clear of that special trial which was going on at Alston. Judge Staveley, as we know, had been at the Birmingham congress; but not so his brother the baron. Baron Maltby, indeed, thought but little of the Birmingham doings, and was inclined to be a little hard upon his brother in that he had taken a part in it.

"I think that the matter is one open to discussion," said the host.

"Well, I hope so," said Graham. "At any rate I have heard no arguments which ought to make us feel that our mouths are closed."

"Arguments on such a matter are worth nothing at all," said the baron. "A man with what is called a logical turn of mind may prove any thing or disprove any thing; but he never convinces any body. On any matter that is near to a man's heart he is convinced by the tenor of his own thoughts as he goes on living, not by the arguments of a logician or even by the eloquence of an orator. Talkers are apt to think that if their listener can not answer them they are bound to give way; but non-talkers generally take a very different view of the subject."

"But does that go to show that a question should not be ventilated?" asked Felix.

"I don't mean to be uncivil," said the baron, "but of all words in the language there is none which I dislike so much as that word ventilation. A man given to ventilating subjects is worse than a man who has a mission."

"Bored of that sort, however," said Graham, "will show themselves from time to time, and are not easily put down. Some one will have a mission to reform our courts of law, and will do it too."

"I only hope it may not be in my time," said the baron.

"I can't go quite so far as that," said the other judge. "But no doubt we all have the same feeling more or less. I know pretty well what my friend Graham is driving at."

"And in your heart you agree with me," said Graham.

"If you would carry men's heads with you they would do you more good than their hearts," said the judge. And then, as the wine-bottles were stationary, the subject was cut short and they went into the drawing-room.

Graham had no opportunity that evening of telling his tale to Madeline Staveley. The party was too large for such tale-telling, or else not large enough. And then the evening in the drawing-room was over before it had seemed to begin; and while he was yet hoping that there might be some turn in his favor, Lady Staveley wished him good-night, and Madeline of course did the same. As he again pressed her hand he could not but think how little he had said to her since he had been in the house, and yet it seemed to him as though that little had made him more intimate with her than he had ever found himself before. He had made an attempt to separate himself from the company by proposing to go and call on Mrs. Baker in her own quarters; but Madeline had declared it to be too late for such an expedition, explaining that when Mrs. Baker had no patient on hand she was accustomed to go early to her bed. In the present instance, however, she had been wrong, for when Felix reached the door of his own room Mrs. Baker was coming out of it.

"I was just looking if every thing was right," said she. "It seems natural to me to come and look after you, you know."

"And it is quite as natural to me to be looked after."

"Is it though? But the worst of you gentlemen when you get well is that one has done with you. You go away, and then there's no more about it. I always begrudge to see you get well for that reason."

"When you have a man in your power you like to keep him there."

"That's always the way with the women, you know. I hope we shall see one of them tying you by the leg altogether before long."

"I don't know any thing about that," said Felix, sheepishly.

"Don't you? Well, if you don't I suppose nobody don't. But nevertheless I did hear a little bird say—eh! Mr. Graham."

"Those little birds are the biggest liars in the world."

"Are they now? Well, perhaps they are. And how do you think our Miss Madeline is looking? She wasn't just well for one short time after you went away."

"Has she been ill?"

"Well, not ill; not so that she came into my hands. She's looking herself again now, isn't she?"

"She is looking, as she always does, uncommonly well."

"Do you remember how she used to come and say a word to you standing at the door? Dear heart! I'll be bound now I care more for her than you do."

"Do you?" said Graham.

"Of course I do. And then how angry her ladyship was with me—as though it were my fault. I didn't do it. Did I, Mr. Graham? But, Lord love you, what's the use of being angry? My lady ought to have remembered her own young days, for it was just the same thing with her. She had her own way, and so will Miss Madeline." And then with some further inquiries as to his fire, his towels, and his sheets, Mrs. Baker took herself off.

Felix Graham had felt a repugnance to taking the gossiping old woman openly into his confidence, and yet he had almost asked her whether he might in truth count upon Madeline's love. Such at any rate had been the tenor of his gossiping; but nevertheless he was by no means certified. He had the judge's assurance in allowing him to be there; he had the assurance given to him by Augustus in the few words spoken to him at the door that evening; and he ought to have known that he had received sufficient assurance from Madeline herself. But in truth he knew nothing of the kind. There are men who are much too forward in believing that they are regarded with favor; but there are others of whom it may be said that they are as much too backward. The world hears most of the former, and talks of them the most, but I doubt whether the latter are not the more numerous.

The next morning of course there was a hurry and fuss at breakfast in order that they might get off in time for the courts. The judges were to take their seats at ten, and therefore it was necessary that they should sit down to breakfast some time before nine. The achievement does not seem to be one of great difficulty, but nevertheless it left no time for love-making.

But for one instant Felix was able to catch Madeline alone in the breakfast-parlor. "Miss Staveley," said he, "will it be possible that I should speak to you alone this evening—for five minutes?"

"Speak to me alone?" she said, repeating his words; and as she did so she was conscious that her whole face had become suffused with color.

"Is it too much to ask?"

"Oh no!"

"Then if I leave the dining-room soon after you have done so—"

"Mamma will be there, you know," she said. Then others came into the room, and he was able to make no further stipulation for the evening.

Madeline, when she was left alone that morning, was by no means satisfied with her own behavior, and accused herself of having been unnecessarily cold to him. She knew the permission which had been accorded to him, and she knew also—knew well—what answer would be given to his request. In her mind the matter was now fixed. She had confessed to herself that she loved him, and she could not now doubt of his love to her. Why then should she have answered him with coldness and doubt? She hated the missishness of young ladies, and had resolved that when he asked her a plain question she would give him a plain answer. It was true that the question had not been asked as yet; but why should she have left him in doubt as to her kindly feeling?

"It shall be but for this one day," she said to herself as she sat alone in her room.

CHAPTER LXX.

HOW AM I TO BEAR IT?

WHEN the first day's work was over in the court, Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme kept their seats till the greater part of the crowd had dispersed, and the two young men, Lucius Mason and Peregrine, remained with them. Mr. Aram also remained, giving them sundry little instructions in a low voice as to the manner in which they should go home and return the next morning—telling them the hour at which they must start, and promising that he would meet them at the door of the court. To all this Mrs. Orme endeavored to give her best attention, as though it were of the last importance; but Lady Mason was apparently much the more collected of the two, and seemed to take all Mr. Aram's courtesies as though they were a matter of course. There she sat, still with her veil up, and though

all those who had been assembled there during the day turned their eyes upon her as they passed out she bore it all without quailing. It was not that she returned their gaze, or affected an effrontery in her conduct; but she was able to endure it without showing that she suffered as she did so.

"The carriage is there now," said Mr. Aram, who had left the court for a minute; "and I think you may get into it quietly." This accordingly they did, making their way through an avenue of idlers who still remained that they might look upon the lady who was accused of having forged her husband's will.

"I will stay with her to-night," whispered Mrs. Orme to her son as they passed through the court.

"Do you mean that you will not come to The Cleeve at all?"

"Not to-night; not till the trial be over. Do you remain with your grandfather."

"I shall be here to-morrow of course to see how you go on."

"But do not leave your grandfather this evening. Give him my love, and say that I think it best that I should remain at Orley Farm till the trial be over. And, Peregrine, if I were you I would not talk to him much about the trial."

"But why not?"

"I will tell you when it is over. But it would only harass him at the present moment." And then Peregrine handed his mother into the carriage and took his own way back to The Cleeve.

As he returned he was bewildered in his mind by what he had heard, and he also began to feel something like a doubt as to Lady Mason's innocence. Hitherto his belief in it had been as fixed and assured as that of her own son. Indeed it had never occurred to him as possible that she could have done the thing with which she was charged. He had hated Joseph Mason for suspecting her, and had hated Dockwraith for his presumed falsehood in pretending to suspect her. But what was he to think of this question now, after hearing the clear and dispassionate statement of all the circumstances by the solicitor-general? Hitherto he had understood none of the particulars of the case; but now the nature of the accusation had been made plain, and it was evident to him that at any rate that farsighted lawyer believed in the truth of his own statement. Could it be possible that Lady Mason had forged the will, that this deed had been done by his mother's friend, by the woman who had so nearly become Lady Orme of The Cleeve? The idea was terrible to him as he rode home, but yet he could not rid himself of it. And if this were so, was it also possible that his grandfather suspected it? Had that marriage been stopped by any such suspicion as this? Was it this that had broken the old man down and robbed him of all his spirit! That his mother could not have any such suspicion seemed to him to be made clear by the fact that she still treated Lady Mason as her friend. And then



LEAVING THE COURT.

why had he been specially enjoined not to speak to his grandfather as to the details of the trial?

But it was impossible for him to meet Sir Peregrine without speaking of the trial. When he entered the house, which he did by some back entrance from the stables, he found his grandfather standing at his own room door.

He had heard the sounds of the horse, and was unable to restrain his anxiety to learn.

"Well," said Sir Peregrine, "what has happened?"

"It is not over as yet. It will last, they say, for three days."

"But come in, Peregrine;" and he shut the

door, anxious rather that the servants should not witness his own anxiety than that they should not hear tidings which must now be common to all the world. "They have begun it?"

"Oh yes! they have begun it."

"Well, how far has it gone?"

"Sir Richard Leatherham told us the accusation they make against her, and then they examined Dockwrath and one or two others. They have not got further than that."

"And the—Lady Mason—how does she bear it?"

"Very well, I should say. She does not seem to be nearly as nervous now as she was while staying with us."

"Ah! indeed. She is a wonderful woman—a very wonderful woman. So she bears up? And your mother, Peregrine?"

"I don't think she likes it."

"Likes it! Who could like such a task as that?"

"But she will go through with it."

"I am sure she will. She will go through with anything that she undertakes. And—and—the judge said nothing—I suppose?"

"Very little, Sir."

And Sir Peregrine again sat down in his arm-chair as though the work of conversation were too much for him. But neither did he dare to speak openly on the subject; and yet there was so much that he was anxious to know. Do you think she will escape? That was the question which he longed to ask but did not dare to utter.

And then, after a while, they dined together. And Peregrine determined to talk of other things; but it was in vain. While the servants were in the room nothing was said. The meat was carved and the plates were handed round, and young Orme ate his dinner; but there was a constraint upon them both which they were quite unable to dispel, and at last they gave it up and sat in silence till they were alone.

When the door was closed, and they were opposite to each other over the fire, in the way which was their custom when they two only were there, Sir Peregrine could restrain his desire no longer. It must be that his grandson, who had heard all that had passed in court that day, should have formed some opinion of what was going on—should have some idea as to the chance of that battle which was being fought. He, Sir Peregrine, could not have gone into the court himself. It would have been impossible for him to show himself there. But there had been his heart all the day. How had it gone with that woman whom a few weeks ago he had loved so well that he had regarded her as his wife?

"Was your mother very tired?" he said, again endeavoring to draw near the subject.

"She did look fagged while sitting in court."

"It was a dreadful task for her—very dreadful."

"Nothing could have turned her from it," said Peregrine.

"No—you are right there. Nothing would have turned her from it. She thought it to be her duty to that poor lady. But she—Lady Mason—she bore it better, you say?"

"I think she bears it very well, considering what her position is."

"Yes, yes. It is very dreadful. The solicitor-general when he opened—was he very severe upon her?"

"I do not think he wished to be severe."

"But he made it very strong against her."

"The story, as he told it, was very strong against her; that is, you know, it would be if we were to believe all that he stated."

"Yes, yes, of course. He only stated what he has been told by others. You could not see how the jury took it?"

"I did not look at them. I was thinking more of her and of Lucius."

"Lucius was there?"

"Yes; he sat next to her. And Sir Richard said, while he was telling the story, that he wished her son were not there to hear it. Upon my word, Sir, I almost wished so too."

"Poor fellow—poor fellow! It would have been better for him to stay away."

"And yet had it been my mother—"

"Your mother, Perry! It could not have been your mother. She could not have been so placed."

"If it be Lady Mason's misfortune, and not her fault—"

"Ah, well; we will not talk about that. And there will be two days more you say?"

"So said Aram, the attorney."

"God help her; may God help her! It would be very dreadful for a man, but for a woman the burden is insupportable."

Then they both sat silent for a while, during which Peregrine was engrossed in thinking how he could turn his grandfather from the conversation.

"And you heard no one express any opinion?" asked Sir Peregrine, after a pause.

"You mean about Lady Mason?" And Peregrine began to perceive that his mother was right, and that it would have been well if possible to avoid any words about the trial.

"Do they think that she will—will be acquitted? Of course the people there were talking about it?"

"Yes, Sir, they were talking about it. But I really don't know as to any opinion. You see, the chief witnesses have not been examined."

"And you, Perry, what do you think?"

"I, Sir! Well, I was altogether on her side till I heard Sir Richard Leatherham."

"And then—?"

"Then I did not know what to think. I suppose it's all right; but one never can understand what those lawyers are at. When Mr. Chaffanbrass got up to examine Dockwrath he seemed to be just as confident on his side as the other fellow had been on the other side. I don't think I'll have any more wine, Sir, thank you."

But Sir Peregrine did not move. He sat in his old accustomed way, nursing one leg over the knee of the other, and thinking of the manner in which she had fallen at his feet, and confessed it all. Had he married her, and gone with her proudly into the court—as he would have done—and had he then heard a verdict of guilty given by the jury—nay, had he heard such proof of her guilt as would have convinced himself, it would have killed him. He felt, as he sat there, safe over his own fireside, that his safety was due to her generosity. Had that other calamity fallen upon him, he could not have survived it. His head would have fallen low before the eyes of those who had known him since they had known any thing, and would never have been raised again. In his own spirit, in his inner life, the blow had come to him; but it was due to her effort on his behalf that he had not been stricken in public. When he had discussed the matter with Mrs. Orme he had seemed in a measure to forget this. It had not at any rate been the thought which rested with the greatest weight upon his mind. Then he had considered how she, whose life had been stainless as driven snow, should bear herself in the presence of such deep guilt. But now—now as he sat alone, he thought only of Lady Mason. Let her be ever so guilty—and her guilt had been very terrible—she had behaved very nobly to him. From him at least she had a right to sympathy.

And what chance was there that she should escape? Of absolute escape there was no chance whatever. Even should the jury acquit her, she must declare her guilt to the world—must declare it to her son, by taking steps for the restoration of the property. As to that Sir Peregrine felt no doubt whatever. That Joseph Mason of Groby would recover his right to Orley Farm was to him a certainty. But how terrible would be the path over which she must walk before this deed of retribution could be done! "Ah me! ah me!" he said, as he thought of all this—speaking to himself, as though he were unconscious of his grandson's presence. "Poor woman! poor woman!" Then Peregrine felt sure that she had been guilty, and was sure also that his grandfather was aware of it.

"Will you come into the other room, Sir?" he said.

"Yes, yes; if you like it." And then the one leg fell from the other, and he rose to do his grandson's bidding. To him now and henceforward one room was much the same as another.

In the mean time the party bound for Orley Farm had reached that place, and to them also came the necessity of wearing through that tedious evening. On the mind of Lucius Mason not even yet had a shadow of suspicion fallen. To him, in spite of it all, his mother was still pure. But yet he was stern to her, and his manner was very harsh. It may be that had such suspicion crossed his mind he would have been less stern, and his manner more tender.

As it was he could understand nothing that was going on, and almost felt that he was kept in the dark at his mother's instance. Why was it that a man respected by all the world, such as Sir Richard Leatherham, should rise in court and tell such a tale as that against his mother; and that the power of answering that tale on his mother's behalf should be left to such another man as Mr. Chaffanbrass? Sir Richard had told his story plainly, but with terrible force; whereas Chaffanbrass had contented himself with brow-beating another lawyer with the lowest quirks of his cunning. Why had not some one been in court able to use the language of passionate truth and ready to thrust the lie down the throats of those who told it?

Tea and supper had been prepared for them, and they sat down together; but the nature of the meal may be imagined. Lady Mason had striven with terrible effort to support herself during the day, and even yet she did not give way. It was quite as necessary that she should restrain herself before her son as before all those others who had gazed at her in court. And she did sustain herself. She took a knife and fork in her hand and ate a few morsels. She drank her cup of tea, and remembering that there in that house she was still hostess, she made some slight effort to welcome her guest. "Surely after such a day of trouble you will eat something," she said to her friend. To Mrs. Orme it was marvelous that the woman should even be alive—let alone that she should speak and perform the ordinary functions of her daily life. "And now," she said—Lady Mason said—as soon as that ceremony was over, "now as we are so tired I think we will go up stairs. Will you light our candles for us, Lucius?" And so the candles were lit, and the two ladies went up stairs.

A second bed had been prepared in Lady Mason's room, and into this chamber they both went at once. Mrs. Orme, as soon as she had entered, turned round and held out both her hands in order that she might comfort Lady Mason by taking hers; but Lady Mason, when she had closed the door, stood for a moment with her face toward the wall, not knowing how to bear herself. It was but for a moment, and then slowly moving round, with her two hands clasped together, she sank on her knees at Mrs. Orme's feet, and hid her face in the skirt of Mrs. Orme's dress.

"My friend—my friend!" said Lady Mason.

"Yes, I am your friend—indeed I am. But, dear Lady Mason—" And she endeavored to think of words by which she might implore her to rise and compose herself.

"How is it you can bear with such a one as I am? How is it that you do not hate me for my guilt?"

"He does not hate us when we are guilty."

"I do not know. Sometimes I think that all will hate me—here and hereafter—except you. Lucius will hate me, and how shall I bear that? Oh, Mrs. Orme, I wish he knew it!"



HOW CAN I BEAR IT?

"I wish he did. He shall know it now—to-night, if you will allow me to tell him."

"No. It would kill me to bear his looks. I wish he knew it, and was away, so that he might never look at me again."

"He too would forgive you if he knew it all."

"Forgive! How can he forgive?" And as

she spoke she rose again to her feet, and her old manner came upon her. "Do you think what it is that I have done for him? I, his mother, for my only child? And after that, is it possible that he should forgive me?"

"You meant him no harm."

"But I have ruined him before all the world."

He is as proud as your boy; and could he bear to think that his whole life would be disgraced by his mother's crime?"

"Had I been so unfortunate he would have forgiven me."

"We are speaking of what is impossible. It could not have been so. Your youth was different from mine."

"God has been very good to me, and not placed temptation in my way; temptation, I mean, to great faults. But little faults require repentance as much as great ones."

"But then repentance is easy; at any rate it is possible."

"Oh, Lady Mason, is it not possible for you?"

"But I will not talk of that now. I will not hear you compare yourself with such a one as I am. Do you know I was thinking to-day that my mind would fail me, and that I should be mad before this is over? How can I bear it? how can I bear it?" And rising from her seat, she walked rapidly through the room, holding back her hair from her brows with both her hands.

And how was she to bear it? The load on her back was too much for any shoulders. The burden with which she had laden herself was too heavy to be borne. Her power of endurance was very great. Her strength in supporting the extreme bitterness of intense sorrow was wonderful. But now she was taxed beyond her power. "How am I to bear it?" she said again, as still holding her hair between her fingers, she drew her hands back over her head.

"You do not know. You have not tried it. It is impossible," she said in her wildness, as Mrs. Orme endeavored to teach her the only source from whence consolation might be had. "I do not believe in the thief on the cross, unless it was that he had prepared himself for that day by years of contrition. I know I shock you," she added, after a while. "I know that what I say will be dreadful to you. But innocence will always be shocked by guilt. Go, go and leave me. It has gone so far now that all is of no use." Then she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a convulsive passion of tears.

Once again Mrs. Orme endeavored to obtain permission from her to undertake that embassy to her son. Had Lady Mason acceded, or been near acceding, Mrs. Orme's courage would probably have been greatly checked. As it was she pressed it as though the task were one to be performed without difficulty. Mrs. Orme was very anxious that Lucius should not sit in the court throughout the trial. She felt that if he did so the shock—the shock which was inevitable—must fall upon him there; and than that she could conceive nothing more terrible. And then also she believed that if the secret were once made known to Lucius, and if he were for a time removed from his mother's side, the poor woman might be brought to a calmer perception of her true position. The strain would be lessened, and she would no longer feel the necessity

of exerting so terrible a control over her feelings.

"You have acknowledged that he must know it sooner or later," pleaded Mrs. Orme.

"But this is not the time—not now, during the trial. Had he known it before—"

"It would keep him away from the court."

"Yes, and I should never see him again! What will he do when he hears it? Perhaps it would be better that he should go without seeing me."

"He would not do that."

"It would be better. If they take me to the prison I will never see him again. His eyes would kill me. Do you ever watch him and see the pride that there is in his eye? He has never yet known what disgrace means; and now I, his mother, have brought him to this!"

It was all in vain as far as that night was concerned. Lady Mason would give no such permission. But Mrs. Orme did exact from her a kind of promise that Lucius should be told on the next evening, if it then appeared, from what Mr. Aram should say, that the result of the trial was likely to be against them.

Lucius Mason spent his evening alone; and though he had as yet heard none of the truth, his mind was not at ease, nor was he happy at heart. Though he had no idea of his mother's guilt, he did conceive that after this trial it would be impossible that they should remain at Orley Farm. His mother's intended marriage with Sir Peregrine, and then the manner in which that engagement had been broken off; the course of the trial, and its celebrity; the enmity of Dockwraith; and, lastly, his own inability to place himself on terms of friendship with those people who were still his mother's nearest friends, made him feel that in any event it would be well for them to change their residence. What could life do for him there at Orley Farm after all that had passed? He had gone to Liverpool and bought guano, and now the sacks were lying in his barn unopened. He had begun to drain, and the ugly unfinished lines of earth were lying across his fields. He had no further interest in it, and felt that he could no longer go to work on that ground as though he were in truth its master.

But then, as he thought of his future hopes, his place of residence and coming life, there was one other beyond himself and his mother to whom his mind reverted. What would Sophia wish that he should do?—his own Sophia—she who had promised him that her heart should be with his through all the troubles of this trial? Before he went to bed that night he wrote to Sophia, and told her what were his troubles and what his hopes. "This will be over in two days more," he said, "and then I will come to you. You will see me, I trust, the day after this letter reaches you; but nevertheless I can not debar myself from the satisfaction of writing. I am not happy, for I am dissatisfied with what they are doing for my mother; and it is only when I think of you, and the as-

surance of your love, that I can feel any thing like content. It is not a pleasant thing to sit by and hear one's mother charged with the foulest frauds that practiced villains can conceive! Yet I have had to bear it, and have heard no denial of the charge in true honest language. To-day, when the solicitor-general was heaping falsehoods on her name, I could hardly refrain myself from rushing at his throat. Let me have a line of comfort from you, and then I will be with you on Friday."

That line of comfort never came, nor did Lucius on the Friday make his intended visit. Miss Furnival had determined, some day or two before this, that she would not write to Lucius again till this trial was over; and even then it might be a question whether a correspondence with the heir of Noningsby would not be more to her taste.

CHAPTER LXXI.

SHOWING HOW JOHN KENNEBY AND BRIDGET BOLSTER BORE THEMSELVES IN COURT.

ON the next morning they were all in their places at ten o'clock, and the crowd had been gathered outside the doors of the court from a much earlier hour. As the trial progressed the interest in it increased, and as people began to believe that Lady Mason had in truth forged a will, so did they the more regard her in the light of a heroine. Had she murdered her husband after forging his will, men would have paid half a crown a piece to have touched her garments, or a guinea for the privilege of shaking hands with her. Lady Mason had again taken her seat with her veil raised, with Mrs. Orme on one side of her and her son on the other. The counsel were again ranged on the seats behind, Mr. Furnival sitting the nearest to the judge, and Mr. Aram again occupied the intermediate bench, so placing himself that he could communicate either with his client or with the barristers. These were now their established places, and great as was the crowd they found no difficulty in reaching them. An easy way is always made for the chief performers in a play.

This was to be the great day as regarded the evidence. "It is a case that depends altogether on evidence," one young lawyer said to another. "If the counsel know how to handle the witnesses, I should say she is safe." The importance of this handling was felt by every one, and therefore it was understood that the real game would be played out on this middle day. It had been all very well for Chaffanbrass to bully Dockwrath and make the wretched attorney miserable for an hour or so, but that would have but little bearing on the verdict. There were two persons there who were prepared to swear that on a certain day they had only signed one deed. So much the solicitor-general had told them, and nobody doubted that it would be so. The question now was this, would Mr.

Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass succeed in making them contradict themselves when they had so sworn? Could they be made to say that they had signed two deeds, or that they might have done so?

It was again the duty of Mr. Furnival to come first upon the stage—that is to say, he was to do so as soon as Sir Richard had performed his very second-rate part of eliciting the evidence in chief. Poor John Kenneby was to be the first victim, and he was placed in the box before them all very soon after the judge had taken his seat. Why had he not emigrated to Australia, and escaped all this—escaped all this, and Mrs. Smiley also? That was John Kenneby's reflection as he slowly mounted the two steps up into the place of his torture. Near to the same spot, and near also to Dockwrath who had taken these two witnesses under his special charge, sat Bridget Bolster. She had made herself very comfortable that morning with buttered toast and sausages; and when at Dockwrath's instance Kenneby had submitted to a slight infusion of Dutch courage—a bottle of brandy would not have sufficed for the purpose—Bridget also had not refused the generous glass. "Not that I want it," said she, meaning thereby to express an opinion that she could hold her own, even against the great Chaffanbrass, without any such extraneous aid. She now sat quite quiet, with her hands crossed on her knees before her, and her eyes immovably fixed on the table which stood in the centre of the court. In that position she remained till her turn came; and one may say that there was no need for fear on account of Bridget Bolster.

And then Sir Richard began. What would be the nature of Kenneby's direct evidence the reader pretty well knows. Sir Richard took a long time in extracting it, for he was aware that it would be necessary to give his witness some confidence before he came to his main questions. Even to do this was difficult, for Kenneby would speak in a voice so low that nobody could hear him; and on the second occasion of the judge enjoining him to speak out, he nearly fainted. It is odd that it never occurs to judges that a witness who is naturally timid will be made more so by being scolded. When I hear a judge thus use his authority, I always wish that I had the power of forcing him to some very uncongenial employment—jumping in a sack, let us say; and then when he jumped poorly, as he certainly would, I would crack my whip and bid him go higher and higher. The more I so bade him, the more he would limp; and the world looking on would pity him and execrate me. It is much the same thing when a witness is sternly told to speak louder.

But John Kenneby at last told his plain story. He remembered the day on which he had met old Usbech and Bridget Bolster and Lady Mason in Sir Joseph's chamber. He had then witnessed a signature by Sir Joseph, and had only witnessed one on that day—of that he was perfectly certain. He did not think that old Us

bech had signed the deed in question, but on that matter he declined to swear positively. He remembered the former trial. He had not then been able to swear positively whether Usbech had or had not signed the deed. As far as he could remember, that was the point to which his cross-examination on that occasion had chiefly been directed. So much John Kenneby did at last say in language that was sufficiently plain.

And then Mr. Furnival arose. The reader is acquainted with the state of his mind on the subject of this trial. The enthusiasm on behalf of Lady Mason, which had been aroused by his belief in her innocence, by his old friendship, by his ancient adherence to her cause, and by his admiration for her beauty, had now greatly faded. It had faded much when he found himself obliged to call in such fellow-laborers as Chaffanbrass and Aram, and had all but perished when he learned from contact with them to regard her guilt as certain. But, nevertheless, now that he was there, the old fire returned to him. He had wished twenty times that he had been able to shake the matter from him and leave his old client in the hands of her new advisers. It would be better for her, he had said to himself. But on this day—on these three days—seeing that he had not shaken the matter off, he rose to his work as though he still loved her, as though all his mind was still intent on preserving that ill-gotten inheritance for her son. It may almost be doubted whether, at moments during these three days, he did not again persuade himself that she was an injured woman. Aram, as may be remembered, had felt misgivings as to Mr. Furnival's powers for such cross-examination; but Chaffanbrass had never doubted it. He knew that Mr. Furnival could do as much as himself in that way; the difference being this—that Mr. Furnival could do something else besides.

"And now, Mr. Kenneby, I'll ask you a few questions," he said; and Kenneby turned round to him. The barrister spoke in a mild, low voice, but his eye transfixed the poor fellow at once; and though Kenneby was told a dozen times to look at the jury and speak to the jury, he never was able to take his gaze away from Mr. Furnival's face.

"You remember the old trial," he said; and as he spoke he held in his hand what was known to be an account of that transaction. Then there arose a debate between him and Sir Richard, in which Chaffanbrass, and Graham, and Mr. Steelyard all took part, as to whether Kenneby might be examined as to his former examination; and on this point Graham pleaded very volubly, bringing up precedents without number—striving to do his duty to his client on a point with which his own conscience did not interfere. And at last it was ruled by the judge that this examination might go on; whereupon both Sir Richard and Mr. Steelyard sat down as though they were perfectly satisfied. Kenneby, on being again asked, said that he did remember the old trial.

"It is necessary, you know, that the jury should hear you, and if you look at them and speak to them they would stand a better chance." Kenneby for a moment allowed his eye to travel up to the jury box, but it instantly fell again and fixed itself on the lawyer's face. "You do remember that trial?"

"Yes, Sir, I remember it," whispered Kenneby.

"Do you remember my asking you then whether you had been in the habit of witnessing Sir Joseph Mason's signature?"

"Did you ask me that, Sir?"

"That is the question which I put to you. Do you remember my doing so?"

"I dare say you did, Sir."

"I did, and I will now read your answer. We shall give to the jury a copy of the proceedings of that trial, my lord, when we have proved it—as, of course, we intend to do."

And then there was another little battle between the barristers. But as Lady Mason was now being tried for perjury, alleged to have been committed at that other trial, it was of course indispensable that all the proceedings of that trial should be made known to the jury.

"You said on that occasion," continued Furnival, "that you were sure you had witnessed three signatures of Sir Joseph's that summer—that you had probably witnessed three in July, that you were quite sure you had witnessed three in one week in July, that you were nearly sure you had witnessed three in one day, that you could not tell what day that might have been, and that you had been used as a witness so often that you really did not remember any thing about it. Can you say whether that was the purport of the evidence you gave then?"

"If it's down there—" said John Kenneby, and then he stopped himself.

"It is down here; I have read it."

"I suppose it's all right," said Kenneby.

"I must trouble you to speak out," said the judge; "I can not hear you, and it is impossible that the jury should do so." The judge's words were not uncivil, but his voice was harsh, and the only perceptible consequence of the remonstrance was to be seen in the thick drops of perspiration standing on John Kenneby's brow.

"That is the evidence which you gave on the former trial. May the jury presume that you then spoke the truth to the best of your knowledge?"

"I tried to speak the truth, Sir."

"You tried to speak the truth? But do you mean to say that you failed?"

"No, I don't think I failed."

"When, therefore, you told the jury that you were nearly sure that you had witnessed three signatures of Sir Joseph's in one day, that was truth?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"Ever did what?"

"Witness three papers in one day."

"You don't think you ever did?"

"I might have done, to be sure."

"But then, at that trial, about twelve months after the man's death, you were nearly sure you had done so."

"Was I?"

"So you told the jury."

"Then I did, Sir."

"Then you did what?"

"Did witness all those papers."

"You think then now that it is probable you witnessed three signatures on the same day?"

"No, I don't think that."

"Then what do you think?"

"It is so long ago, Sir, that I really don't know."

"Exactly. It is so long ago that you can not depend on your memory."

"I suppose I can't, Sir."

"But you just now told the gentleman who examined you on the other side that you were quite sure you did not witness two deeds on the day he named—the 14th of July. Now, seeing that you doubt your own memory, going back over so long a time, do you wish to correct that statement?"

"I suppose I do."

"What correction do you wish to make?"

"I don't think I did."

"Don't think you did what?"

"I don't think I signed two—"

"I really can not hear the witness," said the judge.

"You must speak out louder," said Mr. Furnival, himself speaking very loudly.

"I mean to do it as well as I can," said Kenneby.

"I believe you do," said Furnival; "but in so meaning you must be very careful to state nothing as a certainty of the certainty of which you are not sure. Are you certain that on that day you did not witness two deeds?"

"I think so."

"And yet you were not certain twenty years ago, when the fact was so much nearer to you?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember whether you were certain twelve months after the occurrence, but you think you are certain now."

"I mean, I don't think I signed two."

"It is, then, only a matter of thinking."

"No; only a matter of thinking."

"And you might have signed the two?"

"I certainly might have done so."

"What you mean to tell the jury is this; that you have no remembrance of signing twice on that special day, although you know that you have acted as witness on behalf of Sir Joseph Mason more than twice on the same day?"

"Yes."

"That is the intended purport of your evidence?"

"Yes, Sir."

And then Mr. Furnival traveled off to that other point of Mr. Usbech's presence and alleged handwriting. On that matter Kenneby had not made any positive assertion, though he had expressed a very strong opinion. Mr. Fur-

nival was not satisfied with this, but wished to show that Kenneby had not on that matter even a strong opinion. He again reverted to the evidence on the former trial, and read various questions with their answers; and the answers as given at that time certainly did not, when so taken, express a clear opinion on the part of the person who gave them; although an impartial person on reading the whole evidence would have found that a very clear opinion was expressed. When first asked, Kenneby had said that he was nearly sure that Mr. Usbech had not signed the document. But his very anxiety to be true had brought him into trouble. Mr. Furnival on that occasion had taken advantage of the word "nearly," and had at last succeeded in making him say that he was not sure at all. Evidence by means of torture—thumb-screw and such like—we have for many years past abandoned as barbarous, and have acknowledged that it is of its very nature useless in the search after truth. How long will it be before we shall recognize that the other kind of torture is equally opposed both to truth and civilization?

"But Mr. Usbech was certainly in the room on that day?" continued Mr. Furnival.

"Yes, he was there."

"And knew what you were all doing, I suppose?"

"Yes, I suppose he knew."

"I presume it was he who explained to you the nature of the deed you were to witness?"

"I dare say he did."

"As he was the lawyer, that would be natural."

"I suppose it would."

"And you don't remember the nature of that special deed, as explained to you on the day when Bridget Bolster was in the room?"

"No, I don't."

"It might have been a will?"

"Yes, it might. I did sign one or two wills for Sir Joseph, I think."

"And as to this individual document, Mr. Usbech might have signed it in your presence, for any thing you know to the contrary?"

"He might have done so."

"Now, on your oath, Kenneby, is your memory strong enough to enable you to give the jury any information on this subject upon which they may firmly rely in convicting that unfortunate lady of the terrible crime laid to her charge?" Then for a moment Kenneby glanced round and fixed his eyes upon Lady Mason's face. "Think a moment before you answer; and deal with her as you would wish another should deal with you if you were so situated. Can you say that you remember that Usbech did not sign it?"

"Well, Sir, I don't think he did."

"But he might have done so?"

"Oh yes; he might."

"You do not remember that he did so?"

"Certainly not."

"And that is about the extent of what you mean to say?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let me understand," said the judge—and then the perspiration became more visible on poor Kenneby's face—"do you mean to say that you have no memory on the matter whatever?—that you simply do not remember whether Usbech did or did not sign it?"

"I don't think he signed it."

"But why do you think he did not, seeing that his name is there?"

"I didn't see him."

"Do you mean," continued the judge, "that you didn't see him, or that you don't remember that you saw him?"

"I don't remember that I saw him."

"But you may have done so? He may have signed, and you may have seen him do so, only you don't remember it?"

"Yes, my lord."

And then Kenneby was allowed to go down. As he did so, Joseph Mason, who sat near to him, turned upon him a look black as thunder. Mr. Mason gave him no credit for his timidity, but believed that he had been bought over by the other side. Dockwrath, however, knew better. "They did not quite beat him about his own signature," said he; "but I knew all along that we must depend chiefly upon Bolster."

Then Bridget Bolster was put into the box, and she was examined by Mr. Steelyard. She had heard Kenneby instructed to look up, and she therefore fixed her eyes upon the canopy over the judge's seat. There she fixed them, and there she kept them till her examination was over, merely turning them for a moment on to Mr. Chaffanbrass when that gentleman became particularly severe in his treatment of her. What she said in answer to Mr. Steelyard was very simple. She had never witnessed but one signature in her life, and that she had done in Sir Joseph's room. The nature of the document had been explained to her. "But," as she said, "she was young and giddy then, and what went in at one ear went out at another." She didn't remember Mr. Usbech signing, but he might have done so. She thought he did not. As to the two signatures purporting to be hers, she could not say which was hers, and which was not. But this she would swear positively, that they were not both hers. To this she adhered firmly, and Mr. Steelyard handed her over to Mr. Chaffanbrass.

Then Mr. Chaffanbrass rose from his seat, and every one knew that his work was cut out for him. Mr. Furnival had triumphed. It may be said that he had demolished his witness; but his triumph had been very easy. It was now necessary to demolish Bridget Bolster, and the opinion was general that if any body could do it Mr. Chaffanbrass was the man. But there was a doggedness about Bridget Bolster which induced many to doubt whether even Chaffanbrass would be successful. Mr. Aram trusted greatly; but the bar would have preferred to stake their money on Bridget.

Chaffanbrass as he rose pushed back his small ugly wig from his forehead, thrusting it rather

on one side as he did so, and then, with his chin thrown forward, and a wicked, ill-meaning smile upon his mouth, he looked at Bridget for some moments before he spoke to her. She glanced at him, and instantly fixed her eyes back upon the canopy. She then folded her hands one on the other upon the rail before her, compressed her lips, and waited patiently.

"I think you say you're—a chambermaid?" That was the first question which Chaffanbrass asked, and Bridget Bolster gave a little start as she heard his sharp, angry, disagreeable voice.

"Yes, I am, Sir, at Palmer's Imperial Hotel, Plymouth, Devonshire; and have been for nineteen years, upper and under."

"Upper and under! What do upper and under mean?"

"When I was under, I had another above me; and now, as I'm upper, why there's others under me." So she explained her position at the hotel, but she never took her eyes from the canopy.

"You hadn't begun being—chambermaid when you signed these documents?"

"I didn't sign only one of 'em."

"Well, one of them. You hadn't begun being chambermaid then?"

"No, I hadn't; I was housemaid at Orley Farm."

"Were you upper or under there?"

"Well, I believe I was both; that is, the cook was upper in the house."

"Oh, the cook was upper. Why wasn't she called to sign her name?"

"That I can't say. She was a very decent woman—that I can say—and her name was Martha Mullens."

So far Mr. Chaffanbrass had not done much; but that was only the preliminary skirmish, as fencers play with their foils before they begin.

"And now, Bridget Bolster, if I understand you," he said, "you have sworn that on the 14th of July you only signed one of these documents."

"I only signed once, Sir. I didn't say nothing about the 14th of July, because I don't remember."

"But when you signed the one deed you did not sign any other?"

"Neither then nor never."

"Do you know the offense for which that lady is being tried—Lady Mason?"

"Well, I ain't sure; it's for doing something about the will."

"No, woman, it is not." And then, as Mr. Chaffanbrass raised his voice, and spoke with savage earnestness, Bridget again started, and gave a little leap up from the floor. But she soon settled herself back in her old position.

"No one has dared to accuse her of that," continued Mr. Chaffanbrass, looking over at the lawyers on the other side. "The charge they have brought forward against her is that of perjury—of having given false evidence twenty years ago in a court of law. Now look here, Bridget Bolster; look at me, I say." She did

look at him for a moment, and then turned her eyes back to the canopy. "As sure as you're a living woman you shall be placed there and tried for the same offense—for perjury—if you tell me a falsehood respecting this matter."

"I won't say nothing but what's right," said Bridget.

"You had better not. Now look at these two signatures;" and he handed to her two deeds, or rather made one of the servants of the court hold them for him; "which of those signatures is the one which you did not sign?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"Did you write that further one—that with your hand on it?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"Look at it, woman, before you answer me."

Bridget looked at it, and then repeated the same words—

"I can't say, Sir."

"And now look at the other." And she again looked down for a moment. "Did you write that?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"Will you swear that you wrote either?"

"I did write one once."

"Don't prevaricate with me, woman. Were either of those signatures there written by you?"

"I suppose that one was."

"Will you swear that you wrote either the one or the other?"

"I'll swear I did write one once."

"Will you swear you wrote one of those you have before you? You can read, can't you?"

"Oh yes, I can read."

"Then look at them." Again she turned her eyes on them for half a moment. "Will you swear that you wrote either of those?"

"Not if there's another any where else," said Bridget, at last.

"Another any where else," said Chaffanbrass, repeating her words; "what do you mean by another?"

"If you've got another that any body else has done, I won't say which of the three is mine. But I did one, and I didn't do no more."

Mr. Chaffanbrass continued at it for a long time, but with very indifferent success. That affair of the signatures, which was indeed the only point on which evidence was worth any thing, he then abandoned, and tried to make her contradict herself about old Usbech. But on this subject she could say nothing. That Usbech was present she remembered well, but as to his signing the deed, or not signing it, she would not pretend to say any thing.

"I know he was cram full of gout," she said; "but I don't remember nothing more."

But it may be explained that Mr. Chaffanbrass had altogether altered his intention and the very plan of his campaign with reference to this witness, as soon as he saw what was her nature and disposition. He discovered very early in the affair that he could not force her to contradict herself and reduce her own evidence to nothing, as Furnival had done with the man.

Nothing would flurry this woman, or force her to utter words of which she herself did not know the meaning. The more he might persevere in such an attempt, the more dogged and steady she would become. He therefore soon gave that up. He had already given it up when he threatened to accuse her of perjury, and resolved that as he could not shake her he would shake the confidence which the jury might place in her. He could not make a fool of her, and therefore he would make her out to be a rogue. Her evidence would stand alone, or nearly alone; and in this way he might turn her firmness to his own purpose, and explain that her dogged resolution to stick to one plain statement arose from her having been specially instructed so to do, with the object of ruining his client. For more than half an hour he persisted in asking her questions with this object; hinting that she was on friendly terms with Dockwrath; asking her what pay she had received for her evidence; making her acknowledge that she was being kept at free quarters, and on the fat of the land. He even produced from her a list of the good things she had eaten that morning at breakfast, and at last succeeded in obtaining information as to that small but indiscreet glass of spirits. It was then, and then only, that poor Bridget became discomposed. Beef-steaks, sausages, and pigs' fry, though they were taken three times a day, were not disgraceful in her line of life; but that little thimbleful of brandy, taken after much pressing and in the openness of good fellowship, went sorely against the grain with her. "When one has to be badgered like this, one wants a drop of something more than ordinary," she said at last. And they were the only words which she did say which proved any triumph on the part of Mr. Chaffanbrass. But nevertheless Mr. Chaffanbrass was not dissatisfied. Triumph, immediate triumph over a poor maid-servant could hardly have been the object of a man who had been triumphant in such matters for the last thirty years. Would it not be practicable to make the jury doubt whether that woman could be believed? That was the triumph he desired. As for himself, Mr. Chaffanbrass knew well enough that she had spoken nothing but the truth. But had he so managed that the truth might be made to look like falsehood—or at any rate to have a doubtful air? If he had done that, he had succeeded in the occupation of his life, and was indifferent to his own triumph.

CHAPTER LXXII.

MR. FURNIVAL'S SPEECH.

ALL this, as may be supposed, disturbed Felix Graham not a little. He perceived that each of those two witnesses had made a great effort to speak the truth—an honest, painful effort to speak the truth, and in no way to go beyond it. His gall had risen within him while he had listened to Mr. Furnival, and witnessed his success

in destroying the presence of mind of that weak wretch who was endeavoring to do his best in the cause of justice. And again, when Mr. Chaffanbrass had seized hold of that poor dram, and used all his wit in deducing from it a self-condemnation from the woman before him—when the practiced barrister had striven to show that she was a habitual drunkard, dishonest, unchaste, evil in all her habits, Graham had felt almost tempted to get up and take her part. No doubt he had evinced this, for Chaffanbrass had understood what was going on in his colleague's mind, and had looked round at him from time to time with an air of scorn that had been almost unendurable.

And then it had become the duty of the prosecutors to prove the circumstances of the former trial. This was of course essentially necessary, seeing that the offense for which Lady Mason was now on her defense was perjury alleged to have been committed at that trial. And when this had been done at considerable length by Sir Richard Leatherham—not without many interruptions from Mr. Furnival and much assistance from Mr. Steelyard—it fell upon Felix Graham to show, by cross-examination of Crook the attorney, what had been the nature and effect of Lady Mason's testimony. As he arose to do this, Mr. Chaffanbrass whispered into his ear, "If you feel yourself unequal to it I'll take it up. I won't have her thrown over for any etiquette, nor yet for any squeamishness." To this Graham vouchsafed no answer. He would not even reply by a look, but he got up and did his work. At this point his conscience did not interfere with him, for the questions which he asked referred to facts which had really occurred. Lady Mason's testimony at that trial had been believed by every body. The gentleman who had cross-examined her on the part of Joseph Mason, and who was now dead, had failed to shake her evidence. The judge who tried the case had declared to the jury that it was impossible to disbelieve her evidence. That judge was still living—a poor old bedridden man—and in the course of this latter trial his statement was given in evidence. There could be no doubt that at the time Lady Mason's testimony was taken as worthy of all credit. She had sworn that she had seen the three witnesses sign the codicil, and no one had then thrown discredit on her. The upshot of all was this, that the prosecuting side proved satisfactorily that such and such things had been sworn by Lady Mason; and Felix Graham, on the side of the defense, proved that, when she had so sworn, her word had been considered worthy of credence by the judge and by the jury, and had hardly been doubted even by the counsel opposed to her. All this really had been so, and Felix Graham used his utmost ingenuity in making clear to the court how high and unassailed had been the position which his client then held.

All this occupied the court till nearly four o'clock, and then, as the case was over on the part of the prosecution, the question arose

whether or no Mr. Furnival should address the jury on that evening, or wait till the following day. "If your lordship will sit till seven o'clock," said Mr. Furnival, "I think I can undertake to finish what remarks I shall have to make by that time." "I should not mind sitting till nine for the pleasure of hearing Mr. Furnival," said the judge, who was very anxious to escape from Alston on the day but one following. And thus it was decided that Mr. Furnival should commence his speech.

I have said that in spite of some previous hesitation his old fire had returned to him when he began his work in court on behalf of his client. If this had been so when that work consisted in the cross-examination of a witness, it was much more so with him now when he had to exhibit his own powers of forensic eloquence. When a man knows that he can speak with ease and energy, and that he will be listened to with attentive ears, it is all but impossible that he should fail to be enthusiastic, even though his cause be a bad one. It was so with him now. All his old fire came back upon him, and before he had done he had almost brought himself again to believe Lady Mason to be that victim of persecution as which he did not hesitate to represent her to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I never rose to plead a client's cause with more confidence than I now feel in pleading that of my friend Lady Mason. Twenty years ago I was engaged in defending her rights in this matter, and I then succeeded. I little thought at that time that I should be called on after so long an interval to renew my work. I little thought that the pertinacity of her opponent would hold out for such a period. I compliment him on the firmness of his character, on that equable temperament which has enabled him to sit through all this trial, and to look without dismay on the unfortunate lady whom he has considered it to be his duty to accuse of perjury. I did not think that I should live to fight this battle again. But so it is; and as I had but little doubt of victory then, so have I none now. Gentlemen of the jury, I must occupy some of your time and of the time of the court in going through the evidence which has been adduced by my learned friend against my client; but I almost feel that I shall be detaining you unnecessarily, so sure I am that the circumstances, as they have been already explained to you, could not justify you in giving a verdict against her."

As Mr. Furnival's speech occupied fully three hours, I will not trouble my readers with the whole of it. He began by describing the former trial, and giving his own recollections as to Lady Mason's conduct on that occasion. In doing this he fully acknowledged, on her behalf, that she did give as evidence that special statement which her opponents now endeavored to prove to have been false. "If it were the case," he said, "that that codicil—or that pretended codicil, was not executed by old Sir Joseph Mason, and was not witnessed by Usbech, Kenneby, and

Bridget Bolster—then, in that case, Lady Mason has been guilty of perjury." Mr. Furnival, as he made this acknowledgment, studiously avoided the face of Lady Mason. But as he made this assertion almost every body in the court except her own counsel did look at her. Joseph Mason opposite, and Dockwrath, fixed their gaze closely upon her. Sir Richard Leatherham and Mr. Steelyard turned their eyes toward her, probably without meaning to do so. The judge looked over his spectacles at her. Even Mr. Aram glanced round at her surreptitiously; and Lucius turned his face upon his mother's, almost with an air of triumph. But she bore it all without flinching; bore it all without flinching, though the state of her mind at that moment must have been pitiable. And Mrs. Orme, who held her hand all the while, knew that it was so. The hand which rested in hers was twitched as it were convulsively, but the culprit gave no outward sign of her guilt.

Mr. Furnival then read much of the evidence given at the former trial, and especially showed how the witnesses had then failed to prove that Usbech had not been required to write his name. It was quite true, he said, that they had been equally unable to prove that he had done so; but that amounted to nothing; the "onus probandi" lay with the accusing side. There was the signature, and it was for them to prove that it was not that which it pretended to be. Lady Mason had proved that it was so; and because that had then been held to be sufficient, they now, after twenty years, took this means of invalidating her testimony. From that he went to the evidence given at the present trial, beginning with the malice and interested motives of Dockwrath. Against three of them only was it needful that he should allege any thing, seeing that the statements made by the others were in no way injurious to Lady Mason—if the statements made by those three were not credible. Torrington, for instance, had proved that other deed; but what of that, if on the fatal 14th of July Sir Joseph Mason had executed two deeds? As to Dockwrath, that his conduct had been interested and malicious there could be no doubt; and he submitted to the jury that he had shown himself to be a man unworthy of credit. As to Kenneby—that poor, weak creature, as Mr. Furnival in his mercy called him—he, Mr. Furnival, could not charge his conscience with saying that he believed him to have been guilty of any falsehood. On the contrary, he conceived that Kenneby had endeavored to tell the truth. But he was one of those men whose minds were so inconsequential that they literally did not know truth from falsehood. He had not intended to lie when he told the jury that he was not quite sure he had never witnessed two signatures by Sir Joseph Mason on the same day, nor did he lie when he told them again that he had witnessed three. He had meant to declare the truth; but he was, unfortunately, a man whose evidence could not be of much service in any case of importance, and could be of no service

whatever in a criminal charge tried, as was done in this instance, more than twenty years after the alleged commission of the offense. With regard to Bridget Bolster, he had no hesitation whatever in telling the jury that she was a woman unworthy of belief—unworthy of that credit which the jury must place in her before they could convict any one on her unaided testimony. It must have been clear to them all that she had come into court drilled and instructed to make one point-blank statement, and to stick to that. She had refused to give any evidence as to her own signature. She would not even look at her own name as written by herself; but had contented herself with repeating over and over again those few words which she had been instructed so to say—the statement namely, that she had never put her hand to more than one deed.

Then he addressed himself, as he concluded his speech, to that part of the subject which was more closely personal to Lady Mason herself. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "before I can dismiss you from your weary day's work, I must ask you to regard the position of the lady who has been thus accused, and the amount of probability of her guilt which you may assume from the nature of her life. I shall call no witnesses as to her character, for I will not submit her friends to the annoyance of those questions which the gentlemen opposite might feel it their duty to put to them. Circumstances have occurred—so much I will tell you, and so much no doubt you all personally know, though it is not in evidence before you—circumstances have occurred which would make it cruel on my part to place her old friend Sir Peregrine Orme in that box. The story, could I tell it to you, is one full of romance, but full also of truth and affection. But though Sir Peregrine Orme is not here, there sits his daughter by Lady Mason's side, there she has sat through this tedious trial, giving comfort to the woman that she loves, and there she will sit till your verdict shall have made her further presence here unnecessary. His lordship and my learned friend there will tell you that you can not take that as evidence of character. They will be justified in so telling you; but I, on the other hand, defy you not to take it as such evidence. Let us make what laws we will, they can not take precedence of human nature. There too sits my client's son. You will remember that at the beginning of this trial the solicitor-general expressed a wish that he were not here. I do not know whether you then responded to that wish, but I believe I may take it for granted that you do not do so now. Had any woman dear to either of you been so placed through the malice of an enemy, would you have hesitated to sit by her in her hour of trial? Had you doubted of her innocence you might have hesitated; for who could endure to hear announced in a crowded court like this the guilt of a mother or a wife? But he has no doubt. Nor, I believe, has any living being in this court—unless it be her kinsman opposite, whose life for the last twenty years has been

made wretched by a wicked longing after the patrimony of his brother.

"Gentlemen of the jury, there sits my client with as loving a friend on one side as ever woman had, and with her only child on the other. During the incidents of this trial the nature of the life she has led during the last twenty years—since the period of that terrible crime with which she is charged—has been proved before you. I may fearlessly ask you whether so fair a life is compatible with the idea of guilt so foul? I have known her intimately during all those years—not as a lawyer, but as a friend—and I confess that the audacity of this man Dockwrath in assailing such a character with such an accusation strikes me almost with admiration. What! Forgery!—for that, gentlemen of the jury, is the crime with which she is substantially charged. Look at her as she sits there! That she, at the age of twenty, or not much more—she who had so well performed the duties of her young life, that she should have forged a will, have traced one signature after another in such a manner as to have deceived all those lawyers who were on her track immediately after her husband's death! For, mark you, if this be true, with her own hand she must have done it! There was no accomplice there. Look at her! Was she a forger? Was she a woman to deceive the sharp blood-hounds of the law? Could she, with that young baby on her bosom, have wrested from such as him"—and as he spoke he pointed with his finger, but with a look of unutterable scorn, to Joseph Mason, who was sitting opposite to him—"that fragment of his old father's property which he coveted so sorely? Where had she learned such skilled artifice? Gentlemen, such ingenuity in crime as that has never yet been proved in a court of law, even against those who have spent a life of wretchedness in acquiring such skill; and now you are asked to believe that such a deed was done by a young wife, of whom all that you know is that her conduct in every other respect had been beyond all praise! Gentlemen, I might have defied you to believe this accusation had it even been supported by testimony of a high character. Even in such case you would have felt that there was more behind than had been brought to your knowledge. But now, having seen, as you have, of what nature are the witnesses on whose testimony she has been impeached, it is impossible that you should believe this story. Had Lady Mason been a woman steeped in guilt from her infancy, had she been noted for cunning and fraudulent ingenuity, had she been known as an expert forger, you would not have convicted her on this indictment, having had before you the malice and greed of Dockwrath, the stupidity, I may almost call it idiocy, of Kenneby, and the dogged resolution to conceal the truth evinced by the woman Bolster. With strong evidence you could not have believed such a charge against so excellent a lady. With such evidence as you have had before you, you could not have believed the charge against a previously convicted felon.

"And what has been the object of this terrible persecution—of the dreadful punishment which has been inflicted on this poor lady? For remember, though you can not pronounce her guilty, her sufferings have been terribly severe. Think what it must have been for a woman with habits such as hers to have looked forward for long, long weeks to such a martyrdom as this! Think what she must have suffered in being dragged here and subjected to the gaze of all the county as a suspected felon! Think what must have been her feelings when I told her, not knowing how deep an ingenuity might be practiced against her, that I must counsel her to call to her aid the unequalled talents of my friend Mr. Chaffanbrass"—"Unequaled no longer, but far surpassed," whispered Chaffanbrass, in a voice that was audible through all the centre of the court. "Her punishment has been terrible," continued Mr. Furnival. "After what she has gone through, it may well be doubted whether she can continue to reside at that sweet spot which has aroused such a feeling of avarice in the bosom of her kinsman. You have heard that Sir Joseph Mason had promised his eldest son that Orley Farm should form a part of his inheritance. It may be that the old man did make such a promise. If so, he thought fit to break it. But is it not wonderful that a man wealthy as is Mr. Mason—for his fortune is large—who has never wanted any thing that money can buy; a man for whom his father did so much, that he should be stirred up by disappointed avarice to carry in his bosom for twenty years so bitter a feeling of rancor against those who are nearest to him by blood and ties of family! Gentlemen, it has been a fearful lesson; but it is one which neither you nor I will ever forget!

"And now I shall leave my client's case in your hands." As to the verdict which you will give, I have no apprehension. You know as well as I do that she has not been guilty of this terrible crime. That you will so pronounce I do not for a moment doubt. But I do hope that that verdict will be accompanied by some expression on your part which may show to the world at large how great has been the wickedness displayed in the accusation."

And yet as he sat down he knew that she had been guilty! To his ear her guilt had never been confessed; but yet he knew that it was so, and, knowing that, he had been able to speak as though her innocence were a thing of course. That those witnesses had spoken truth he also knew, and yet he had been able to hold them up to the execration of all around them as though they had committed the worst of crimes from the foulest of motives! And more than this, stranger than this, worse than this: when the legal world knew—as the legal world soon did know—that all this had been so, the legal world found no fault with Mr. Furnival, conceiving that he had done his duty by his client in a manner becoming an English barrister and an English gentleman.

MADELEINE SCHAEFFER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.*

III.

MISS SCHAEFFER was the Fashion. Not because she was beautiful; not because she sang like the sirens; by no means because she was a schoolmistress; but simply because she was proud enough to rival Lucifer.

Miss Schaeffer was not easily accessible. The revels that desired to grace themselves with her presence were under the necessity of taking infinite pains to procure it. She denied herself to most; was friendly with few, familiar with none. On one side, she persisted in remembering herself a menial, and in asserting that she knew her place, and had a strange consciousness that by stepping on higher ground she subjected herself to insult. On the other side, owning no longer a mistress, she felt most richly independent, would not condescend to mingle with people on the level where they would receive her, and, in fact, seemed to regard no one in that region as quite equal to the honor of her contact. For myself, I do not hesitate to say that I consider this pride of Miss Schaeffer's to have been most unchristian; taking it at its best estate, it was a rebellious anger with Fate, and the only palliating thing about it was that her blood ran with it—every little globule in her veins rolling along crowned in its own right; taking it at its worst—well, all pride beyond self-respect is ignoble, is it not? But it did not so strike the good people of Charleston. Autocrats approve of autocracy. By reason of demanding so much she obtained more. Such tremendous claims granted their own suit. It was something to have one's children instructed by so great a lady. The proprietress of the day-school at 7 — Street was once more what the ladies of Schaefferlin had been. Mrs. Ediston saw her quondam governess the honored and solicited friend of those haughty old city families intrenched behind the deposit of generations of aristocracy; Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had no need to chafe because his love had stooped from high degree in bestowing itself. But in truth Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had no leisure to think of any thing of the kind, since all his time was taken up in maledictions on his maladroitness.

Meanwhile the school prospered. The flower of the city's young maidens spent five hours beneath her roof each day. Had she chosen to convert the affair into a *pension* she would have coined untold gold. As it was, many were sent from surrounding districts and parishes to board elsewhere and avail themselves of her skill. Soon she joined other teachers to her corps, and confined herself to the more gracious tasks of the vocation, moving among the idolizing girls like some sweetly-stooping queen. It was Madeleine Schaeffer in a new guise—no longer with need of defiance, and pouring all the sunshine of her nature out on those about her. For she

was happy—at rest at once in a glorious humility and a proud content.

Some fresh, fine influence, as if of her very self, seemed to pervade the house. Those who entered were loth to leave. It was always a picture: the soft and creamily-matted floors; the windows, beneath their long folds of noiselessly-waving snowy linen, open on great sheets of blue-burning sky; the walls hung here and there with delicate, darkly-framed engravings, and more lately with a seldom water-color—the vivid copy of some flaming dream of Turner's—white columns, answering pools, and a fiery flush of sky; or great galley-beaks and darkening cliffs, a trailing wake of mer-people, the shadow of a god among the clouds, and a mad revel of radiance and color low down along the sunrise and the sea. The young heads, bright and dark, bent clusteringly and hushed above the suspended leaf. One form gliding here and there among them, sedate and sweet, majestic and mild, gliding with words and smiles, and bringing all the mysteries of study into clear light by a touch of her pointing finger. It was no wonder that when Dr. Develin came into this innocent Eden which his hand had first ordered he forgot to go, and going came again, till the children began to recognize something genial and beaming in the Spanish sunshine of that smile, and to feel him the authorized guardian of their work. For it was Dr. Develin who had secured the house for her, who had furnished it with its simple luxuries—suffering her to remain in his debt therefor, since he feared she would not accept his glad gift—who had left those prints, those few costly Landseers, on the walls, had shrined that bland bust of a scholarly dreamer, had hung that tiny precious *alto-relievo*, most exquisitely cut from some white, lucent stone, to strike wafts of coolness down the room when any looked at its glacial peaks splintering in light—at its awed and hushed waves, that seemed to have risen heavily and frozen never to fall—at its one lost ship, with rimed and stiffened cordage and glued and shining sheets, walled in the silent deathly prison of an icy eternity. It was Dr. Develin that had made the sleeping-room, opening on garden and river, something ever as bright as if it were trimmed for a festal day; who had so snowily veiled it to be haunted only by pure dreams; he who had covered the buffet-shelves of the little dining-place with engraven glass and china like tangible vapor; he who had one day spread the table, had gayly hindered while she prepared, and eaten the first oblation with her the first morning, as she called it now, of her life. They were Dr. Develin's servants who bustled about the whole, and suffered no lightest labor to fall upon their mistress; and to themselves she paid their wages, and felt freed thereby from every jot of obligation to their master. But let Dr. Develin do all he could, it had been done in vain, and the place were cheerless and cold but for this summery presence through it, this open piano with its gleaming keys and scattered sheets of

* Continued from the June Number.

music, this easel half unveiled, this elfin work-basket with its bright tools and gay silks, this open book, this faded flower—even if Madeleine herself had been unseen these things would have babbled of her. As it was, no day elapsed but it found for the Doctor excuse to appear—to appear—to appear and to linger. Juliet Develin, too, came twice in the week, and received a singing-lesson, and a silent, gentle tutelage of manner as well (for so little had she ever been with her brother that she had never caught his elegant ease). Of course her brother called for her. Sundays gave the two, sometimes with the spinster aunt, pretext for refusing elaborate banquets and sitting round the glittering little table at Miss Schaeffer's. Then there came baskets of flowers, baskets of fruits, not to be intrusted to Scipio or Cyril. And after that there was the health of the school to be considered. Circumstances, take them for all in all, beamed propitiously upon the Doctor.

When Madeleine, a girl just on the brink of womanhood, a rose-bud just blushing into damask, had traveled Europe over with her father—a dark and silent gentleman, so grave and courteous, had in nowise touched her fancy. The time with her was youth, the scene was Venice. In an atmosphere of chivalry and romance she would have looked rather for some ideal youth. Dr. Develin was a dozen years her senior; moreover she was yet unconscious, ignorant of her nature, of her needs: she did not yield herself, yet something in his addresses pleased her, she could not have answered why. But while he pleaded and she dallied the *père* Schaeffer looked on ill-pleased. He knew nothing of Dr. Develin, and had no idea of wasting his pearl of price on an obscure country physician. He had estates? So much the worse! he would then take her from Schaeffer's, and to have the proud name of his race die out of the place of his birth? The thing was not to be thought of. The father took his child and her possessions and left Venice under cover of the night. But now should the trial approach her again, would Madeleine Schaeffer know herself any better?

Months had glided away; her second term began as prosperously as her first; there was money in her purse. The spring trembled on the verge of summer. Madeleine had become so attached to her school and its ways that she looked forward with a kind of dismay to the long vacation. She did not know what the plans of the Develins might be: they had half hinted that she must come to them, for Spray Rocks was perennially cool and fresh; but whether or not, the North had no faces now to draw her magnetically upward: she intended to remain in her little house, rest and rebuild herself for the winter. But during these months it suddenly occurred to her she had not seen Mr. Roanoke—except perhaps when his horse staid to drink at a distant well as he crossed the market-place, or as once, when his face had bent frowningly downward in that

huge square pew beside the pulpit, at church. What so suddenly made her remember this fact, which had not recurred to her before, sentient as she was of the relief from him albeit? How can I tell? All that I know about it is, that just at the instant Eliza ushered in a gentleman.

The children had all gone home for the day and the teachers. A servant had packed several of the empty forms into an omnivorous closet and departed; Miss Schaeffer flitted slowly from desk to desk and destroyed disorder. Without, the day was already piercing with brightness, the air stifling with sultriness; within, all was cool, softly-tempered, and sweet, as one of the chambers of a white day-lily. The guest paused an instant at the scene: the long, lovely room, built like the ancient cloisters of a nunnery; the arcades on one side of it leading a row of open airy arches upon the garden that was a wilderness of bloom and fragrance; the song of a single bird, the splash of a fountain, dropping in thereat; the white-robed figure moving so gently and touching things with her rosy finger-tips, trilling her breath into a little melody as she went, turning suddenly and with wide-open hazel eyes surveying Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke!

He sat in one corner of a sofa, his elbow on the arm, his head leaning on his hand, the sombrero drooping listlessly in the other hand across his knees, his eyes fallen away from gazing, his grim face sad and dark.

"Mr. Roanoke!" said Madeleine, floating forward. "I am glad to see you. Do not stay there. You have not been here before, and do not know how pleasantly I am placed. I must show you my atom of a house, and my housekeeping like a fairy's, and we must have a house-warming thereupon. How do you do? I hope Mrs. Ediston is well. And the children?"

This while he stood before her, his eyes upon the floor, and vainly endeavoring to call up some slave of a word in answer. When he raised his glance it was to curse the ease with which she addressed him, the total want of embarrassment about her, that kindness which she used—better hatred than kindness, he wanted love!

It was true that Madeleine, by some means or other having with, for her, unwonted generosity forgotten past scores, now felt as if Mr. Roanoke were an old friend instead of an old antagonist, associated him with a former phase of life, would gladly have extended brotherly treatment toward him. But all this time one idea stood out clearly in his mind, as if it were written there in letters of lightning. There was her hand held toward him—her hand which he would have died to kiss, and which he dared not touch at all, lest his audacious grasp should lift it, his head should bend, his lips should print themselves upon it once again as once before they did. So Madeleine withdrew her hand the least in the world offended, the slightest film creeping over that sunny manner.

"The children?" said Mr. Roanoke, his eye resting on her fixedly, so that the sound of his voice, nervously sharp, was like lights playing round some spear's point. "The children? I came to speak of them."

"They are not ill, I hope."

"By no means," recovering himself as she led the way down the room; "but every one who has any thing to do with them is—and ill at ease moreover. Madeleine"—pausing insouciantly as he walked—"where did that panel come from, pray?"

"It was a gift of Miss Develin's, Mr. Roanoke."

"It's a priceless thing! Develin hunted Venice through to find it last year—he had an old association with it—he had once seen some beautiful girl's face backed against these carmines and carnations in a broad noon ray. Can you imagine who the girl could be? Develin is quite a bachelor, you know."

Madeleine could not have told him why her own face flushed.

"He should not have suffered his sister to give me so costly a thing, then," she said.

"A jewel has a right to its golden setting, Madeleine."

"Mr. Roanoke, we were speaking of the children."

"Humph! Miss Schaeffer, you again? Don't begin with that idea. I never shall!"

"You will do as you please, Mr. Roanoke, as all the world knows."

"But you know better!" he cried, sharply; and then, as he saw her shrink into herself and put on her air of adamant, he added, savagely, "Well, it is better to affect you so than in no way at all!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Roanoke," said she. "If you will excuse me for saying it, I like you extremely; I wish much to be friends. But if you persist in conducting so, I shall be as glad to see you go as I was to see you come!"

"This room is charmingly arranged," said Mr. Roanoke then, as if nothing under the sun had been said. "Is it your taste?"

"Oh no. Dr. Develin's. And see that vine—is it not superb? The blossoms look like flakes of sunrise: it is almost an exotic even here, for he imported it from the Orinoco."

"Indeed! I see a rose which came from Spray Rocks also, I think."

"Several. And he trailed white passion-flowers across my bedroom window."

"A fine thing to be a family physician. Charming boluses his! You have known the Doctor some time. How was it?"

"I met him when I was young, in Europe."

"A long acquaintanceship forsooth! But you said I was to see your housekeeping. This door leads into the inferno?"

"The kitchen is across the garden. That is my dining-room. And here is dinner on the table. I meant to have asked Miss Grudge to stay and dine. She devours forced fruit. As it is, may I not have Mr. Roanoke?"

"If I break bread with you we shall not quarrel," said Mr. Roanoke, with some relenting lightness.

"You will break your word too, then, I fancy. Here are no three courses and entremets, but game that the Doctor sent me, some wine like the rice-bird's song in June bottled over a Berkshire meadow, a peach, a pomegranate. Will you sit?"

"With pleasure."

There came a little silence, broken only by the clatter of silver and glass. There were no attendants. Mr. Roanoke poured the wine.

"Wine like the bobolink's song in June," he repeated; "that it is, indeed. This racy sparkle bubbles through it as if light had been sealed inside the flask first, like that joy that seems to escape the bird's heart when his wings flash in time to his tune. But I know a sweeter song!"

"What is that?" asked Miss Schaeffer, busy with the ladle.

"Du meine Seele!"

"And what may that be?"—spilling her soup.

"You ask? It is your own voice that must answer."

"I? And without knowing it?"

"Nobody believes you. This song, that, had his soul half escaped a man's lips, would call it back to meet the singer's soul there!"

"A most powerful incantation, and a palpable interference with Providence—not to mention any post-mortem unpleasantness!"

"It is the song to sing to the man you love!" said Mr. Roanoke, suddenly and irately.

"Well, well," said Miss Schaeffer, striking the bell; "I need not learn it immediately."

Servants brought silence. But presently:

"When are we to see you at the Fields again?" asked Mr. Roanoke, raising his glass so that the blood-dyed ray flashed in her face.

Other and fresher color flew over Madeleine's forehead. For the first time that day she remembered distinctly the circumstances under which she had left them.

"Unfortunate as ever!" muttered Mr. Roanoke, and fell to admiring the service, and learned for his pains that Dr. Develin selected it.

"How is it," said Mr. Roanoke, brusquely, "that you let Develin give you the sack of a city, while I may not so much as offer you a pin?"

"I am to pay Dr. Develin," retorted Madeleine, before she was aware.

"Without a doubt!" said Mr. Roanoke, with the true Roanoke sneer.

Madeleine flung herself back in her chair, wondering what caprice of chance had placed her again where she must endure Mr. Roanoke's insults.

"Mr. Roanoke!" said she, quickly and angrily, and forgetful of the instincts of hospitality, "if you desire to be my friend you must conduct yourself like a gentleman!"

"Madeleine," said he, half rising, "I have no desire to be your friend."

In an instant she remembered herself.

"How ridiculously we act!" said she, reaching her hand across the table. "Do not go, Mr. Roanoke. Pray, forgive me! Let Great Jove smooth his brow! Don't suffer me to be guilty of such inhospitality as would make all the Schaeffers groan in their graves!"

Mr. Roanoke had her at advantage. If he went now she would take further trouble to reconcile him; she would not rest till she had atoned for her breach of good-feeling; he should become an object of solicitude to her; consideration would grow therefrom—importance; he saw himself, by swift steps, the possible object of her regard. And I—indeed if Mr. Roanoke refuses now to be appeased, I can not answer for the consequences! But, on the other hand, these were dim probabilities at best; the present was here and pleasure with it. How could he withstand that pleading voice—that asking face? How could he grieve her by going? She really wished him to stay, it seemed. So he staid. Ah! Mr. Roanoke, were you then in your dotage?

Mr. Roanoke sat paring her peach.

"Tell me, then," said he, "what can I do to please you. Give you the whole world, as Develin does? But you would not accept it. You can obey none of my prescriptions. Why? Because I prescribe—myself; and it rouses the seven friends of mine cast out of the namesake of yours for you to think of obeying me. What then?" and he threw the paring over his shoulder, where it made the coveted S—"offer you my life's devotion? That enrages you to such a degree of white heat that you would go up in a chariot of fire unless I desisted. How is it I may be that difficult delight, your friend? Tell me, how can I please you best?"

So this was Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke—the man of spirit! Madeleine scarcely dared look at him at first, she thought him jeering; and then, half pitying, thought him imbecile. But men of his type must either be wholly lordly or wholly servile. The way in which he could please her best was never to cross her path again. She was terrified lest he should pester her into marrying him. But how could that be told him? She sat gazing into the depths of her glass, vainly hoping to find some kind sentence, some soothing idea peering out of its liquid sunshine, as the naiad of the draught might peer. But nothing met her; the silence was growing intense. To relieve it, Heaven only knows what concession, what hope she might have given the man, when the door quietly opened and closed behind Dr. Develin. Relief! he came like a breeze through thick weather. Roanoke bit his lips and drew down the heavy brows, bristling like a lion in his lair. Madeleine looked up, and a positive crystal spun from her eyelashes, the succor was so timely.

"So I shall not quite lose luncheon," said the Doctor, drawing up a chair. "And if you asked me when I would take my coffee, Miss Schaeffer, I should answer, I should tell you—now."

Coffee was served straightway in something

like blanched nut-shells, so tiny and so exquisitely corrugated were the cups.

"Not a pomegranate first, Develin?"

"No, thank you, Roanoke. I am afraid of that mythic seed. One remembers the old story—there is fire enough in your eye to-day. I don't desire to see it issuing from your lips."

"You speak in parable."

"Never less. And where have you been all winter, man?"

"At home."

"A Louisiana relapse?"

"Pshaw!"

"I have called at the Fields in vain till I abandoned the business. Now I have him, let me pin him to the point. Why, may I ask, was that nomination refused? Let Congress slip by you? or do you rather aspire to a seat in the coming 'Federation of the World?' Now Vaurien has it, he'll keep it."

"And welcome. No one will have it long. I've been busy, Dr. Develin. How, you will hear too soon. When a man's dead he must bury himself somewhere. '*Je suis las, je suis mort, laissez-moi dormir!*'" and he threw himself back in a kind of bitter lassitude.

There is nothing so utterly devoid of interest as this shallow prosperity that does not demand so much as the effort to swim. Just here the Doctor seems so prosperous that one does not care a straw for him. With this poor proud Roanoke I confess there might be some sympathy if—

"Tush!" said the Doctor. "You're bilious. No coffee—calomel."

"Aphoristic, but unsound. I'm in perfect health."

"And spoiling for a fight?"

"*Noblesse oblige.*"

"For 'tis their nature to," Madeleine threw in from Dr. Watts.

"What a pity," said Develin, "that I'm the only man in the world who understands your constitution, or— You'd spare me, perhaps. Your soul's not your own, you see, but mine—mine to loose and mine to bind. Medicine is omnipotent, the leech carries the king's life, God save the King! But here's Miss Schaeffer," and lightly as Dr. Develin spoke, those white lids of his suddenly drooped over the black blaze below them; "will you be the target for these daggers in my friend's eye? Shall he try the temper of his weapons on you?"

"Not so near the truth, Dr. Develin. Mr. Roanoke and I often try the weapons of our temper on each other."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do. Mrs. Fitzroy's carriage has been waiting, a humble petitioner at the palace-gate, since immemorial time. Suppose we constitute ourselves a committee of two and bring her into the imperial presence."

"You make me out worse than I am, Sir. Mrs. Fitzroy, you know, is my excellent patron. I wasn't aware she waited; the servants shall admit her."

"In my person;" and the Doctor disappeared.

Mr. Roanoke rose. "If all your visitors are as free and easy—"

"You are at liberty to form a notable exception, Mr. Roanoke," said Madeleine with a flash.

Mr. Roanoke laughed; if she would always be angry, he should always command. "You are right, Miss Schaeffer. See, I begin to do so. Yet you should remember that life is too short for one man to play all the rôles."

"You are going?"

"Directly. When you have told me if the girls may be added to your charge."

"Essie and Ally? I shall be delighted. It is so long since I have seen them."

"And I prevented. But that is all over. You shall have no more of my vagaries, believe me," said Mr. Roanoke, with lofty assumption. "Ah! the girls have tried one or two governesses—you like the word, I believe—but you had made us fastidious. Now I will bring them in and back daily—Clara, too, with your permission."

A dreadful vista opened before Madeleine—the vision of Mr. Roanoke twice every day. But before it had fairly slid into the object-glass of her perception, and been shoved out by his recent promise, Dr. Develin and Mrs. Fitzroy entered.

Mr. Roanoke stood with his hat in his hand and bowed low to Mrs. Fitzroy, an old friend of his and capable of proving an excellent ally. You may doubt it, O chivalrous reader! but the noblest of men being despondently in love will stoop. And Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke was not the noblest of men. Accustomed to the plots of politics, plots for passion swept through his scheming brain. Mrs. Fitzroy was too attractive a personage for him to yield etiquette its immediate due; then he still lingered along, apparently lost in the book he had absently lifted, till, abruptly starting at her farewells, he handed her into the cumbersome chariot, and bestowed himself opposite.

But Dr. Develin remained that day, no unusual proceeding. As Madeleine went to her easel he established himself in a great chair of Indian wicker, and drew from his pocket a booklet in white vellum and gold, which he thereon read for her delectation. It was the drama of the Steadfast Prince; and now and then when, as Shelley says, the translation became a crucible where were lost the subtle and volatile essences of language, he gave the stately sentences of sonorous Spanish, as if a correct instinct would teach her the interpretation, and all being done, threw open the piano and there rolled around them those clouds of music with which Mendelssohn once interpenetrated Calderon.

And then after the evening had gathered and fallen, Miss Juliet appeared, sumptuously decked, from some gay resort, and begged her to drive home with them—a constant invitation as constantly declined; then they crackled dainty rusks and drank healths in steaming cups of tea till Juliet declared herself nervously inebriated and

conducted accordingly; and when the thunder-shower had spent itself and fled they fled behind it, Juliet's laugh still ringing down the lonely streets. But as she at length laid her head on her pillow, that night and others, Madeleine could certainly no longer complain of solitude.

A day or two passed, and with them new hope had dawned on Mr. Roanoke. Not to speak of purpose or plot, already concerted and taking effect, he remembered that a sense of obligation is no path to a woman's love—rather look to it that thereby you do not make her hate you by very reason of the weight. Yet there are countless delicate attentions which demonstrate to her that all the beautiful and fine accretions of the universe deposit round her by right. This Mr. Roanoke acted upon as if it were a discovery of his own. His offerings were light, rare, perfect; yet somehow they had always been superseded before they reached her by others yet rarer. As these few days slipped by, on one and another device of carelessness, but ill-assumed, and that creaked on rusty joints, as it were, Mr. Roanoke was constant as the sun; but Dr. Develin was the heaven into which the sun came. Mr. Roanoke's ever possible gloom made his moods somewhat heavy; Dr. Develin's cheer gave him a brilliant play of light such as falling waters in the ray flash forth; but this was perhaps due to the force of an iron will which did not just yet choose bending to despair. Mr. Roanoke's flowers arrived always when the noon had abstracted the life from the leaf and the strength from the petal; but Dr. Develin could send a basket of fragrantest blooms all wet with the morning to Miss Schaeffer's door while her eyes were yet sealed in dreams, and she awoke from some Garden of Eden to find herself intoxicated with the drenching perfumes of purplest heliotropes which the laughing, burglarious Miss Juliet scattered about her; and on another day the rank wonder of scent and fibre and tint, only to be found a weed on the wet rice-lands of the Fields, was infallibly forgotten in any little crisp spray of bells discovered by Eliza on the step beside the morning paper, dropped as a salute by the Doctor, who, a famous tramp, had doubtlessly found the city by way of all the woods between ere opening his day's work; and since he had the freedom of the house, she was ever sure of finding some tempting morsel of transfigured sunshine, speaking of an unseen genius, and left lying on a leaf in her work-basket at noon or on her table at night—a thing to melt in the tasting as a snow-flake on the stream.

Doubtless there was something desirable in the perpetual foresight of two such potent spirits—had they been merely her friends, had they demanded nothing in return, no guerdon that outweighed their best. As it was—well, the coin of the land would not long be current were it issued without alloy. And in the mean time, in spite of his ardor, there was a certain quality of condescension in Mr. Roanoke's way of bestowing his affection that made rebuffing him piquant.

But halcyon days have their close. One afternoon Mr. Roanoke came in—Dr. Develin, having finished the rounds among his patients—charity-patients, he had no care of rich ones—sat coolly reading the paper in the arcades behind blue curling wreaths of a Havana. Vain task to sit him out. Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke lost patience in the endeavor; he cursed between his teeth the lot that left the game in the other's hands, that rendered him now so surely committed as to be no longer a free agent; rose and bade Miss Schaeffer farewell, as he was about to leave her on a brief journey.

A blast of smoke from Develin's nostrils followed him in Mexican contempt.

"Treason," said he, laconically.

"Treason, they say, ne'er prospers. What's the reason?"

"Why, when it prospers men don't call it treason!" added Madeleine.

"Surely you don't indorse the new madness?" he cried, half starting up.

"I? Except the vague rumors abroad I know nothing about it."

"They will soon lose their vagueness," replied the Doctor, beginning to pace impatiently up and down the tessellated floor of the arcades.

"Ah, Sir," said Madeleine, interrupting his thoughts with a gay archness of smile, "there is something that interests me more than so great a question—the great doubloon belongs to the King, the little picayune is *mine*, you see."

"What is it?" he asked, turning at once.

"Can you spare me a moment?"

"Many."

"A few is all I petition for." She led the way in. "I want to go over our accounts."

The Doctor gave a shrug and a grimace. "Will you not let them be as they are?" he said. "They are a dead-letter. Respect the sanctity of their resting-place."

"By no means. I beg you to do as I wish."

The sunshine and sport forsook the Doctor's eye, gloom fell on his brow like a cloud's shadow on a landscape.

"Very well," he remarked, "since it contents you better. Only if I have a paper relating to the matter, which indeed I doubt, it is at home among a wilderness of its kin."

"I have the accounts here. You can tell me if they are correct."

Item by item he checked them off, and at the end, without looking up, ill-pleased and reluctant, assured her all was right.

"And that sum releases me entirely from your debt?" asked Madeleine, high-spirited with so happy a sense of delicious independence that it rendered her obtuse.

"Yes."

Madeleine lifted her little purse, and let the light flash through its glittering chinks somewhat theatrically, then poured out its contents on the table, shifted them with swift-counting fingers, and swept the whole over toward the Doctor. "I owe no man a penny!" she said. "Why do you not take it, Sir?"

Develin sat with his arms on the table before him, his eyes bent upon them, and his face like some metal cast that has lost all solvent grace in fixity. At length he rose, the little heap of gold untouched.

"Good-by, Madeleine," said he.

"And you will not put me out of debt?"

"Child—take your all?"

"It is not my all! I am established. I have health, a sure income, friends—I owe every thing to you! And there is so much for which I can not pay you!"

"Miss Schaeffer—I had hoped— No matter; we are friends. Whatever I have done for you has been my own delight. Madeleine, child! I can not take your money."

"But if I insist?" she asked, gayly, not half comprehending the seriousness of his mood.

"Then you give hope its death-warrant. You sign my exile."

He stood up and faced her, bent above her, a hand heavily imposed on either shoulder, gazed so steadfastly, darkly, an instant. "I dare not stay!" he murmured. "Madeleine, good-by!" and was gone.

But Madeleine, made merry by two providences—the first, Mr. Roanoke's departure; for once or twice of late the old Roanoke spirit had broken through like a flame, and given her and Develin a piece of Mr. Geoffrey's mind: the second, this long looked-for completion of her work. Madeleine was not to be thwarted in that way. She had so ardently anticipated the sweet luxury of paying her debts—it might have been selfish, yet it was excusable. She gathered the coins into a little box whose lid she secured and directed, summoned one of the servants and dispatched him to find some conveyance to Spray Rocks, and leave that parcel there before his master should arrive at home. The Develin slaves were not like other people's; they could carry messages exactly, and follow the directions given. It was nightfall when the boy returned. He had overdone the business indeed, having caught Dr. Develin and delivered the box into his own hands. "Is it so, then?" the Doctor had said, and driven on.

Madeleine wondered a little during the vacant evening about that brief sentence of the Doctor's; she thought she would make it all right when he came to-morrow; he would better feel the impossibility of her indebtedness, and, of all persons in the world, to him. Well, why to him? Madeleine suddenly turned the leaf and buried herself in her book.

But the next day Dr. Develin did not come, nor yet the next, and then a week slid off and she had not seen him. She learned from Juliet, at the latter's singing lesson, that the Doctor was not ill; but other questions trembling on her tongue, she could not, for some occult reason, make audible. Meanwhile no Misses Ediston had crossed Miss Schaeffer's threshold.

IV.

I have never quite accounted to myself how

any thing inconsistent with the high honor he professed could find place in Mr. Roanoke's intentions. His case was hopeless, true; honor would not bring him love, therefore he'd none of it perhaps. It was his sole recourse. In that hour of Mrs. Fitzroy's call on the first day that he had ventured into Miss Schaeffer's domicile, he turned the subject over and over in his mind while he sat there broodingly, till it had lost half its ugliness through familiarity, till he had extracted all its bitter and poisonous honey. But then for him, the haughty Geoffrey, to need a woman's assistance in reaching his aim! it was humbling. And to admit a woman into his sacred confidence! it was more humbling. And to let her see him desert his lofty standard! it was most humbling. And to desert it!—ah! not without a pang. He execrated this Mrs. Fitzroy even while making use of her. Yet there was nothing else to do; Madeleine Schaeffer could never be his by fair means, his then by foul means he swore she should be! Yet in those succeeding weeks, when she had every day blessed his eyes, the remembrance of this dishonor, and of its necessity to him, had made no few of the roughnesses and wild outbreaks of his temper that had gradually served to ice her manner toward him.

Mrs. Fitzroy sank into her chair, with all her muslins floating round her, on the day when she brought Mr. Roanoke home with her in the cumbrous chariot—after a moment's languid silence taking the fan from the hand of the attendant Frances and dismissing her. Then she suffered her glance to fall on the gentleman, where he had established himself on a somewhat lower seat, like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel.

"Mr. Roanoke," said she, "you should marry."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fitzroy," he replied, "that is exactly what I wish to do."

"Unmarried," added the lady, "every man is Bohemian—he prowls on our borders. Married, he has a stake in society."

"It is then for your interest, as a member of the confraternity aforesaid, to give me assistance."

"Command me."

"You're my friend," began Mr. Roanoke.

"What a thing friendship is, world without end!" quoted Mrs. Fitzroy.

"No trouble it will not allay."

"And your trouble?"

"I—have lost my governess."

"Bah!" said the lady, shutting her fan with a fling.

"Yes," continued Mr. Roanoke, heedless of the pastoral ejaculation. "It is impossible to fill her place; our little maids are little savages. What are we to do?"

"My dear Geoffrey," replied the other, laying her closed fan on his shoulder as she bent forward, "if you can not trust me entirely do not trust me at all."

"Trust you? How can I speak with more frankness than to tell you we have lost Miss Schaeffer, and wish to get her back again?"

"We? Mrs. Ediston regrets the loss, I fancy!"

Mr. Roanoke laughed. "It is enough that I do."

"And why?"

He paused an instant, and then his eyes shed flames upon the floor.

"Because I love her!" he muttered, with swift, hoarse vehemence.

"Which alters the case. Now tell me my share in the matter. How came she to leave you?"

"Because I told her I loved her."

"A woman of Miss Schaeffer's nobility is not so much insulted by that assurance."

"Mrs. Fitzroy, I have no self-command."

"You!"

"Sang froid to any extent. But once heat this boisterous blood of mine, and there are no valves to sit on. I did not woo, except as lions woo. Abdel Modjid commands a Georgian girl as I commanded her. To be sure, I gave her her choice—she could leave the house, or stay in it my wife. Yet, by the Lord Harry! had she been so tame as to take me at my word I should have run away. The draught I offered was fire-water, but it was a tisane to this poison-punch of a school with which she regaled and annihilated me, brewed by Develin, and with neither the acid nor the spirit left out. There you have it!"

"I am glad that you are ashamed of yourself. And I can help you?"

Mr. Roanoke raised his head, for as he spoke he had bent with a hand on either temple, dinting there the sigil of the great ancestral carbuncle.

"That school is to be destroyed. She is to come back to my protection. She is to be my wife. Or—"

"Well, well, no rash asseveration," touching his lips with the tip of her fan.

"That school, I say, is to be destroyed. And you must do it."

"I? In truth I have no mind to ruin this poor girl."

"Ruin? Will it ruin her to become the mistress of Roanoke Fields?"

"True. But then I— Dr. Develin is my very good friend."

"Oh, Develin. Give yourself no uneasiness there. Develin and I will be quits. She refused him before I proposed."

"You are sure? Quite sure indeed?"

"On my honor. It was years ago, in Europe. He has had plenty of opportunities since, and neglected them all. To-day he plays the part of the good Samaritan, and heaps coals of fire on her head."

"And you wish to heap them in her heart?"

A little nervous pause. One heard his heart beat. The other watched her pulse flutter.

"Mr. Roanoke, I am a woman; therefore a match-maker; and at your service."

"The immediate thing to do, then," said Mr. Roanoke, biting his nails, "is to withdraw Miss Adèle from school."

"I? To do that? I, who was the first to lend countenance to the affair at all? I, who—"

"Yes, you! To Miss Schaeffer you say that the approach of the warmer weather finds Adèle unfit for study. Very soon comes the vacation; in the Fall the thing will have worked; then you have only not to send Adèle back. When she has been my wife a year and a day you may tell her of our plots and counterplots; it shall go hard if by that time she have no passion gathered darkly deep in that heart of hers! To the world say you are disappointed in Miss Schaeffer's ability; you regret having recommended her to so many friends; the school is already in its decadence; it was an idle undertaking; ladies born in Miss Schaeffer's original station can no more conduct a school than a campaign; people must rise from the ranks for that work. I wish any questioners joy in attacking Mrs. Ediston hereafter; she has pent vials of wrath to unloose. As for me, I shall shrug my shoulders. Mrs. Fitzroy, you know you lead society. Society are sheep; they all leap the fence after you. And the thing is done."

"But it has an ugly look."

"Not when you regard the end. Let us see. She finds herself adrift, not knowing where to turn. I appear on the scene. Some hocus-pocus bewitches her Fieldsward. There, then, is home and rest—a principal whose interest is gratitude. And can I not teach her love? Tell me, without vanity, do I look like the man forever distasteful to a woman? Have I no power, no magnetism, no charm? It shall go hard, I say, it shall go hard! Fool that I was! And the cards in my hand!"

"Mr. Roanoke, it strikes me that if you loved this girl you could not plot her such trouble."

"But I do love her. Before God I love her!"

"Well, well. And if she persists?"

"Ah! if—"

"Then my home shall be hers. I like her much. It is for that I desire to see her reign at Roanoke Fields."

"Thanks."

"But you have already blundered. You add the little Edistons when I abstract the little Fitzroy?"

"Quite right. They shall not appear in the action. Let me see—is it well rehearsed?"

"Entirely, I think. Must you go? As agreed. *Au revoir*."

But what a blistered, smarting soul the haughty Roanoke took down those steps! And what bitter words he hurled at Fate!

V.

Long warm days simmering on, torrid skies deepening, heats brooding and falling over the land—so had all these weeks gone by, as we know, and in the little school so condemned to ruin Madeleine had felt nothing of its doom. Adèle Fitzroy had left, but then the child was so slight she had been already on the point of speaking to her mother on the subject of her

continued study. Some dozens of others had since fallen away, but Madeleine charged it upon the score of the weather, and forgot any anxiety on their behalf. The Edistons had not come after all; but the mamma had taken them to the Springs, Mr. Roanoke had told her, except Essie, who was to go with him. Since then weary days had worn away, and accustomed to double *devoir* she had missed the loss of the whole. Far more than the deflections of her pupils, what secretly—almost secretly from her own proud self—was a concern with her, was the continued absence of Dr. Develin. To be sure the flowers, the fruit, the various gifts from Spray Rocks came as before, but now by some means always as the offerings of Juliet, and lately this scarcely pleased Madeleine; for lately, more than once, she had noticed an air of perplexed pain in this girl's face, something half-representing, half-questioning—for under Madeleine's guidance her manners had become so singularly toned, growing every day more into unison with her beauty—that all her emotions were not now, as formerly, expressed at a glance. But this something, whatever it was, answered the purpose of much more; none of the contents of the many baskets were ever suffered to re-enter Miss Schaeffer's presence—nothing but the flowers; and why she exempted them from the fate of the rest it is difficult to say, for certainly the Doctor plucked and arranged them all, and certainly she knew it. Madeleine looked, too, at the ripening beauty of the girl, promising such Orient sumptuousness of shape and hue; felt that no one accustomed to such daily vision would find any thing lovely in a sadder, older face; and then, angry at having allowed such thoughts to cross her, set herself some cruel stent, and fagged away at it like a penitent. A few more, and Juliet's lessons had ceased. She visited Montreal for the summer, chaperoned by her aunt; Madeleine presumed the Doctor went as well, but she asked no questions, and proudly abstained from confessing to herself that she would have had any interest in asking them. But condemned to loneliness, she made it complete; neither poor Miss Grudge, nor blithe little Miss Brier, nor yet the sad old Monsieur d'Houdetot, ever now seated themselves at her table, and Madeleine rose with the dishes almost untouched. Then came the long solitary afternoons. The kindly malicious Mrs. Fitzroy had departed; after her had swept half the stately denizens; to those who remained and were at home enough to make that hour their own, Madeleine could not but deny herself; her spirits had sunk to too low a level for strangers to gauge. More than once she tried to rouse herself, to whisper that her discomfort was ungrateful—she was successful, she was independent, she was well. What reason, then, for despondency? But she discovered, in reply, that one may be successful, one may be independent, one may be well, and one may be unhappy.

So the vacation wore away, and in the fierce heats. It was her first entirely Southern sum-

mer, and it overpowered her. Severe studies—taken up to drown thought, in truth, but explained to herself by her position's requirement of yet more proficiency—she was forced to abandon; and at length, pale and worn, she passed the greater part of every day lying in her little veranda, shady with its northern exposure. But there are some to whom the enjoyment of their own misery can not be allowed. Day by day the servants brought to Miss Schaeffer reports of the fever's ravages, so many suffering, so few allaying—the thought stung away her torpor. Of what value was life to her? Who in the wide world would miss her dead? Mr. Roanoke possibly, but what if he did? Dr. Develin? Not he; tired of her, he had already thrown her aside! She was a worker, out of the way, and there was more room for others. Moreover, the stories she heard made her pitiful; day after day she went out and passed from bedside to bedside; night after night she sat in dread vigils, counting the hours with death, and unconscious how the solemn stars went overhead till sometimes sunrise found her victor. Day after day, and night after night, too, she heard of one whose steps were ever before her own—one on whose head the wretched showered the blessings of praise, but in all the days and nights and at all the bed-sides one whom she never met face to face. They learned to know her, to love her, that afflicted populace—some of them she had helped to heal, with others she had mourned, in the prayers of all her prayers had mingled. When the work was past, Madeleine found her heart chastened, as a city is sometimes purified by fire, and the pride left there to be but a faint phantom of the dead old arrogance inborn in the blood of the Schaeffers of Schaefferslin. But even this woman's pride had been a sort of solace to her, a support, a companion—a support that proved a broken reed, and now she was more alone than ever.

Then began the school-term again; her cards were out; with innocent satisfaction she set the school-room in order, garnished with blossoms, and white and fresh and fragrant; she took her place and expected her pupils.

Mrs. Fitzroy had returned, but no Adèle. The Mellens were in town, but no Charlotte or Maud. The little Hunts were driven in no more from the Cross Roads. The Prestons, it appeared, had brought home a governess with them from the North. One by one she found the best places vacant. The free scholars, it is true, presented themselves punctually, and some half dozen others. But the income from these would not pay one quarter of Monsieur d'Houdetot's salary. She was forced to dismiss her assistants; and this very step she knew was ruin, for it told that the school had not patronage enough to support it, and when a thing is not patronized it is plainly because it is not good. But her clear integrity forbade her to receive services she might never remunerate. A week later and the half dozen also gave signs of a wavering adherence. And what to do? The

money saved all waning; again, again the old phantom of the church-yard steps, starvation, misery, death, rose and shook its wings over her. Turn which way she would, there was no support, the whole world failed her, there was not one friend in it, not one, to reach her a hand; the unnatural strength which had fired her so long as exertion was demanded suddenly gave way. One morning she forgot to rise, the world was slipping by her in a dreamless drowse, she lifted no hand to catch it back, and was lost entirely in blank oblivion.

VI

Something said dimly of many days having passed, something also of familiar yet unfamiliar smote in the very light that, tempered through mists of muslin and net-works of lush-leaved vines, reached the eye-lids. Certainly this was no part of the little school-mansion, yet as certainly the same spirit seemed to breathe through it. This long and lofty room, whose ceiling, with its reflected light, told of as high a perch as if it were some aerial nest, the soft pearly walls, the shining paraphernalia, the cushions heaped white as drifts of snow, they seemed to be friendly things, though never known till now; that face that looked down from the opposite panel, half bending out of haze, always somewhat melancholy, white with a blazing contrast of black and brilliant eyes that would have made the picture more startling than an apparition but for their drooping lids, and with the bending lines of raven tint that swept away on either side a brow more clear and impassible than marble. Well, that face? She had surely known it before. All at once a pang staid the beating of her heart and struck that face in upon it, like Caesar's imprint on his coin. There came a great waft of cool air through the room; waking from her unconsciousness, Madeleine watched on the ceiling the crisp play of little ripples and wavelets of light, she smelled the salt wide breath of foams and tides, the wandering wind of the sea, and knew herself to be at Spray Rocks. She was at rest then; once more the heart rocked on, and security lapped her in dewiest, sweetest slumber.

Sable attendants were gliding like shadows round her in the evening light when she awoke; she was aware of a touch upon her pulse, a palm laid half like benediction on her forehead, then some one slid from the room, and, strangely happy and unquestioning, again she slept. Days passed, each one shedding health; every thing about was so novel that she seemed to be in some foreign and beautiful place; she saw no one but the servants, and gradually a vague apprehension goaded her to hasten her recovery, till at length, sitting up and at the window overlooking the wide stretch of sea into which at the creation the Spray Rocks had half plunged themselves, she demanded the presence of Dr. Develin.

"Let me thank you," she said, as he entered, attempting to rise but sinking back, and not at-

tempting to look up. "I do not know how I came here, but I am well enough now to return home."

"And you are taking the first step there to-day," he said, gently, and seating himself as if instead of all these months he had parted from her only yesterday. "But as to being entirely well enough that is out of the question."

"You are very kind, but I am quite sure—"

"Well, Madeleine," said the Doctor with abrupt interruption. "And you greet me as you leave. We meet after—how many days? and you have no little 'How are you?' or demure 'I am glad to see you, Sir,' or—"

"You *know* I am glad to see you, Sir!"

"Yes, yes, I believe it. But child! how weak you are!"

The tears leaped to Madeleine's eyes; then he cared for her still a little.

"Go back to the city in your state, when you could not stand up to touch my hand just now? I fancy you will. Say another word about it, and I shall have leeches on your temples and blisters on your feet, and any other medical horror to be devised forthwith!"

"Nevertheless, I ought not to stay," said Madeleine, faintly smiling, and pulling to pieces the wreath that, thrusting in through the casement, seemed to grow round her hand as he spoke.

"Why not? Ah, I know! You fear an obligation."

"No, no. My going could not lessen my debt, and nothing I can ever do will serve to repay it, I know. Besides, Sir," continued Madeleine, still looking down, "I do not mind an obligation from you now."

A proud woman is so humble when she loves at last!

A gleam illumined the Doctor's face; his eyes, like black diamonds with their wells of fire, clouded themselves in softness for an instant. But other thoughts smote him like rods; unselfish as ever, he remained silent. And then, after all, she was simply grateful, and when was gratitude love? Should he take advantage of it? Never! Yet, again; she was not well enough to allow the excitement. He put himself out of sight. "I have some news for you," he said, presently.

"For me?"

"For me; and you shall share it. Juliet is to be married."

"Juliet!" And then a spasm as of release from an incubus shook her. "To Mr. Roanoke?"

If Dr. Develin had experienced any thing akin to the emotion known as Hope, he fell, as the angels fell, to lower depths because of the recent height. She had lighted up with no such interest before as now at this mention of Roanoke. He himself darkened.

"No; oh no. She is to marry the Honorable Fane Tremenhoe, younger son of the Earl of Lismore, with a prospect of the succession."

"Oh! A brilliant match. And I suppose you are pleased."

"If Juliet is. My aunt writes that they have met constantly this summer in Canada, where Juliet's beauty has become like a by-word. (She has some, has she not, Miss Schaeffer?) And with this result. That he is very worthy, and that Juliet is very happy. I have sold Spray Rocks in order to give her her portion—"

"Sold Spray Rocks!"

"And I am now going North, to the wedding."

"Oh, Sir! And then I detain you?"

"Not at all. Circumstances require my presence here some six weeks further. The estate does not pass into the new hands till I leave the State, to which I shall not return."

"Shall not return!"

There was a cadence of despair in Madeleine's voice. Perhaps it seemed to the Doctor but an echo of his own. Pain which neither dreamed of the other's sharing, and a silence broken by Madeleine, heedless of consequences, and passionately exclaiming, "I must go home, Dr. Develin! I must go home!"

For why should she stay here, every moment deepening these graven lines on her life? Why prolong this dangerous bliss of his presence, when he was so soon to forsake her utterly? Ah, how long since she had found out that it *was* bliss? And to love a man who had no such regard for her! Why, why had she thrown it away when it was hers? What a whirl of thoughts swept her brain! No wonder she cried out, passionately, "I must go home!"

He rose and seemed to shake off his reverie, as a wave shakes off its sweeping shower of fringing drops.

"You don't remember," he said, looking down upon her with his curiously sad face, "that once you compared me to the *main de fer dans le gant de velours*. You have only felt the silken side. Speak once more of disobedience to your physician, and he holds you with the iron grasp! You are fretting about propriety. Dismiss doubts, I will arrange that. And, Madeleine, since we part so soon, and forever, am I so abhorrent that you can not linger beside me a moment?"

Madeleine bent forward, but not enough to prevent his seeing the large tears falling on her fast-clasped hands. He dared not dream of interpreting them. They were the effects of weakness and fatigue, perhaps. Suddenly he seized one of those hands—seized it, indeed, in the grasp of a steel gauntlet, and left her with the pressure yet white upon it. Physician with others, with her he must needs be a man!

ONE DAY.

"EXCUSE my incredulity, Nell; but you know you always had a weakness for the Sister-of-Charity line; and when I find you hard at it in a new direction you can't expect me to have any great degree of faith in its absolute necessity."

"Oh, Margaret! it goes to my heart to hear

you; but it's not you alone. There is such a horrid insensibility to what we are trying to do and *must do*!"

Mrs. Margaret Chandler shook out of her lap the bits of waste paper she had been "snipping," and began to apply herself to work—crocheting a strip of royal purple for the superb Afghan that lay half finished on the sofa near her. Mrs. Reed, her friend and hostess, went on more busily than ever with the four dozen colored pocket-handkerchiefs she was turning down for her sewing machine.

"A pocket-handkerchief and a red-flannel shirt for each native," began Mrs. Chandler, presently. "What in the world do those men want of them? Half of them never had one in their lives! It reminds me of poor Mrs. Perry, who wrote to a gentleman friend, 'I have just heard that my dear George is a prisoner, and destitute of pocket-handkerchiefs! Can't you manage to get half a dozen to him?' Mr. Smith wrote back: 'Dear Madam,—You should be thankful that your son has a nose remaining to him, and the necessity exists—'"

A provoking smile emphasized the pertinent history. Mrs. Reed could not help responding to it, annoyed and pained as she was by her friend's lack of interest. She had ever such a crushing sense of the very little she could do at best to relieve the suffering she so often witnessed, and that this was not a thousandth part of what really existed; and yet every day she had some such battle with those who cast doubt and discouragement on the good work. Oftentimes she said to herself she would not attempt to make any new converts, or solicit assistance to maintain those few faithful women among whom she labored. It was so much easier to give and spare and be spent herself than to face ridicule and coldness.

"If you will go with me one day and see for yourself," she said, presently.

"Oh, I don't know as I mind doing that. It will be a little variety—a nice sail, and a comfortable picnic under the trees, and plenty of attention from young doctors and chaplains. You see I know. How d'y'e do, Bell? Isn't that what they march after the soldiers for?"

Both ladies rose to welcome their visitor, a neighbor, whose lovely villa came in sight from Mrs. Reed's bow-windows, and who had just "run in for a minute," as she explained, with an apology for an elaborate morning toilet—an Empress dress of white pigne, fully braided, and a dainty straw-hat, with most coquettish crimson and black plumes.

"Marching after soldiers?—oh, those *vivandières*, I suppose you mean. The French regiment had two of them. They looked so *picturesque*! you have no idea! it put me so in mind of 'Fille du Regiment!' I found myself humming the Rataplan for two days afterward."

"Not quite that style of person," said Mrs. Chandler, with a malicious twinkle of her dark eyes. Mrs. Livingston was not as remarkable for depth as she was for a pretty toilet. "I

mean your neighbors here—for instance, Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Jones, who spend their days on Oliver's Island, imagining they are Florence Nightingales—an American edition."

"Oh, Mrs. Reed! you don't tell me so? You don't mean that you go to that horrid place yourself? Why, I hear they have small-pox there, and any quantity of ship-fever! and the Marshalls and Humphreys are thinking of shutting up their places because they are so near the landing, and moving away for the summer!"

"Camp-fever and ship-fever are two different things," returned Mrs. Reed, warmly. "There is Miss Stirling, who goes three days in every week, and has nursed some of the worst fever patients. Small-pox? No! Do you think they would bring such patients where there are a thousand wounded men?"

"I'm sure Mr. Marshall ought to know. As Clem says, it's a perfect imposition in Government to put such a place so near where many of the *best families* have their country-seats. It's so dismal, let alone any thing else, to know there are so many sick people near you. I should be as low-spirited as any thing if I were Clem and Molly. People come into the country to enjoy themselves, and forget all about this horrid war!"

"If one could forget it!"

"Government ought to be remonstrated with," said Mrs. Chandler. "The Newtown people should get up a petition!"

"So I tell Harry. I'm sure I'd sign it, for one! He is bothered the whole time by people wanting us to give to this and that. Sanitary commissions, and hospital funds, and soldiers' garments—why don't they buy them themselves? Dear knows, they get paid enough—all those millions of sub-treasury bills Congress is always voting. I hate 'em, for my part—they are so stiff, and fill up your purse so! I say, 'Harry, don't for goodness' sake bring me those things! I like gold.' But he says they've made gold so scarce. I tell him to pay for it then, but never bring me those horrid notes. I dare say there are plenty of poor people who would be glad to get them."

"Oh, undoubtedly! I am, for one," said Mrs. Chandler. "I find they take them quite peaceably at Ball and Black's, and Hearn's. Don't you, Nell? They impose upon you with all their subscription lists, Mrs. Livingston."

"Oh, that's not the worst of it! They actually want me to sew! I beg pardon, Mrs. Reed; but you know you are not the only one who has asked me. Oh dear, no! With my housekeeping, and two little children, and such a load of company as Harry brings up! What a heavenly Afghan!" And here Mrs. Livingston paused upon the purple and scarlet splendors of the half-finished work at Mrs. Chandler's side. "And you've got a new stitch to put it together with. You must teach it to me. I dote on Afghans. I made Harry one for the light wagon. The materials cost me twenty-five dollars. I gave it to him for a birth-day

present, and I worked at it six weeks at least steadily. Ma's was a beauty though! I made ma's with those raised tufts; and I've got one just commenced for baby, red, white, and blue—quite patriotic, isn't it? I was one of the very first people, Mrs. Chandler, to wear red, white, and blue bows. I had my dress trimmed with them at the great mass meeting on Union Square last spring. You have no idea how I was cheered when I appeared on the balcony of our house. Harry said it was a capital idea, particularly as every body knows he has such large Government contracts. So appropriate—wasn't it? I think it is every body's duty to be patriotic. It was at our house that the 'Star-Spangled Banner' was sung in chorus and made such a sensation long before it began to be fashionable."

Mrs. Livingston, having set forth this exalted standard to her countrywomen, took her departure. Mrs. Reed echoed the word "Patriotic" with a sigh. "She hasn't the first idea of the meaning, and Mr. Livingston making a fortune out of those contracts. Then there are the Marshalls she talked of—he has some, I don't know what. And Mrs. Marshall gave me three dollars, and two old shirts, and a peck of currants for my poor fellows! She said the times were so hard that it was the duty of every one to be economical and provide for what might happen. Besides, the girls wanted to go to Sharon, and Howard to Lake Superior, and they were both such expensive trips. If Howard Marshall were my son he should take a trip to the army instead!" and she rose up to order lunch with a gesture of impatience.

"Poor Nell! you never could make the world roll on your wheels, could you? An enthusiastic temperament is a great inconvenience, isn't it? Don't you know how you used to bore me with your Children's Aid Society? I verily believe you preferred to kiss and fondle those wretched little monkeys than your own sweet, clean-looking children! I used to tell Tom he was the victim of an unrequited attachment to his mother—that he must get up a pair of ragged trousers and a dirty face if he expected any attention from you!"

"What slander! You know I never neglected my children or my house. Ask Mr. Reed. I have never failed to meet him in the hall—and dressed for dinner, too—but twice in the last five years."

"I'll take that back; but I did see you kiss one of them—a forlorn little chap, in a suit two sizes too large for him—the day you took me to see them start for the West."

"Well, he hadn't been kissed before since his mother died, I dare say, and it did him good. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's doing very well with a farmer in Michigan, and only wishes he was eighteen, so he could enlist."

And here the lunch-tray came to Mrs. Chandler's aid.

"What delicious rolls!—your cook is excellent; but Peter has stinted us in raspberries to-

day." Mrs. Chandler helped herself bountifully, however, and then to powdered sugar and cream.

"I have had him save all he could for tomorrow; and these fresh rolls are a part of the hospital-baking."

"You can't be so absurd, Nell, as to pamper those fellows that way! I don't wonder half of them report on the sick-list for the sake of getting sent here."

"Margaret, were you ever sick?"

"No, nothing to speak of—a headache now and then."

"Well, I have been; and, what is more, I have nursed a sick husband for years. If you had lain, day after day, with the sight of the most delicate food distasteful to you, and had been the recipient of an unexpected delicacy—game, or jelly—from some kind neighbor, which gave you the requisite nourishment fancied at the moment, you could better understand what these things do for these men. Go and see."

Mrs. Chandler found herself called next day at an unreasonably early hour for her ease-loving disposition. The sun was just fairly above the horizon; but early as it was, when she descended to the breakfast-room Mrs. Reed was already seated at the tray. She was in a neat chintz morning-dress, with plain linen collar and cuffs; a gray cloak and round straw-hat lay on a chair beside her. Near by stood a large market-basket, with the covers a little raised, disclosing a large supply of hot-house flowers. A tin kettle and a green traveling-bag completed the list of preparations.

"Do you turn out at this frightful hour twice a-week?" asked Mrs. Chandler, as she took an egg from the maid-servant, whose dress differed very little from that of her mistress, except in the matter of a "fit." "What, Mr. Reed and all the children too! Your mother's training you up in the missionary line, isn't she, Tom? But, Mr. Reed, you're too old and too much of an invalid to put up with such impositions."

"It's a pleasure to be imposed upon in a good cause," Mr. Reed returned, pleasantly. "Don't you say so, Tom?"

"Jack and I gathered all the raspberries—didn't we, Jack? Peter helped a little, but he had the flowers to cut."

"Florence and papa tied them, and I helped cook butter the biscuit," added Anne, the eldest girl; "but the flowers didn't all get done."

"Cousin Margaret will want some work to do over on the island—she can finish," said their mother.

"But be sure my bouquet goes to the sick man that can't see his little children," pleaded Florence.

"And the drummer-boy gets some of the raspberries."

"I buttered two of the very brownest biscuits for the one that can't turn in bed—plenty of butter, too!" urged Anne, as her mother, having supplied numerous wants and given as many charges, began drawing on her gloves.

"What a breakfast you've made!" said Mrs. Chandler. "Your philanthropy doesn't hurt your appetite; and these children eat like little hunters!"

"A good breakfast is the best of disinfectants," said Mrs. Reed. "If I were to go without it I might dread Mrs. Livingston's 'ship-fever;' as it is, I am fortified by this and my lunch. All ready, Ellen? Be sure the children are in time for school. Get your books together, Tom; don't forget your drawing-pencils, Anne; and Florence can finish that towel."

Mr. Reed rose and handed them into the light-wagon at the door. "Don't overwork yourself, Nell, or I shall cut off supplies!" The husband and wife exchanged a look of trust and affection. Happy are those lives that walk hand in hand in every good word and work!

"I didn't hear any orders for dinner given," said Mrs. Chandler, as they drove away under the deep morning shadows of the trees lining the roadside. "I dare say your business is meat and drink to you, but I shall need something more substantial."

"I suppose you never heard of giving orders overnight? Seriously, Margaret, you must not accuse me of neglecting my own family. I should be condemned in every thing I did or said if I had that hanging over me. I used to do it at first, and get in horrible snarls, lose my temper, and fret the servants and the children. I knew it was all wrong, and I was tempted to give the whole thing up. Then I reflected that it might be a temptation set in my way to hinder me. Sloth and coldness are not the sins of enthusiastic temperaments; so I went over the ground to see how I could conquer those peculiar to me. I found that industry and forethought were my proper weapons. My beloved pattern, Bishop Wilson, says of our charities, if we would curtail luxury and vanity our hands would never be empty; so I discovered that cutting off unnecessary visiting and engagements, and a little self-denial in the way of naps and light reading, gave me all the time I needed."

"But your health, my friend!"

"Absurd, Margaret! Who ever talks about their health when pleasure is the object. What fatigues have you and I not undergone for evening parties, and in giving them! Only think of the expense and worries. One day at Saratoga, with the dressing, and driving, and talking, and inevitable gossip, was worse than a week of my present life."

They drove on in silence for a while—Mrs. Chandler enjoying the pure morning air, the pretty glimpses of brook, and pond, and trimly-kept villa, all along the way, with exquisite coloring in sky and foliage, and the exhilarating sense of life and freshness which a drive later in the day never gives. Presently the river came in sight, and the little ferry-house to which they were bound. Early as it was several carriages stood there. Their occupants were waiting for the morning boat, others were strolling about in the shade, and among them Mrs. Marshall and

a daughter, dressed in a handsome traveling costume.

The ladies exchanged salutations. "Are you going to volunteer for the Island to-day, Miss Clementina?" Mrs. Reed said, brightly. "I shall be delighted to have you for an aid."

"No indeed;" and the sloping shoulders were shrugged with an expression of aversion. "Ma and me are going down to shop for the Springs."

"Yes, dreadful work this hot weather, and every one out of town," said Mrs. Marshall, plaintively. "I expect to be worn-out before the day is through, but we mothers have to make such sacrifices for our families. I don't see where you get the time;" and Mrs. Marshall's tone insinuated that Mrs. Reed's family had been robbed of it.

"She makes it," suggested Mrs. Chandler. "She has a new invention for turning it out—a pocket machine like that for rolling bandages, which she presents to all her friends."

"Don't you find those men very common?" added Mrs. Marshall. "The lowest rabble, I'm told; of course they must be. As Mr. Marshall says, we pay 'em for doing the fighting, and pay 'em well too—it's their trade. I dare say many of them were never so well off before, or had such good clothes and food as since they have been in the army."

"Well, I don't think they have been very luxurious and self-indulgent. You must go and see for yourself, as I tell every one, Mrs. Marshall."

"Oh dear no, excuse me: such associations are not at all to my taste. How mothers can let their daughters go I don't see. If Amelia Stirling were my child I should lock her up first. Clement, my love, how late the boat is, and the sun's getting so hot! You ladies have to mix with all sorts of people going over there, I see. Don't you think the army's very slow? I tell Mr. Marshall this war ought to have been over and done with long ago. I don't see why they don't get up five or six hundred thousand volunteers and put an end to it right off. It's so harrowing to read every day of all those killed and wounded! It wears upon a person's nerves so!"

Mrs. Marshall bade her acquaintances good-morning, and moved away to say to Mrs. Humphrey, who awaited the arrival of the boat in her carriage, that some people were willing to do any thing to get their names before the public, and manage things. For her part she thought charity began at home. Mrs. Reed's poor children were left half the time to the care of servants! It was the business of Government to see to this sort of thing; and Government did do it, Mr. Marshall said, only some people liked to thrust themselves forward and make a great fuss in the world. To which Mrs. Humphrey agreed; and both ladies proceeded to town to spend several hundred dollars, which their husbands had made directly or indirectly out of the war.

Meantime a different little crowd had gathered at the ferry-house. Other ladies, dressed as plainly as Mrs. Reed, and similarly armed with

tin kettles and market-baskets. Women in holiday finery, most of them bearing a baby on one arm and a large package or carpet-bag on the other; women in plainer clothing, with sadder faces; working-men in their best suits, farmer-looking people, and gentlemen, all speaking kindly to each other from their common interest. Mrs. Chandler shrank back a little from the contact when she found they were all to crowd into one large sail boat; but Mrs. Reed took her place as a matter of course, climbing down the steep boat stairs, pail in hand, the baskets handed after them by the men. A pleasant-looking person, in a half-clerical half-military dress sat in the bow of the boat. Near him a powerfully-built, gentlemanly man armed with a large carpet-bag; Mrs. Chandler set him down as some one connected with the business of the place.

It was indeed a pleasant sail among the moss-covered rocks and cedar-crowned little islands of the lovely bay; but Mrs. Chandler began to lose her usual light-heartedness in a dread of the unknown scenes of suffering which she just began to realize. Vague curiosity had drawn her into the expedition; she began to wish herself well out of it.

"Do yez know Patrick Brien," inquired one of the women near Mrs. Reed, "of the Fourty-ninth New York, ma'am?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Reed, warmly. "He has had the fever; are you his wife?"

"It's the same I am, ma'am."

"And this is your little boy. He will be so glad. He talks a great deal about you."

A ray of genuine pride and pleasure stole over the honest face. "It's a fine lad he is any how, ma'am, and a good husband as any poor body would wish. I tould him to go to the war myself. Sez I, Patrick, it's the counthry that has sheltered uz an' ours, and it isn't the likes of uz that should be hanging back."

"Can you tell me where William Harris may be found? Perhaps you know him too," said a pale-faced American girl in deep mourning. She looked like a girl, but for the shy child hanging on her dress.

"I think I know the name, but I am not quite certain." Mrs. Reed thought a moment. "Is he a tall, fine-looking man that has lost an arm?"

"Yes, the same," and a look of pain crossed the quiet face. "Oh, isn't it hard, ma'am?"

"Very; but he was so brave. That is the man I told you of who was talking to the surgeon all the while it was being amputated, Margaret. He is doing nicely, though; he was walking about last Friday. He takes it so cheerfully!"

"He loved his country; he knew what he was doing when he went; but he said Providence would take care of me and Johnny if he never came back. Are you the lady that wrote the letter for him when he first came here?"

"I believe I did—yes, I remember now. He has been off my list so long."

"Oh, if you knew the comfort it was. It was

the first news I had after the battle, and I saw in the papers that his company was in it. It was nearly two weeks, and I thought I should go crazy. I thought he must be dead."

"But you see he has been spared to you."

"Oh yes, it's a great blessing, and I'm willing to work my hands off to take care of him and Johnny."

Mrs. Chandler's kindest sympathies were aroused by this wifely devotion. When they had landed on the little wharf jutting out into the stream, she watched this woman toiling on in the hot sun with the child on her arm. She saw her near the encampment, and a man evidently on the watch came forward briskly to meet her. His one remaining arm was thrown tenderly around her neck as he stooped to kiss the anxious face raised to his, and then the red lips of the child. Tears were in her own eyes as she turned back to her companions.

The island, containing several acres of land, lay nearly a mile from the shore; its grassy slopes were covered with white hospital tents, pitched regularly; and a din of saw and hammer arose from the long line of rough buildings that were being erected on the brow of the hill. The whitewashed walls of two similar buildings already occupied gleamed among the trees. A neat villa-like house was pointed out as "head-quarters"—the residence of the physicians and head nurses.

An orderly touched his hat respectfully, and took up some of the baskets.

"They must go to the house to be examined," explained Mrs. Reed.

"What, when they know you so well!" Mrs. Chandler was rather indignant at the implied suspicion.

"It is a matter of form in our case," said one of Mrs. Reed's co-workers as they walked along together. "We have found out that pies and pound cake are not quite the thing for sick men; but perhaps good Mrs. Brien has not, and honest as she looks, she may possibly have a black bottle in her comfortable carpet-sack. You can understand how particular they have to be when there are thirty or forty affectionate relatives on every visiting day, who have shown more generosity than judgment in their selection of supplies."

They were passing near the tents, and Mrs. Chandler looked with almost awe at them when she found herself so near the suffering which they concealed. She could see through the openings ranges of iron bedsteads, and the irregular outlines of their coverings that betokened occupancy. At the doors sat pallid-looking men, with marks of pain and suffering on their faces; some with empty sleeves, and others resting upon crutches, first tithes of War's great harvest. The men all bowed politely, many of them with a placid smile as they recognized their visitors, and they received more than one military salute as they passed along.

Mrs. Chandler had plenty of time to note the incongruous mass of stores heaped and piled

in the large room to which they were shown. Bedding furnished by Government, hospital garments from the Sanitary Commission. Stacks of half-worn clothing; shelves loaded with farina, jars of jelly, wine, and other small stores; bandages, reading material, towels, hats, boots, and slippers, were a part of the stock her eyes wandered over. The morning's contributions had begun to arrive—fresh eggs, lemons, fruit, etc., decorated the long desk or table in the centre of the room. Their clerical-looking fellow-passenger came forward pleasantly:

"I see you have flowers for my men this morning, ladies: nothing they like better; a single rose reminds them of home. Dr. Smith will attend to your baskets in a moment; but I'm sure there's nothing contraband. Plenty of work for you this morning in my department, Mrs. Reed. All right, Dr. Smith? Thank you. I will take charge of these baskets, ladies, and appoint you head-quarters for the day."

"Our Chaplain," said Mrs. Reed, by way of introduction as they followed him, laden down himself, and pressing an orderly into the service. "Ah, Miss Mosely!—I am glad to see you looking so fresh—I have brought a recruit to-day," and she named Mrs. Chandler.

"I am going my rounds, shall I walk with your friend?" asked Miss Mosely, a tall, dignified woman of thirty or thirty-five. Mrs. Chandler's instinct divined that she was the head nurse or matron of the establishment. Across the hall from the store-room the door of a similar apartment stood open—the dispensary, where remedies were constantly applied for and given out.

"Now we must get the permission of the physician attending the division Mrs. Reed wishes to distribute in," explained Miss Mosely. "We might have confidence in her judgment, but we can not have in all, and our rules are stringent. We are going to the Sixth—I see the Chaplain knows where such things are most needed as well as myself."

"But does it not annoy the men to have strangers, and ladies too, coming upon them unannounced?"

"Oh no; you will see how their faces brighten up. You can think for yourself how dull it must be to lie day after day with no variety or change. Many of them are not even allowed to turn in bed—from the nature of their wounds; and are so far from their relatives that a woman's face is like sunshine. If the ladies came from idle curiosity it would be different, but I am happy to say we have few such visitors—most of them bring substantial proof of their interest. Will it shock you to see them? They are pretty well in this tent."

They had passed half-way down one of the long avenues; for the large, cool-looking tents were pitched with the regularity of streets—the longer intersected by shorter alleys, running between them. A row of five tents are on each side.

Miss Mosely stooped to enter one of them

designated as 35. Mrs. Chandler shrank back for an instant; but Mrs. Reed and her escort had suddenly disappeared, and she conquered the sickening feeling of nameless dread, and followed her. The tent, or rather tents—for there were two joined in the centre—were high, and perhaps eighteen or twenty feet long; rows of iron bedsteads, the same as those used in her own servants' rooms at home, extended on each side; "six on a side," as one of the men laughingly said, with an alley way between the rows, and room to pass between each bed. They were neatly made up, with good mattresses, white blankets, by no means coarse, cotton sheets and pillow-case, and a light blue-and-white coverlet, with damasked figures. Nothing could be more tidy. The board floor was raised a foot from the ground and scrubbed as clean as hands could make it. A chair or stool stood beside each bed, with a tin or white earthenware mug of ice-water, a book or two, writing materials, or a bouquet of flowers.

Miss Mosely entered brightly. "Well, and how are you this morning—and you"—nodding her head—"and you? Up, I see, to-day. We shall have you applying for a furlough directly. And what can I do for you?" to another apparently suffering more than the rest—"The lemons are coming; I did not forget."

"Thanks," said the sick man, dropping his head upon the pillow again. "I am so thirsty; I crave some lemonade so!" he murmured, half to himself.

"This is our mother," said one of the men, with a grateful affectionateness, as Miss Mosely seated herself on the foot of the bed and began to inquire into their wants, or name their cases.

"Yes, indeed, she's just like a mother to us," echoed another.

"Oh how ungallant! Am I so old? Say sister."

"No, a sister wouldn't do as you do: nobody but a mother."

"You will have plenty of ladies to see you to-day, I expect."

"They're all welcome—taking so much trouble for us poor miserable fellows!" This was said by a young man not over twenty-five, with a fine intelligent face, but his right leg shot away.

He looked so cheerful under it that Mrs. Chandler ventured to say, "Your fighting days are over."

"Oh no, I guess not. We boys think of setting up a one-legged brigade; we have ten volunteers in this division."

"You with but one leg!"

"Oh, that's not so bad, when one can get around still. There's poor Harris, in 36, across the row, without either foot. Here he comes now."

It was a sad sight—that fine stalwart man, with his hardy brown face, getting along, by the aid of a pair of short crutches, upon his knees.

"Both feet!" said Mrs. Chandler, in horror. "In what battle?"

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"No battle—it was done on picket-duty—a shell exploded close by him. It's not all the battles that brings us here; it's picket-duty, and trenches, and hardships. We don't mind the fighting."

"There is your friend now; she is beckoning to you," said Miss Mosely. "You had best keep near her; you would soon be lost in these tents. Well, my lads, I'll see you again directly;" and they followed the Chaplain, who still bore Mrs. Reed's basket to a tent he had designated when they first set out.

The men received them with great cordiality. They were nearly all convalescent, dressed wholly or partially, and employed in reading, playing checkers, or bantering each other. At the farthest corner one fortunate fellow had secured a morning paper, and was reading the telegraphic news aloud to two or three others. Here, too, was the Saxon-haired gentleman of the ferry-boat, whom Mrs. Chandler had mistaken for a commissary. What could he be—head nurse? His coat was off, and he was helping prop up a gentlemanly-looking young man, with a face where vivacity struggled with the haggard touches of illness.

"Here's my father come to see me," he called out to Miss Mosely, as if sure of her sympathy in his pleasure. "All the way from Cleveland! He seems to think I'm worth looking after. And all these budgets from home!" His bed was covered with the thoughtful tokens of affection that had emerged from the plethoric carpet-bag. "This is one of the ladies I told you about, father, who has been so kind to us."

Mrs. Chandler envied Mrs. Reed the cordial clasp of the hand and the father's grateful acknowledgments. "May some one do as much for a son of yours some day, Madam!" Certainly these were not the "low class" Mrs. Marshall had spoken of. One of the most active had handed her a chair with all the politeness of a drawing-room.

"You are to have flowers to-day," said the chaplain, "as a reward of merit. Good-morning ladies! these gentlemen," and he emphasized the word, "are glad to see you, and will respect the contents of your baskets, or any thing else you may intrust to their care."

"Your gruel," suggested Miss Mosely. "Here are my fever-patients."

"Oh yes; you will finish the bouquets and distribute them," said Mrs. Reed, disappearing as abruptly as she had done before in the wake of the nurse, who went to point out those to whom the homely but nourishing oat-meal would be grateful.

"When I was sick," said one of the men to Mrs. Chandler, "that lady's oat-meal was all I could fancy. I could drink any thing, but I could not eat." Mrs. Chandler's momentary embarrassment at her novel position began to wear away, as one after another received the tasteful bouquets Mrs. Reed and her children had provided.

"Our tent will look like a fair," said one of the men, as he placed his in water.

"Yes, to-day will go off quick, it's had such a good beginning," said another.

"It must be very dull lying here alone," Mrs. Chandler said.

"Oh, you have no idea! If the ladies didn't come now and then we couldn't get along any way. It's so different from camp—so lonesome."

"Yes, there's always something going on in camp."

This was all very pleasant, but Mrs. Chandler began to speculate whether it was worth taxing Mrs. Reed's time and energies to help the time pass, and make up for the excitement of camp.

But she soon found that her initiation had been made as gentle as possible. Now for more painful scenes.

"We will take Florence's bouquet to Mr. Potter," Mrs. Reed said, returning with an empty pail. "He is in No. 60, poor fellow!—his arm amputated."

But there was no bright smile of recognition for little Florence's patriotic arrangement of balm, and larkspur, and queen of the meadow, into a "red, white, and blue" bouquet. The patient was asleep, his head drooping upon his pillow, his face contracted by pain, and damp with the heavy dews that had followed exhausting fever. Mrs. Reed wiped his brow softly. "He is such a fine intelligent man, and so fond of his children! He is not so well to-day?" she said to the man lying nearest.

"No, he has been bad since Friday. His wife and little boy came, and they felt so bad, and he felt so bad."

"You are looking well."

"Oh yes, I have a first-rate appetite now; the doctor lets me eat any thing."

Mrs. Reed put a handful of ruby-colored currants on the *Harper's Weekly* he had been reading. His face shone with pleasure.

"That looks like home! I never went without fruit before in all my life. There's always plenty of currants to father's. My! if I was home wouldn't the old garden suffer?"

"Your eyes look weak, shall I read to you a while? You ought not to use them so much."

"I know it." Mrs. Reed had paused before a bed on which a most respectable looking man, forty-five or fifty years old, was lying.

"I think too much if I don't read. Oh, if my wife was only here. How I do want to see her!"

"Where is your home?" asked Mrs. Chandler. There was such a quiet sadness in the tone, and in the expression of that good honest face.

"In the western part of this State, ma'am. I have got a good wife and a good farm if I could only get to them."

"How came you to go to the war when you were so comfortably situated?" she asked, involuntarily.

"Because I felt my country needed me," the

man said, almost proudly. "My oldest son and I volunteered at the very first."

"And where is he?"

"God only knows, ma'am: we haven't heard from him for three months."

"And we grudge a little time and money to comfort such as these!" thought Mrs. Chandler, self-reprovingly. "Men who have made such sacrifices!"

"I don't see what else any one would go to the war for," said a dark-haired young man, leaning forward. "'Tain't for ease, nor fun, nor for pay. I was getting nineteen dollars a month, and I 'listed for thirteen. 'Tain't much fun to lie on the bare ground in the slush and rain after a hard tramp up to your knees in mud, and nothing to eat but hard biscuit."

"But you have other things; Government provides liberally."

"We hain't nothing against Government; it's the officers and people that looks out for themselves and lets us take what we can ketch. They can't help it always neither; sometimes we have to throw away every thing, even if we have good food and things to cook it with. In the battle I got wounded in our officers told us to throw away all we could, and then the enemy occupied our camp and we lost every thing."

"But in such a case it is made up to you, surely!"

"Out of our pay, ma'am; no other way. All the things we got was charged to us. 'Tain't a money-making business—fighting ain't," the man added, good-naturedly.

A low groan sounded from the pillow where Florence's flowers had been deposited. The dark eyes of the sleeper opened with a start of pain. The face was fine, almost noble, but dead-ly pale, and the heavy dampness had gathered again upon his forehead.

"Water—ice-water!" said the man, turning wearily. "Oh, why don't that nurse come!"

"He is busy with the doctor now," said Mrs. Reed, soothingly. "Let me get you some."

"Oh, it's too much trouble;" but the denial was faint. Mrs. Reed took the tin cup and started to find the ice. It was several tents off; and in one she passed through a new face arrested her attention: it was sunken and corpse-like.

"You are not well to-day; what has been the matter?"

"Fever; but I'm getting better now, if I could only eat." This was whispered in such a feeble, husky voice. "I don't fancy any thing."

"How would cold chicken do?"

"Why, that's just what you was wantin' this mornin'," said the good-natured Irish girl who had been scrubbing the floor. The man looked as if it was too much to expect.

"I will bring you some directly." But in the mean time Mr. Potter's pillows were turned and his forehead bathed.

"It's my mind—my mind—that troubles me," he moaned. "Five babies, and nothing to depend upon! It's a hard case, isn't it?" he said, with an eager, appealing look.

Mrs. Reed stooped beside his pillow.

"All these things are against me," she said, softly. "Yes, I know how you feel, my poor friend! but God knows it too, and He can do more for you than even my wishes could bring about if I could realize them. If I feel so ready to help you, only think what His pity and sympathy must be! That ball did not come by chance; for you know that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His care. And yet He must have had some purpose of good in it. He does not afflict willingly."

The contracted brow grew smooth; quiet tears fell from the large dark eyes. "Oh, I know it, I know it; but I forgot it lying here! Every thing looks so dark—so dark! but He sends such as you to remind us of it!"

The one remaining hand moved nervously in search of a handkerchief. "Never mind; I forgot the woman promised to wash it for me."

Mrs. Chandler involuntarily placed her own, with its dainty hem-stitched border, within his reach. "Take it; please do!" she said, with earnestness.

Mrs. Reed looked up meaningly; Mrs. Chandler blushed with the recollection of what she had said the day before.

"Could you write a letter for me?"—and a thin hand from the opposite bed clutched Mrs. Reed's dress.

"This lady will do it for you, I am sure;" and Mrs. Chandler found herself supplied, from Mrs. Reed's green traveling-bag, with writing materials and a small port-folio. She began to enter into the spirit of the hour, and feel pleased that she could be of service.

"Is it to your mother?" she said, drawing closer to the pillow of the applicant.

"I have no mother, nor father either"—and the young man's face fell—"oh, I wish I had!" And then came the message to one who had been kind to his orphaned boyhood.

"It is hard to be so alone in the world," said Mrs. Chandler, as she folded the letter.

"Very. I lie here and think about it till my heart aches," he said, plaintively, and his features worked convulsively to press back the coming tears. "If my mother had only known, when she died, how I was going to lie here! Excuse me, but I can't talk of my mother without crying. I don't think boys appreciate a mother when they have one. Do you? I think when a mother dies, and a boy is young, he always thinks more about her;" and now the tears escaped from the compressed eyelids.

"You are very patient." It was a homage she could not forbear paying to this gentle, uncomplaining sufferer. "How long have you lain here?"

"A month; and I must stay a month longer before I can turn, the doctor says. But he is very good to me—every body is—and Jesus helps me not to murmur."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these, ye have done it unto me," flashed through Mrs. Chandler's mind; "sick and in prison,

and ye visited me." She looked around for Mrs. Reed, and saw her beckoning from the adjoining tent.

"This lady will sing for you," she said to some one not far from the door, as Mrs. Chandler entered.

"Oh! Nell, I can't—I never did such a thing!" Not that she had never sung; her musical ability was her chief talent.

"He is a dying man, don't refuse him. The doctor says it may soothe this dreadful restlessness. Don't look at his face," whispered Mrs. Reed. But she had looked, and the ghostly impress of approaching death was indeed fixed on those painfully emaciated features. "He wants you to sing 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,'" said a comrade; "a lady sung it for him the other day."

Away back among childish memories this quaint old hymn, sung by a favorite nurse, was hidden. As she essayed the first verse her voice trembled, and she could scarcely enunciate the blessed praise:

"Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power."

But never in all her life had words assumed such a fitness as these to the scene before her. No strain of Handel or Mozart had ever aroused such emotions as this simple hymn sung by a stranger's death-bed. Gradually her voice grew stronger as she was calmed by those hopeful words, and she threw a wonderful expression into them, in her desire that they should bring peace and comfort to the trembling heart, pausing in the dark valley. The other men listened reverently, and one or two tried to join in the familiar strain. The inmates of neighboring tents gathered about the door, but she did not heed them.

"Something else," "one more," was asked again and again, until the blessed calm of sleep came to eyes that had not been closed for hours. Mrs. Chandler rose fairly trembling with the effort she had made and the excitement of the scene. Mrs. Reed looked at her watch for the first time that busy day.

"We must be on our way to the wharf soon," she said, as they left the tent, "to meet the three o'clock boat. I find that I can not stay later than that without an exhaustion which unfits me for being any service here, and might expose me to illness. Have you seen enough?"

"Oh, Nell!"

They walked on slowly down the avenues, stopping here and there as Mrs. Reed recognized a former patient or had an inquiry to make. As they neared the lower divisions an unusual stir and bustle was perceptible among them, and they noticed a steamer lying at the crowded wharf. It was not a noisy demonstration. On the contrary, an almost startling quiet pervaded all engaged, and presently they came face to face with two men bearing a ghastly stretcher, with a melancholy burden—a human figure, drawn out with almost the rigor of death, the white face turned wearily from the sunshine,

and half-shaded by a cavalry hat and broken plume.

"It must be the wounded from the last battle!" said Mrs. Reed, with a half shudder. This was a new scene even to her; and for the past five days her heart had been so full of the sufferings of these very men.

Yes; another and another such painful burden was borne past them, and now as they neared the landing they met men walking, with slow and painful steps, weighed down by a heavy blanket and an almost empty haversack, or their failing strength assisted by some attendant or kind-hearted by-stander. Thin embrowned faces, which made the pallor of brow and lip all the more noticeable; clothing begrimed by the smoke and dust of battle, and stiff with blood oozing slowly from their wounds through that long and wearing journey; figures bent and stooping from weakness and disease, maimed or missing limbs; a slow, straggling, melancholy, dumb procession:—these were the fine stalwart men who marched through our streets so gayly a year before! Mrs. Chandler gazed with a sensation of actual physical pain and heaviness at her heart. Mrs. Reed spoke kindly to such as came in her way as they moved through the little throng.

"You have had a hard journey; but you will be very comfortable here," to one. "I saw a nice white bed waiting for you," to another.

"You are among friends—you have got home. You have only to lie still and get well now."

Such looks of surprise, brightening into pleasure, as these few simple words brought to those weary or anguished faces!

They paused by a young man, almost a lad, whose courageous spirit was beyond his strength. He had essayed to walk alone, but sank down by the road-side, ten steps from the landing.

"I had to give in," he said, brightly, as he saw the ladies near him; "but it's good to see a lady once more after nine months in camp!"

"We shall come and see you when you are rested."

"Oh, I sha'n't be here long; I must be back to the boys. We've got a good set of boys—what's left—and a first-rate captain."

"I'm glad of that;" and Mrs. Reed answered the frank, communicative lad in his own cheerful way. "There's nothing like a good captain to make a good set of 'boys.'"

"Jess so!" and renewed animation came into the pleasant young face. "Some captains think of nothing but themselves and their own ease. Ours ain't one of them. Why he's just like one of us; he eats just what we do, and sleeps right down among us. He says he don't want any better fare than they give his men; and we'd follow him to—I beg pardon, ladies; but we get rough in camp. I was going to say a bad word; I know 'tain't right."

"You ought to be ready to follow another CAPTAIN, then, for the same reason," said Mrs. Reed, pleased at the quick apology. "One who did that very same thing for all of us, took

our life with all its humility and hardships;" and as she spoke, such an exceeding blessed sense of all that He had laid aside for us, and all that He had endured for us filled her heart that it went out to Him with new longings and vows of service. She had received her wages for that day's labor and self-denial.

"They are leaving that poor fellow in the sun a long time;" Mrs. Chandler pointed to a stretcher set down near the gangway of the steamer. "He is half-hidden by that pile of lumber; they are overlooking him."

But alas! its occupant was past all help or disquiet. Death had met him at his journey's end.

She had seen all now. Loss, suffering—wearied hearts, brave, hopeful hearts—and here the drama's close! She felt as if she could never smile again as they glided silently away from the sloping green shore. So much voiceless, uncomplaining misery in those glistening, white tents, and in the homes they were wearying to see! so much courage and self-sacrifice! so

much devotion to a country that scarcely heeded these numberless patient offerings to its need! to a people who went on their way "as in the days of Noe, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage." Well for them if the flood of desolation come not and "take them all away!"

For herself the lesson of the day had not been unfolded in vain. She knew it was but a tithe of the crimson harvest of War; that all over her country, in the dull walls of city hospitals, in the white tents pitched by wood and coast and stream, such scenes were daily transpiring. Her country! Not only in the portion to which we are learning to limit our devotion, but in that where the wind of this whirlwind was sown, strong men were bearing the anguish of pain and death, and women the heavier burden of suspense and breaking hearts; and she went out of the sunshine of her own undimmed life into the shadow of theirs, and so fulfilled the law of Divine sympathy and love.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER IX.

A MAN'S RANSOM.

TITO was soon down among the crowd, and, notwithstanding his indifferent reply to Nello's question about his chance acquaintance, he was not without a passing wish, as he made his way round the piazza to the Corso degli Adimari, that he might encounter the pair of blue eyes which had looked up toward him from under the square bit of white linen drapery that formed the ordinary hood of the contadina at *festa* time. He was perfectly well aware that that face was Tessa's; but he had not chosen to say so. What had Nello to do with the matter? Tito had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows.

But the passing wish about pretty Tessa was almost immediately eclipsed by the recurrent recollection of that friar whose face had some irrecoverable association for him. Why should a sickly fanatic, worn with fasting, have looked at *him* in particular, and where in all his travels could he remember encountering that face before? Folly! such vague memories hang about the mind like cobwebs, with tickling importunity—best to sweep them away at a dash: and Tito had pleasanter occupation for his thoughts. By the time he was turning out of the Corso degli Adimari into a side street he was caring only that the sun was high, and that the procession had kept him longer than he had intended

from his visit to that room in the Via de' Bardi, where his coming, he knew, was anxiously awaited. He felt the scene of his entrance beforehand: the joy beaming diffusedly in the blind face like the light in a semi-transparent lamp; the transient pink flush on Romola's face and neck, which subtracted nothing from her majesty, but only gave it the exquisite charm of womanly sensitiveness, heightened still more by what seemed the paradoxical, boy-like frankness of her look and smile. They were the best comrades in the world during the hours they passed together round the blind man's chair: she was constantly appealing to Tito, and he was informing her, yet he felt himself strangely in subjection to Romola with that majestic simplicity of hers: he felt for the first time, without defining it to himself, that loving awe in the presence of noble womanhood which is, perhaps, something like the worship paid of old to a great nature-goddess, who was not all-knowing, but whose life and power were something deeper and more primordial than knowledge. They had never been alone together, and he could frame to himself no probable image of love-scenes between them: he could only fancy and wish wildly—what he knew was impossible—that Romola would some day tell him that she loved him. One day in Greece, as he was leaning over a wall in the sunshine, a little black-eyed peasant girl, who had rested her water-pot on the wall, crept gradually nearer and nearer to him, and at last shyly asked him to kiss her, putting up her round olive cheek very innocently. Tito was used to love that came in this unsought fashion. But Romola's love would never come in that way—would it ever come at all? and yet

it was that topmost apple on which he had set his mind. He was in his fresh youth—not passionate, but impressible: it was as inevitable that he should feel lovingly toward Romola as that the white irises should be reflected in the clear sunlit stream; but he had no coxcombry, and he had an intimate sense that Romola was something very much above him. Many men have felt the same before a large-eyed, simple child.

Nevertheless Tito had had the rapid success which would have made some men presuming, or would have warranted him in thinking that there would be no great presumption in entertaining an agreeable confidence that he might one day be the husband of Romola—nay, that her father himself was not without a vision of such a future for him. His first auspicious interview with Bartolommeo Scala had proved the commencement of a growing favor on the Secretary's part, and had led to an issue which would have been enough to make Tito decide on Florence as the place in which to establish himself, even if it had held no other magnet. Politian was professor of Greek as well as Latin at Florence, professorial chairs being maintained there, although the university had been removed to Pisa; but for a long time Demetrio Calcondila, one of the most eminent and respectable among the emigrant Greeks, had also held a Greek chair, simultaneously with the too predominant Italian. Calcondila was now gone to Milan, and there was no counterpoise or rival to Politian such as was desired for him by the friends who wished him to be taught a little propriety and humility. Scala was far from being the only friend of this class, and he found several who, if they were not among those thirsty admirers of mediocrity that were glad to be refreshed with his verses in hot weather, were yet quite willing to join him in doing that moral service to Politian. It was finally agreed that Tito should be supported in a Greek chair, as Demetrio Calcondila had been by Lorenzo himself, who, being at the same time the affectionate patron of Politian, had shown by precedent that there was nothing invidious in such a measure, but only a zeal for true learning and the instruction of the Florentine youth.

Tito was thus sailing under the fairest breeze, and besides convincing fair judges that his talents squared with his good fortune, he wore that fortune so easily and unpretentiously that no one had yet been offended by it. He was not unlikely to get into the best Florentine society: society where there was much more plate than the circle of enameled silver in the centre of the brass dishes, and where it was not forbidden by the Signory to wear the richest brocade. For where could a handsome young scholar not be welcome when he could touch the lute and troll a gay song? That bright face, that easy smile, that liquid voice, seemed to give life a holiday aspect; just as a strain of gay music and the hoisting of colors make the work-worn and the sad rather ashamed of showing themselves. Here

was a professor likely to render the Greek classics amiable to the sons of great houses.

And that was not the whole of Tito's good fortune; for he had sold all his jewels, except the ring he did not choose to part with, and he was master of full five hundred gold florins.

Yet the moment when he first had this sum in his possession was the crisis of the first serious struggle his facile, good-humored nature had known. An importunate thought, of which he had till now refused to see more than the shadow as it dogged his footsteps, at last rushed upon him and grasped him: he was obliged to pause and decide whether he would surrender and obey, or whether he would give the refusal that must carry irrevocable consequences. It was in the room above Nello's shop, which Tito had now hired as a lodging, that the elder Cennini handed him the last quota of the sum on behalf of Bernardo Rucellai, the purchaser of the Cleopatra.

"*Ecco, giovane mio!*" said the respectable printer and goldsmith, "you have now a pretty little fortune; and if you will take my advice, you will let me place your florins in a safe quarter, where they may increase and multiply, instead of slipping through your fingers for banquets and other follies which are rife among our Florentine youth. And it has been too much the fashion of scholars, especially when, like our Pietro Crinito, they think their scholarship needs to be scented and brodered, to squander with one hand till they have been fain to beg with the other. I have brought you the money, and you are free to make a wise choice or an unwise: I shall see on which side the balance dips. We Florentines hold no man a member of an Art till he has shown his skill and been matriculated; and no man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted. If you make up your mind to put your florins out to usury, you can let me know to-morrow. A scholar may marry, and should have something in readiness for the *morgen-cap*.* Addio."

As Cennini closed the door behind him Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt, looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!"—who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this mid-day sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts and with the most passionate heart—a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father—if that man were now under this summer sun toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted be-

* A sum given by the bridegroom to the bride the day after the marriage (*Morgengabe*).

cause he was not deft and active? If he were saying to himself, "Tito will find me: he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito, see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by soft airs of promised love and prosperity: I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain*. But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel on its way to Delos: that was known by the report of the companion galley, which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probable bloodshed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and what had befallen them among all the multitude of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumor that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice; get authoritative letters—yes, he knew that might be done—and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins on preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer—with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again, and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain—yes, if I were certain that Baldassarre Calvo was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now—now I have the money: it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolommeo Scala and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth he was aware there would have been no alternative for him but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself, what he was not ignorant of, that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard that as an exceptional virtue.

This was his first real colloquy with himself: he had gone on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact: he had never considered this part of his conduct long enough to face the

consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true, the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassarre, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome. Baldassarre was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations; and age—the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition, may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervor from novelty will be of little help toward making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distills perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind? Far in the backward vista of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassarre had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassarre's knee; and from that time till the hour they had parted Tito had been the one centre of Baldassarre's fatherly cares.

Well, he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright, lovely boy; a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest—a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some response, still he did not look moody; if he declined some labor—why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air, that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession: the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable good-humor in them. And then the quick talent, to which every thing came readily, from philosophic systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made due return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but *it was not certain* that Baldassarre was in slavery, not certain that he was living.

"Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made since he had

turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit every thing, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins: I will place them in his hands to-morrow."

When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act he had chosen his color in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain forever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact, that by it the hope in lies is forever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in this first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered and interrupted had now concentrated themselves: the little rills of selfishness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return, and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course; he had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary enemy—that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was hopeless.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

On the day of San Giovanni it was already three weeks ago that Tito had handed his florins to Cennini, and we have seen that as he set out toward the Via de' Bardi he showed all the outward signs of a mind at ease. How should it be otherwise? He never jarred with what was immediately around him, and his nature was too joyous, too unapprehensive, for the hidden

and the distant to grasp him in the shape of a dread. As he turned out of the hot sunshine into the shelter of a narrow street, took off the black cloth *berretta*, or simple cap with upturned lappet, which just crowned his brown curls, pushing his hair and tossing his head backward to court the cooler air, there was no brand of duplicity on his brow, neither was there any stamp of candor: it was simply a finely formed, square, smooth young brow; and the slow absent glance he cast round at the upper windows of the houses had neither more dissimulation in it, nor more ingenuousness, than belongs to a youthful well-opened eyelid with its unwearied breadth of gaze; to perfectly pellucid lenses; to the undimmed dark of a rich brown iris; and to a pure cerulean-tinted angle of whiteness streaked with the delicate shadows of long eyelashes. Was it that Tito's face attracted or repelled according to the mental attitude of the observer? Was it a cipher with more than one key? The strong, unmistakable expression in his whole air and person was a negative one, and it was perfectly veracious; it declared the absence of any uneasy claim, any restless vanity, and it made the admiration that followed him as he passed among the troop of holiday-makers a thoroughly willing tribute.

For by this time the stir of the Festa was felt even in the narrowest side streets; the throng which had at one time been concentrated in the lines through which the procession had to pass was now streaming out in all directions in pursuit of a new object. Such intervals of a Festa are precisely the moments when the vaguely active animal spirits of a crowd are likely to be the most petulant and most ready to sacrifice a stray individual to the greater happiness of the greater number. As Tito entered the neighborhood of San Martino, he found the throng rather denser; and near the hostelry of the *Bertucce*, or Baboons, there was evidently some object which was arresting the passengers and forming them into a knot. It needed nothing of great interest to draw aside passengers unfreighted with a purpose, and Tito was preparing to turn aside into an adjoining street, when, amidst the loud laughter, his ear discerned a distressed childish voice crying, "Loose me! Holy Virgin, help me!" which at once determined him to push his way into the knot of gazers. He had just had time to perceive that the distressed voice came from a young *contadina*, whose white hood had fallen off in the struggle to get her hands free from the grasp of a man in the parti-colored dress of a *cerretano*, or conjuror, who was making laughing attempts to soothe and cajole her, evidently carrying with him the amused sympathy of the spectators, who by a persuasive variety of words, signifying simpleton, for which the Florentine dialect is rich in equivalents, seemed to be arguing with the *contadina* against her obstinacy. At the first moment the girl's face was turned away, and he saw only her light-brown hair plaited and fastened with a long silver pin; but in the next, the struggle brought

her face opposite to Tito's, and he saw the baby features of Tessa, her blue eyes filled with tears, and her under-lip quivering. Tessa, too, saw him, and through the mist of her swelling tears there beamed a sudden hope, like that in the face of a little child, when, held by a stranger against its will, it sees a familiar hand stretched out.

In an instant Tito had pushed his way through the barrier of by-standers, whose curiosity made them ready to turn aside at the sudden interference of this handsome young signor, had grasped Tessa's waist, and had said, "Loose this maiden! What right have you to hold her against her will?"

The conjuror—a man with one of those faces in which the angles of the eyes and eyebrows, of the nostrils, mouth, and sharply-defined jaw, all tend upward—showed his small regular teeth in an impish but not ill-natured grin, as he let go Tessa's hands, and stretched out his own backward, shrugging his shoulders, and bending them forward a little in a half-apologetic, half-protesting manner.

"I meant the *ragazza* no evil in the world, Messere: ask this respectable company. I was only going to show them a few samples of my skill, in which this little damsel might have helped me the better because of her kitten face, which would have assured them of open dealing; and I had promised her a lapful of *confetti* as a reward. But what then? Messer has doubtless better *confetti* at hand, and she knows it."

A general laugh among the by-standers accompanied these last words of the conjuror, raised, probably, by the look of relief and confidence with which Tessa clung to Tito's arm, as he drew it from her waist and placed her hand within it. She only cared about the laugh as she might have cared about the roar of wild beasts from which she was escaping, not attaching any meaning to it; but Tito, who had no sooner got her on his arm than he foresaw some embarrassment in the situation, hastened to get clear of observers, who, having been despoiled of an expected amusement, were sure to re-establish the balance by jests.

"See, see, little one! here is your hood," said the conjuror, throwing the bit of white drapery over Tessa's head. "*Orsù*, bear me no malice; come back to me when Messere can spare you."

"Ah! Maestro Vaiano, she'll come back presently, as the toad said to the harrow," called out one of the spectators, seeing how Tessa started and shrank at the action of the conjuror.

Tito pushed his way vigorously toward the corner of a side street, a little vexed at this delay in his progress to the Via de' Bardi, and intending to get rid of the poor little contadina as soon as possible. The next street, too, had its passengers inclined to make holiday remarks at so unusual a pair; but they had no sooner entered it than he said, in a kind but hurried manner, "Now, little one, where were you going? Are you come by yourself to the Festa?"

"Ah no!" said Tessa, looking frightened and distressed again; "I have lost my mother in the crowd—her and my father-in-law. They will be angry—he will beat me. It was in the crowd in San Pulinari—somebody pushed me along and I couldn't stop myself, so I got away from them. Oh, I don't know where they're gone! Please, don't leave me!"

Her eyes had been swelling with tears again, and she ended with a sob.

Tito hurried along again: the Church of the Badia was not far off. They could enter it by the cloister that opened at the back, and in the church he could talk to Tessa—perhaps leave her. No! it was an hour at which the church was not open; but they paused under the shelter of the cloister, and he said, "Have you no cousin or friend in Florence, my little Tessa, whose house you could find; or are you afraid of walking by yourself since you have been frightened by the conjuror? I am in a hurry to get to Oltrarno, but if I could take you any where near—"

"Oh, I *am* frightened: he was the devil—I know he was. And I don't know where to go—I have nobody: and my mother meant to have her dinner somewhere, and I don't know where. Holy Madonna! I shall be beaten."

The corners of the pouting mouth went down piteously, and the poor little bosom with the beads on it above the green serge gamurra heaved so that there was no longer any help for it: a loud sob *would* come, and the big tears fell as if they were making up for lost time. Here was a situation! It would have been brutal to leave her, and Tito's nature was all gentleness. He wished at that moment that he had not been expected in the Via de' Bardi. As he saw her lifting up her holiday apron to catch the hurrying tears, he laid his hand, too, on the apron, and rubbed one of the cheeks and kissed the baby-like roundness.

"My poor little Tessa! leave off crying. Let us see what can be done. Where is your home—where do you live?"

There was no answer, but the sobs began to subside a little and the drops to fall less quickly.

"Come! I'll take you a little way if you'll tell me where you want to go."

The apron fell, and Tessa's face began to look as contented as a cherub's budding from a cloud. The diabolical conjuror, the anger, and the beating seemed a long way off.

"I think I'll go home if you'll take me," she said, in a half whisper, looking up at Tito with wide blue eyes, and with something sweeter than a smile—with a childlike calm.

"Come, then, little one," said Tito, in a caressing tone, putting her arm within his again. "Which way is it?"

"Beyond Peretola—where the large pear-tree is."

"Peretola? Out at which gate, *pazzarella*? I am a stranger, you must remember."

"Out at the Por del Prato," said Tessa, moving along with a very fast hold on Tito's arm.

He did not know all the turnings well enough to venture on an attempt at choosing the quietest streets; and besides, it occurred to him that where the passengers were most numerous there was, perhaps, the most chance of meeting with Monna Ghita and finding an end to his knight-errantry. So he made straight for Porta Rossa, and on to Ognissanti, showing his usual bright, propitiatory face to the mixed observers who threw their jests at him and his little heavyshod maiden with much liberality. Mingled with the more decent holiday-makers there were frolicsome apprentices, rather envious of his good fortune; bold-eyed women with the badge of the yellow veil; beggars who thrust forward their caps for alms, in derision at Tito's evident haste; dicers, sharpers, and loungers of the worst sort; boys whose tongues were used to wag in concert at the most brutal street games: for the streets of Florence were not always a moral spectacle in those times, and Tessa's terror at being lost in the crowd was not wholly unreasonable.

When they reached the Piazza d'Ognissanti Tito slackened his pace: they were both heated with their hurried walk, and here was a wider space where they could take breath. They sat down on one of the stone *panche* or benches which were frequent against the walls of old Florentine houses.

"*Vergine santissima!*" said Tessa; "I am glad we have got away from those women and boys; but I was not frightened, because you could take care of me."

"Pretty little Tessa!" said Tito, smiling at her. "What makes you feel so safe with me?"

"Because you are so beautiful—like the people going into Paradise—they are all good."

"It is a long while since you had your breakfast, Tessa," said Tito, seeing some stalls near with fruit and sweetmeats upon them. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I think I am—if you will have some too."

Tito bought some apricots, and cakes, and comfits, and put them into her apron.

"Come," he said, "let us walk on to the Prato, and then perhaps you will not be afraid to go the rest of the way alone."

"But you will have some of the apricots and things," said Tessa, rising obediently and gathering up her apron as a bag for her store.

"We will see," said Tito, aloud; and to himself he said, "Here is a little contadina who might inspire a better idyl than Lorenzo de' Medici's *Nencia da Barberino*, that Nello's friends rave about; if I were only a Theocritus, or had time to cultivate the necessary experience by unseasonable walks of this sort! However, the mischief is done now: I am so late already that another half hour will make no difference. Pretty little pigeon!"

"We have a garden and plenty of pears," said Tessa, "and two cows, besides the mules; and I'm very fond of them. But the *patriño* is a cross man: I wish my mother had not mar-

ried him. I think he is wicked; he is very ugly."

"And does your mother let him beat you, *poverina*? You said you were afraid of being beaten."

"Ah, my mother herself scolds me: she loves my young sister better, and thinks I don't do work enough. Nobody speaks kindly to me, only the Pievano (parish priest) when I go to confession. And the men in the Mercato laugh at me and make fun of me. Nobody ever kissed me and spoke to me as you do; just as I talk to my little black-faced kid, because I'm very fond of it."

It seemed not to have entered Tessa's mind that there was any change in Tito's appearance since the morning he begged the milk from her, and that he looked now like a personage for whom she must summon her little stock of reverent words and signs. He had impressed her too differently from any human being who had ever come near her before for her to make any comparison of details: she took no note of his dress; he was simply a voice and a face to her, something come from Paradise into a world where most things seemed hard and angry; and she prattled with as little restraint as if he had been an imaginary companion born of her own lovingness and the sunshine.

They had now reached the *Prato*, which at that time was a large open space within the walls, where the Florentine youth played at their favorite *Calcio*—a peculiar kind of football—and otherwise exercised themselves. At this mid-day time it was forsaken and quiet to the very gates, where a tent had been erected in preparation for the race. On the border of this wide meadow Tito paused and said,

"Now, Tessa, you will not be frightened if I leave you to walk the rest of the way by yourself. Addio. Shall I come and buy a cup of milk from you in the Mercato to-morrow morning, to see that you are quite safe?"

He added this question in a soothing tone, as he saw her eyes widening sorrowfully, and the corners of her mouth falling. She said nothing at first; she only opened her apron and looked down at her apricots and sweetmeats. Then she looked up at him again, and said, complainingly—

"I thought you would have come, and we could sit down under a tree outside the gate, and eat them together."

"Tessa, Tessa, you little siren, you would ruin me," said Tito, laughing and kissing both her cheeks. "I ought to have been in the *Via de' Bardi* long ago. No! I must go back now; you are in no danger. There—I'll take an apricot. Addio!"

He had already stepped two yards from her when he said the last word. Tessa could not have spoken; she was pale, and a great sob was rising; but she turned round as if she felt there was no hope for her, and stepped on, holding her apron so forgetfully that the apricots began to roll out on the grass.



UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

Tito could not help looking after her, and seeing her shoulders rise to the bursting sob, and the apricots fall—could not help going after her and picking them up. It was very hard upon him: he was a long way off the Via de' Bardi, and very near to Tessa.

"See, my silly one," he said, picking up the apricots. "Come, leave off crying; I will go with you, and we'll sit down under the tree. Come, I don't like to see you cry; but you know I must go back some time."

So it came to pass that they found a great plane-tree not far outside the gates, and they sat down under it, and all the feast was spread out on Tessa's lap, she leaning with her back against the trunk of the tree, and he stretched opposite to her, resting his elbows on the rough green growth cherished by the shade, while the sunlight stole through the boughs and played about them like a winged thing. Tessa's face was all contentment again, and the taste of the apricots and sweetmeats seemed very good.

"You pretty bird!" said Tito, looking at her as she sat eying the remains of the feast with an evident mental debate about saving them, since he had said he would not have any more. "To think of any one scolding you! What sins do you tell of at confession, Tessa?"

"Oh, a great many. I am often naughty. I don't like work, and I can't help being idle, though I know I shall be beaten and scolded; and I give the mules the best fodder when nobody sees me, and then when the *madre* is angry I say I didn't do it, and that makes me frightened at the devil. I think the conjuror was the devil. I am not so frightened after I've been to confession. And see, I've got a *Breve* here that a good father who came to Prato preaching this Easter blessed and gave us all." Here Tessa drew from her bosom a tiny bag carefully fastened up. "And I think the Holy Madonna will take care of me; she looks as if she would; and perhaps if I wasn't idle she wouldn't let me be beaten."

"If they are so cruel to you, Tessa, shouldn't you like to leave them, and go and live with a beautiful lady who would be kind to you, if she would have you to wait upon her?"

Tessa seemed to hold her breath for a moment or two. Then she said, doubtfully, "I don't know."

"Then should you like to be my little servant, and live with me?" said Tito, smiling. He meant no more than to see what sort of pretty look and answer she would give.

There was a flush of joy immediately. "Will you take me with you now? Ah! I shouldn't go home and be beaten then." She paused a little while, and then added, more doubtfully, "But I should like to fetch my black-faced kid."

"Yes, you must go back to your kid, my Tessa," said Tito, rising, "and I must go the other way."

"By Jupiter!" he added, as he went from under the shade of the tree, "it is not a pleasant time of day to walk from here to the Via de' Bardi; I am more inclined to lie down and sleep in this shade."

It ended so. Tito had an unconquerable aversion to any thing unpleasant, even when an object very much loved and desired was on the other side of it. He had risen early; had waited; had seen sights, and had been already walking in the sun: he was inclined for a siesta, and inclined all the more because little Tessa was there, and seemed to make the air softer. He lay down on the grass again, putting his cap under his head on a green tuft by the side of Tessa. That was not quite comfortable; so he moved again, and asked Tessa to let him rest his head against her lap; and in that way he soon fell asleep. Tessa sat quiet as a dove on its nest, just venturing, when he was fast asleep, to touch the wonderful dark curls that fell backward from his ear. She was too happy to go to sleep—too happy to think that Tito would wake up, and that then he would leave her, and she must go home. It takes very little

water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish, where it will find its world and paradise all in one, and never have a presentiment of the dry bank. The fretted summer shade, and stillness, and the gentle breathing of some loved life near—it would be paradise to us all, if eager thought, the strong angel with the implacable brow, had not long since closed the gates.

It really was a long while before the waking came—before the long dark eyes opened at Tessa, at first with a little surprise, and then with a smile, which was soon quenched by some pre-occupying thought. Tito's deeper sleep had broken into a doze, in which he felt himself in the Via de' Bardi, explaining his failure to appear at the appointed time. The clear images of that doze urged him to start up at once to a sitting posture, and as he stretched his arms and shook his cap he said:

"Tessa, little one, you have let me sleep too long. My hunger and the shadows together tell me that the sun has done much travel since I fell asleep. I must lose no more time. Addio," he ended, patting her cheek with one hand and settling his cap with the other.

She said nothing, but there were signs in her face which made him speak again in as serious and chiding a tone as he could command:

"Now, Tessa, you must not cry. I shall be angry; I shall not love you if you cry. You must go home to your black-faced kid, or if you like you may go back to the gate and see the horses start. But I can stay with you no longer, and if you cry I shall think you are troublesome to me."

The rising tears were checked by terror at this change in Tito's voice. Tessa turned very pale, and sat in trembling silence, with her blue eyes widened by arrested tears.

"Look now," Tito went on, soothingly, opening the wallet that hung at his belt, "here is a pretty charm that I have had a long while—ever since I was in Sicily, a country a long way off."

His wallet had many little matters in it mingled with small coins, and he had the usual difficulty in laying his finger on the right thing. He unhooked his wallet, and turned out the contents on Tessa's lap. Among them was his onyx ring.

"Ah, my ring!" he exclaimed, slipping it on the forefinger of his right hand. "I forgot to put it on again this morning. Strange, I never missed it! See, Tessa," he added, as he spread out the smaller articles, and selected the one he was in search of. "See this pretty little pointed bit of red coral—like your goat's horn, is it not? and here is a hole in it, so you can put it on the cord round your neck along with your *Breve*, and then the evil spirits can't hurt you: if you ever see them coming in the shadow round the corner, point this little coral horn at them, and they will run away. It is a 'buon fortuna,' and will keep you from harm when I am not with you. Come, undo the cord."

Tessa obeyed with a tranquillizing sense that

life was going to be something quite new, and that Tito would be with her often. All who remember their childhood remember the strange vague sense, when some new experience came, that every thing else was going to be changed, and that there would be no lapse into the old monotony. So the bit of coral was hung beside the tiny bag with the scrap of scrawled parchment in it, and Tessa felt braver.

"And now you will give me a kiss," said Tito, economizing time by speaking while he swept in the contents of the wallet and hung it at his waist again, "and look happy, like a good girl, and then—"

But Tessa had obediently put forward her lips in a moment, and kissed his cheek as he hung down his head.

"Oh, you pretty pigeon!" cried Tito, laughing, pressing her round cheeks with his hands and crushing her features together so as to give them a general impartial kiss.

Then he started up and walked away, not looking round till he was ten yards from her, when he just turned and gave a parting beck. Tessa was looking after him, but he could see that she was making no signs of distress. It was enough for Tito if she did not cry while he was present. The softness of his nature required that all sorrow should be hidden away from him.

"I wonder when Romola will kiss my cheek in that way?" thought Tito, as he walked along. It seemed a tiresome distance now, and he almost wished he had not been so soft-hearted, or so tempted to linger in the shade. No other excuse was needed to Bardo and Romola than saying simply that he had been unexpectedly hindered; he felt confident their proud delicacy would inquire no farther. He lost no time in getting to Ognissanti, and hastily taking some food there, he crossed the Arno by the Ponte alla Carraja, and made his way as directly as possible toward the Via de' Bardi.

But it was the hour when all the world who meant to be in particularly good time to see the *Corso* were returning from the *Borghi*, or villages just outside the gates, where they had dined and reposed themselves; and the thoroughfares leading to the bridges were of course the issues toward which the stream of sight-seers tended. Just as Tito reached the Ponte Vecchio and the entrance of the Via de' Bardi, he was suddenly urged back toward the angle of the intersecting streets. A company on horseback, coming from the Via Guicciardini, and turning up the Via de' Bardi, had compelled the foot-passengers to recede hurriedly. Tito had been walking, as his manner was, with the thumb of his right hand resting in his belt; and as he was thus forced to pause, and was looking carelessly at the passing cavaliers, he felt a very thin cold hand laid on his. He started round, and saw the Dominican friar whose upturned face had so struck him in the morning. Seen closer, the face looked more evidently worn by sickness and not by age; and again it brought

some strong but indefinite reminiscences to Tito.

"Pardon me, but—from your face and your ring"—said the friar, in a faint voice, "is not your name Tito Melema?"

"Yes," said Tito, also speaking faintly, doubly jarred by the cold touch and the mystery. He was not apprehensive or timid through his imagination, but through his sensations and perceptions he could easily be made to shrink and turn pale like a maiden.

"Then I shall fulfill my commission."

The friar put his hand under his scapulary, and drawing out a small linen bag which hung round his neck, took from it a bit of parchment, doubled and stuck firmly together with some black adhesive substance, and placed it in Tito's hand. On the outside was written in Italian, in a small but distinct character—

"Tito Melema, aged twenty-three, with a dark, beautiful face, long dark curls, the brightest smile, and a large onyx ring on his right forefinger."

Tito did not look at the friar, but tremblingly broke open the bit of parchment. Inside, the words were:

"I am sold for a slave: I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me."

Tito looked round at the friar, but could only ask a question with his eyes.

"I had it at Corinth," the friar said, speaking with difficulty, like one whose small strength had been sorely taxed—"I had it from a man who was dying."

"He is dead, then?" said Tito, with a bounding of the heart.

"Not the writer. The man who gave it me was a pilgrim, like myself, to whom the writer had intrusted it, because he was journeying to Italy."

"You know the contents?"

"I know them not, but I conjecture them. Your friend is in slavery—you will go and release him. But I can not say more at present." The friar, whose voice had become feebler and feebler, sank down on the stone bench against the wall from which he had risen to touch Tito's hand.

"I am at San Marco; my name is Fra Luca."

CHAPTER XI.

TITO'S DILEMMA.

WHEN Fra Luca had ceased to speak, Tito still stood by him in irresolution, and it was not till, the pressure of the passengers being removed, the friar rose and walked slowly into the church of Santa Felicità, that Tito also went on his way along the Via de' Bardi.

"If this monk is a Florentine," he said to himself—"if he is going to remain at Florence, every thing must be disclosed." He felt that a new crisis had come, but he was not, for all that, too agitated to pay his visit to Bardo,



and apologize for his previous non-appearance. Tito's talent for concealment was being fast developed into something less neutral. It was still possible—perhaps it might be inevitable—for him to accept frankly the altered conditions, and avow Baldassarre's existence—but hardly without casting an unpleasant light backward on his original reticence as studied equivocation, in order to avoid the fulfillment of a secretly recognized claim, to say nothing of his quiet settlement of himself and investment of his florins, when, it would be clear, his benefactor's fate had not been certified. It was, at least, provisionally wise to act as if nothing had happened, and, for the present, he would suspend decisive thought; there was all the night for meditation, and no one would know the precise moment at which he had received the letter.

So he entered the room on the second story, where Romola and her father sat among the parchment and the marble, aloof from the life of the streets on holidays as well as on common days, with a face just a little less bright than usual, from regret at appearing so late; a regret which wanted no testimony, since he had given up the sight of the Corso in order to express it; and then set himself to throw extra animation into the evening, though all the while his consciousness was at work like a machine with complex action, leaving deposits quite distinct from the line of talk; and by the time he descended the stone stairs and issued from the grim door in the starlight, his mind had really reached a new stage in its formation of a purpose.

And when, the next day, after he was free from his professorial work, he turned up the Via del Cocomero, toward the convent of San Marco, his purpose was fully shaped. He was

going to ascertain from Fra Luca precisely how much he conjectured of the truth, and on what grounds he conjectured it; and, further, how long he was to remain at San Marco. And on that fuller knowledge he hoped to mould a statement which would in any case save him from the necessity of quitting Florence. Tito had never had occasion to fabricate an ingenious lie before: the occasion was come now—the occasion which circumstance never fails to beget on tacit falsity; and his ingenuity was ready. For he had convinced himself that he was not bound to go in search of Baldassarre. He had once said that on a fair assurance of his father's existence and whereabouts he would unhesitatingly go after him. But, after all, *why* was he bound to go? What, looked at closely, was the end of all life, but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure? And was not his own blooming life a promise of incomparably more pleasure, not for himself only, but for others, than the withered wintry life of a man who was past the time of keen enjoyment, and whose ideas had stiffened into barren rigidity? Those ideas had all been sown in the fresh soil of Tito's mind, and were lively germs there; that was the proper order of things—the order of Nature, which treats all maturity as a mere nidus for youth. Baldassarre had done his work, had had his draught of life: Tito said it was *his* turn now.

And the prospect was so vague:—"I think they are going to take me to Antioch:" here was a vista! After a long voyage, to spend months, perhaps years, in a search for which even now there was no guarantee that it would not prove vain: and to leave behind at starting a life of distinction and love: and to find, if he found any thing, the old exacting companionship which was known by rote beforehand. Certainly the gems and therefore the florins were, in a sense, Baldassarre's: in the narrow sense by which the right of possession is determined in ordinary affairs; but in that larger and more radically natural view by which the world belongs to youth and strength, they were rather his who could extract the most pleasure out of them. That, he was conscious, was not the sentiment which the complicated play of human feelings had engendered in society. The men around him would expect that he should immediately apply those florins to his benefactor's rescue. But what was the sentiment of society?—a mere tangle of anomalous traditions and opinions, that no wise man would take as a guide, except so far as his own comfort was concerned. Not that he cared for the florins, save perhaps for Romola's sake: he would give up the florins readily enough. It was the joy that was due to him and was close to his lips, which he felt he was not bound to thrust away from him and travel on, thirsting. Any maxims that required a man to fling away the good that was needed to make existence sweet were only the lining of human selfishness turned outward: they were made by men who wanted others to sacrifice themselves for their sake. He would

rather that Baldassarre should not suffer: he liked no one to suffer: but could any philosophy prove to him that he was bound to care for another's suffering more than for his own? To do so, he must have loved Baldassarre devotedly, and he did *not* love him: was that his own fault? Gratitude! seen closely, it made no valid claim: his father's life would have been dreary without him: are we convicted of a debt to men for the pleasures they give themselves?

Having once begun to explain away Baldassarre's claim, Tito's thought showed itself as active as a virulent acid, eating its rapid way through all the tissues of sentiment. His mind was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the Divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at any thing which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice that it will annihilate that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling. "It is good," sing the old Eumenides, in Æschylus, "that fear should sit as the guardian of the soul, forcing it into wisdom—good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else, how shall they learn to revere the right?" That guardianship may become needless; but only when all outward law has become needless—only when duty and love have united in one stream and made a common force.

As Tito entered the outer cloister of San Marco and inquired for Fra Luca there was no shadowy presentiment in his mind; he felt himself too cultured and skeptical for that: he had been nurtured in contempt for the tales of priests whose impudent lives were a proverb; and in erudite familiarity with disputes concerning the chief good, which had after all, he considered, left it a matter of taste. Yet fear was a strong element in Tito's nature—the fear of what he believed or saw was likely to rob him of pleasure; and he had a definite fear that Fra Luca might be the means of driving him from Florence.

"Fra Luca? ah, he is gone to Fiesole—to the Dominican monastery there. He was taken on a litter in the cool of the morning. The poor brother is very ill. Could you leave a message for him?"

This answer was given by a *fra converso*, or lay brother, whose accent told plainly that he was a raw contadino, and whose dull glance implied no curiosity.

"Thanks; my business can wait."

Tito turned away with a sense of relief. "This friar is not likely to live," he said to himself. "I saw he was worn to a shadow. And at Fiesole there will be nothing to recall

me to his mind. Besides, if he should come back, my explanation will serve as well then as now. But I wish I knew what it was that his face recalled to me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIZE IS NEARLY GRASPED.

TITO walked along with a light step, for the immediate fear had vanished; the usual joyousness of his disposition reassumed its predominance, and he was going to see Romola. Yet Romola's life seemed an image of that loving, pitying devotedness, that patient endurance of irksome tasks from which he had shrunk and excused himself. But he was not out of love with goodness, or prepared to plunge into vice: he was in his fresh youth, with soft pulses for all charm and loveliness; he had still a healthy appetite for ordinary human joys, and the poison could only work by degrees. He had sold himself to evil, but at present life seemed so nearly the same to him that he was not conscious of the bond. He meant all things to go on as they had done before, both within and without him: he meant to win golden opinions by meritorious exertion, by ingenious learning, by amiable compliance: he was not going to do any thing that would throw him out of harmony with the beings he cared for. And he cared supremely for Romola; he wished to have her for his majestic, beautiful, and loving wife. There might be a wealthier alliance within the ultimate reach of successful accomplishments like his, but there was no woman in all Florence like Romola. When she was near him, and looked at him with her sincere hazel eyes, he was subdued by a delicious influence as strong and inevitable as those musical vibrations which take possession of us with a rhythmic empire that no sooner ceases than we desire it to begin again.

As he trod the stone stairs, when he was still outside the door, with no one but Maso near him, the influence seemed to have begun its work by the mere nearness of anticipation.

"Welcome, Tito mio," said the old man's voice, before Tito had spoken. There was a new vigor in the voice, a new cheerfulness in the blind face, since that first interview more than two months ago. "You have brought fresh manuscript, doubtless; but since we were talking last night I have had new ideas: we must take a wider scope—we must go back upon our footsteps."

Tito, paying his homage to Romola as he advanced, went, as his custom was, straight to Bardo's chair, and put his hand in the palm that was held to receive it, placing himself on the cross-legged leather seat with scrolled ends, close to Bardo's elbow.

"Yes," he said, in his gentle way; "I have brought the new manuscript, but that can wait your pleasure. I have young limbs, you know,



THE FIRST KISS.

and can walk back up the hill without any difficulty."

He did not look at Romola as he said this, but he knew quite well that her eyes were fixed on him with delight.

"That is well said, my son." Bardo had already addressed Tito in this way once or twice of late. "And I perceive with gladness that you do not shrink from labor, without which, the poet has wisely said, life has given nothing

to mortals. It is too often the 'palma sine pulvere,' the prize of glory without the dust of the race, that young ambition covets. But what says the Greek? 'In the morning of life, work; in the mid-day, give counsel; in the evening, pray.' It is true, I might be thought to have reached that helpless evening; but not so, while I have counsel within me which is yet unspoken. For my mind, as I have often said, was shut up as by a dam; the plenteous waters lay dark and

motionless, but you, Tito mio, have opened a duct for them, and they rush forward with a force that surprises myself. And now, what I want is, that we should go over our preliminary ground again, with a wider scheme of comment and illustration; otherwise I may lose opportunities which I now see retrospectively, and which may never occur again. You mark what I am saying, Tito?"

He had just stooped to reach his manuscript, which had rolled down, and Bardo's jealous ear was alive to the slight movement.

Tito might have been excused for shrugging his shoulders at the prospect before him, but he was not naturally impatient; moreover, he had been bred up in that laborious erudition, at once minute and copious, which was the chief intellectual task of the age; and with Romola near, he was floated along by waves of agreeable sensation that made every thing seem easy.

"Assuredly," he said, "you wish to enlarge your comments on certain passages we have cited."

"Not only so; I wish to introduce an occasional *excursus*, where we have noticed an author to whom I have given special study; for I may die too soon to achieve any separate work. And this is not a time for scholarly integrity and well-sifted learning to lie idle, when it is not only rash ignorance that we have to fear, but when there are men like Calderino, who, as Poliziano has well shown, have recourse to impudent falsities of citation to serve the ends of their vanity and secure a triumph to their own mistakes. Wherefore, Tito mio, I think it not well that we should let slip the occasion that lies under our hands. And now we will turn back to the point where we have cited the passage from Thucydides, and I wish you, by way of preliminary, to go with me through all my notes on the Latin translation made by Lorenzo Valla, for which the incomparable Pope Nicholas V.—with whose personal notice I was honored while I was yet young, and when he was still Thomas of Sarzana—paid him (I say not unduly) the sum of five hundred gold scudi. But inasmuch as Valla, though otherwise of dubious fame, is held in high honor for his severe scholarship, so that the epigrammatist has jocosely said of him that since he went among the shades, Pluto himself has not dared to speak in the ancient languages, it is the more needful that his name should not be as a stamp warranting false wares; and therefore I would introduce an *excursus* on Thucydides, wherein my castigations of Valla's text may find a fitting place. Romola mia, thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing up—
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ward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know *now* what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the book-shelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

"You have the volumes, my Romola?" the old man said, as they came near him again. "And now you will get your pen ready; for, as Tito marks off the scholia we determine on extracting, it will be well for you to copy them without delay—numbering them carefully, mind, to correspond with the numbers he will put in the text he will write."

Romola always had some task which gave her a share in this joint work. Tito took his stand at the *leggio*, where he both wrote and read, and she placed herself at a table just in front of him, where she was ready to give into her father's hands any thing that he might happen to want, or relieve him of a volume that he had done with. They had always been in that position since the work began, yet on this day it seemed new; it was so different now for them to be opposite each other; so different for Tito to take a book from her as she lifted it from her father's knee. Yet there was no finesse to secure an additional look or touch. Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered to her; and Romola's deep calm happiness encompassed Tito like the rich but quiet evening light which dissipates all unrest.

They had been two hours at their work, and were just desisting because of the fading light, when the door opened and there entered a figure strangely incongruous with the current of

their thoughts and with the suggestions of every object around them. It was the figure of a short stout black-eyed woman, nearly fifty, wearing a black velvet *berretta*, or close cap, embroidered with pearls, under which surprisingly massive black braids surmounted the little bulging forehead, and fell in rich plaited curves over the ears, while an equally surprising carmine tint on the upper region of the fat cheeks contrasted with the surrounding sallowness. Three rows of pearls and a lower necklace of gold reposed on the horizontal cushion of her neck; the embroidered border of her trailing black velvet gown and her embroidered long-drooping sleeves of rose-colored damask, were slightly faded, but they conveyed to the initiated eye the satisfactory assurance that they were the splendid result of six months' labor by a skilled workman; and the rose-colored petticoat, with its dimmed white fringe and seed-pearl arabesques, was duly exhibited in order to suggest a similar pleasing reflection. A handsome coral rosary hung from one side of an inferential belt, which emerged into certainty with a large clasp of silver wrought in *niello*; and on the other side, where the belt again became inferential, hung a *scarsella*, or large purse of crimson velvet, stitched with pearls. Her little fat right hand, which looked as if it had been made of paste, and had risen out of shape under partial baking, held a small book of devotions, also splendid with velvet, pearls, and silver.

The figure was already too familiar to Tito to be startling, for Monna Brigida was a frequent visitor at Bardo's, being excepted from the sentence of banishment passed on feminine triviality on the ground of her cousinship to his dead wife and her early care for Romola, who now looked round at her with an affectionate smile, and rose to draw the leather seat to a due distance from her father's chair, that the coming gush of talk might not be too near his ear.

"*La cugina?*" said Bardo, interrogatively, detecting the short steps and the sweeping drapery.

"Yes, it is your cousin," said Monna Brigida, in an alert voice, raising her fingers smilingly at Tito, and then lifting up her face to be kissed by Romola. "Always the troublesome *cugina* breaking in on your wisdom," she went on, seating herself and beginning to fan herself with the white veil hanging over her arm. "Well, well; if I didn't bring you some news of the world now and then, I do believe you'd forget there was any thing in life but these mouldy ancients, who want sprinkling with holy water if all I hear about them is true. Not but what the world is bad enough nowadays, for the scandals that turn up under one's nose at every corner—I don't want to hear and see such things, but one can't go about with one's head in a bag; and it was only yesterday—well, well, you needn't burst out at me, Bardo, I'm not going to tell any thing; if I'm not as wise as the three kings I know how many legs go into one boot. But, nevertheless, Florence is a wicked city—is it not

true, Messer Tito? for you go into the world. Not but what one must sin a little—Messer Domeneddio expects that of us, else what are the blessed sacraments for? And what I say is, we've got to reverence the saints, and not to set ourselves up as if we could be like them, else life would be unbearable; as it will be if things go on after this new fashion. For what do you think? I've been at the wedding to-day—Dinnora Acciajoli's with the young Albizzi that there has been so much talk of—and every body wondered at its being to-day instead of yesterday; but, *cieli!* such a wedding as it was might have been put off till the next Quaresima for a penance. For there was the bride looking like a white nun—not so much as a pearl about her—and the bridegroom as solemn as San Giuseppe. It's true! And half the people invited were *piagnoni*—they call them *piagnoni** now, these new saints of Fra Girolamo's making. And to think of two families like the Albizzi and the Acciajoli taking up such notions, when they could afford to wear the best! Well, well, they invited me—but they could do no other, seeing my husband was Luca Antonio's uncle by the mother's side—and a pretty time I had of it while we waited under the canopy in front of the house before they let us in. I couldn't stand in my clothes, it seemed, without giving offense; for there was Monna Berta, who has had worse secrets in her time than any I could tell of myself, looking askance at me from under her hood like a *pinzochera*,† and telling me to read the Frate's book about widows, from which she had found great guidance. Holy Madonna! it seems as if widows had nothing to do now but to buy their coffins, and think it a thousand years till they get into them, instead of enjoying themselves a little when they've got their hands free for the first time. And what do you think was the music we had to make our dinner lively? A long discourse from Fra Domenico of San Marco, about the doctrines of their blessed Fra Girolamo—the three doctrines we are all to get by heart; and he kept marking them off on his fingers till he made my flesh creep: and the first is, Florence, or the Church—I don't know which, for first he said one and then the other—shall be scourged; but if he means the pestilence the Signory ought to put a stop to such preaching, for it's enough to raise the swelling under one's arms with fright; but then, after that, he says Florence is to be regenerated; but what will be the good of that when we're all dead of the plague or something else? And then the third thing, and what he said oftenest, is, that it's all to be in our days: and he marked that off on his thumb till he made me tremble like the very jelly before me. They had jellies, to be sure, with the arms of the Albizzi and the Acciajoli raised on them in all colors; they've not turned the world quite upside down yet. But all their talk is, that we are to

* Funeral mourners: properly, paid mourners.

† A Sister of the Third Order of St. Francis: an unclioistered nun.

go back to the old ways: for up starts Francesco Valori, that I've danced with in the Via Larga when he was a bachelor and as fond of the Medici as any body, and he makes a speech about the old times, before the Florentines had left off crying '*Popolo*' and begun to cry '*Palle*'—as if that had any thing to do with a wedding!—and how we ought to keep to the rules the Signory laid down Heaven knows when, that we were not to wear this and that, and not to eat this and that—and how our manners were corrupted and we read bad books; though he can't say that of me—"

"Stop, *cugina*!" said Bardo, in his imperious tone, for he had a remark to make, and only desperate measures could arrest the rattling lengthiness of Monna Brigida's discourse. But now she gave a little start, pursed up her mouth and looked at him with round eyes.

"Francesco Valori is not altogether wrong," Bardo went on. "Bernardo, indeed, rates him not highly, and is rather of opinion that he christens private grudges by the name of public zeal; though I must admit that my good Bernardo is too slow of belief in that unalloyed patriotism which was found in all its lustre among the ancients. But it is true, Tito, that our manners have degenerated somewhat from that noble frugality which, as has been well seen in the public acts of your citizens, is the parent of true magnificence. For men, as I hear, will now spend on the transient show of a *giostra* sums which would suffice to found a library, and confer a lasting possession on mankind. Still, I conceive, it remains true of us Florentines that we have more of that magnanimous sobriety which abhors a trivial lavishness that it may be grandly open-handed on grand occasions, than can be found in any other city of Italy; for I understand that the Neapolitan and Milanese courtiers laugh at the scarcity of our plate, and think scorn of our great families for borrowing from each other that furniture of the table at their entertainments. But in the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause."

"Laughter, indeed!" burst forth Monna Brigida again, the moment Bardo paused. "If any body wanted to hear laughter at the wedding to-day they were disappointed, for when young Niccolò Macchiavelli tried to make a joke, and told stories out of Franco Sacchetti's book, how it was no use for the Signoria to make rules for us women, because we were cleverer than all the painters, and architects, and doctors of logic in the world, for we could make black look white, and yellow look pink, and crooked look straight, and, if any thing was forbidden, we could find a new name for it—Holy Virgin! the *piagnoni* looked more dismal than before, and somebody said Sacchetti's book was wicked. Well, I don't read it—they can't accuse me of reading any thing. Save me from going to a wedding again if that's to be the fashion; for all of us who were not *piagnoni* were as comfortable as wet chickens. I was never caught in a worse trap but once before, and that was when I

went to hear their precious Frate last Quaresima in San Lorenzo. Perhaps I never told you about it, Messer Tito?—it almost freezes my blood when I think of it. How he rated us poor women! and the men, too, to tell the truth, but I didn't mind that so much. He called us cows, and lumps of flesh, and wantons, and mischief-makers—and I could just bear that, for there were plenty others more fleshy and spiteful than I was—though every now and then his voice shook the very bench under me like a trumpet; but then he came to the *capelli morti* (dead, i.e., false hair), and, O misericordia! he made a picture—I see it now—of a young woman lying a pale corpse, and us light-minded widows—of course he meant me as well as the rest, for I had my plaits on, for if one is getting old, one doesn't want to look as ugly as the Befana*—us widows rushing up to the corpse, like bare-pated vultures as we were, and cutting off its young dead hair to deck our old heads with. Oh, the dreams I had after that! And then he cried, and wrung his hands at us, and I cried too (*piagnoni*, indeed! they may well be *piagnoni*). And to go home, and to take off my jewels, this very clasp, and every thing, and to make them into a packet, *fu tutt'uno*; and I was within a hair of sending them to the good men of St. Martin to give to the poor, but, by Heaven's mercy, I bethought me of going first to my confessor, Fra Cristoforo, at Santa Croce, and he told me how it was all the work of the devil, this preaching and prophesying of their Fra Girolamo, and the Dominicans were trying to turn the world upside down, and I was never to go and hear him again, else I must do penance for it; for the great preachers Fra Mariano and Fra Menico had shown how Fra Girolamo preached lies—and that was true, for I heard them both in the Duomo—and how the Pope's dream of San Francesco propping up the Church with his arms was being fulfilled still, and the Dominicans were beginning to pull it down. Well and good: I went away *con Dio*, and made myself easy. I am not going to be frightened by a Frate Predicatore again. And all I say is, I wish it hadn't been the Dominicans that poor Dino joined years ago, for then I should have been glad when I heard them say he was come back—"

"Silenzio!" said Bardo, in a loud agitated voice, while Romola half-started from her chair, clasped her hands, and looked round at Tito, as if now she might appeal to him. Monna Brigida gave a little scream and bit her lip.

"Donna!" said Bardo, again, "hear once more my will. Bring no reports about that game to this house; and thou, Romola, I forbid thee to ask. My son is dead."

Bardo's whole frame seemed vibrating with passion, and no one dared to break silence again. Monna Brigida lifted her shoulders and her hands in mute dismay; then she rose as

* The name given to the grotesque black-faced figures, supposed to represent the Magi, carried about or placed in the windows on Twelfth Night: a corruption of Epifania.

quietly as possible, gave many significant nods to Tito and Romola, motioning to them that they were not to move, and stole out of the room like a culpable fat spaniel who has barked unseasonably.

Meanwhile, Tito's quick mind had been combining ideas with lightning-like rapidity. Bardo's son was not really dead, then, as he had supposed: he was a monk; he was "come back;" and Fra Luca—yes! it was the likeness to Bardo and Romola that had made the face seem half-known to him. If he were only dead at Fiesole at that moment! This importunate selfish wish inevitably thrust itself before every other thought. It was true that Bardo's rigid will was a sufficient safeguard against any intercourse between Romola and her brother; but not against the betrayal of what he knew to others, especially when the subject was suggested by the coupling of Romola's name with that of the very Tito Melema whose description he had carried round his neck as an index. No! nothing but Fra Luca's death could remove all danger; but his death was highly probable, and after the momentary shock of the discovery, Tito let his mind fall back in repose on that confident hope.

They had sat in silence, and in a deepening twilight for many minutes when Romola ventured to say—

"Shall I light the lamp, father, and shall we go on?"

"No, my Romola, we will work no more to-night. Tito, come and sit by me here."

Tito moved from the reading-desk and seated himself on the other side of Bardo close to his left elbow.

"Come nearer to me, figliuola mia," said Bardo again, after a moment's pause. And Romola seated herself on a low stool and let her arm rest on her father's right knee, that he might lay his hand on her hair, as he was fond of doing.

"Tito, I never told you that I had once a son," said Bardo, forgetting what had fallen from him in the emotion raised by their first interview. The old man had been deeply shaken and was forced to pour out his feelings in spite of pride. "But he left me—he is dead to me—I have disowned him forever. He was a ready scholar, as you are, but more fervid and impatient, and yet sometimes rapt and self-absorbed, like a flame fed by some fitful source; showing a disposition from the very first to turn away his eyes from the clear lights of reason and philosophy, and to prostrate himself under the influences of a dim mysticism which eludes all rules of human duty as it eludes all argument. And so it ended. We will speak no more of him: he is dead to me. I wish his face could be blotted from that world of memory in which the distant seems to grow clearer and the near to fade."

Bardo paused, but neither Romola nor Tito dared to speak—his voice was too tremulous, the poise of his feelings too doubtful. But he

presently raised his hand and found Tito's shoulder to rest it on, while he went on speaking with an effort to be calmer.

"But *you* have come to me, Tito—not quite too late. I will lose no more time in vain regret. When you are working by my side I seem to have found a son again."

The old man, preoccupied with the governing interest of his life, was only thinking of the much-meditated book which had quite thrust into the back-ground the suggestion, raised by Bernardo del Nero's warning, of a possible marriage between Tito and Romola. But Tito could not allow the moment to pass unused.

"Will you let me be always and altogether your son? Will you let me take care of Romola—be her husband? I think she will not deny me. She has said she loves me. I know I am not equal to her in birth—in any thing; but I am no longer a destitute stranger."

"Is it true, my Romola?" said Bardo, in a lower tone, an evident vibration passing through him and dissipating the saddened aspect of his features.

"Yes, father," said Romola, firmly. "I love Tito—I wish to marry him, that we may be both your children and never part."

Tito's hand met hers in a strong clasp for the first time while she was speaking, but their eyes were fixed anxiously on her father.

"Why should it not be?" said Bardo, as if arguing against any opposition to his assent, rather than assenting. "It would be a happiness to me; and thou, too, Romola, wouldst be the happier for it."

He stroked her long hair gently and bent toward her.

"Ah, I have been apt to forget that thou needest some other love than mine. And thou wilt be a noble wife. Bernardo thinks I shall hardly find a husband fitting for thee. And he is perhaps right. For thou art not like the herd of thy sex: thou art such a woman as the immortal poets had a vision of, when they sang the lives of the heroes—tender but strong, like thy voice, which has been to me instead of the light in the years of my blindness..... And so thou lovest him?"

He sat upright again for a minute and then said, in the same tone as before, "Why should it not be? I will think of it; I will talk with Bernardo."

Tito felt a disagreeable chill at this answer, for Bernardo del Nero's eyes had retained their keen suspicion whenever they looked at him, and the uneasy remembrance of Fra Luca converted all uncertainty into fear.

"Speak for me, Romola," he said, pleadingly. "Messer Bernardo is sure to be against me."

"No, Tito," said Romola, "my godfather will not oppose what my father firmly wills. And it is your will that I should marry Tito—is it not true, father? Nothing has ever come to me before that I have wished for strongly: I did not think it possible that I could care so

much for any thing that could happen to myself."

It was a brief and simple plea; but it was the condensed story of Romola's self-repressing colorless young life, which had thrown all its passion into sympathy with aged sorrows, aged ambition, aged pride and indignation. It had never occurred to Romola that she should not speak as directly and emphatically of her love for Tito as of any other subject.

"Romola mia!" said her father fondly, pausing on the words, "it is true thou hast never urged on me any wishes of thy own. And I have no will to resist thine; rather, my heart met Tito's entreaty at its very first utterance. Nevertheless, I must talk with Bernardo about the measures needful to be observed. For we must not act in haste, or do any thing unbecoming my name. I am poor, and held of little account by the wealthy of our family—nay, I may consider myself a lonely man—but I must nevertheless remember that generous birth has its obligations. And I would not be reproached by my fellow-citizens for rash haste in bestowing my daughter. Bartolommeo Scala gave his Alessandra to the Greek Marullo, but Marullo's lineage was well known, and Scala himself is of no extraction. I know Bernardo will hold that we must take time: he will, perhaps, reproach me with want of due forethought. Be patient, my children: you are very young."

No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrong-doer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on their parting that evening, the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as any thing but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into this danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingling with that fountain of sweets. Would the death of Fra Luca arrest it? He hoped it would.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

IF Macaulay had carried out the magnificent programme of his "History of England," no chapters would have been as valuable as those which would have told "How in Asia British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander." If these chapters had been written with the truthfulness of the famous article upon Warren Hastings, they would have presented a picture of cruelty and rapacity to which the history of the world can show no parallel.

British India now comprises a territory of nearly 1,200,000 square miles, with an esti-

mated population of 160,000,000, exclusive of certain native states nominally independent, whose rulers are said to be "assisted," but who are really controlled by British "Residents," all of which are liable at any moment to be formally seized by the British. Including these, the subjects of the British Government in India number 200,000,000. In area and population British India somewhat exceeds all Europe, leaving out Russia and Sweden.

The acquisition of this immense territory has occupied just a century. The first important seizure took place in 1757, when a tract as large as the State of Delaware was surrendered by the Nabob of Bengal; the last was in 1856, when Oude was seized. We propose briefly to glance at the occasion and circumstances of the principal acquisitions.

The first "factory," or trading post, of the East India Company was established at Surat in 1612. But for more than a century and a quarter there were no considerable acquisitions of territory. Up to 1756 the possessions of the Company, including the Island of Bombay, which was wrested from the Portuguese, were less than thirty square miles. In that year the Nabob of Bengal was despoiled of a portion of his dominions. The work of conquest now fairly began. In eight years more they had amounted to something more than twice the area of the State of Massachusetts. In 1765 the first grand acquisition took place. The Mogul Emperor Shah Alum, who was really the prisoner of his Vizier, Shujah Dowlah, made over to the East India Company the sovereignty of the whole of Bengal and Orissa, 116,000 square miles, in consideration for which he was to be paid £260,000 a year. The Company took the sovereignty, but coolly refused to pay the price. Five years later occurred the terrible famine, in which, according to Warren Hastings, one half the population of Bengal perished. This was partly caused and greatly aggravated by the measures taken by the Company to keep up their revenues. The Hindoos starved by millions, but the East India Company secured its 11 per cent. dividends.

Hitherto the British Government had taken no ostensible part in Indian affairs. All was done by the East India Company, a purely mercantile corporation. In 1773 the Government for the first time interfered, appointing a Governor-General, and making sundry other arrangements. The first Governor-General was Warren Hastings. After Macaulay no man need undertake to describe the treachery and cruelty of his administration. Yet Hastings was not by nature a bad or cruel man. He would have preferred to rule justly; but the Company, his masters, must have their regular dividends, and he could furnish them only by plundering the princes, starving the Begums, and giving up their servants to torture. The net results of his able and unscrupulous administration were an exhausted treasury, an impoverished commerce, and a war, actual or impending, with every power of Hindoestan,

whose sole bond of union was hatred of the English.

In 1786 Hastings was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis. He endeavored to govern wisely, but became involved in a war with Tippoo Sultan, who was compelled to purchase peace by giving up half of his dominions. Sir John Shore, afterward Lord Teignmouth, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis, found Tippoo waiting for an opportunity to renew the war against the English invaders. His four years' rule resulted in an exhausted treasury, an increasing debt, and an impending war, which was to be carried on by stronger hands than his own.

Lord Mornington, better known as the Marquis of Wellesley, came to India in 1798 as Governor-General. He was accompanied by his brother Henry, afterward Lord Cowley, who acted as private secretary. Another brother, Arthur, afterward the Duke of Wellington, had preceded him with his regiment. The war with Tippoo Sultan broke out afresh. In this contest Arthur Wellesley manifested those qualities as a general which were later displayed on a wider field against the best Marshals of Napoleon, and finally at Waterloo against the Great Captain. Then came the Mahratta war, undertaken by the English to break up a powerful native confederacy in Northern India, which, it was apprehended, might endanger the British supremacy. The result was that the Emperor of Delhi, the nominal ruler of Hindostan, placed himself under British protection, and other additions were made to the English dominions, amounting in all to 140,000 square miles. At the close of Lord Mornington's administration, in 1805, more than 300,000 square miles were subject to the British. In half a century a territory equal in extent and population to France and Great Britain had been conquered and subjected to the despotic government of a company of foreign merchants.

For ten years, from 1805 to 1815, the boundaries of the British dominions in India were almost unchanged. England had too much to do in fighting Napoleon to have leisure for further aggressions in the East. But when this peril was over conquests in India were resumed with fresh vigor. In twenty years 200,000 square miles were acquired. More than a third of this was won from the King of Ava, on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal; the remaining conquests were in various parts, mostly in Northern and Central India. Here the Rajah of Mysoor was relieved of a territory equal to the State of Ohio; the Rajah of Berar lost half as much, and sundry other rulers were despoiled of more or less. The case of the Rajah of Coorg was peculiarly aggravated. He and his ancestors had been fast allies of the English. Some of his own relations accused him of hostile designs. In 1834 he surrendered himself and his family unconditionally, and his dominions were sequestered. Sixteen years after, he still being held as a prisoner of state, the Rajah went to England to endeavor to obtain restitution for a sum of £80,000 which he had invested in Govern-

ment funds, upon which depended the subsistence of himself and his family. His efforts were fruitless, and he died in London three years ago, worn out by delays and disappointments.

In 1835 the Earl of Auckland came out as Governor-General. England was looking with apprehension upon the steady advance of Russia in the East. Dost Mohammed, the ruler of the independent state of Cabool, was "desired" to form no alliance with the Czar. His reply to this modest demand was unsatisfactory, and the English undertook to depose him and place Shah Soojah, a creature of their own, upon the throne. They effected this in 1839, but soon found that they must support their tool by money and troops. They agreed to pay £1,250,000 a year. But the Company grew weary of the outlay. Macnaghten, the British envoy, thought the payment might be dispensed with. The "noses of the Afghan chiefs had been brought to the grindstone," he said; and they could do nothing. The Afghans rose; Macnaghten was murdered, together with Sir Alexander Burnes, who provoked his fate by his profligate conduct. The British were forced to conclude a treaty, by which they agreed to surrender the forts held by them, replace Dost Mohammed on the throne, and pay a large sum for beasts to transport their troops back to Hindostan. The retreat was begun in January, 1842. The predatory tribes of the mountains fell upon the retreating troops; 3000 were slain outright at the Cabool Pass; the women and children were surrendered to Dost Mohammed, who treated them kindly, and afterward gave them up to the British authorities. The remainder of the troops pressed on, but were slaughtered almost to a man among the mountain defiles. There is in all history no record of so complete an annihilation of an army. This Afghan war cost \$100,000,000, and destroyed the prestige of invincibility which had so long attached to the British arms in India.

Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded the Earl of Auckland, resolved to restore this prestige. An "Army of Retribution" forced its way to Cabool; the city was sacked, the Grand Bazaar and the Great Mosque were razed to the ground; the famous Hundred Gardens fell before the rage of those whom Lord Brougham denounced as "our incendiary generals." This Vandalism was the more atrocious when viewed in connection with Lord Ellenborough's subsequent proclamation ordering the evacuation of Afghanistan, and acknowledging the original error of its invasion.

The conquest of Scinde, in 1843, has been termed "the tail of the Afghan war." The English insisted upon the navigation of the Indus as a means of reaching the Cabool valley. The Ameers of Scinde were unwilling to grant this; a quarrel was forced upon them; they were worsted; and the East India Company gained a fertile province of 60,000 square miles, with the Indus for a boundary, at the cost of a heavy expenditure, which their finances could

ill bear. But if the Company suffered pecuniarily, individuals were enriched by the plunder, or "loot," which fell to the soldiers at Hyderabad and elsewhere. Sir Charles Napier, who came out with an empty purse, obtained \$350,000 as his share of the spoils. He calls the seizure of Scinde "a very advantageous, useful, and humane piece of rascality." Of its rascality there is no question; that Sir Charles Napier found it advantageous is evident; whether it was humane or not is certainly open to doubt.

The Marquis of Dalhousie was sent out as Governor-General in 1848, and retained his post till 1856. He made greater sweeps of territory than any of his predecessors. The pretexts were various, and accommodated to the circumstances of the case. A new term had not long before been added to the vocabulary of English usurpation. In 1836 we find the first record of a state being "annexed." This, in India, signifies the assumption by the British of the sovereignty of a state on the death of its ruler without direct male heirs; the ancient Hindoo right of adoption being ignored, as well as that of the people to choose their rulers. Previous to 1848 the "annexations" were only of insignificant states. In that year Sattara, as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut, was annexed; five years later Nagpoor, with a territory and population half greater than those of the State of New York, was in this manner added to the Company's dominions. The entire list of annexations amounts to fifteen.

"Annexation" was only one of the means for spoliation of native rulers. When the occasion for this was wanting it was easy to find another pretext. A very aggravated case was that of the Dewan Moolraj of Mooltan. Upon the death of his father the Government agreed to recognize Moolraj as his successor upon the payment of £180,000. He came to Lahore, handed over the money, and was told that he must give up half his dominions, and pay £190,000 a year for the privilege of keeping the remainder. Resistance was useless. "I am in your hands," he said to the English Resident, who told him that he would be relieved of the charge of Mooltan. The second Sikh war broke out. Moolraj defended his strong fortress as long as possible; but was forced to yield. He rode into the English camp and gave himself up as a prisoner. He was informed that he was to be transported beyond the seas—a penalty to a Hindoo worse than death. He begged vainly that instead of being transported he might be put to death. Among the spoils of this war was the famous Koh-i-Noor diamond. The Hindoos pretend to trace its history from sovereign to sovereign for more than 3000 years, and affirm that it has always brought misfortune upon its possessors. It is now among the jewels which form the British regalia. Whether the omen will fail, now that the diamond has been made a prey by Christians instead of Hindoos and Mohammedans, remains to be seen. The Rajah

of Hyderabad, having fallen into arrears in the payment of the contingent of British troops which had been forced upon him, was despoiled of a third part of his dominions. The Rajah of Jhansi, a small Mahratta state, died in 1853, leaving no heirs. He had been a faithful ally of the British, and on his death-bed entreated that his adopted son might be recognized as his successor, and that, according to Hindoo custom, his wife, the Rance Lakshmi Bye, should act as Regent. The petition was refused, and Jhansi was "annexed." The Rancee, a young, beautiful, and high-spirited woman took a vow of vengeance, which she had before long an opportunity of keeping.

Lord Dalhousie's conduct toward Mohammed Shah, the King of Delhi, was intensely galling to every native of India. He was the representative of the mighty Mogul Emperors, and though deprived of all power except in the city and environs of Delhi, he was still prayed for as Emperor in every mosque in India. The Company even affected to treat him as the titular sovereign of the country, the Governor-General formally addressing him as a superior, and the captain of the English guards only entering his presence barefoot. Meanwhile the subsidy which had been guaranteed to him was reduced until it was insufficient for the maintenance of the royal family. Within the palace walls were 5000 persons, of whom 3000 were of the blood royal. The Calcutta Government, in its treatment of the "Sullateen," as the young princes were called, seems to have taken pattern by the course of the French Revolutionary Convention toward the son of Louis XVI. They were hedged in with restrictions, forbidden to enter the army or the public service, shut up in the palace, and consigned to a life of sloth and inaction. Their ignorance and sensuality was a by-word with the English. Finally, upon the death of the heir-apparent Lord Dalhousie recommended that "the House of Timur should be suppressed whenever the old King should die."

The seizure of Oude, in 1856, completed the long list of English conquests in India. The only pretext for this assumption was that the King of Oude governed badly. From the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, 1800 miles south to Cape Comorin, and from the Indus, 1900 miles east to the Irrawaddy, the whole vast peninsula had been conquered. Two hundred millions of people—fully one-sixth of the human race—were subjected; a larger number than were ever before, with the single exception of the Chinese empire, brought under one government. Yet while these great conquests were being made, all England rung with denunciations of American rapacity, and lust for territory.

The system of government to which so many millions were subjected was even in theory the worst that ever existed out of Dahomey. Bad as it was in theory it was worse in practice. It was administered mainly by inexperienced youths, ignorant of the language and institutions of the conquered people. They were sent out by their

relatives, who had the good fortune to be Directors of the Company, in order to make their fortunes as soon as possible, while they secured dividends to the Company. Between these two incentives to extortion, ignorance and cupidity, the poor natives were ground to powder, as between the upper and the nether millstone. The governors appointed by the Crown were powerless for good. The practical exercise of power was in the hands of the servants of a soulless corporation on the opposite side of the globe, whose predominant feeling was contempt for the people over whom they were placed. Two hundred millions of human beings were under the absolute control of hardly one hundred thousand strangers in race and religion.

Yet no general apprehensions of revolt were felt. Lord Dalhousie resolved to reduce his new acquisitions—the Punjaub and Oude—to the same abject condition to which Bombay and Madras had been brought. The experiment was first tried in the Punjaub. Picked men, invested with extraordinary powers, were sent there. Among these were the two Lawrences, John and Henry. The latter—perhaps the best man ever sent to India—soon abandoned his work in disgust, leaving a province where people were liable to be hanged upon no better authority than an open note from an assistant-commissioner to a deputy, expressing an opinion that they were guilty. John Lawrence, the stern civilian, had no such scruples. He carried out the policy which had been marked out with unflinching severity. It was resolved to introduce the same system into Oude. Titles to all landed property were adjudicated by men wholly incompetent for the task. The chief commissioner, Jackson, drove the royal family from their palace and took possession of it himself; ladies and children of noble families, who had never before been seen outside of the zenana, were driven to beg their bread by night in the streets of Lucknow. Yet the Company coolly congratulated itself that Oude had been thoroughly subjugated “without the expenditure of a drop of blood, and almost without a murmur.” No matter how deep the curses might be, they were not loud enough to be heard at Calcutta or London.

At the close of 1856 all India seemed reduced to abject and uncomplaining submission. The noblest families, with honors traceable for centuries, were despoiled and humiliated; the peasants were reduced, by the system of land-taxation, to one mass of struggling poverty; great famines were of regular recurrence; the taxes were yet gathered, by bodily torture if necessary. There seemed to be no limits to the atrocities of the authorities or the endurance of the people. The bare idea of a revolt of the native troops was scouted. Individual cases of vengeance might now and then occur; but the idea of any thing like a great uprising was as absurd as to suppose a general insurrection among the beasts of burden.

So, perhaps, it might have been had the con-

querors abstained from touching the one sensitive point of *caste*. No one but a Hindoo can appreciate what is involved in this word. To him to lose *caste* is to be outlawed in this life, and to be cursed in all lives to come throughout eternity. In Lower India the recruits generally belonged to the inferior castes. In Bengal they belonged mainly to the higher castes, among whom the usages of the Hindoo religion were most sedulously guarded. More than once the Government had touched this one sensitive point, but had taken timely warning and refrained. But now, grown bold by success, they thought they might ignore this last concession to Hindoo feeling. It had been resolved to introduce the Enfield rifle into the native service. This involves the use of greased cartridges, the ends of which must be bitten off by the soldier. Now among the means by which *caste* is forfeited one of the most notable is the tasting of animal fat. The greased cartridges were furnished by contractors, and the sepoys believed that the fat of cows and swine was employed in their manufacture. Every sepoy who used one of these was thus liable to all the horrors implied in the loss of *caste*. The whole difficulty might have been obviated by allowing them to prepare their own cartridges with vegetable oils or butter. Some of the wiser officers urged that this should be done; but General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, who was enjoying the cool breezes of Simla, having a good time in hunting, replied, that no concession should be made to the “bestial prejudices of the natives.” He afterward rescinded his decision; but it was too late; the great Indian mutiny had broken out, and the whole Bengal army had disbanded or was in open revolt.

We can note only a few points in the history of this mutiny. The first movement took place February 26, 1857, at Berhampoor. The 19th native infantry refused to receive the suspected ammunition, and were disbanded. The first great outbreak was at Meerut, 32 miles from Delhi, early in May. A cavalry company was ordered to use the ammunition. Five consented, and 85 refused. They were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to work in the chain-gangs. Major Harriott, the Judge Advocate, would listen to no defense. He wrote to a friend that night: “The court is over, and these fellows have got ten years apiece. You will hear of no more mutinies.” He proved a false prophet. Before the end of June the troops in 22 cantonments had risen; in nine of them the revolt was accompanied by the slaughter of women and children. Whether there had been any previous plot, or whether it was an unpremeditated rising, is even yet a matter of doubt. The balance of evidence appears to be against the theory of a conspiracy. It is probable that the flame spread from regiment to regiment, as fire runs along a lighted match.

One episode in this fearful story stands out prominent from all the others. This is the

massacre at Cawnpoor. Nana Sahib, the Maharajah of Bithoor, had some claims against the English Government, and had sent Azim Ollah to England as his agent to advocate them. He was received as a lion in fashionable society in London, but failed in his mission. He returned to India burning with rage against the English. When the troops at Cawnpoor mutinied, Nana was placed at their head. Nine hundred persons, of whom seven hundred and fifty were Europeans, more than two hundred being women and children, were besieged in an intrenched camp near the city. After a siege in which the besieged suffered the extremities of hunger and thirst they capitulated, under promise of being safely conducted to Allahabad. The men were placed in boats, where they were massacred almost to a man, only four escaping. The women were conveyed to Cawnpoor. Here Azim Ollah persuaded the Nana to massacre them all, on the ground that if they were carried off they would be rescued by their countrymen who were rapidly advancing; if they were left alive at Cawnpoor, their testimony would implicate some of their captors who might otherwise escape identification. They were all hewn to pieces in cool blood, and their remains were flung into a dry well. The floor of the room in which they were slaughtered was found next day by the English troops who had come up, ankle-deep in blood. The report of this atrocious massacre was received with horror by Hindoos as well as Europeans. The Begum of Oude and other native leaders declared that it had brought a curse upon their cause. Nana was denounced by all, and thereafter was only heard of as fleeing from place to place to escape the doom which was his due. In his place appeared Tantia Topce as leader. This man manifested generalship of a higher order than was ever shown by any other Hindoo. For months he baffled the ablest English commanders. His movements were compared to forked lightning. He passed before, behind, and among the British columns; traversed mountains, valleys, and swamps, for weeks together at the rate of forty miles a day.

Fearful as were the outrages at Cawnpoor and elsewhere, they were aggravated in the reports sent to England. It was said that the women, before their massacre, were subjected to outrage worse than death. But the most searching inquiry has established the fact that no such indignity was perpetrated in a single case. Hundreds of women were indeed murdered; but death was the utmost which they suffered.

How this great mutiny was put down the world knows. But it does not know that the atrocities perpetrated by the insurgents pale before those committed by the conquerors. General Neill, who was left at Cawnpoor by Havelock, shall describe his system. He says:

"Whenever a rebel is caught he is immediately tried, and unless he can prove a defense, he is sentenced to be hanged at once; but the chief rebels or ringleaders I make first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood, still two inches deep in the shed where the fearful murder

and mutilation of the women and children took place. To touch blood is abhorrent to the high-caste natives; they think by doing so they doom their souls to perdition. Let them think so. The first I caught was a Subahdar, or native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood he had helped to shed; but I made the Provost-marshal do his duty, and a few lashes made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out and immediately hanged, and after death buried in a ditch at the roadside."

Tantia Topce was at length captured when asleep in the jungle by a native who had turned traitor. No charge of any atrocities, we believe, was ever made against him. He was tried by court-martial and hanged. The Ranees Lakshmi Bai, who had taken the vow of vengeance, proved herself one of the ablest leaders of the natives. At last she shut herself up in her strong fort at Jhansi. It was taken by storm; five thousand natives were slain. Men killed their wives and children to prevent them from falling into the hands of the victors, and then leaped into the wells. The executions after the capture were numerous; among those put to death was the father of the Ranees. She herself escaped, but was in a few days surprised in camp. She sprung upon a horse, but received a shot in the side and a sabre cut on the head; still she rode on until she dropped dead from her horse. Sir Hugh Rose declared that in her the rebels had lost their best military leader.

The poor old King of Delhi had been set up against his will as the nominal head of the rebellion. When the mutiny broke out at Delhi he had written to Agra giving the first tidings, and declaring that he was powerless in the hands of the sepoys. After the storming of Delhi he withdrew to a strong fortress near by which was held by 3000 troops. Here he surrendered, with his Queen, under promise of personal safety, to a company of 100 British soldiers. These were commanded by Captain Hodson, a brutal trooper, famous for his eagerness for plunder. Others of the family of the King were captured here, among whom were two young princes. As these were conveyed to Delhi a crowd gathered around. Hodson, pretending to fear an attempt at rescue, shot the princes with his own hand, having first made them strip off their splendid garments in order that they should not be injured. Seven other of the princes of Delhi were captured, but escaped for a time; but most of them were taken and hung, and their bodies flung into the river. Sir Robert Montgomery, afterward Commissioner in Oude, wrote to Hodson, congratulating him on the capture of the King and the slaying of his sons; adding, "I hope you will bag many more." The old King and his Queen were imprisoned in a dirty chamber over an archway in their own palace, where they were exposed to the constant intrusion of the Europeans. He was brought to trial. In vain he pleaded that he was powerless against the mutineers, and that he and the Queen had repeatedly periled their lives in attempting to save those of the English. He was condemned as a "false traitor

to the British Government, and an accessory to the massacre in the palace." The severest punishment consistent with the letter of the promise of safety under which he had given himself up was inflicted upon him. He, with his Queen, and two princes, one a mere child, were sent to an inland fortress in Burmah. The trial of the King of Delhi was conducted by the same Harriot who boasted that the Meerut mutineers had got their ten years apiece, and that there would be no more mutinies. He died not long after at Southampton, where he had just landed on his return from India. He had \$150,000 in his port-folio, and bequeathed half a million dollars to his nephew—the spoils which he had accumulated in India.

These individual severities were but parts of a general system. Prisoners were blown from the cannon's mouth or hanged with scarcely the formality of a trial. It seemed as though the only system of dealing with the natives was that of village-burning and hanging. "The gibbet is a standing institution among us," wrote an English resident at Benares. "There it stands immediately in front of the flag-staff, with three ropes always attached to it, so that three may always be executed at one time." The authorities at Calcutta could not even procure lists of the numbers and crimes of the slaughtered multitudes. Vengeance fell especially upon the sepoys as a class. Whole regiments which had not even mutinied were exterminated. Thus the 26th Native Infantry ran away in a panic at seeing their major killed by a fanatic. The fugitives were pursued for forty miles; many were drowned on coming to a river which they were too much exhausted by fatigue and hunger to be able to swim. Some hundreds surrendered, and were hacked to pieces in squads of eight or ten; 45 were suffocated in a bastion, into which they were thrust without food or water; and their dead bodies were flung into a dry well—a fitting pendant, it was said, to the well at Cawn-poor. Sir Robert Montgomery, the same who hoped Hodson would "bag" more of the Delhi princes, congratulated his subordinate upon this extermination of a thousand men; adding, "Three other regiments were very shaky here yesterday; but I hardly think they will go now. I wish they would, as they are a nuisance, and not a man would escape if they do." At Delhi, the civilians who had returned after the capture began to inflict capital punishment with an indiscriminate fury which shocked even the stern Sir John Lawrence, who issued an order "putting a stop to civilians hanging from their own will and pleasure."

Yet the laws which were passed were, it would seem, stringent enough to prevent all necessity for unlicensed hanging. By an Act of May 30, any persons guilty of rebellion or waging war against the Queen or Government were rendered liable to the punishment of death, with the forfeiture of all their property; the crime of harboring rebels was made heavily punishable. Government might appoint commissioners to

act singly, who were vested with absolute and final powers of judgment and execution, without the presence of law officers or assessors; and the possession of arms in any district in which it might be prohibited by the Executive Government was made penal. A week later an Act was passed punishing by death and confiscation of property all persons convicted of exciting mutiny or sedition; giving to courts-martial the power to try all persons, whether amenable or not to the articles of war; empowering the Government to issue commissions to single commissioners, with full powers of judgment and execution, to try all these offenses.

English statesmen and writers have inveighed loudly against the rebellion and confiscation Acts passed by our Government, which are nevertheless mild in character and guarded in execution compared with those passed by the English only five years ago. By these powers were conferred upon any one of an indefinite number of single commissioners far greater than those which we have granted to the regular courts of justice and the National Executive. The Special Commissioners appointed under these laws executed their functions in so sanguinary a manner that General Outram was forced to recommend that tribunals should be created for the trial of sepoys who should surrender, and had not been guilty of murder. He said it was "high time to show that we did not intend to wage a war of extermination against all Hindoos, or against all sepoys because they were sepoys." Outram was indeed compelled to leave Oude on account of his opposition to a proclamation of the Governor-General, by which the whole territory in that province was declared confiscated, except the estates of five or six chiefs. This proclamation was indeed disapproved in England, and Lord Ellenborough, the President of the India Board, wrote to Calcutta a dispatch repudiating it.

When the great mutiny had been fairly put down, and full vengeance exacted, the English Government awoke to the necessity of putting the affairs of India upon a different footing. The same storm which drove Mohammed Shah from his palace also swept away the political power which had so long been abused by the East India Company. The Company had deposed the King of Oude because he had misgoverned his eight millions of subjects. Parliament deposed the Company because it had misgoverned its two hundred millions. While the palace at Delhi was given over to pillage the East India House in London was put up at public auction and sold for the value of its site and materials. So passed away in a day the mighty power of the Honorable Masters, which had been so shamefully abused, and India was formally annexed to the English crown.

That many abuses have been remedied by the new Government is undoubted. But it requires no gift of prophecy to say that the government of one-sixth of the human family by a few men sent from the opposite side of the globe must

come to an end. How soon no man can say. It can only be maintained by fear. The natives can have no affection for their masters. They are foreigners and invaders, aliens in blood, language, manners, and religion; and whenever an opportunity arrives for shaking off the hated dominion the attempt will be made; the next time, it may be presumed, under happier auspices than the last. Whenever Great Britain finds herself at war with a great Power she may be sure that India will be the main point of attack. The seeds of revolt must always be ready to germinate. A French or American fleet upon the coast, or a Russian army from Cabool, would be the signal of an

uprising. The time for vengeance has long been delayed, and may be still longer put off. Seventy years ago Campbell wrote prophetically of the English oppressors of India:

"Foes of mankind, her guardian spirits say,
Revolving ages bring the bitter day
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew."

"The mill of the gods grinds slowly, but it grinds fine." The Oriental races hold vengeance as a flint holds fire—unseen and unnoted; but the fire is there, and it needs only the right blow to bring it to view. There are hands enough in the world able and willing to strike that blow when occasion serves.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER I.

THE SQUIRE OF ALLINGTON.

OF course there was a Great House at Allington. How otherwise should there have been a Small House? Our story will, as its name imports, have its closest relations with those who lived in the less dignified domicile of the two; but it will have close relations also with the more dignified, and it may be well that I should, in the first instance, say a few words as to the Great House and its owner.

The squires of Allington had been squires of Allington since squires, such as squires are now, were first known in England. From father to son, and from uncle to nephew, and, in one instance, from second cousin to second cousin, the sceptre had descended in the family of the Dales; and the acres had remained intact growing in value, and not decreasing in number, though

guarded by no entail and protected by no wonderful amount of prudence or wisdom. The estate of Dale of Allington had been coterminous with the parish of Allington for some hundreds of years; and though, as I have said, the race of squires had possessed nothing of superhuman discretion, and had perhaps been guided in their walks through life by no very distinct principles, still there had been with them so much of adherence to a sacred law, that no acre of the property had ever been parted from the hands of the existing squire. Some futile attempts had been made to increase the territory, as indeed had been done by Kit Dale, the father of Christopher Dale, who will appear as our squire of Allington when the persons of our drama are introduced. Old Kit Dale, who had married money, had bought outlying farms—a bit of ground here and a bit there—talking, as he did so, much of political influence and of the good old Tory cause. But these farms and bits of ground had gone again before our time. To them had been attached no religion. When old Kit had found himself pressed in that matter of the majority of the Nineteenth Dragoons, in which crack regiment his second son made for himself quite a career, he found it easier to sell than to save—seeing that that which he sold was his own and not the patrimony of the Dales. At his death the remainder of these purchases had gone. Family arrangements required completion, and Christopher Dale required ready money. The outlying farms flew away, as such new purchases had flown before; but the old patrimony of the Dales remained untouched, as it had ever remained.

It had been a religion among them; and seeing that the worship had been carried on without fail, that the vestal fire had never gone down upon the hearth, I should not have said that the Dales had walked their ways without high principle. To this religion they had all adhered, and the new heir had ever entered in upon his domain without other encumbrances than those with which he himself was then already burdened. And yet there had been no entail. The idea of an entail was not in accordance with the

peculiarities of the Dale mind. It was necessary to the Dale religion that each squire should have the power of wasting the acres of Allington, and that he should abstain from wasting them. I remember to have dined at a house the whole glory and fortune of which depended on the safety of a glass goblet. We all know the story. If the luck of Edenhall should be shattered the doom of the family would be sealed. Nevertheless I was bidden to drink out of the fatal glass, as were all guests in that house. It would not have contented the chivalrous mind of the master to protect his doom by lock and key and padded chest. And so it was with the Dales of Allington. To them an entail would have been a lock and key and a padded chest; but the old chivalry of their house denied to them the use of such protection.

I have spoken something slightly of the acquirements and doings of the family; and indeed their acquirements had been few and their doings little. At Allington, Dale of Allington had always been known as a king. At Guestwick, the neighboring market town, he was a great man—to be seen frequently on Saturdays, standing in the market-place, and laying down the law as to barley and oxen among men who knew usually more about barley and oxen than did he. At Hamersham, the assize town, he was generally in some repute, being a constant grand juror for the county, and a man who paid his way. But even at Hamersham the glory of the Dales had, at most periods, begun to pale, for they had seldom been widely conspicuous in the county, and had earned no great reputation by their knowledge of jurisprudence in the grand jury room. Beyond Hamersham their fame had not spread itself.

They had been men generally built in the same mould, inheriting each from his father the same virtues and the same vices—men who would have lived, each, as his father had lived before him, had not the new ways of the world gradually drawn away with them, by an invisible magnetism, the upcoming Dale of the day—not indeed in any case so moving him as to bring him up to the spirit of the age in which he lived, but dragging him forward to a line in advance of that on which his father had trodden. They had been obstinate men; believing much in themselves; just according to their ideas of justice; hard to their tenants—but not known to be hard even by the tenants themselves, for the rules followed had ever been the rules on the Allington estate; imperious to their wives and children, but imperious within bounds, so that no Mrs. Dale had fled from her lord's roof, and no loud scandals had existed between father and sons: exacting in their ideas as to money, expecting that they were to receive much and to give little, and yet not thought to be mean, for they paid their way, and gave money in parish charity and in county charity. They had ever been steady supporters of the Church, graciously receiving into their parish such new vicars as, from time to time, were sent to them from

King's College, Cambridge, to which establishment the gift of the living belonged; but, nevertheless, the Dales had ever carried on some unpronounced warfare against the clergyman, so that the intercourse between the lay family and the clerical had seldom been in all respects pleasant.

Such had been the Dales of Allington time out of mind, and such in all respects would have been the Christopher Dale of our time had he not suffered two accidents in his youth. He had fallen in love with a lady who obstinately refused his hand, and on her account he had remained single; that was his first accident. The second had fallen upon him with reference to his father's assumed wealth. He had supposed himself to be richer than other Dales of Allington when coming in upon his property, and had consequently entertained an idea of sitting in Parliament for his county. In order that he might attain this honor he had allowed himself to be talked by the men of Hamersham and Guestwick out of his old family politics, and had declared himself a liberal. He had never gone to the poll, and, indeed, had never actually stood for the seat. But he had come forward as a liberal politician, and had failed; and although it was well-known to all around that Christopher Dale was in heart as thoroughly conservative as any of his forefathers, this accident had made him sour and silent on the subject of politics, and had somewhat estranged him from his brother squires.

In other respects our Christopher Dale was, if any thing, superior to the average of the family. Those whom he did love he loved dearly. Those whom he hated he did not ill-use beyond the limits of justice. He was close in small matters of money, and yet in certain family arrangements he was, as we shall see, capable of much liberality. He endeavored to do his duty in accordance with his lights, and had succeeded in weaning himself from personal indulgences, to which during the early days of his high hopes he had become accustomed. And in that matter of his unrequited love he had been true throughout. In his hard, dry, unpleasant way he had loved the woman; and when at last he learned to know that she would not have his love he had been unable to transfer his heart to another. This had happened just at the period of his father's death, and he had endeavored to console himself with politics, with what fate we have already seen. A constant, upright, and by no means insincere man was our Christopher Dale—thin and meagre in his mental attributes, by no means even understanding the fullness of a full man, with power of eye-sight very limited in seeing aught which was above him, but yet worthy of regard in that he had realized a path of duty and did endeavor to walk therein. And, moreover, our Mr. Christopher Dale was a gentleman.

Such in character was the squire of Allington, the only regular inhabitant of the Great House. In person he was a plain, dry man, with short

grizzled hair and thick grizzled eyebrows. Of beard he had very little, carrying the smallest possible gray whiskers, which hardly fell below the points of his ears. His eyes were sharp and expressive, and his nose was straight and well formed—as was also his chin. But the nobility of his face was destroyed by a mean mouth with thin lips; and his forehead, which was high and narrow, though it forbade you to take Mr. Dale for a fool, forbade you also to take him for a man of great parts, or of a wide capacity. In height he was about five feet ten; and at the time of our story was as near to seventy as he was to sixty. But years had treated him very lightly, and he bore few signs of age. Such in person was Christopher Dale, Esq., the squire of Allington, and owner of some three thousand a year, all of which proceeded from the lands of that parish.

And now I will speak of the Great House of Allington. After all, it was not very great; nor was it surrounded by much of that exquisite nobility of park appurtenance which graces the habitations of most of our old landed proprietors. But the house itself was very graceful. It had been built in the days of the early Stuarts, in that style of architecture to which we give the name of the Tudors. On its front it showed three pointed roofs, or gables, as I believe they should be called; and between each gable a thin tall chimney stood, the two chimneys thus raising themselves just above the three peaks I have mentioned. I think that the beauty of the house depended much on those two chimneys; on them, and on the mullioned windows with which the front of the house was closely filled. The door, with its jutting porch, was by no means in the centre of the house. As you entered, there was but one window on your right hand, while on your left there were three. And over these there was a line of five windows, one taking its place above the porch. We all know the beautiful old Tudor window, with its stout stone mullions and its stone transoms, crossing from side to side at a point much nearer to the top than to the bottom. Of all windows ever invented it is the sweetest. And here, at Allington, I think their beauty was enhanced by the fact that they were not regular in their shape. Some of these windows were long windows, while some of them were high. That to the right of the door, and that at the other extremity of the house, were among the former. But the others had been put in without regard to uniformity, a long window here, and a high window there, with a general effect which could hardly have been improved. Then above, in the three gables, were three other smaller apertures. But these also were mullioned, and the entire frontage of the house was uniform in its style.

Round the house there were trim gardens, not very large, but worthy of much note in that they were so trim—gardens with broad gravel paths, with one walk running in front of the house so broad as to be fitly called a terrace. But this, though in front of the house, was sufficiently re-

moved from it to allow of a coach road running inside it to the front door. The Dales of Allington had always been gardeners, and their garden was perhaps more noted in the county than any other of their properties. But outside the gardens no pretensions had been made to the grandeur of a domain. The pastures round the house were but pretty fields, in which timber was abundant. There was no deer park at Allington; and though the Allington woods were well known, they formed no portion of a whole of which the house was a part. They lay away, out of sight, a full mile from the back of the house; but not on that account of less avail for the fitting preservation of foxes.

And the house stood much too near the road for purposes of grandeur, had such purposes ever swelled the breast of any of the squires of Allington. But I fancy that our ideas of rural grandeur have altered since many of our older country seats were built. To be near the village, so as in some way to afford comfort, protection, and patronage, and perhaps also with some view to the pleasantness of neighborhood for its own inmates, seemed to be the object of a gentleman when building his house in the old days. A solitude in the centre of a wide park is now the only site that can be recognized as eligible. No cottage must be seen, unless the cottage orné of the gardener. The village, if it can not be abolished, must be got out of sight. The sound of the church bells is not desirable, and the road on which the profane vulgar travel by their own right must be at a distance. When some old Dale of Allington built his house he thought differently. There stood the church and there the village, and, pleased with such vicinity, he sat himself down close to his God and to his tenants.

As you pass along the road from Guestwick into the village you see the church near to you on your left hand; but the house is hidden from the road. As you approach the church, reaching the gate of it, which is not above two hundred yards from the high road, you see the full front of the Great House. Perhaps the best view of it is from the church-yard. The lane leading up to the church ends in a gate, which is the entrance into Mr. Dale's place. There is no lodge there, and the gate generally stands open—indeed always does so, unless some need of cattle grazing within requires that it should be closed. But there is an inner gate leading from the home paddock through the gardens to the house, and another inner gate, some thirty yards farther on, which will take you into the farm-yard. Perhaps it is a defect at Allington that the farm-yard is very close to the house. But the stables, and the straw-yards, and the unwashed carts, and the lazy lingering cattle of the homestead, are screened off by a row of chestnuts, which, when in its glory of flower in the early days of May, no other row in England can surpass in beauty. Had any one told Dale of Allington—this Dale or any former Dale—that his place wanted wood, he would have pointed with

mingled pride and disdain to his belt of chest-nuts.

Of the church itself I will say the fewest possible number of words. It was a church such as there are, I think, thousands in England—low, incommodious, kept with difficulty in repair too, often pervious to the wet, and yet strangely picturesque, and correct too, according to great rules of architecture. It was built with a nave and aisles, visibly in the form of a cross, though with its arms clipped down to the trunk, with a separate chancel, with a large square short tower, and with a bell-shaped spire, covered with lead and irregular in its proportions. Who does not know the low porch, the perpendicular Gothic window, the flat-roofed aisles, and the noble old gray tower of such a church as this? As regards its interior, it was dusty; it was blocked up with high-backed ugly pews; the gallery in which the children sat at the end of the church, and in which two ancient musicians blew their bassoons, was all awry, and looked as though it would fall; the pulpit was an ugly, useless edifice, as high nearly as the roof would allow, and the reading-desk under it hardly permitted the parson to keep his head free from the dangling tassels of the cushion above him. A clerk also was there beneath him, holding a third position somewhat elevated; and upon the whole things there were not quite as I would have had them. But, nevertheless, the place looked like a church, and I can hardly say so much for all the modern edifices which have been built in my days toward the glory of God. It looked like a church, and not the less so because in walking up the passage between the pews the visitor trod upon the brass plates which dignified the resting-places of the departed Dales of old.

Below the church, and between that and the village, stood the vicarage, in such position that the small garden of the vicarage stretched from the church-yard down to the backs of the village cottages. This was a pleasant residence, newly built within the last thirty years, and creditable to the ideas of comfort entertained by the rich collegiate body from which the vicars of Allington always came. Doubtless we shall in the course of our sojourn at Allington visit the vicarage now and then, but I do not know that any further detailed account of its comforts will be necessary to us.

Passing by the lane leading to the vicarage, the church, and to the house, the high road descends rapidly to a little brook which runs through the village. On the right as you descend you will have seen the "Red Lion," and will have seen no other house conspicuous in any way. At the bottom, close to the brook, is the post-office, kept surely by the crossdest old woman in all those parts. Here the road passes through the water, the accommodation of a narrow wooden bridge having been afforded for those on foot. But before passing the stream you will see a cross street, running to the left, as had run that other lane leading to the house.

Here, as this cross street rises the hill, are the best houses in the village. The baker lives here, and that respectable woman, Mrs. Frum-mage, who sells ribbons, and toys, and soap, and straw bonnets, with many other things too long to mention. Here, too, lives an apothecary, whom the veneration of this and neighboring parishes has raised to the dignity of a doctor. And here also, in the smallest but prettiest cottage that can be imagined, lives Mrs. Hearn, the widow of a former vicar, on terms, however, with her neighbor the squire which I regret to say are not as friendly as they should be. Beyond this lady's modest residence, Allington Street, for so the road is called, turns suddenly round toward the church, and at the point of the turn is a pretty low iron railing with a gate, and with a covered way, which leads up to the front door of the house which stands there. I will only say here, at this fag end of a chapter, that it is the Small House at Allington. Allington Street, as I have said, turns short round toward the church at this point, and there ends at a white gate, leading into the church-yard by a second entrance.

So much it was needful that I should say of Allington Great House, of the squire, and of the village. Of the Small House I will speak separately in a further chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO PEARLS OF ALLINGTON.

"BUT Mr. Crosbie is only a mere clerk."

This sarcastic condemnation was spoken by Miss Lilian Dale to her sister Isabella, and referred to a gentleman with whom we shall have much concern in these pages. I do not say that Mr. Crosbie will be our hero, seeing that that part in the drama will be cut up, as it were, into fragments. Whatever of the magnificent may be produced will be diluted and apportioned out in very moderate quantities among two or more, probably among three or four, young gentlemen—to none of whom will be vouchsafed the privilege of much heroic action.

"I don't know what you call a mere clerk, Lily. Mr. Fanfaron is a mere barrister, and Mr. Boyce is a mere clergyman." Mr. Boyce was the vicar of Allington, and Mr. Fanfaron was a lawyer who had made his way over to Allington during the last assizes. "You might as well say that Lord De Guest is a mere earl."

"So he is—only a mere earl. Had he ever done any thing except have fat oxen one wouldn't say so. You know what I mean by a mere clerk. It isn't much in a man to be in a public office, and yet Mr. Crosbie gives himself airs."

"You don't suppose that Mr. Crosbie is the same as John Eames," said Bell, who, by her tone of voice, did not seem inclined to undervalue the qualifications of Mr. Crosbie. Now John Eames was a young man from Guestwick, who had been appointed to a clerkship in the

Income-tax Office, with eighty pounds a year, two years ago.

"Then Johnny Eames is a mere clerk," said Lily; "and Mr. Crosbie is— After all, Bell, what is Mr. Crosbie, if he is not a mere clerk? Of course he is older than John Eames; and, as he has been longer at it, I suppose he has more than eighty pounds a year."

"I am not in Mr. Crosbie's confidence. He is in the General Committee Office, I know; and, I believe, has pretty nearly the management of the whole of it. I have heard Bernard say that he has six or seven young men under him, and that—; but of course I don't know what he does at his office."

"I'll tell you what he is, Bell; Mr. Crosbie is a swell." And Lilian Dale was right; Mr. Crosbie was a swell.

And here I may perhaps best explain who Bernard was, and who was Mr. Crosbie. Captain Bernard Dale was an officer in the corps of Engineers, was the first cousin of the two girls who have been speaking, and was nephew and heir-presumptive to the squire. His father, Colonel Dale, and his mother, Lady Fanny Dale, were still living at Torquay—an effete, invalid, listless couple, pretty well dead to all the world beyond the region of the Torquay card-tables. He it was who had made for himself quite a career in the Nineteenth Dragoons. This he did by eloping with the penniless daughter of that impoverished earl, the Lord De Guest. After the conclusion of that event circumstances had not afforded him the opportunity of making himself conspicuous; and he had gone on declining gradually in the world's esteem—for the world had esteemed him when he first made good his running with the Lady Fanny—till now, in his slippered years, he and his Lady Fanny were unknown except among those Torquay Bath chairs and card-tables. His elder brother was still a hearty man, walking in thick shoes, and constant in his saddle; but the colonel, with nothing beyond his wife's title to keep his body awake, had fallen asleep somewhat prematurely among his slippers. Of him and of Lady Fanny, Bernard Dale was the only son. Daughters they had had; some were dead, some married, and one living with them among the card-tables. Of his parents Bernard had latterly not seen much; not more, that is, than duty and a due attention to the fifth commandment required of him. He also was making a career for himself, having obtained a commission in the Engineers, and being known to all his compeers as the nephew of an earl, and as the heir to a property of three thousand a year. And when I say that Bernard Dale was not inclined to throw away any of these advantages, I by no means intend to speak in his dispraise. The advantage of being heir to a good property is so manifest—the advantages over and beyond those which are merely fiscal, that no man thinks of throwing them away, or expects another man to do so. Moneys in possession or in expectation do give a set to the head, and a

confidence to the voice, and an assurance to the man, which will help him much in his walk in life—if the owner of them will simply use them, and not abuse them. And for Bernard Dale I will say that he did not often talk of his uncle the earl. He was conscious that his uncle was an earl, and that other men knew the fact. He knew that he would not otherwise have been elected at the Beaufort, or at that most aristocratic of little clubs called Sebright's. When noble blood was called in question he never alluded specially to his own, but he knew how to speak as one of whom all the world was aware on which side he had been placed by the circumstances of his birth. Thus he used his advantage, and did not abuse it. And in his profession he had been equally fortunate. By industry, by a small but wakeful intelligence, and by some aid from patronage, he had got on till he had almost achieved the reputation of talent. His name had become known among scientific experimentalists, not as that of one who had himself invented a cannon or an antidote to a cannon, but as of a man understanding in cannons and well fitted to look at those invented by others; who would honestly test this or that antidote; or, if not honestly, seeing that such thin-minded men can hardly go to the proof of any matter without some pre-judgment in their minds, at any rate with such appearance of honesty that the world might be satisfied. And in this way Captain Dale was employed much at home, about London, and was not called on to build barracks in Nova Scotia, or to make roads in the Punjaub.

He was a small, slight man, smaller than his uncle, but in face very like him. He had the same eyes, and nose, and chin, and the same mouth; but his forehead was better—less high and pointed, and better formed about the brows. And then he wore mustaches, which somewhat hid the thinness of his mouth. On the whole, he was not ill-looking; and, as I have said before, he carried with him an air of self-assurance and a confident balance, which in itself gives a grace to a young man.

He was staying at the present time in his uncle's house, during the delicious warmth of the summer—for, as yet, the month of July was not all past; and his intimate friend, Adolphus Crosbie, who was or was not a mere clerk as my readers may choose to form their own opinions on that matter, was a guest in the house with him. I am inclined to say that Adolphus Crosbie was not a mere clerk; and I do not think that he would have been so called, even by Lily Dale, had he not given signs to her that he was a "swell." Now a man in becoming a swell—a swell of such an order as could possibly be known to Lily Dale—must have ceased to be a mere clerk in that very process. And, moreover, Captain Dale would not have been Damon to any Pythias, of whom it might fairly be said that he was a mere clerk. Nor could any mere clerk have got himself in either at the Beaufort or at Sebright's. The evidence against that former

assertion made by Lily Dale is very strong; but then the evidence as to her latter assertion is as strong. Mr. Crosbie certainly was a swell. It is true that he was a clerk in the General Committee Office. But then, in the first place, the General Committee Office is situated in Whitehall; whereas poor John Eames was forced to travel daily from his lodgings in Burton Crescent, ever so far beyond Russell Square, to his dingy room in Somerset House. And Adolphus Crosbie, when very young, had been a private secretary, and had afterward mounted up in his office to some quasi authority and senior-clerkship, bringing him in seven hundred a year, and giving him a status among assistant secretaries and the like, which even in an official point of view was something. But the triumphs of Adolphus Crosbie had been other than these. Not because he had been intimate with assistant secretaries, and was allowed in Whitehall a room to himself with an arm-chair, would he have been entitled to stand upon the rug at Sebright's and speak while rich men listened—rich men, and men also who had handles to their names! Adolphus Crosbie had done more than make minutes with discretion on the papers of the General Committee Office. He had set himself down before the gates of the city of fashion, and had taken them by storm; or, perhaps, to speak with more propriety, he had picked the locks and let himself in. In his walks of life he was somebody in London. A man at the West End who did not know who was Adolphus Crosbie knew nothing. I do not say that he was the intimate friend of many great men; but even great men acknowledged the acquaintance of Adolphus Crosbie, and he was to be seen in the drawing-rooms, or at any rate on the staircases, of Cabinet Ministers.

Lilian Dale, dear Lily Dale—for my reader must know that she is to be very dear, and that my story will be nothing to him if he do not love Lily Dale—Lilian Dale had discovered that Mr. Crosbie was a swell. But I am bound to say that Mr. Crosbie did not habitually proclaim the fact in any offensive manner; nor in becoming a swell had he become altogether a bad fellow. It was not to be expected that a man who was petted at Sebright's should carry himself in the Allington drawing-room as would Johnny Eames, who had never been petted by any one but his mother. And this fraction of a hero of ours had other advantages to back him, over and beyond those which fashion had given him. He was a tall, well-looking man, with pleasant eyes and an expressive mouth—a man whom you would probably observe in whatever room you might meet him. And he knew how to talk, and had in him something which justified talking. He was no butterfly or dandy, who flew about in the world's sun, warmed into prettiness by a sunbeam. Crosbie had his opinion on things—on politics, on religion, on the philanthropic tendencies of the age, and had read something here and there as he formed his opinion. Perhaps he might have done better in the world had

he not been placed so early in life in that Whitehall public office. There was that in him which might have earned better bread for him in an open profession.

But in that matter of his bread the fate of Adolphus Crosbie had by this time been decided for him, and he had reconciled himself to fate that was now inexorable. Some very slight patrimony, a hundred a year or so, had fallen to his share. Beyond that he had his salary from his office, and nothing else; and on his income, thus made up, he had lived as a bachelor in London, enjoying all that London could give him as a man in moderately easy circumstances, and looking forward to no costly luxuries—such as a wife, a house of his own, or a stable full of horses. Those which he did enjoy of the good things of the world would, if known to John Eames, have made him appear fabulously rich in the eyes of that brother clerk. His lodgings in Mount Street were elegant in their belongings. During three months of the season in London he called himself the master of a very neat hack. He was always well dressed, though never over-dressed. At his clubs he could live on equal terms with men having ten times his income. He was not married. He had acknowledged to himself that he could not marry without money; and he would not marry for money. He had put aside from him, as not within his reach, the comforts of marriage. But— We will not, however, at the present moment, inquire more curiously into the private life and circumstances of our new friend Adolphus Crosbie.

After the sentence pronounced against him by Lilian the two girls remained silent for a while. Bell was, perhaps, a little angry with her sister. It was not often that she allowed herself to say much in praise of any gentleman; and now that she had spoken a word or two in favor of Mr. Crosbie, she felt herself to be rebuked by her sister for this unwonted enthusiasm. Lily was at work on a drawing, and in a minute or two had forgotten all about Mr. Crosbie; but the injury remained on Bell's mind, and prompted her to go back to the subject. "I don't like those slang words, Lily."

"What slang words?"

"You know what you called Bernard's friend."

"Oh, a swell! I fancy I do like slang. I think it's awfully jolly to talk about things being jolly. Only that I was afraid of your nerves I should have called him stunning. It's so slow, you know, to use nothing but words out of a dictionary."

"I don't think it's nice in talking of gentlemen."

"Isn't it? Well, I'd like to be nice—if I knew how."

If she knew how! There is no knowing how, for a girl, in that matter. If nature and her mother have not done it for her there is no hope for her on that head. I think I may say that nature and her mother had been sufficiently efficacious for Lilian Dale in this respect.

"Mr. Crosbie is, at any rate, a gentleman, and knows how to make himself pleasant. That was all that I meant. Mamma said a great deal more about him than I did."

"Mr. Crosbie is an Apollo; and I always look upon Apollo as the greatest—you know what—that ever lived. I mustn't say the word, because Apollo was a gentleman."

At this moment, while the name of the god was still on her lips, the high open window of the drawing-room was darkened, and Bernard entered, followed by Mr. Crosbie.

"Who is talking about Apollo?" said Captain Dale.

The girls were both stricken dumb. How would it be with them if Mr. Crosbie had heard himself spoken of in those last words of poor Lily's? This was the rashness of which Bell was ever accusing her sister, and here was the result! But, in truth, Bernard had heard nothing more than the name, and Mr. Crosbie, who had been behind him, had heard nothing.

"*'As sweet and musical As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,'*" said Mr. Crosbie, not meaning much by the quotation, but perceiving that the two girls had been in some way put out and silenced.

"What very bad music it must have made," said Lily; "unless, indeed, his hair was very different from ours."

"It was all sunbeams," suggested Bernard. But by that time Apollo had served his turn, and the ladies welcomed their guests in the proper form.

"Mamma is in the garden," said Bell, with that hypocritical pretense so common with young ladies when young gentlemen call; as though they were aware that mamma was the object specially sought.

"Picking pease, with a sun-bonnet on," said Lily.

"Let us by all means go and help her," said Mr. Crosbie; and then they issued out into the garden.

The gardens of the Great House of Allington and those of the Small House open on to each other. A proper boundary of thick laurel hedge, and wide ditch, and of iron spikes guarding the ditch, there is between them; but over the wide ditch there is a foot-bridge, and at the bridge there is a gate which has no key; and for all purposes of enjoyment the gardens of each house are open to the other. And the gardens of the Small House are very pretty. The Small House itself is so near the road that there is nothing between the dining-room windows and the iron rail but a narrow edge rather than border, and a little path made with round fixed cobble-stones, not above two feet broad, into which no one but the gardener ever makes his way. The distance from the road to the house is not above five or six feet, and the entrance from the gate is shut in by a covered way. But the garden behind the house, on to which the windows from the drawing-room open, is to all the senses as private as though there were no village of Allington,

and no road up to the church within a hundred yards of the lawn. The steeple of the church, indeed, can be seen from the lawn, peering, as it were, between the yew-trees which stand in the corner of the church-yard adjoining to Mrs. Dale's wall. But none of the Dale family have any objection to the sight of that steeple. The glory of the Small House at Allington certainly consists in its lawn, which is as smooth, as level, and as much like velvet as grass has ever yet been made to look. Lily Dale, taking pride in her own lawn, has declared often that it is no good attempting to play croquet up at the Great House. The grass, she says, grows in tufts, and nothing that Hopkins, the gardener, can or will do has any effect upon the tufts. But there are no tufts at the Small House. As the squire himself has never been very enthusiastic about croquet, the croquet implements have been moved permanently down to the Small House, and croquet there has become quite an institution.

And while I am on the subject of the garden I may also mention Mrs. Dale's conservatory, as to which Bell was strenuously of opinion that the Great House had nothing to offer equal to it—"For flowers, of course, I mean," she would say, correcting herself; for at the Great House there was a grapery very celebrated. On this matter the squire would be less tolerant than as regarded the croquet, and would tell his niece that she knew nothing about flowers. "Perhaps not, Uncle Christopher," she would say. "All the same, I like our geraniums best;" for there was a spice of obstinacy about Miss Dale—as, indeed, there was in all the Dales, male and female, young and old.

It may be as well to explain that the care of this lawn and of this conservatory, and indeed of the entire garden belonging to the Small House, was in the hands of Hopkins, the head gardener to the Great House; and it was so simply for this reason, that Mrs. Dale could not afford to keep a gardener herself. A working lad, at ten shillings a week, who cleaned the knives and shoes, and dug the ground, was the only male attendant on the three ladies. But Hopkins, the head gardener of Allington, who had men under him, was as widely awake to the lawn and the conservatory of the humbler establishment as he was to the grapery, peach-walls, and terraces of the grander one. In his eyes it was all one place. The Small House belonged to his master, as indeed did the very furniture within it; and it was lent, not let, to Mrs. Dale. Hopkins, perhaps, did not love Mrs. Dale, seeing that he owed her no duty as one born a Dale. The two young ladies he did love, and also snubbed in a very peremptory way sometimes. To Mrs. Dale he was coldly civil, always referring to the squire if any direction worthy of special notice as concerning the garden was given to him.

All this will serve to explain the terms on which Mrs. Dale was living at the Small House—a matter needful of explanation sooner or later. Her husband had been the youngest of

three brothers, and in many respects the brightest. Early in life he had gone up to London, and there had done well as a land surveyor. He had done so well that Government had employed him, and for some three or four years he had enjoyed a large income. But death had come suddenly on him, while he was only yet ascending the ladder; and when he died he had hardly begun to realize the golden prospects which he had seen before him. This had happened some fifteen years before our story commenced, so that the two girls hardly retained any memory of their father. For the first five years of her widowhood Mrs. Dale, who had never been a favorite of the squire's, lived with her two little girls in such modest way as her very limited means allowed. Old Mrs. Dale, the squire's mother, then occupied the Small House. But when old Mrs. Dale died the squire offered the place rent-free to his sister-in-law, intimating to her that her daughters would obtain considerable social advantages by living at Allington. She had accepted the offer, and the social advantages had certainly followed. Mrs. Dale was poor, her whole income not exceeding three hundred a year, and therefore her own style of living was of necessity very unassuming; but she saw her girls becoming popular in the county, much liked by the families around them, and enjoying nearly all the advantages which would have accrued to them had they been the daughters of Squire Dale, of Allington. Under such circumstances it was little to her whether or no she were loved by her brother-in-law or respected by Hopkins. Her own girls loved her and respected her, and that was pretty much all that she demanded of the world on her own behalf.

And Uncle Christopher had been very good to the girls in his own obstinate and somewhat ungracious manner. There were two ponies in the stables of the Great House, which they were allowed to ride, and which, unless on occasions, nobody else did ride. I think he might have given the ponies to the girls, but he thought differently. And he contributed to their dresses, sending them home now and again things which he thought necessary, not in the pleasantest way in the world. Money he never gave them, nor did he make them any promises. But they were Dales, and he loved them; and with Christopher Dale to love once was to love always. Bell was his chief favorite, sharing with his nephew Bernard the best warmth of his heart. About these two he had his projects, intending that Bell should be the future mistress of the Great House of Allington; as to which project, however, Miss Dale was as yet in very absolute ignorance.

We may now, I think, go back to our four friends as they walked out upon the lawn. They were understood to be on a mission to assist Mrs. Dale in the picking of the pease; but pleasure intervened in the way of business, and the young people, forgetting the labors of their elder, allowed themselves to be carried away by the fascinations of croquet. The iron hoops and the

sticks were fixed. The mallets and the balls were lying about; and then the party was so nicely made up! "I haven't had a game of croquet yet," said Mr. Crosbie. It can not be said that he had lost much time, seeing that he had only arrived before dinner on the preceding day. And then the mallets were in their hands in a moment.

"We'll play sides, of course," said Lily. "Bernard and I'll play together." But this was not allowed. Lily was well known to be the queen of the croquet ground; and as Bernard was supposed to be more efficient than his friend, Lily had to take Mr. Crosbie as her partner. "Apollo can't get through the hoops," Lily said afterward to her sister; "but then how gracefully he fails to do it!" Lily, however, had been beaten, and may therefore be excused for a little spite against her partner. But it so turned out that before Mr. Crosbie took his final departure from Allington he could get through the hoops; and Lily, though she was still queen of the croquet ground, had to acknowledge a male sovereign in that dominion.

"That's not the way we played at—," said Crosbie, at one point of the game, and then stopped himself.

"Where was that?" said Bernard.

"A place I was at last summer—in Shropshire."

"Then they don't play the game, Mr. Crosbie, at the place you were at last summer—in Shropshire," said Lily.

"You mean Lady Hartleup's," said Bernard. Now the Marchioness of Hartleup was a very great person indeed, and a leader in the fashionable world.

"Oh! Lady Hartleup's!" said Lily. "Then I suppose we must give in;" which little bit of sarcasm was not lost upon Mr. Crosbie, and was put down by him in the tablets of his mind as quite undeserved. He had endeavored to avoid any mention of Lady Hartleup and her croquet ground, and her ladyship's name had been forced upon him. Nevertheless he liked Lily Dale through it all. But he thought that he liked Bell the best, though she said little; for Bell was the beauty of the family.

During the game Bernard remembered that they had especially come over to bid the three ladies to dinner at the house on that day. They had all dined there on the day before, and the girls' uncle had now sent directions to them to come again. "I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Bell, who was out first. And then she returned, saying that she and her sister would obey their uncle's behest; but that her mother would prefer to remain at home. "There are the pease to be eaten, you know," said Lily.

"Send them up to the Great House," said Bernard.

"Hopkins would not allow it," said Lily. "He calls that a mixing of things. Hopkins doesn't like mixings." And then when the game was over, they sauntered about, out of the small garden into the larger one, and through the

shrubberies, and out upon the fields, where they found the still lingering remnants of the hay-making. And Lily took a rake, and raked for two minutes; and Mr. Crosbie, making an attempt to pitch the hay into the cart, had to pay half a crown for his footing to the hay-makers; and Bell sat quiet under a tree, mindful of her complexion; whereupon Mr. Crosbie, finding the hay-pitching not much to his taste, threw himself under the same tree also, quite after the manner of Apollo, as Lily said to her mother late in the evening. Then Bernard covered Lily with hay, which was a great feat in the jocose way for him; and Lily, in returning the compliment, almost smothered Mr. Crosbie—by accident.

"Oh, Lily!" said Bell.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Crosbie. It was Bernard's fault. Bernard, I never will come into a hay-field with you again." And so they all became very intimate; while Bell sat quietly under the tree, listening to a word or two now and then as Mr. Crosbie chose to speak them. There is a kind of enjoyment to be had in society in which very few words are necessary. Bell was less vivacious than her sister Lily; and when, an hour after this, she was dressing herself for dinner, she acknowledged that she had passed a pleasant afternoon, though Mr. Crosbie had not said very much.

CHAPTER III.

THE WIDOW DALE, OF ALLINGTON.

As Mrs. Dale, of the Small House, was not a Dale by birth, there can be no necessity for insisting on the fact that none of the Dale peculiarities should be sought for in her character. These peculiarities were not, perhaps, very conspicuous in her daughters, who had taken more in that respect from their mother than from their father; but a close observer might recognize the girls as Dales. They were constant, perhaps obstinate, occasionally a little uncharitable in their judgment, and prone to think that there was a great deal in being a Dale, though not prone to say much about it. But they had also a better pride than this, which had come to them as their mother's heritage.

Mrs. Dale was certainly a proud woman—not that there was any thing appertaining to herself in which she took a pride. In birth she had been much lower than her husband, seeing that her grandfather had been almost nobody. Her fortune had been considerable for her rank in life, and on its proceeds she now mainly depended, but it had not been sufficient to give any of the pride of wealth. And she had been a beauty; according to my taste, was still very lovely; but certainly at this time of life, she, a widow of fifteen years' standing, with two grown-up daughters, took no pride in her beauty. Nor had she any conscious pride in the fact that she was a lady. That she was a lady, inward and

outward, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, in head, in heart, and in mind, a lady by education and a lady by nature, a lady also by birth in spite of that deficiency respecting her grandfather, I hereby state as a fact—*meo periculo*. And the squire, though he had no special love for her, had recognized this, and in all respects treated her as his equal.

But her position was one which required that she should either be very proud or else very humble. She was poor, and yet her daughters moved in a position which belongs, as a rule, to the daughters of rich men only. This they did as nieces of the childless squire of Allington, and as his nieces she felt that they were entitled to accept his countenance and kindness, without loss of self-respect either to her or to them. She would have ill done her duty as a mother to them had she allowed any pride of her own to come between them and such advantage in the world as their uncle might be able to give them. On their behalf she had accepted the loan of the house in which she lived, and the use of many of the appurtenances belonging to her brother-in-law; but on her own account she had accepted nothing. Her marriage with Philip Dale had been disliked by his brother the squire, and the squire, while Philip was still living, had continued to show that his feelings in this respect were not to be overcome. They never had been overcome; and now, though the brother-in-law and sister-in-law had been close neighbors for years, living as one may say almost in the same family, they had never become friends. There had not been a word of quarrel between them. They met constantly. The squire had unconsciously come to entertain a profound respect for his brother's widow. The widow had acknowledged to herself the truth of the affection shown by the uncle to her daughters. But yet they had never come together as friends. Of her own money matters Mrs. Dale had never spoken a word to the squire. Of his intention respecting the girls the squire had never spoken a word to the mother. And in this way they had lived and were living at Allington.

The life which Mrs. Dale led was not altogether an easy life—was not devoid of much painful effort on her part. The theory of her life one may say was this—that she should bury herself in order that her daughters might live well above-ground. And in order to carry out this theory it was necessary that she should abstain from all complaint or show of uneasiness before her girls. Their life above-ground would not be well if they understood that their mother, in this under-ground life of hers, was enduring any sacrifice on their behalf. It was needful that they should think that the picking of pease in a sun-bonnet, or long readings by her own fire-side, and solitary hours spent in thinking, were specially to her mind. "Mamma doesn't like going out." "I don't think mamma is happy anywhere out of her own drawing-room." I do not say that the girls were taught to say such words, but they were taught to have

thoughts which led to such words, and in the early days of their going out into the world used so to speak of their mother. But a time came to them before long—to one first and then to the other—in which they knew that it was not so, and knew also all that their mother had suffered for their sakes.

And in truth Mrs. Dale could have been as young in heart as they were. She, too, could have played croquet, and have coquetted with a haymaker's rake, and have delighted in her pony, ay, and have listened to little nothings from this and that Apollo, had she thought that things had been conformable thereto. Women at forty do not become ancient misanthropes, or stern Rhadamanthine moralists, indifferent to the world's pleasures—no, not even though they be widows. There are those who think that such should be the phase of their minds. I profess that I do not so think. I would have women, and men also, young as long as they can be young. It is not that a woman should call herself in years younger than her father's Family Bible will have her to be. Let her who is forty call herself forty; but if she can be young in spirit at forty let her show that she is so.

I think that Mrs. Dale was wrong. She would have joined that party on the croquet-ground, instead of remaining among the pea-sticks in her sun-bonnet, had she done as I would have counseled her. Not a word was spoken among the four that she did not hear. Those pea-sticks were only removed from the lawn by a low wall and a few shrubs. She listened, not as one suspecting, but simply as one loving. The voices of her girls were very dear to her, and the silver ringing tones of Lily's tongue were as sweet to her ears as the music of the gods. She heard all that about Lady Hartletop, and shuddered at Lily's bold sarcasm. And she heard Lily say that mamma would stay at home and eat the pease, and said to herself sadly that that was now her lot in life.

"Dear darling girl—and so it should be!"

It was thus her thoughts ran. And then, when her ear had traced them as they passed across the little bridge into the other grounds, she returned across the lawn to the house with her burden on her arm, and sat herself down on the step of the drawing-room window, looking out on the sweet summer flowers and the smooth surface of the grass before her.

Had not God done well for her to place her where she was? Had not her lines been set for her in pleasant places? Was she not happy in her girls—her sweet, loving, trusting, trusty children? As it was to be that her lord, that best half of herself, was to be taken from her in early life, and that the springs of all the lighter pleasures were to be thus stopped for her, had it not been well that in her bereavement so much had been done to soften her lot in life and give it grace and beauty? 'Twas so, she argued with herself, and yet she acknowledged to herself that she was not happy. She had resolved, as she

herself had said often, to put away childish things, and now she pined for those things which she so put from her. As she sat she could still hear Lily's voice as they went through the shrubbery—hear it when none but a mother's ears would have distinguished the sound. Now that those young men were at the Great House it was natural that her girls should be there too. The squire would not have had young men to stay with him had there been no ladies to grace his table. But for her—she knew that no one would want her there. Now and again she must go, as otherwise her very existence, without going, would be a thing disagreeably noticeable. But there was no other reason why she should join the party; nor in joining it would she either give or receive pleasure. Let her daughters eat from her brother's table and drink of his cup. They were made welcome to do so from the heart. For her there was no such welcome as that at the Great House—nor at any other house, or any other table!

"Mamma will stay at home to eat the pease."

And then she repeated to herself the words which Lily had spoken, sitting there, leaning with her elbow on her knee, and her head upon her hand.

"Please, ma'am, cook says, can we have the pease to shell?" and then her reverie was broken.

Whereupon Mrs. Dale got up and gave over her basket. "Cook knows that the young ladies are going to dine at the Great House?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She needn't mind getting dinner for me. I will have tea early." And so, after all, Mrs. Dale did not perform that special duty appointed for her.

But she soon set herself to work upon another duty. When a family of three persons has to live upon an income of three hundred a year, and, nevertheless, makes some pretense of going into society, it has to be very mindful of small details, even though that family may consist only of ladies. Of this Mrs. Dale was well aware, and as it pleased her that her daughters should be nice and fresh, and pretty in their attire, many a long hour was given up to that care. The squire would send them shawls in winter, and had given them riding habits, and had sent them down brown silk dresses from London—so limited in quantity that the due manufacture of two dresses out of the material had been found to be beyond the art of woman, and the brown silk garments had been a difficulty from that day to this—the squire having a good memory in such matters, and being anxious to see the fruits of his liberality. All this was doubtless of assistance, but had the squire given the amount which he so expended in money to his nieces the benefit would have been greater. As it was, the girls were always nice and fresh and pretty, they themselves not being idle in that matter; but their tire-woman in chief was their mother. And now she went up to their room and got out their muslin frocks, and—but, perhaps, I should not tell such tales!—She, however, felt no shame



PLEASE, MA'AM, CAN WE HAVE THE PEASE TO SHELL?"

in her work, as she sent for a hot iron, and with her own hands smoothed out the creases, and gave the proper set to the crimp flounces, and fixed a new ribbon where it was wanted, and saw that all was as it should be. Men think but little how much of this kind is endured that their eyes may be pleased, even though it be but for an hour.

"Oh, mamma, how good you are!" said Bell,

as the two girls came in, only just in time to make themselves ready for returning to dinner.

"Mamma is always good," said Lily. "I wish, mamma, I could do the same for you oftener;" and then she kissed her mother. But the squire was exact about dinner, so they dressed themselves in haste, and went off again through the garden, their mother accompanying them to the little bridge.

"Your uncle did not seem vexed at my not coming?" said Mrs. Dale.

"We have not seen him, mamma," said Lily. "We have been ever so far down the fields, and forgot altogether what o'clock it was."

"I don't think Uncle Christopher was about the place, or we should have met him," said Bell.

"But I am vexed with you, mamma. Are not you, Bell? It is very bad of you to stay here all alone, and not come."

"I suppose mamma likes being at home better than up at the Great House," said Bell, very gently; and as she spoke she was holding her mother's hand.

"Well, good-by, dears. I shall expect you between ten and eleven. But don't hurry yourselves if any thing is going on." And so they went, and the widow was again alone. The path from the bridge ran straight up toward the back of the Great House, so that for a moment or two she could see them as they tripped on almost in a run. And then she saw their dresses flutter as they turned sharp round, up the terrace steps. She would not go beyond the nook among the laurels by which she was surrounded, lest any one should see her as she looked after her girls. But when the last flutter of pink muslin had been whisked away from her sight, she felt it hard that she might not follow them. She stood there, however, without advancing a step. She would not have Hopkins telling how she watched her daughters as they went from her own home to that of her brother-in-law. It was not within the capacity of Hopkins to understand why she watched them.

"Well, girls, you're not much too soon. I think your mother might have come with you," said Uncle Christopher. And this was the manner of the man. Had he known his own wishes he must have acknowledged to himself that he was better pleased that Mrs. Dale should stay away. He felt himself more absolutely master and more comfortably at home at his own table without her company than with it. And yet he frequently made a grievance of her not coming, and himself believed in that grievance.

"I think mamma was tired," said Bell.

"Hem. It's not so very far across from one house to the other. If I were to shut myself up whenever I'm tired— But never mind. Let's go to dinner. Mr. Crosbie, will you take my niece Lilian." And then, offering his own arm to Bell, he walked off to the dining-room.

"If he scolds mamma any more, I'll go away," said Lily to her companion; by which it may be seen that they had all become very intimate during the long day that they had passed together.

Mrs. Dale, after remaining for a moment on the bridge, went into her tea. What succedaneum of mutton chop or broiled ham she had for the roast duck and green pease which were to have been provided for the family dinner we will not particularly inquire. We may, however, imagine that she did not devote herself to her

evening repast with any peculiar energy of appetite. She took a book with her as she sat herself down—some novel, probably, for Mrs. Dale was not above novels—and read a page or two as she sipped her tea. But the book was soon laid on one side, and the tray on which the warm plate had become cold was neglected, and she threw herself back in her own familiar chair, thinking of herself, and of her girls, and thinking also what might have been her lot in life had he lived who had loved her truly during the few years that they had been together.

It is especially the nature of a Dale to be constant in his likings and his dislikings. Her husband's affection for her had been unswerving—so much so that he had quarreled with his brother because his brother would not express himself in brotherly terms about his wife; but, nevertheless, the two brothers had loved each other always. Many years had now gone by since these things had occurred, but still the same feelings remained. When she had first come down to Allington she had resolved to win the squire's regard, but she had now long known that any such winning was out of the question; indeed there was no longer a wish for it. Mrs. Dale was not one of those soft-hearted women who sometimes thank God that they can love any one. She could once have felt affection for her brother-in-law—affection, and close, careful, sisterly friendship; but she could not do so now. He had been cold to her, and had with perseverance rejected her advances. That was now seven years since; and during those years Mrs. Dale had been, at any rate, as cold to him as he had been to her.

But all this was very hard to bear. That her daughters should love their uncle was not only reasonable but in every way desirable. He was not cold to them. To them he was generous and affectionate. If she were only out of the way he would have taken them to his house as his own, and they would in all respects have stood before the world as his adopted children. Would it not be better if she were out of the way?

It was only in her most dismal moods that this question would get itself asked within her mind, and then she would recover herself, and answer it stoutly with an indignant protest against her own morbid weakness. It would not be well that she should be away from her girls—not though their uncle should have been twice a better uncle; not though, by her absence, they might become heiresses of all Allington. Was it not above every thing to them that they should have a mother near them? And as she asked of herself that morbid question—wickedly asked it, as she declared to herself—did she not know that they loved her better than all the world besides, and would prefer her caresses and her care to the guardianship of any uncle let his house be ever so great? As yet they loved her better than all the world besides. Of other love, should it come, she would not be jealous. And if it should come, and should be happy, might

there not yet be a bright evening of life for herself? If they should marry, and if their lords would accept her love, her friendship, and her homage, she might yet escape from the death-like coldness of that Great House, and be happy in some tiny cottage, from which she might go forth at times among those who would really welcome her. A certain doctor there was, living not very far from Allington, at Guestwick, as to whom she had once thought that he might fill that place of son-in-law—to be well-beloved. Her quiet, beautiful Bell had seemed to like the man; and he had certainly done more than seem to like her. But now, for some weeks past, this hope, or rather this idea, had faded away. Mrs. Dale had never questioned her daughter on the matter; she was not a woman prone to put such questions. But during the month or two last past she had seen with regret that Bell looked almost coldly on the man whom her mother favored.

In thinking of all this the long evening passed away, and at eleven o'clock she heard the coming steps across the garden. The young men had, of course, accompanied the girls home; and as she stepped out from the still open window of her own drawing-room, she saw them all on the centre of the lawn before her.

"There's mamma," said Lily. "Mamma, Mr. Crosbie wants to play croquet by moonlight."

"I don't think there is light enough for that," said Mrs. Dale.

"There is light enough for him," said Lily, "for he plays quite independently of the hoops; don't you, Mr. Crosbie?"

"There's very pretty croquet light, I should say," said Mr. Crosbie, looking up at the bright moon; "and then it is so stupid going to bed."

"Yes, it is stupid going to bed," said Lily; "but people in the country are stupid, you know. Billiards, that you can play all night by gas, is much better, isn't it?"

"Your arrow falls terribly astray there, Miss Dale, for I never touch a cue; you should talk to your cousin about billiards."

"Is Bernard a great billiard-player?" asked Bell.

"Well, I do play now and again; about as well as Crosbie does croquet. Come, Crosbie, we'll go home and smoke a cigar."

"Yes," said Lily; "and then, you know, we stupid people can go to bed. Mamma, I wish you had a little smoking-room here for us. I don't like being considered stupid." And then they parted—the ladies going into the house, and the two men returning across the lawn.

"Lily, my love," said Mrs. Dale, when they were all together in her bedroom, "it seems to me that you are very hard upon Mr. Crosbie."

"She has been going on like that all the evening," said Bell.

"I'm sure we are very good friends," said Lily.

"Oh, very," said Bell.

"Now, Bell, you're jealous; you know you

are." And then, seeing that her sister was in some slight degree vexed, she went up to her and kissed her. "She sha'n't be called jealous; shall she, mamma?"

"I don't think she deserves it," said Mrs. Dale.

"Now, you don't mean to say that you think I meant any thing," said Lily. "As if I cared a buttercup about Mr. Crosbie."

"Or I either, Lily."

"Of course you don't. But I do care for him very much, mamma. He is such a duck of an Apollo. I shall always call him Apollo: Phæbus Apollo! And when I draw his picture he shall have a mallet in his hand instead of a bow. Upon my word I am very much obliged to Bernard for bringing him down here; and I do wish he was not going away the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow!" said Mrs. Dale.

"It was hardly worth coming for two days."

"No, it wasn't; disturbing us all in our quiet little ways just for such a spell as that—not giving one time even to count his rays."

"But he says he shall perhaps come again," said Bell.

"There is that hope for us," said Lily. "Uncle Christopher asked him to come down when he gets his long leave of absence. This is only a short sort of leave. He is better off than poor Johnny Eames. Johnny Eames only has a month; but Mr. Crosbie has two months just whenever he likes it, and seems to be pretty much his own master all the year round besides."

"And Uncle Christopher asked him to come down for the shooting in September," said Bell.

"And though he didn't say he'd come, I think he meant it," said Lily. "There is that hope for us, mamma."

"Then you'll have to draw Apollo with a gun instead of a mallet."

"That is the worst of it, mamma. We sha'n't see much of him or of Bernard either. They wouldn't let us go out into the woods as beaters, would they?"

"You'll make too much noise to be of any use."

"Should I? I thought the beaters had to shout at the birds. I should get very tired of shouting at birds, so I think I'll stay at home and look after my clothes."

"I hope he will come, because Uncle Christopher seems to like him so much," said Bell.

"I wonder whether a certain gentleman at Guestwick will like his coming," said Lily. And then, as soon as she had spoken the words, she looked at her sister and saw that she had grieved her.

"Lily, you let your tongue run too fast," said Mrs. Dale.

"I didn't mean any thing, Bell," said Lily. "I beg your pardon."

"It doesn't signify," said Bell. "Only Lily says things without thinking." And then that conversation came to an end, and nothing more was said among them beyond what appertained

to their toilet and a few last words at parting. But the two girls occupied the same room, and when their own door was closed upon them Bell did allude to what had passed with some spirit.

"Lily, you promised me," she said, "that you would not say any thing more to me about Dr. Croft."

"I know I did, and I was very wrong. I beg your pardon, Bell; and I won't do it again—not if I can help it."

"Not help it, Lily!"

"But I'm sure I don't know why I shouldn't speak of him—only not in the way of laughing at you. Of all the men I ever saw in my life I like him best. And only that I love you better than I love myself I could find it in my heart to grudge you his—"

"Lily, what did you promise just now."

"Well, after to-night. And I don't know why you should turn against him."

"I have never turned against him or for him."

"There's no turning about him. He'd give his left hand if you'd only smile on him. Or his right either—and that's what I should like to see; so now you've heard it."

"You know you are talking nonsense."

"So I should like to see it. And so would mamma too, I'm sure; though I never heard her say a word about him. In my mind he's the finest fellow I ever saw. What's Mr. Apollo Crosbie to him? And now, as it makes you unhappy, I'll never say another word about him."

As Bell wished her sister good-night with perhaps more than her usual affection, it was evident that Lily's words and eager tone had in some way pleased her, in spite of their opposition to the request which she had made. And Lily was aware that it was so.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 5th of September. The military operations of the month have been of the highest importance; but the Government having excluded newspaper correspondents from the army, and not deeming it expedient to furnish full details, we are able to give only a general outline of events. When the restrictions which have been imposed, for good reasons it is presumed, shall have been removed, we intend to record the particulars of the campaign, of which we can now furnish only leading features.—The falling back of our army from before Richmond to the James River, it is now clear, was not a strategic movement to insure a better position, but a military necessity to preserve it from destruction. It was a hazardous operation, skillfully conducted; but it involved an abandonment of the attack upon Richmond. The enemy, freed from the necessity of defending their own capital, speedily assumed the offensive, and undertook to menace our capital, with the further design to transfer, if possible, the seat of war from their territory to ours. It was decided to be necessary to withdraw the army under General McClellan from the James River, and unite it with that which defended Washington against the forward movement of the enemy. This operation was conducted cautiously and quietly. The sick and wounded were sent down the river, and thence distributed among the hospitals established at various points. One serious casualty occurred in the course of this operation. On the night of the 13th of August the steamer *West Point*, having on board many sick soldiers, came in collision with the steamer *George Peabody*, and was sunk, carrying down with her about seventy-five persons. The withdrawal of the army across the Peninsula was effected without opposition. To cover this operation, however, the "Army of Virginia," as the force which had been placed under the command of General Pope was called, made a diversion into the heart of Eastern Virginia. The advance of these forces, under General Banks, encountered, on the 9th of August, the advance of the enemy, under General Jackson, at Cedar Mountain, near the Rapidan River. Here a bloody but undecisive

action took place. After some days' skirmishing Pope fell back to the north side of the Rappahannock, guarding the fords of that river for many miles. On the 22d a strong party of cavalry crossed the river at some unguarded point, and, making a circuit, surprised Pope's head-quarters at Catlet's Station, some ten miles in the rear of his main force; here they gained a considerable amount of booty.

The enemy, who had by this time brought their whole force from Richmond northward to the Rappahannock, sent a strong detachment northwestward until they reached the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Bull Run Hills; they then proceeded north until they were opposite Pope's extreme right at Manassas Junction, though on the other side of the Hills. They passed through these at the Thoroughfare Gap, a little to the north of west of the Junction, and the first intimation of their presence was a sudden dash, made on the 26th, upon Manassas, where a large amount of stores had been collected, which were only weakly guarded. They destroyed the railroad track, stores, and buildings. Pope, finding an attempt made to turn his right, marched northward from Warrenton upon Manassas in three columns. One of these, under Hooker, encountered a portion of the enemy at Kettle Run on the 27th, and after a sharp action defeated them. Another, under McDowell and Sigel, came up with the enemy near Centreville on the 28th; a severe action took place, which was only terminated by darkness, the enemy falling back to the old battle-ground of Bull Run. Here, on the 29th, a desperate battle was fought, terminating in our favor. General Pope sent a dispatch announcing that the enemy were driven from the field, and were retreating toward the mountains. He estimated our loss in killed and wounded at 8000 men, and that of the enemy at double the number. The enemy fell back to meet their reinforcements, which had now come up; and the battle was renewed on the 30th, and continued all day, the enemy gaining the advantage. At night Pope fell back, in good order, to the strong intrenchments at Centreville, where he was reinforced by Franklin's and Sumner's corps, a part of the army from the Peninsula. Here he remained awaiting an attack from

the enemy. No assault was made in front; but the enemy appeared to be edging round further to the north, still threatening to turn our right, and interpose between our army and Washington, or to cross the Potomac above the capital. On the 2d of September a body of the enemy made a dash at our supply trains at Chantilly, near Fairfax Court House, between Centreville and Washington. They were met and at last driven back, but we lost two of our best officers, Generals Stevens and Kearney. At another point, on the same day, however, they succeeded in capturing a supply train of 100 wagons. Our main army, on the 3d, commenced falling back from Centreville toward Washington, and massing itself around Arlington Heights in front of the Capital, where reinforcements are rapidly pouring in. General McClellan has been by special order intrusted with the command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital. The position of affairs in Virginia is almost the same as it was a year ago, only that both armies are now in far greater strength. An attack upon our army in its intrenchments before Washington seems wholly improbable; it appears more likely that it is the intention of the enemy to attempt to cross the Upper Potomac into Maryland, and to carry the war into that State, and even, if possible, into Pennsylvania. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation urging the immediate formation of volunteer companies and regiments of militia, to whom he promises that arms shall be furnished; he also recommends that all places of business be closed at three o'clock, so that all persons employed may have opportunity for drill and military instruction.

In Kentucky affairs present an unfavorable aspect. Governor Magoffin, who in reply to the first call of the President for 75,000 men, answered that "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States," has resigned. His sympathies have from the first been with the Confederates, though his action has been controlled by the Union Legislature. Mr. Fiske, the Speaker of the Legislature, also resigned, and James F. Robinson, a decided Union man, has been chosen in his stead. He therefore becomes Acting-Governor of the State, and is President of the Military Board. The guerrilla warfare, which has been raging for some months, has given place to a serious attempt to overrun the State. At Richmond, almost in the centre of the State, a battle took place on the 31st of August between the Union troops under General Manson and a larger Confederate force under General Kirby Smith, in which we were defeated. The enemy advanced to the important city of Lexington, which was surrendered on the 1st of September, and then proceeded to Frankfort, the capital of the State, which was occupied on the 3d. The archives and public property were removed to Louisville, where the Legislature was convened. Governor Robinson has called upon every loyal citizen of Kentucky to rally to the defense of the State. Paris, Louisville, and Bowling Green are named as the principal places of rendezvous. All the able-bodied citizens of Louisville have been ordered to enroll themselves at once for the defense of the city. Concurrently with the foregoing news, it was stated that a strong body of the enemy were marching toward Cincinnati, and on the 2d of September it was said that they were actually within less than forty miles from that city, though upon the other side of the Ohio, and that the Ohio regiments in Kentucky were fall-

ing back upon Covington, opposite Cincinnati. Martial law was at once proclaimed; all citizens were ordered to enroll themselves for the defense of these cities, and the steamboats were ordered to remain on the Ohio side of the river.

An attempt to retake Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, was made on the 5th of August by the Confederates under General Breckinridge. The design was to assail our forces by land, while the ram *Arkansas*, which had descended from Vicksburg, should co-operate by water. The land attack was fiercely made, but after a severe action the enemy were driven back. The *Arkansas* was unable to participate; her machinery gave way, and she laid by some miles above the town. Here she was attacked by our gun-boats, by which she was soon set on fire, and was blown up, after having been abandoned by her crew.

Clarksville, on the Cumberland River, which fell into our hands in February, immediately after the capture of Fort Donelson, was surrendered to an inadequate force of the enemy. Colonel Rodney Mason, of the 71st Ohio Volunteers, who commanded, has been cashiered for cowardice, and twelve subordinate officers who published a card stating that they had advised the surrender, have been dismissed from the service of the United States.

Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Corcoran, of the New York 69th, who was made prisoner at Bull Run, and was for more than a year kept in close confinement first as hostage for the captured privates, and subsequently on other pretexts, has been released in pursuance of the agreement for a general exchange of prisoners, returned to New York, where he has been received with the utmost enthusiasm. He entered at once upon the work of recruiting a brigade, and met with the greatest success. His popularity with his fellow-citizens of Irish birth or descent is unbounded; and is hardly less among those who are not connected with him by this special tie.

Outrages of the most deplorable character have broken out among the Sioux and other Indian tribes in Minnesota. It was at first reported that 500 whites had been murdered; this is an exaggeration, but the number of victims is very large. The Governor of the State, having written to the President in consequence in relation to the draft, received for answer that he was to attend to the Indians. If the draft could not proceed, of course it would not; but the Government could not extend the time.

The President, in answer to a letter addressed to him by the editor of the New York *Tribune* in his paper, criticising the measures of the Government, returned the following reply, setting forth the principles and policy upon which those measures are founded:

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.'"

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union. And what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to

save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men every where could be free."

Editor's Easy Chair.

OF all our easily accessible lakes Lake George is the most sought and praised. But the proper lake achievement at present is Moosehead. There is no withholding or describing the tone in which a man who has been there asks another who unwittingly begins to prattle of lakes and summer wanderings, "And Moosehead?" There is a palpable drooping in the reply, "No, I've not been there yet, but I mean to go." Yet! The whole reply confesses the humiliation which the speaker feels.

In like manner the Adirondacks are brandished about your head. "Not been to the Adirondacks? dear me!" While every man who has been, as Winthrop slyly insinuates, towers among other of his peaceable fellow-citizens as if he were an essential part of that mountain scenery. Thus it is that we are all bullied by certain places and their reputations. Surrender is the best compromise. If you have not been to those mountains or to that lake you may as well begin to pack your trunk. What do I say? you may as well begin to stuff your knapsack.

As for the Easy Chair, now that the hunting season has arrived, he declares that he sees nothing manly nor exhilarating in shooting deer or birds, or in catching fish. What is a deer hunt? If you are in the wild woods like the Adirondack you lie behind a log or rock by which the animal is likely to pass, you scarcely breathe as you wait with your hand grasping your rifle. The slow hours drag by, and you are very wet, or the gnats and mosquitoes sting, or you are hungry, or cramped, or generally uncomfortable—but hark! What's that? A slight rustle! You are all alert. Your heart beats. Your hands tingle. Breathlessly you stare toward the sound. And then—nothing. A twig dropped.

Ah well! that's nothing. Very cautiously you stretch the leg which has the most stitch in it lest you should alarm the deer. The position and the progress of affairs are a little monotonous; but if the day that counts one glorious nibble is a day well spent, how much more so that which gives you the chance of a deer! 'St! A slight but decided crashing beyond in the woods. A faint, startled, hurrying sound; and the next moment, noble, erect, alive in every hair, the proud antlers quivering, the eye wild but soft, the form firm and exquisitely agile, the buck bounds into view. Crack you go, you poor miserable skulker behind a rotten log, and off he goes, the dappled noble of the forest!

Perhaps you hit him and kill him. You outwit him and murder him. Well, in Venice the bravos used to hide in dark door-ways and stab the gallants hieing home from love and lady. Any body can stab in the dark, or shoot from an ambush. To kill the animal for sport is wretched enough; but if you talk of manliness and use other fine words, be at least fair. Give him a chance. Put your two legs, your two arms, a knife, and your human wit against his four legs, greater strength, antlers, and want of brain. Then is the contest fair. You who seek his life for fun give him a chance at yours for self-de-

fense. The sylvan shades approve the equal strife; and if you fall you are at least not disgraced.

If you are a deer-stalker you creep up stealthily to find them feeding, and if you can creep near enough, you blaze away. I hope that you have seen Doyle's picture of you, a company of you, scrambling up the side of a hill hoping to catch the prey over the brow. But you will not do it. They are off, the blithe beauties, and you may get up from your stomachs as soon as you choose.

Or you may hunt in a deer preserve with drivers and hounds. You pass beyond the thicket in which they lurk, leaving the drivers to urge them forth. You emerge upon sunny open spaces waving with thin, long, dry grass, tufted with thick shrubs, and dotted with convenient mossy rocks. Here is a favorite path of the flying deer, and you post yourself expectant behind a rock. How calm and lovely the brilliant October day! How the mass of the wood foliage shines in the clear sunlight! How every prospect pleases and only man is—hark, again! They are coming. Lie low. Still as death. Oh! the beauties! There they are! And one glorious chief of chiefs darts straight and swift toward your ambush. Just beyond is the covert. He believes that safety is there. The quiet sunny nooks in which he shall lie and feed, the pleasant shades at noon, the leafy lair—they are all there a hundred rods before. Press on! press on! oh delicate, swift feet! He is not man who does not follow you with human sympathy. Innocence, purity, helplessness, they scud the sunny space with you. Too late! A sharp, mean sound, the bounding falters, the panting racer falls. The dogs and men rush on. If the deer is not dead they kill him. 'Tis a noble sport! 'Tis a manly business!

Lately I saw two deer, two splendid bucks. It was a solitary, sunny opening upon which I suddenly came. They were lying at the edge of the wood, and rose with a startled spring, for an instant looked, and with one bound, as if they would leap over the tree tops, were lost in the thicket. The grace and charm they gave to the wood was indescribable. Into the remotest gloom they sent a thrill of sunlight. Nothing fierce, or treacherous, or repulsive, consorts with the image of a deer, and when they vanished the whole wood was peopled with their lovely forms. If I had gone back to dinner dragging a mangled body along the wood road, or carrying the piteous burden in a wagon, how could that sunlit beech wood ever again be so sylvan sweet and Arcadian as now it is? I should have gained a haunch of venison, but I should have lost a day. That tranquil, secluded, happy scene would have been blood-stained. It would have been a fantastic remorse, but how could I have justified the killing of the deer?

No. I have not been to the Adirondacks, nor have I killed deer there, nor moose in Moosehead. I do not quarrel with those who have; and I hope they are as satisfied as I am. One day I hope to go, but I hope to see deer, not to kill them. I am content that other people should slay my venison as well as my beef; and I shall not pretend to find any sport in the shambles, whether in the outskirts of the city or in the mountain valleys. I do not insist upon killing the chickens that I eat, nor the partridges, nor the quails. The noble art of Vencry is a fine term to describe the butcher's business. A man who sees a heron streaming through the tranquil summer sky and only wishes for his gun, or who sees the beautiful bound of a deer in the woods

with no other wish than that of killing it, does not show his manhood in those wishes. The bravest and most robust manhood does not imply nor require the least wanton cruelty. It is not necessarily developed nor proved either by sticking pins into grasshoppers or firing shot into deer.

"Ah yes! but you treat it too seriously," says young Nimrod. "It is not a matter of reason, but of feeling and excitement. As you lie in your ambush and hear suddenly the shouting of the drivers, the barking of the dogs, the crackling and rustling of boughs and leaves, you can not help the intense excitement. Your blood burns, your nerves tingle, your ears seem to quiver, your eyes will leap from your head, and, upon my honor, Sir, when our best sportsman saw the deer near him last year in Maine, he fixed his eyes steadily upon him, but such was his nervous twitter that he pointed his rifle straight into the ground and fired. He wounded the ground severely but the deer escaped. What is the use of talking to him about butchery? Nothing in the world interests or charms him so much as hunting. Besides, you get used to it. It is not pleasant, probably, for the tyro, who is a surgical student, to see men's legs and arms cut off. You could not see it without shuddering, perhaps not without sickening and fainting. But how long would it be before you would actually enjoy it?"

So the enthusiasts talk, and away they go to the hunt. Hark! tally ho, tantivy! Is not the language full of metaphors derived from the hunt? Does not literature ring with hunting songs and choruses and glees? Is it not all inwrought with romance and poetry? "Waken, lords and ladies gay!" The baying hound, the winding horn, the scarlet huntsman, the flying fox, the streaming, flashing dash across the country—they are of the very essence of the life and civilization from which we spring. They are the soul of the "Merrie England" which is our chief tradition. Come, come! to the Adirondack! to Moosehead!

"All nature smiles to usher in
The jocund Queen of morn,
And huntmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn!"

For all that I did not go to Moosehead, but to Winnepesaukee. The name is always pronounced Winnepesaukee, and Eastman, in his admirable and accurate guide-book for the White Mountain region, so spells it. The lake is the finest approach to the White Hills. It is a vast ante-chamber, the entrance hall, from which you look up through the valley of the Saco to the towering peaks of the mountains.

The level of the lake, the bold beautiful foreground of Red Hill and Ossipee between which you see them dim, withdrawn into distance and sublimity, wonderfully deepen the impression. It is the felicitous setting which from this point makes them so truly imposing. For, in themselves, hills, at the most six thousand feet high, are not impressive mountains. Yet you can easily see the mid-Alps from some points where you are less struck by mountain grandeur than by the White Hills from Lake Winnepesaukee.

Let it be a moist, even showery, summer day in late July or early August, with heavy dark clouds rolling and breaking, fringing with silver rays and shrouding in soft evanescent mist the tops and sides of distant hills, while toward the west and south there are, cool, sweet, tranquil depths of blue air

above, and a sparkling opaline sheen upon the shore. As you leave the Weirs in that neat, and pretty, and comfortable little steamer *The Lady of the Lake*, the green headlands near by will be brilliant with sunshine; but Red Hill will be muffled with solemn cloud, peering gravely through at times, and Ossipee will be utterly obscured, while on Belknap, at your right, the ground will seem to heave and roll, so suddenly shifting are the dark cloud shadows and bursts of sun. As you emerge upon the broader lake, far to the south the happy regions lie, calm skies and rosy peace. But as you head northward toward Centre Harbor alluring coves and bays open and stretch away on every side to dusky mist and storm. A thick black cloud envelops Red Hill, shuts out the friendly shore, leaves only the nearer quiet wooded points, while the lightning darts and the thunder booms angrily, sullenly haunting the winding hollows of the hills, or cracks and rattles sharply overhead, and the freshening breeze that foreruns rain, scuds darkling and sparkling over the water, nearer and nearer, until with colder blast and deeper roar the serried legions of the storm dash furious on, and we are instantly enveloped in rattling blinding rain, and fierce chill gusts, that extinguish the shores.

The tremendous rain streams by, and close before you lies the little white church and spire, and the cluster of neat houses that make the village of Centre Harbor, upon the very shore of the lake and at the foot of hills that rise backward to heavy evergreen sides and summits; while at the right, as you face the village, Red Hill emerges, dark and cool and crisp with even foliage, from the cloud that clings along the heights, but ravel into shreds of mist around the base and up the dells. A few steps through the garden, that descends in terraces to the lake, and which you cross through vine arbors, lead to the hotel—a pleasant old-fashioned house, with balconies, that fronts the lake.

Your arrival is greeted by that stare of half-weariness, half-interest which awaits the new-comer at every country summer resort. The arrival of the boat is a great event in a place where there are no events at all but the coming and going of strangers by the stage or the steamer. A long range of people, men and women, sitting upon wooden sofas and in arm-chairs, gaze upon you coming up the steps with your bag in hand, and your umbrella over your arm, with that expression of painful stolidity tempered with restless curiosity, which is the predominant condition of pleasure resorts. "Well," they seem to say, "we've got a little farther along. We've had the bother of arriving, and battling for rooms, and getting settled. We've been up Red Hill and down the lake. We're nearly through. To-morrow we shall have to fight for outside places on the stage going up to Conway. Oh dear! and you're just beginning. Well, the woman isn't very pretty, and that child's a fright."

It is a good house at Centre Harbor, with a pleasant old-fashioned flavor. In the wash-room there is a drawer labeled "slippers," and stages rattle up to the door. But there are two maple-trees upon the other side of the road in front, which serve to cut off the view of Ossipee, and are of no other use. But as Ossipee is the finest single object in the landscape, the maple-trees are in the way. So we said to the landlord as we all sat comfortably after dinner, enjoying the clearing up of the storm. The host was affable, and stopped to consider the point. "You do not wish them for shade, Mr. Landlord,

that is evident; nor for ornament. Why should they remain and deprive your house of so important and fine a view?" The landlord evidently liked his trees, but had never thought of the lost mountain. "It is not easy to cut down a tree, Landlord, and if you leave them they will grow so large that you will not have the heart to cut them down." He smiled, listened, and wisely, but obscurely, shook his head. We were all satisfied that the seed was planted, and that one day he will see that it is best to cut the maples rather than the mountain.

If not, it will be because the host suspects any suggestion that came from a party of which one of the members said to another as they were afterward watching the breaking clouds, "The sun will soon emancipate himself. Emancipation is the order of the day." The landlord suddenly turned at the word, and his look betrayed his politics. The ghost of Isaac Hill gleamed indignant from his eyes. It is clear that a political descendant of Governor Hill can hardly dare to follow in the picturesque the advice of a man whose politics are probably unsound.

We climbed the hill behind the house as the clouds broke away. They rolled heavily around the base of Ossipee, leaving the line of its summit clear, and melted up the ravines of Red Hill. Both mountains had that cold rich gloom which is the true contrast to the moist luminousness of such an afternoon, and far down the lake, at the right, the cheerful Belknap was checkered with the coy cloud shadows. The nearer reach of the lake sparkled in blue ripples; and little wooded islands, and points, and headlands led the eye away southward until bright water, and pale fading hills, and gray clouds and vapors mingled in soft mist upon the horizon.

At six we sped in the pretty steamer toward that vague receding realm; and as we passed out beyond the nearer points into the more open lake the gashed summit of Chocorua opened the panorama of the hills. But the clouds clung among them still, and veiling their forms, gave them more grandeur. They were heaped and huddled in the far vista of the valley, and piled against the horizon a translucent mass, but infinitely soft and tender, changing every moment like the hues on the surface of calm sea-water. The air was delightfully fresh and sweet; we had the steamer almost to ourselves; and upon the solitary lake, with few visible houses or cultivated fields upon its shore, but Ossipee and the Red Hill dark with evergreens in front, and the ghostly range of the White Mountains beyond, and a little unknown port before—there was all the charm of remote foreign travel, although the railroad skirted the lake that would bring us in fourteen hours to Wall Street.

We rounded a point into a beautiful bay, and upon the rising shore was the little white town of Wolfboro'. Here too is a pleasant and well-kept house, with rooms and balconies that command the lovely view across the beautiful bay, out upon the open lake, and across that to Belknap, which, rising from the very water, is even finer from Wolfboro' than Ossipee from Centre Harbor. But if, O Landlord, you chose to level those maple-trees, who can say that Ossipee might not bear the palm?

Two parties immediately developed themselves in our one: the Centre Harbor and the Wolfboro' party. The contest raged with acrimony. It was astonishing what things were coolly said—how the charms of the most beautiful mountains were gravely denied, and the most hideous charges brought against the most poetic and romantic landscapes. Call the landscapes characters, and the picturesque

politics, and you will understand how furiously the battle was waged. The Wolfboro' party, I am sorry to say, pretended to peculiar justice and impartiality. It artfully conceded one or two paltry charms to Centre Harbor, which the friends of that truly romantic point scornfully repudiated, demanding, like a party of the truest honor and the highest spirit, all or none. But the wretched concessions were made only to smooth the way for a radical assault upon the superiority of the Harbor, which the judicious, discriminating, and appreciative party of the Harbor repelled with unflinching energy. The Wolfboroers remained of their opinion, and the Harboreers were loyal to theirs. The Easy Chair is notoriously of no party; as you have already remarked, it does not even indicate a preference. It recommends to every traveler the justice which the monkey meted to the parties quarreling over the oyster. They each received a shell, and the monkey ate the luscious prize. Concede, therefore, to each the superior charm of the boro' or the harbor, but take care to see and enjoy the whole lake yourself. To do that you must take the *Dover*—another of the neat and agreeable lake steamers, with a most courteous and intelligent commander—and slide down the long, narrow pass to Alton Bay, the very southern point of the lake. Cleanness and courtesy await you there also; and the bold host declares that if, after a thorough trial, you do not grant that his end of the lake is the best, and his views the finest and most various, he will keep you a fortnight for nothing. How pleasant the fortnight would be!

We saw no moose by moonlight in Winnipiseogee, but we saw a bald eagle in the sunlight over it. He moved majestically to the very top of a pine-tree, and looked coldly at us as we fretted by upon the water. It was not he, bird of freedom and of our country, that reproached me as I left the lake, which had been but an episode in a necessary journey. But the two days' pleasure had the flavor of forbidden fruit. What were we doing there? What right had any man to be absent from his post, wherever and whatever that post might be? Even in that tranquil sunset, as we steamed over the lake, a returning wounded officer sat in the bow of the boat; and as we stood at the door of the Wolfboro' Hotel a soldier with his head bound up drove by.

So in the quiet of her secluded retreats the country reminded us of her devoted children and of her desperate struggle. Who falters now, she said to us on that calm lake, is false forever. Understand the liberty which I am defending, that you may strike for it wisely. Discuss it frankly, that my friends may know their number and their strength. In old Rome the slaves were not allowed to wear a distinctive badge, lest, seeing how many they were, they should be inspired by their numbers to strike for their liberty. You are not slaves. You are sons of Liberty. Speak your faith aloud and act it. Then you will avoid, and I your mother will escape, that terrible condition which De Tocqueville describes in France before the Revolution. For Christianity, read your old American faith of Liberty, and you will understand him:

"As those who denied the truths of Christianity spoke aloud, and those who still believed held their peace, a state of things was the result which has since frequently occurred again in France, not only on the question of religion, but in very different matters. Those who still preserved their ancient belief fearing to be the only men who still remained faithful to it, and more afraid of isolation than of

ror, followed the crowd without partaking its opinions. Thus, that which was still only the feeling of a portion of the nation appeared to be the opinion of all, and from that very fact seemed irresistible even to those who had themselves given it this false appearance."

WE were speaking lately of the unrecorded heroism of the private soldier, who, in this war at least, so often sacrifices as much as many an officer whose name is blazoned in our current history. I say in this war, because there was never an army comprising so many intelligent and thoughtful men as the national army now in the field. It is the characteristic of civil wars that they necessarily call out the most devoted and patriotic citizens. The army may take sides against the nation if an ambitious leader commands it; and to save his country every good citizen must be willing to be enrolled and to do his share of active duty, and to take his chance of wound, capture, or death.

But it will not follow that he regards it as other than a duty, imperative and sacred indeed, but, like many another duty, not delightful. War, however inevitable, however consecrated by its purpose, is still the remedy of brute force. It is still barbarous and repugnant to every man who would rather owe the amelioration of the race to moral and intellectual rather than to purely physical forces. War is, indeed, a hundred times, it is incalculably preferable to tyranny or slavery or injustice of any kind. Organized injustice, however quiet it may be for a time, is only suppressed war in all its horrors, and the longer it is delayed the more fearful is its outbreak. In a world where human passions are so powerful, and so unscrupulous in the methods they employ to secure their will, every thing that is most precious is held upon the condition of willingness to spare no sacrifice whatever for its maintenance.

This devotion will not be upon one side only of any struggle. Men have fought just as bravely and desperately for bad as for good causes. It is sincerity of conviction which makes men determined. Philip II. of Spain was not less honest, probably, than William of Orange. Charles IX. slew the Protestants in the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the mob of Paris dictated the slaughter of the royalists of the Vendée. Marcus Aurelius honestly hated Christianity, and Christian courts have honestly hated heretics and burned them. The hand of Providence neither rescued Servetus from Calvin nor John Rogers from Mary, nor Sidney from James, nor Marie Antoinette from Marat. For the eternal laws of morality act through human means. Washington and Lafayette, at Brandywine, were unquestionably fighting for that liberty which is the condition of human progress, but they were defeated. The potato pop-gun of a saint will not save him against the Sharp's rifle of a sinner. The saint can not succeed unless he obeys the condition of success, and if he have not common sense his sanctity will not save him.

Therefore in any great struggle, where the two parties are equally in earnest, that one will conquer which has superior means and longer endurance. Each calls upon Providence with equal fervor. Each commends itself to Heaven with the same sincerity. The great laws of the world will undoubtedly be executed. Justice is still just, and morality moral. But the cause of justice will not prevail in any particular battle, if the army which defends it has no ammunition or if its guns are spiked.

Frederick the Great's saying that God is on the side of the strongest battalions was true for him, because success was God for him, and the strongest battalions secure that. But to say that the successful side is always God's side—in other words, is always right—is manifestly absurd. The older proverb is better, that the Gods help those who help themselves.

I met the other day a man who is one of the honestest men I know. "Well, well," he said, "I think we are sure to beat, not through any skill of our own, but because the Lord will not suffer his cause to be defeated." I replied what seemed to me the simple truth, "If we are not skillful the Lord certainly *will* suffer his cause to be defeated." For if the army of the Lord is not composed of soldiers as good as those of the Devil, when a battle is to be fought, the latter will win the day.

What guarantee have we, then, that Justice will prevail? Plainly, in any particular battle or moment, we have none at all. Every day we know of prosperous injustice and successful crime. The consoling faith is, that Justice permanently and at last prevails, and that the world is constantly better. And how can this be if hard fighting depends upon sincerity, and if a man can be as sincerely wrong as right? Simply because injustice breeds ignorance, superstition, bestiality, barbarism, and the conflict of passions; while Justice fosters intelligence, and constantly larger illumination. Thus it is in the intellectual sphere in which light necessarily scatters darkness that the actual progress of the race is achieved. War is a conflict of brute forces to secure the freedom of that sphere. Of itself it changes no opinion, it only obtains the conditions under which a change can be effected in the only possible, that is, the intellectual way.

Consequently war is of the utmost importance in the economy of civilization and progress. It is often, as we said, the paramount duty, but it is not the more agreeable. If your house takes fire in a wintry midnight, to save all that is dearest to you, you must strain every physical exertion to the utmost. There is no duty so solemn and instant as that; but it is in itself the most appalling, and all its details are repulsive. It is so with war. It may become the supremest and most unavoidable duty for every man. But no thoughtful man will like it. "War stirs the pulse, but it wounds a little all the time," wrote Theodore Winthrop. But he thanked God for the chance of doing his duty, and his duty was to die for his country.

It is this intelligent appreciation of duty that makes our army so strong. The chat we had two months since upon the peculiar heroism of our private soldiers—peculiar because without the excitement of public and particular applause, found its way to camp, and brought the Easy Chair a most friendly and interesting letter from a man who is himself a private.

I am glad of what you said, he writes, "because it may cause many a thoughtless man and woman who have heretofore taken little interest, to do more justice to those who, feeling the responsibility that rests on every man and woman of the North, forsook home, kindred, friends—in short, sacrificed all a man holds most dear to battle against a foe that would raze to the ground that noble structure which cost our fathers so much to rear."

"It is a too prevalent idea among us soldiers that the 'folks at home' underrate our motives in risking our lives in the defense of our most glorious Govern-

ment; and the question is often asked, 'What is the use of our having done all this, when we are not appreciated at home?'

"This very remark I heard at the guard-house this morning from one of the boys. He had just received a letter from a friend at home who was in the Bull Run fight, and there received a ball in the leg which necessitated amputation. 'There's B. C.,' he says; 'his misfortune was the subject of many pitying glances from the passers-by, and many inquiries as to the particulars how he lost his leg; but that was all the benefit he derived from having incapacitated himself from following his old trade, and made life an intolerable burden.'"

The correspondent who sends this letter has himself been in the Government hospital. But he deceives himself unkindly if he supposes that there is any want of the profoundest sympathy for the soldiers, and the most eager interest and pride in them, among those who stay at home. Let him remember that almost every family has some of its heart's-blood invested in this struggle; that the "folks at home" feel every blow, every victory, every movement, as the heart and the brain feel a sting in the finger or a thrill in the foot. We all rejoice, we all grieve together. No, believe it, good friend and friends, there is but one heart, but one hope, but one help, in this tremendous hour. The camp is but the home extended beyond the old familiar lines. Yes; we are all encamped—some in the field, others by the fireside; some are actually marching, others are only waiting to go. Believe in us as we believe in you. If we have not marched, it is not because the cause is less sacred and binding with us than with you. We have no interest but your movements; we have no hope but in your success. You are the advance, we are the reserves; but we all form the one great army which shall at last win the one great victory for the world.

If General Washington had arrived, after due notice, at Castle Garden a few weeks since, he could not have been received with greater popular enthusiasm than that which greeted General Corcoran. His progress up Broadway could not have been a more triumphant pageant. The eagerness to see his face and to hear his words could not have been more intense and universal. The display of welcome could not have been more imposing, nor the acclamation of the city more universal.

Who was this young hero, then, and what the service he had done? The answer is simple enough. He is a Colonel who fought bravely at the head of his regiment and was taken prisoner.

But does the country receive all brave officers returning from captivity with this hosanna of welcome? Others were taken in the same battle fighting as bravely, and they quietly return. Why is this soldier, defeated in his only battle, greeted as the leader would be who had triumphantly ended the war and restored union and peace to the country?

The reasons are many, but the chief is undoubtedly this, that, being an Irishman and a New Yorker, and one of the highest in rank who were taken at Bull Run, he was selected as the typical Union soldier in captivity. He suffered not only for himself, but the nation looked, in his person, upon the sufferings of all our hapless friends. That it was Corcoran instead of Wilcox, for instance, who was selected, is due to the fact that he is an Irishman, and that friendship for the Irish is a cardinal element of popular favor in the cities from which public senti-

ment is apt to take its direction. Then he bore his long imprisonment gallantly. Every word he wrote home was plucky, and his fidelity to the cause was unwavering. These were enough. The shouting city made the idol of an hour which it worshiped. Turin, Genoa, Palermo, regenerated Rome, could not have hailed Garibaldi the regenerator with more ecstasy than New York saluted Corcoran.

But the feeling which the city showed to him it has for every suffering loyal soldier. It was as typical as its object. The people offered homage, in the person of Corcoran, to every captive of its cause. It was another indication of the deep and hearty hold that cause has upon the mass of the population.

We often enough hear that famous men disappoint upon meeting them, and that it is wise to be content with the books a man writes or the deeds he does, and not to risk his personal acquaintance. It may be that the kind of force which is necessary to project men into fame is often incompatible with those delicate and subtle traits which make the charm of personal intercourse. Certainly we often meet men who seem to have all the qualities of lovely character, as well as of talent or genius, which we instinctively associate with those who have invisibly attracted and influenced us. But the same persons, for some reason, never reach that general recognition which makes celebrity and at last fame.

When a man of this kind dies, the feeling of loss and affectionate admiration among his friends is of the kind with which the world regrets its teachers and singers. They cherish the thought of their friendship with him as a happy fortune of their lives. They delight in what he might have done. His genius was an unworked mine. The richness was all there, but it was not revealed. His life has made life lovelier to them forever, for it has reminded them how small a part of the infinite variety of human excellence and genius can ever be universally known.

Such a man died some months since in Florence. Arthur Hugh Clough is a name that to some persons in this country is full of promise and significance, but to the most is totally unknown. He was a young Englishman who lived for some time in America, the honored friend and companion of the most thoughtful and wise, and whose friends in England were such men as Matthew Arnold, Dr. Stanley, Thomas Hughes, F. T. Palgrave, all of whom have spoken of him since his death with that profound and pathetic regard which only great powers combined with the purest and loftiest character can excite. These men were schoolmates of Clough's at Rugby in the golden days of Dr. Arnold, and it is not the least of his praise that the charm of his character and the promise of his powers excited such admiration and love. "To win such love as Arthur Hugh Clough won in life," says his American biographer and friend, Mr. Norton, of Cambridge, "to leave so dear a memory as he has left, is a happiness that falls to few men."

His life was the uneventful one of a scholar. He traveled in Europe; he lived a short time in America; he was a Professor in the London University, and held a post in a Government office; he worked hard, thought deeply, loved much, and died at the age of forty-two, with nothing to show for it but a retranslation of Dryden's "Plutarch's Lives," a thin volume of poetry, and some delightful papers and poems in magazines here and abroad. His poems

have been collected into a volume and published in England, with a memoir by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, and a separate publication here, with a memoir by Charles Eliot Norton.

All that his friends say of him is justified to the thoughtful reader by the little volume. There are perhaps no poems in it which will be enshrined in the heart of the world; but there is much that will appeal to every earnest, simple, reverent man who knows how little can be known, and who looks for the sympathy of a generous manly soul as he sounds along the dim way of spiritual life. Like one at midnight perplexed by music that allures, the tendency of the poet's thought is constantly to the profound themes that baffle the intellect. With child-like confidence he abandons himself to the current that he knows drifts him to the shoreless sea. Consequently a tender melancholy, a passionate but still chastened longing, are the characteristics of his verse.

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

"On many noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

"On stormy nights, when wild northwesterns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away
Far, far behind, is all that they can say."

This wistful melancholy, not ascetic, but full of human sympathy and affection, and a manly dignity that submits but never surrenders, is all expressed in the following lines:

"Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
The tall rank weeds that clomb the blade above,
And all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learn'd what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.

"With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's by-gone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again on many a future day.

"Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters, say!—
Meet yet again upon some future day?"

But Mr. Clough's poems were by no means exclusively these deep-drawn musical sighs from the soul for the supremely good and fair. His genial human sympathy embraced the daily life that we all lead, curiously seeking and analyzing still, nor ever unmindful of the eternal life beneath it, but humorous and delicately perceptive. The three chief poems in the volume are of this kind. Two of them are hexameters, one describing life and character in Scotland, and the other in Italy, while

the third is a series of tales upon shipboard. These have great vivacity of thought and style, and a pleasant sparkle of humor all the way, mingled with deeper and subtler touches. They show the scholarly culture and artistic skill of the poet. But they show also his true humanity and independence.

He was an Englishman, and loved England with all his heart. But he was a man, and he could see that other lands were more just to men. Mr. Norton quotes most interesting passages from Clough's letters to himself, which are not the least significant signs of the man. He wrote, after returning to England, seven or eight years ago: "Really I may say I am only just beginning to recover my spirits after returning from the young and hopeful and humane republic to this cruel, unbelieving, inveterate old monarchy. There are deeper waters of ancient knowledge and experience about one here, and one is saved from the temptation of flying off into space; but I think you have beyond all question the happiest country going. Still, the political talk of America as one hears it here is not always true to the best intentions of the country, is it?"

On the other hand, these lines reveal the loyalty of the poet's heart to the "best intentions" of his own country:

"Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, every where.

"Sweet eyes in England! I must flee
Past where the wave's last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

"Dear home in England! safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England won at last."

Love and fond admiration, at least, he won in England and in America, and his memory has an eternal home in many of the noblest hearts of our time. His grave is in Florence. "A fit resting-place for a poet," says Mr. Norton—"the Protestant Santa Croce—where the tall cypresses rise over the graves, and the beautiful hills keep guard around."

Editor's Drawer.

THE other day the Drawer was opened at a dinner-table whereat was gathered as goodly a company as graced the Knickerbocker board when the Dickens was the lion of the hour. One of the sages present startled the rest by propounding the astounding proposition that he could, by the internal evidence alone, determine whether an author's work was or was not written under the influence of *liquor*—the inspiration of the bowl; and, stranger still, that he would undertake to define particularly the kind of liquor the author most affected—whether wine, brandy, gin, or any other spirit!

"That," said Dr. S—, "would be '*discerning spirits*' with a vengeance: I don't believe a word of it!"

ONE of our gravest religious newspapers, of the "Baptist persuasion," tells the following anecdote, which seems to belong to the Drawer:

"A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the

brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, and her step languid; and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

"Some years afterward he encountered this same lady, but so bright, so fresh and youthful, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself with regard to identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B——, who presented such a doleful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, Madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying, and began to laugh; that was all."

SOME years ago we knew an old lady whose expressions were more striking than correct. She was much disgusted at the habit of some ladies in boasting of their husbands' qualities, appearance, etc. "Once," said she, "when I was first married, I was at a tea-party, and in the afternoon all the women were telling each other what fine-looking men they were married to. I sat and listened until I thought how ashamed I should be when it was time for my Jimmy to come after me, for I knew he wasn't very handsome. Well, after a while all the men came in to supper, and I just sat and looked at the lot, and I do declare that Jimmy, alongside of them others, was a perfect *Wenus*!"

FUNNY things happen all over the world, and an Indiana friend tells us of an old contraband in his neighborhood who makes himself useful in collecting the various articles contributed to the Soldiers' Aid Society, and taking them to the head-quarters. The other day he went into one of the stores and said that he was sent for "some papers of pins to pin the 'beverages' with." Perceiving, from smiling countenances, that he had made some mistake, he repeated, "Beverages? beverages? No, no, dat ain't it; beverages am someting to eat." He got the pins although he didn't get the word *bandages*.

A rural damsel caused some annoyance in the same store by inquiring, "Have you any black-guards?" The clerk answered decidedly in the negative. She had been sent for black silk-guards, which, after explanations, she readily obtained.

BILL H—— exercised as much ingenuity in securing his liquor as would have secured him all that he wanted, could he have dispensed with that single article. One day he took his jug to the shop and asked for a gallon of whisky. He gave his promise to pay for it upon the spot. The jug was not empty, Bill stating that he had already bought a quart, but wished the concern filled as full as it could hold.

When the gallon was poured into the jug the money was not poured out of Bill's pocket, for the latter was as empty as the former was full. Promises to pay were not received, and the grocer poured the gallon back again into the measure, leaving Bill to trudge off with his single quart. This, however, was more of a treasure than when he entered the shop, for it was then a *quart of water*, and now it was a *quart of rum*, not much worse for the little water with which it was diluted. The grocer's gallon was

a little weaker, but Bill's quart had become a great deal stronger.

THE following curious specimen of clerical literature came under our notice lately. It is a request from one clergyman to another to announce his hour of service. Here it is, orthography, syntax, style and all, literally copied from the original:

MR MO MACKRANELS
pless renounc
that there is
pretzhing at the brederen
ehirge this day at 3 o'clock
by rev, yong lamasters

Lest this may be worse than "Greek" to such of our readers as are uninformed in backwoods literature, we append an English rendering:

MR. M'REYNOLDS.—Please announce that there is preaching at the Brethren Church this day, at 3 o'clock, by Rev. Young Lemasters.

FROM Springfield, Illinois, we have the following:

"The Illinois Normal University, at Bloomington, has a farm of 160 acres, which is generally let to be worked 'on shares.' Not long ago this land was tilled by the Hon. James Perkins, a well-known politician. He commenced operations very late in the spring, and was consequently obliged to sow a large breadth of buckwheat, which, as every farmer knows, is a very late-planted crop. It throve luxuriantly and in due time was gathered, to the extent of about eight hundred bushels.

"About this time the people of Kansas were starving, and throughout the West the people were generously donating supplies of food, which the railroad companies as generously carried free of charge to them. Now the Hon. Perkins had discovered that buckwheat was higher at St. Louis than at Bloomington, and concluded that it would be a fine speculation to send his crop thither to be sold, making believe that it was for the benefit of the hungry settlers of Kansas. The railroad company, accordingly, took in charge the whole stock of incipient pancakes, charging nothing for the transportation. But the consignee at St. Louis was either stupid or treacherous. Our hero waited for his \$500 draft long and patiently in vain; but at length received the following instead:

"LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 19, 1860.

"Hon. J. Perkins:

"Your very generous donation (816 bush. buckwheat) duly rec'd. With many thanks in behalf of the suffering pioneers of Kansas, I remain, y'rs to command,

"W. F. M. A——, Ch'n Kan. Relief Com."

"It is said that the Hon. Gentleman ever since eschews pancakes as entirely contrary to all the laws of hygiene."

WE would scarcely believe that such an advertisement could be found in any newspaper, but we have it before us in a Canada journal, and the correspondent who sends it to us says that the advertiser is of the colored persuasion:

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICE.

M. R. NORRIS, living near Aldia's Mill, is making M. Spinning Wheels, Clock Reels, and Cheese Presses, and preaches on Sundays at 2 o'clock P.M. in the Market Shed, and on Wednesdays at 7 o'clock P.M., at his hired house. This arrangement will continue for three weeks.

The mingling of trades is quite as curious as that of the man who advertised "Bibles, Blackball, Butter, Testaments, Tar, Treacle, Godly Books, and Gimlets for sale here."

HERE is a story that comes from Wisconsin, and the wit of it may atone for its want of gallantry:

"In the town of Green Lake, Wisconsin, Old H—, though rich, dislikes not only to pay his debts, but taxes particularly, and scruples at no means to avoid them. His wife has a reputation for want of veracity, and nobody would believe her. The Legislature had passed a law to compel each person to 'list' his or her personal property, under oath, and deliver the same to the Assessors. The Assessors, three in number, called upon Old H—, and furnished a blank, but the old fellow did not like to come down. At a meeting of the Assessors (at a small country tavern in the same town) to perfect their roll, Old H— and a number of other persons being present, Colonel S. C—, a prominent politician, and withal a great wag, was there.

"The Assessors proceeded to interrogate Old H— in relation to his personal property, and among other questions asked him, 'what musical instruments he had?'

"Old H— replied, 'I have no musical instrument but my wife's tongue?'

"The Colonel, who stood near the table, remarked immediately, 'Put him down one *lyre* (liar).'

"Old H—, after the roar was over, gave in his inventory without any further objections."

A DOYLESTON friend mentions an illustration of the progress which the schoolmaster is making in the "uninhabited" parts of Pennsylvania:

"John Jobson is a lawyer there, who knows a little of every thing, and not much of any thing. He is sad on the English language, and if murdering it were a capital crime, he would have been hung long ago. The county paper, speaking of a speech John made last Fourth of July, said it was very good, but the orator slandered Lindley Murray awfully. Now when Jobson read this charge in the newspaper he was very wroth, and declared with great earnestness and an oath that he did not know Mr. Murray, and had never thought of saying a word against him. John's wife was out at tea when she first heard of the newspaper attack on her husband, and she said at once that 'Murray begun it by abusing her husband, and got as good as he gave!'"

TALKING to boys in public meetings is getting to be an art and science. Billy Ross is a great Temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, Sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, Sir; lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

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"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

Billy was thunder-struck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

THE following occurred at the fall term of Common Pleas Court at N—, in H— County, Ohio.

J. R—, of S—, was attorney for defendant in a civil action wherein the terms of a parole contract were in question; and in testing the memory of a witness in the cross-examination the following conversation took place:

J. R. "You said that Williams, Nevin, and Stockwell were in my office at a certain time when the terms of the contract were mentioned. Now, how do you know it was them? How do you know but that it was some other persons? And how do you recollect of their being present at that particular time?"

WITNESS. "Because, when they went out of the office you said, 'There goes a set of *scalawags*;' and I recollect the circumstance from the fact that it was the first time I ever heard that term used by any one."

J. R. "You said that lawyers Winslow, Patrick, and Sutton were present on another occasion. How did you know they were lawyers; how do you know but what they were scalawags?"

WITNESS. "Well I admit I did not then, nor do I now know the difference."

J. R. "You can go."

DESPONDENCY.

The bright May sun is beaming, the soft rain falls in showers,

And the gentle wind is whispering its secrets to the flowers.

The world is Spring, but in my heart is Winter, cold and drear,

Nor bird, nor shower, nor Summer wind can find an echo there.

Ere this I was the earliest to greet the opening Spring, And gladsome thoughts, and hope, and mirth did this fair season bring:

And I forgot the Winter time, its ice, and frost, and snow,

To revel in the Spring day, its brightness, warmth, and glow.

But now my eye sees carelessly green boughs and lovely flowers,

And passionate sad tears obscure the sight of Summer showers,

And the little birds sing all unheard, no more to me they're gay,

For this poor heart shall ne'er again know sunshine, song, or May!

And from this darkened chamber, where in sadness now I lie

With aching heart, and weary limbs, and dim and heavy eye,

I pray to God for patience till his seasons bring the day

When His blessed angel Asraël bears me from earth away.

LISA.

It has often been remarked respecting Daniel Webster that the gravity of his mind prevented any inclination or display of wit or brilliant repartee in any of his efforts in the Senate or Courts. But on one occasion, at least, he certainly proved that he could be as brilliant and witty as he was always profound and great.

Mr. Webster was once engaged in the trial of a

case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which has been criticised as a brilliant romance.

In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and that he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eying the witness a moment, he said,

"Mr. K——, allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called the 'Baron Munchausen?'"

Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet, and said,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor I promise not to interrupt you again."

Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said,

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Patrick Henry?'"

The effect was so irresistible that even the Judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up;" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

LAST July a Vermont correspondent wrote to us:

"I am inclined to believe that Washington will be taken now; for I heard an old lady remark, after being asked what the news was from the seat of war, 'Oho, nothing,' says she; 'only the rebels are going to attack Washington now: they have got their *spiles* drove to within three miles of Washington!'"

"The lady had been to a Sewing Society, where they had been making up hospital stores for the Vermont soldiers, and had heard the remark that the rebel pickets had already advanced to within three miles of Washington."

"In traveling through the country a few days ago, I found posted against a tree a notice, of which the following is a true copy:

"NOTICE

"There will be a mas meeting at Mr H——s Esq skool house on tomorrow nite for enlistin solders for to go to the war, let all be presant Wimmun is invited to be presant
(Signed) J—— R."

"OUR acquaintance W——, had, a few years since, a female ancestor on the maternal side, who, although residing in the vicinity of Mobile for a lifetime, had never yet been there. After repeated solicitations, however, she was induced to pay the family a visit. Her grandson, young W——, then a boy of fifteen, but who already exhibited that peculiar faculty for perpetrating 'practical jokes' which characterizes him yet, persuaded the cook to place a large dish of boiled crabs before the old lady, well knowing that she had never before set her eyes on one. Upon seating herself at the table, the unusual dish attracted her attention. Carefully drawing her spectacles from their

case, she adjusted them firmly on her nose, and took a long stare at the singular-looking 'edibles'; at last, seizing a fork, she made a desperate thrust at one of them, exclaiming, with a long breath, 'Heavens and yearth, who ever seen sich spiders before!'"

ONE of the captured at Cape Hatteras, a Lieutenant-Colonel, was a Baptist minister by profession. A chaplain who accompanied the fleet was also a Baptist clergyman. When they met the fact became mutually known.

"Ah!" said the Yankee chaplain, "how I have prayed day and night for the success of this expedition! When the clouds threatened us once or twice with some of those terrible tempests that do so much damage on this coast I prayed with a fervor such as I never felt before."

"And I," said the prisoner, "prayed with all my soul that the storm might come up and spread over the entire coast with such fury that it might sweep the fleet out and drive you howling upon the shore."

"But my dear friend," said the Yankee parson, with a knowing smile, "God didn't answer your prayer, did he?"

The prisoner turned away with a crest-fallen look, and said no more.

THE State pride of South Carolinians can be more realized now than formerly. It was the occasion of some jealous feeling in the sister State of Georgia, before they were united by their present tender ties. A Georgian, excited by the evident contempt of a South Carolinian for his sister States, is said to have remarked,

"Well, you Carolinians are the most conceited people on earth! Why, you think South Carolina the only civilized part of the world. Even your children have the same feeling. One of your boys, the other day at school, when asked by his teacher how many continents there were, answered,

"Five—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and South Carolina!"

ONE of our correspondents contributes the following anecdote of a very informal preacher, who has the reputation of being extremely prosy:

"On one occasion, when the thermometer stood at 80°, he manifested his weakness so much that the congregation became uneasy, and some two or three left. Before they got to the door he broke out with, 'They have got enough; their capacity is small.' And when, a few minutes after, some more followed, he stopped, and after expressing himself to the effect that 'a few more *puffs* and the chaff would all be gone,' he proceeded. But human nature is stubborn in hot weather; and when the entire congregation became extremely restless, and more were departing, he couldn't stand it, and requested that, 'if there was any one present who was acquainted with those individuals,' he 'hoped they would tell them for him that they were no gentlemen; and if they felt offended, to send them to him and he would convince them of the fact!'"

THE same contributor gives a practical example of those who take no note of time:

"It is no uncommon thing here for young men to go hunting on the Sabbath. Two young men recently became separated from their party, and being thirsty they called at the nearest cabin on the prairie for some water. They were surprised to find the woman of the house hard at work in front of the

house doing her week's washing. She was very intent upon her work, and only ceased long enough to hand them a gourd and point to the water-bucket standing on a bench near the door.

"'Why, my good woman,' said one of the young men, 'do you know this is Sunday?'"

"'Sunday!' exclaimed she, drawing her hands quickly from the suds. 'Why no, is it? Well, I do declare now! our folks didn't say nothing about it, and we've no clock, and I guess I've lost the run o' the week somehow.' Seeing the fellows smile she colored up at once; then giving them a knowing look from her bright black eyes, she added: 'If I'd a knowed it was Sunday I wouldn't a washed; but if I did, it's no wus nor shootin', is it?' The young men left, but a clock peddler was seen crossing that very prairie in a few days after."

ALMOST any grocer will tell you that he is or has been infested with a customer who is perpetually infringing on the eighth commandment. This class of pilferers is constantly tasting the cheese, or munching huge lumps of sugar, dried apples, etc. They occasionally stick their dirty fingers into the molasses hogshead, and suck them with infinite gusto.

A grocer "not a thousand miles" from South Danvers was the victim of such a bore. Whenever Mr. A—— came to the store he would steer for the raisin-box, and deliberately abstract a handful; to the cheese, and take a generous slice; and, with a cracker and glass of water, serve himself an excellent lunch. The grocer one day undid a box of nice Malaga raisins and placed it on his counter. Mr. A——, coming in, made direct tracks to them, and expressed his approbation of their quality by taking an unusu-



TAKING A CART DE VISITE.

TEUTONIO GROCER.—"Ich must haben mein Cart und mein Horse, or else peoples will not know zat it be mein Cart of Visit; ven zey sees ze Cart, they know it's me."

ally large handful. Our friend the grocer observing this, gave orders to his clerks not to sell or allow any one to touch the raisins in that box except Mr. A—. He called frequently. At the end of six months the box of Malagas was gone; Mr. A— had eaten them all. His bill for that time amounted to about \$40, the profits on which were \$3. The raisins (to say nothing of other nibbling) amounted, cost price, to \$3 25. Thus the grocer, from that "customer," in that space of time made twenty-five

cents *out of pocket*. After that he insisted upon having Mr. A—'s administering firm control over his fingers, or else withdraw his patronage.

MORAL—To whom it may concern: Don't imagine that when you purchase an ounce of pepper the grocer can afford you the gratuitous privilege of his raisin-box.

THE following reminiscence will be enjoyed in the midst of our great military activity:



MAKING A BARGAIN.

BRIDGET.—"Here, Mr. O'Grady, is a nice bit of Carpet Mistress told me to sell. It's as good as new, and you shall have it for Five Dollars."

MR. O'GRADY.—"An' cheap enough too. It's you always does the fair thing. I'll remember you about Christmas, darlint."

"In the campaign of '66 two politicians of opposite opinions were engaged in the discussion of questions which soon resulted in the abuse of prominent men connected with their respective parties.

"Where was General Jackson during the battle of New Orleans?"—indignantly inquired the man of the Opposition—"where? why down behind the—"

"Where was General Jackson," interrupted the Democrat, "you want to know; I can tell you where he was. He was running around the field, kicking the lighted matches out of the bomb-shells as they

fell among the soldiers! *There's* where General Jackson was during the battle of New Orleans!"

"We give this as a noble example to our Brigadier-Generals who are not fully posted on the art of war."

THE real grit is in the next one:

"Who made you?" said a teacher to a little flaxen-headed girl, tall enough for her chin to reach the table. "Why, God; and he made father and mother, and the stars and the stripes."



THE ACCOUNT OF SALES.

MRS. JENKINS.—"Why, Bridget, where's the Dining-room Carpet?"

BRIDGET.—"That old rag of a Carpet! When you went away you told me to sell all the rubbish. Mr. O'Grady gave me half a dollar for it; and mighty glad I was to get rid of it."

"Oh no, dear; He made the stars, but not the stripes."

"Why, if He made one, He must have made t'other; for the stars and stripes always go together."

How rapidly young Germany develops in Illinois! A correspondent says: "We have a bright-eyed little Dutch girl to work in our family; Katreen is fourteen years old, and tends baby and makes herself generally useful. Three years ago her sister Leesbeth filled the same place. The latter is now a young lady working in town, and Katreen never wears telling of her accomplishments. 'She wear a *shay* cur every day wid a long silk cape to it, den she got

hoops an' she walk on de sidewalk ven her work ish done.' We were agreeably surprised and expressed our admiration, when she continued: 'And she vash Mister Tomkins vine cherts too, zen she make ze pies and ze cakes, and she look so pooty mit her new dress Sunday that my mudder don't know her ven she comes in.'

"Of course, Katreen," I said; 'it was a great thing for Leesbeth that she went to town; she'd never learned as much at home, not if she'd lived to be as old as your mother.' 'My mudder? I knows more'n my mudder now,' said the young countrywoman of Mrs. Bayard Taylor; 'but den you know dey doesn't learn much in Chermany,' she added, apologetically."



A CASE OF COLIC.

DOCTOR PILGARLIC.—"Yes, I see—been eating ice-cream, bananas, pickles, mixed candy, and green apples. I shall have to administer *Oleum Ricinum cum Mucilaginem, Syrupum Tolutanum, et Spiritum Lavandule*. That'll put him all right."

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—"Oh, Doctor, I'm afraid to give such strong medicines to the little Darling! Now wouldn't a dose of *Castor Oil*, mixed up with a little *Gum* and *Tolu*, and a few drops of *Lavender* to take off the taste, answer just as well? I always keep that in the house."

Fashions for October.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING NEGLIGÉE AND GIRL'S STREET DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—THE EGLANTINE CLOAK.

THE MORNING NEGLIGÉE is of white or corn-colored Cashmere, embroidered with Mazarine-blue braid. The skirt is of embroidered Nansouk.

The EGLANTINE CLOAK may be made of taffeta or cloth, according to the season. It is elaborately ornamented with braided embroidery.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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POLISH NATIONAL COSTUMES.

POLAND OVER-GROUND AND UNDER-GROUND.

I.—OVER-GROUND.

WHOEVER spends a raw, murky afternoon rambling about in the dingy old Prussian city of Breslau, and attempts to sleep a night at the "Goldene Baum" will be glad enough, under ordinary circumstances, to pursue his journey in the morning regardless of the many wonderful things that still remain to be seen. For myself, I have a natural repugnance to iron and zinc foundries, and do not care particularly for tin-shops, distilleries, cloth factories, or metallurgical establishments.

My landlord—a dapper little Jew—was nevertheless very enthusiastic in his praise of Breslau, which he pronounced far superior to Paris in all the elegances and refinements of life, and quite equal to Berlin. It was the grand commercial metropolis of Prussia, combining within its limits the rarest gems of antiquity and the choicest luxuries of civilization. Here were brass and zinc in all their forms; here were metals from Silesia, and furs from Russia; here were linens and cloth ware of every description; here was the grand wool fair in which wool was gathered from all parts of Prussia and Poland. And in

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the way of antiquities, what could equal the St. Elizabeth Kirch, with its old pictures, enamels, and sculptures; and the Cathedral of St. John, a visit to which was worth a trip from America; and the Rathhaus, built by King John of Bohemia, in the fourteenth century, one of the wonders of the world! To leave Breslau, said my sprightly little host of the Golden Tree, without seeing the statue of the devil, who wheels his grandmother through the infernal regions in a wheel-barrow, would be an act of gross injustice to myself as well as to my friends and relations in America. Furthermore, I could have a room at forty-five kreutzers a day, and breakfast, dinner, and supper *à la carte*.

Notwithstanding all these attractions I took my departure from Breslau at 5 A.M., without seeing the interior of a single edifice except that of the Golden Tree. The handsomest building in the place, to my thinking, was the railroad dépôt, where I procured a third-class ticket for Mysłowitz. In other parts of Europe the third-class cars are pretty good and generally clean; but I can not say that I found the company very select, or the cars very neat on this part of my journey. Smoke and dirt grew thicker than ever as I approached the borders of Poland. Nor does the tract of country lying between Breslau and Mysłowitz present many compensating attractions to the lover of the picturesque. It is for the most part a desert of sandy plains, dotted here and there with a scrubby growth of pine, and but little improved in its scenic effects by the occasional columns of black smoke that rise from the zinc foundries and iron factories in the distance. I do not remember that I ever had a more dreary journey. Most of my fellow-passengers were Polish Jews, Gallician traders, and Prussian peasants; and although they seldom stopped talking, their rude dialects were altogether unintelligible to my inexperienced ear. Silence would have been much more congenial.

At the frontier station, not far beyond Mysłowitz, I had a foretaste of the rigors of the Austrian police system. My passport had been duly *visé* by the United States Consul-General and the Austrian Minister at Frankfort-on-the-Main. I delivered it up to the authorities at the dépôt with the easy confidence of a man who believes himself to be all right. There was a delay of an hour required by the vexatious formalities of the Custom-house. Having no baggage except a small knapsack, I got through this ordeal without much trouble. The officer, indeed, hesitated a moment when he came to a sketch-book in which I had drawn some caricatures of the Austrian soldiers at Frankfort, but without appearing to understand the attempted satire, he gravely closed the book and let me pass. While waiting for my passport, I quietly took my seat in the Wartsaal amidst a motley crowd of passengers, and amused myself smoking a cigar and trying to make out the latest intelligence from the United States as set forth in the columns of a Vienna newspaper. I succeeded in getting at the fact that a great battle had been fought, but here my

knowledge of the German language failed me. For the want of a few words I was unable to find out which side had gained the victory. A Polish gentleman perceiving my difficulty came forward and politely gave me the result in French. From that he proceeded to the unhappy condition of his own country, and was discussing in rather animated terms the aspect of political affairs in Cracow—much against my will, for I make it a point never to converse on forbidden topics with strangers—when a messenger in uniform entered and called out a name that bore a remote resemblance to my own. As nobody answered, I looked inquiringly at the messenger.

"Mein Herr," said he, in rather broad German, "is this your name?" And he handed me a slip of paper. There was no doubt about the name—it was mine. "Would I be pleased to follow him to the Passport Bureau? The Herr Director wished to see me." As I stood up to follow all eyes were turned upon me, and there was a sudden lull in the conversation. The fact that I had been selected from the entire crowd to appear in person at the Passport Bureau looked a little ominous. I must confess some gloomy images of Austrian prisons rose up before me.

Upon entering the office of the Chief I made a polite bow, as in duty bound. The Herr Director was a highly important gentleman, bearing upon his person many imposing badges of office. He scanned me rather suspiciously, and then said, in his native language,

"You are an American."

"Yes."

"What is your business here?"

"Traveling for pleasure and information."

The Herr Director looked dissatisfied. Was I a merchant? a banker? an artist? an apothecary? No, none of these; simply a traveler. The Herr Director held my passport in one hand, and demanded, in rather a severe tone, the cause of a certain erasure. An alteration had been made in the figures giving my age. The explanation was simple enough, though I must admit rather open to suspicion.

Briefly, the facts were these: Some time last year a thief got into my room at Frankfort and stole my clothes, razor, and pocket-book. In the pocket-book was my passport. This fellow's name was Schmidt, of Sausenheim—a yellow-skinned, ill-favored wretch with shaggy locks, who, on the strength of my passport, assumed the more euphonious name of Brown; and having altered the age to suit himself, went about the country for some months as a traveling barber, shaving people with my razor and robbing them in my name. The police caught him at last, and as usual advertised the stolen articles in the official gazette. I went to the office of the Justice in the Gross-Kornmarkt, identified my property, and, after several months' experience of German law, recovered all the stolen articles by paying very nearly their full value in satisfaction of advances made by the Government to Schmidt's pawnbroker. The altera-



THE PASSPORT BUREAU.

tion in the passport I endeavored to remedy by scratching out Schmidt's age with my penknife and substituting my own as it originally stood. This was the whole matter. Unfortunately for me it was more than enough. Better had I never explained it at all. The Herr Director was too sagacious a man to be deceived by the simple truth. With a provoking smile he observed:

"Mein Herr, the circumstances are very complicated. A thief stole your passport. That looks badly. The rest I can not understand. You speak very indifferent German, to say the least of it."

"But look at the *visés*," said I, indignantly. "Seen by the American Consul-General and the Austrian Ambassador at Frankfort."

"Ja, Ja!" responded the officer, with provoking coolness; "that may have been before the alteration."

Here was a pretty state of affairs! The bells ringing, the locomotive whistling, the passengers crowding out on the terrace, my ticket for Cracow paid for, and no way that I could perceive of proving my identity, without which it was

impossible I could proceed. I was worse off than Peter Schlemihl without his shadow, for I was practically without a name. Fortunately I had in my pocket some slips cut from the Frankfort newspapers containing some complimentary notices of a lecture which I had recently delivered before the "English Circle" on the subject of the American Whale-Fishery. Perhaps these would serve to indicate my respectability. The Herr Director hastily glanced over them.

"Das is nicht!" said he; "we have nothing to do with whale-fish in Poland!"

I begged him to look at the name. Ja! Ja! the name was well enough, but I must prove that it belonged to me.

The whistle sounded fiercer than ever, the bell rang for the third and last time, the passengers were pouring into the cars, the doors were banging to, and there was

no doubt the train would be off in a few minutes. I was nearly distracted.

"Lieber Herr!" said I, appealingly, "what can I do to satisfy you? Here are several letters of introduction, all recommending a person of my name to the kind attention of various distinguished functionaries throughout Europe!"

Ja! Ja!—but they were written in English, and he did not profess to understand that language. How could he be certain that I came by the letters in a legitimate manner? In the extremity of my distress I showed him a letter to my banker in Vienna, written in German. The amount called for, though not very large, was probably more than he had seen for some time. He became somewhat mollified upon reading the letter, and said he was sorry to be obliged to detain me; the rules were very strict; it was an unpleasant duty, etc.

A happy thought now struck me. Strange it had not occurred before. My signature was on the banker's letter, and also on the passport. Seizing a pen and a scrap of paper, I said—"Behold, Herr Director, here is proof positive;" and

I wrote my name half a dozen times, and then begged him to compare the signatures.

He did so. A disappointed expression came over his features. With a surly scowl he handed me the passport, and waving his hand in rather a pompous manner said I might go, but it would be his duty to notify the Government of all the facts in the case. Grasping up my knapsack I darted out, and barely succeeded in getting into the cars, when for the last time the whistle blew and we were off for Cracow! Could it be possible that this grave and dignified functionary had done me the injustice to suppose I was capable of offering him a bribe? One thing was certain. With all his sagacity he had failed to discover the object of my visit to Poland.

A few hours' journey through the pleasant valley lying along the range of the Carpathian Mountains, the snow-capped summits of which were visible to the right, brought us in sight of the immense line of fortifications extending for miles around the city of Cracow. Much of the country through which we passed was well cultivated, and early as the season was, numerous bands of peasants were out in the fields hoeing the earth in their primitive way and attending their flocks on the hill-sides. The appearance of the men was wild and picturesque, in their loose sheep-skin coats and tall conical hats; and the women, though not remarkable for beauty or grace, presented rather a striking picture with their many-colored head-dresses, short petticoats, and big boots. They all seemed of a ruder and more savage cast than the peasants of Prussia or Middle Germany. Something in their strong Slavonic features indicated a fiercer and more restless character; and when I looked from the cars at the troops gathered by the way-side, and studied the faces that gazed up moodily at us, I could not but feel that these people belong to the untamable races of mankind. Oppressed, down-trodden, and soldier-ridden they may be, but the fire that burns in their veins can not be utterly subdued by military despotism.

The houses in this part of Poland are constructed generally of wood, owing, I suppose, to the abundance of that material. The roofs are of straw, and by constant overlapping of the thatch, become enormously thick in the course of a few years. Compared with the farm-houses throughout Prussia, they are rude and comfortless, though not destitute of picturesque effect. Nothing of the neatness and order observable in the rural districts of Germany is to be seen in Poland. The farm-yards are dirty, the implements of agriculture scattered carelessly about the fields, and but little attention is paid to regularity in the working of the land. Every thing, in fact, apparent to the casual tourist, indicates the character of the people—slovenly, reckless, and impatient of restraint. Much doubtless is due to the oppressive system of taxation under which they labor—compelled to support a government which they detest; their hard earnings wrested from them to support a despotism that crushes them down, no hope for the future, and

no inducements held out to them to better their condition. The whole country is a vast network of fortresses and military defenses. At every station by the way-side large bodies of officers and soldiers are seen, and even the smallest villages and hamlets are not exempt from the presence of military forces to keep the people in subjection.

Approaching Cracow an enormous fortress raises its embattled crest on the right. This is said to be designed as a defense against the Russians, in case of invasion; but I apprehend it bears a much nearer relation to the unhappy Poles. Russia has enough to do with her own Polish subjects without undertaking the control of those under Austrian dominion. Passing this formidable line of batteries, the most prominent object is the Brouislawa, or great earth-mound, raised to the memory of Kosciusko by the Senate, nobles, and people of Cracow. This singular monument is 150 feet high, and is formed in part of earth transported, with immense labor, from all the great battle-fields famous in Polish history. I could not but feel interested in any thing relating to Kosciusko, and my first proceeding upon arriving in Cracow was to visit the book-stores in search of an authentic likeness of the great hero who had devoted his life to the cause of liberty.



KOSCIUSKO.

The portrait which was pronounced authentic was the one familiar to me long years ago in Fletcher's charming "History of Poland," which I read while a boy in Harper's "Family Library." It represents the hero in Polish costume, with fur-collared coat, with the national cap and feather. The features and expression, however, are precisely the same with the portrait better known in America, in which he is represented in the dress of an officer of the American Army, which may therefore be considered as an authentic likeness of Kosciusko. In the dark, thoughtful eyes, the strongly-marked brow, the prominent cheek-bones, and finely-developed chin, one can readily trace the character of the man. Something sad and prophetic, it seems to me, is



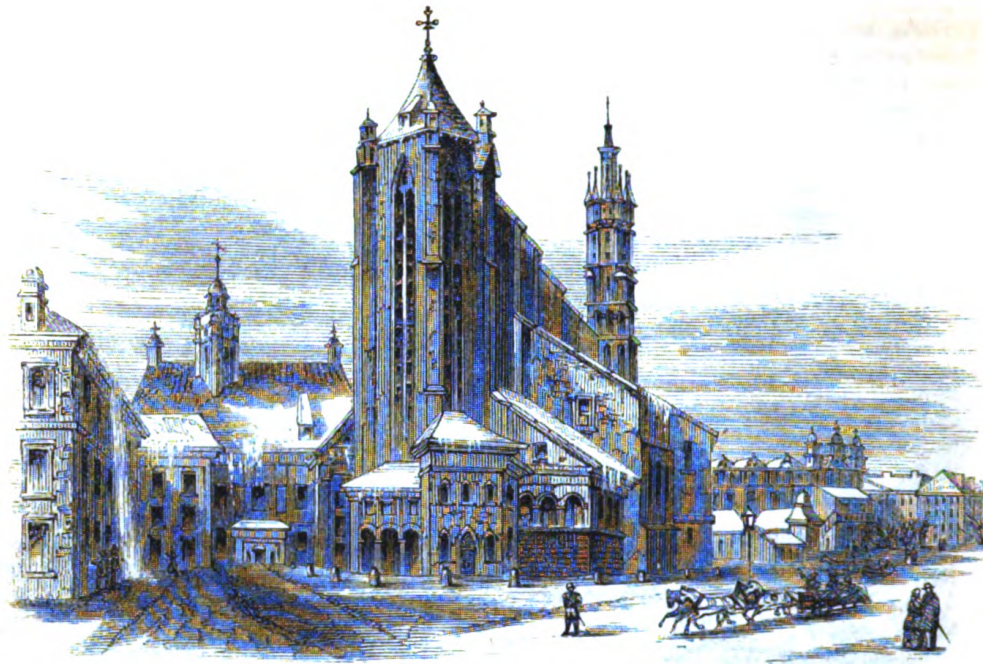
VIEW OF CRACOW.

apparent in the general expression of the face, as if it reflected the future of his unhappy country.

The first view of Cracow is rather imposing. At the distance of a few miles the numerous spires of the churches, the towers and palaces, and the dark-peaked roofs of the houses, scattered in rich profusion around the grand old castle of Zamek, give the city an appearance of grandeur and extent which it scarcely deserves in reality. The winding waters of the Vistula glisten through a series of extensive promenades, and the undulations of the neighborhood are strikingly picturesque. In early spring, when the trees are bursting into leaf, and the hill-sides begin to assume their verdant covering, one is almost tempted to believe that peace and happiness must reign in such a lovely spot. But all these pleasing illusions quickly vanish upon entering the dark old gateways of the city. Soldiers are stationed at every point. The clang of armor and the rattle of drums fall gratingly upon the ear. Passing along the principal thoroughfares, all that strikes the eye indicates oppression and decay. The streets are thronged with soldiers; the houses are of a dingy and ruinous aspect; the people stroll about idly in their rags, or lie on the door-steps brooding over their wrongs. Filth and misery are every where visible. In all my travels I had seen nothing to compare with the degraded and beggarly appearance of the common people here. An affectation of style is not wanting among the better classes to make the prevailing poverty and filth all the more striking.

In former times Cracow was the head-quarters of the sovereigns of Poland, and contained a population of eighty thousand. The ruins of its palaces and churches, and the grand old gateways which still mark the principal entrances into the city, are now nearly all that remains to indicate its former grandeur. War, pestilence, and famine have reduced its population to less than forty thousand. The streets are badly paved with round, rough stones; the houses are dingy, and the door-ways filthy. Hundreds of lazy-looking, half-savage vagabonds lounge about the steps of the churches and public places, begging for alms. At the entrance to every hotel a horde of Jewish money-changers, guides, and beggars lie in wait for every new-comer, who can neither enter nor leave without being persecuted by their importunities. Some of these wretched creatures will follow him wherever he goes, insisting upon being employed, or appealing to his charity in some form or other; and it is difficult to get rid of them without giving them a few kreutzers in the way of tribute. The stranger seems to be regarded as legitimate game, especially by the money-changers. I had occasion to change a few gulden at the hotel, and being unable to accomplish my object through the attendants, was forced to call in the services of one of these accommodating bankers, who allowed me about two-thirds the current value of the money. To call them an unmitigated set of swindlers would but faintly express the character of these slippery fellows who deal in "wechsel."

With an apparent laxity of morals in many



CHURCH OF ST. MARY, CRACOW.

other respects, both in high and low life, there is no feature more prominent than the prevalence of external forms of worship. While the decayed nobility drive about in their dingy old carriages, with their liveried servants and emblems of departed grandeur, stopping from time to time to do homage to some saint, the prayers of the poor wretches who are forever gathered around the church-doors and street-shrines mingle sadly with the rattle of drums; and it is seldom one hears the peals of the organ or the chants of the singers without the accompaniment of Austrian swords jingling on the pavements, or the heavy tramp of the guards marching to and from their respective stations.

The churches are numerous, and some of them highly interesting. Adjoining the Palace is the Cathedral, built in 1004-1102, which contains numerous treasures of art and the remains of the most eminent of the Polish sovereigns and heroes. Around this are circled a great number of chapels, in one of which lie the remains of Thaddeus Kosciusko. The whole number of churches in Cracow is now thirty-six. That of St. Mary, in the market-place, built in 1276, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. The Cathedral of St. Francis is also a picturesque old edifice, remarkable chiefly for its colored windows and massive walls.

The principal part of the city is situated on the left bank of the Vistula. Across the bridge is the Jewish quarter, which is inhabited almost exclusively by Jews. I thought I had seen something of filth before entering this part of the city, but after a brief ramble through its tortuous streets became satisfied that there is filth positive, comparative, and superlative. Here

were houses black and slimy all over, inside and outside; slops in front of the doors of every possible quality and odor; beggary and rags in all their disgusting features, with an occasional show of dirty finery. Here were Jews of every grade, bearded and unbearded, Rabbinical



POLISH JEW OF RANK.

and diabolical; Jew priests, bankers, merchants, and traders; Jew peddlers, tinkers, and tailors; Jew nobles and Jew beggars—all bearing unmistakable evidences of their origin in the length and magnitude of their noses and the sallow color of their skins. The better classes wear fur caps, or rather turbans, and long silk robes; and there is something in the gravity of their movements that gives them rather an Oriental aspect. To describe the costumes of the lower classes, composed as they are of cast-off rags of all textures and colors, predominant only in the single quality of filth, would be impossible. I can only content myself by attempting a rough pencil-sketch, which is at your service.

A few hours in this quarter quite satisfied me that there are other parts of the world equally pleasant, if not more picturesque.

As I rambled back late in the afternoon, and once more crossed the large square in front of the St. Francisco Church, it was a marvel to me where so many idle people came from. Nobody seemed to have any particular purpose in life. Even the entrance to the Grand Hôtel de Russie was thronged with idlers and beggars lying outstretched on the wooden benches or reclining drowsily against the stone steps. At every point and turn there were groups of hard-favored peasants gazing into the shop-windows; soldiers walked idly about smoking their cigars; officers amused themselves dragging their swords along the pavements; old carriages, bearing the remnants of nobility, rumbled dismally to and fro with their armorial mockeries; students, roués, and shabby-genteel adventurers of all sorts, sauntered about the cafés; pale women of questionable appearance glided stealthily along the by-ways. Wherever I looked there was something to be seen characteristic of a fallen and degraded people. It may well be supposed that I received no very pleasant impressions of Austrian rule.

What future can there be for these Poles?



POLISH JEWS.

was a question that repeatedly presented itself to my mind. No less than six hundred spies, as I was credibly informed, are stationed by the Austrian Government in the city of Cracow alone. These men are dressed in citizens' clothes, and are supposed to be engaged in various industrial occupations. They mingle freely with all classes of the people, and their business is to keep an eye upon every person within the limits of the city—including, of course, strangers. They penetrate into the customary haunts of the Poles in various disguises; listen to every casual conversation; follow up all suspicious persons; visit the hotels, restaurants, and cafés, and take note of the occupation of every stranger and customer; in short, they are ubiquitous. Walls have ears, it is said; but in Cracow the very air listens. Of course, where such a system of espionage prevails there can be no such thing as justice. Corruption in public places, malicious persecution, cruelty, and arbitrary dealing are the inevitable consequences. It is, in truth, a sad and impressive spectacle—so many human beings, made in God's own image, placed in such an absolute

condition of bondage, subject to all the injustice that can grow out of an arbitrary and corrupt system of government. Better be

"Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae!"

Some idea may be formed of the condition of affairs in Austrian Poland from the general inquisitiveness manifested toward a stranger the moment he crosses the frontier. In my own case it was both amusing and annoying. No sooner had I taken my seat in the cars, after the affair with the Director of the Passport Bureau, than several of my fellow-passengers began a series of interrogations in regard to my place of nativity and the object of my visit to Poland. Was I an Englishman or an American? What business was I engaged in? How long did I intend to remain in Poland? When I informed them that I was from California, and merely popped in to see the country and the people, they looked knowingly at each other, and elevated their eyebrows in a way that showed plainly they were up to snuff, and had seen too much of the world to be so easily deceived. One hazarded the conjecture that I was a dealer in salt; another an iron merchant; while a third labored

under the impression that I was in the wool business. The man who spoke French, however, and who had aided me at the *dépôt* in the translation of a telegraphic dispatch, whispered to me, in an under-tone, that he was rejoiced to believe my mission was of a political nature, and had reference to the regeneration of the Poles. He was personally acquainted with all the leading men in Cracow who had this matter at heart, and would give me their names. Nay, if I desired it, he would go with me personally and introduce me to several of them. In vain I attempted to evade the polite advances of this incautious gentleman. The fact is, he was a little under the influence of wine, and I was apprehensive his friendship might get me into some trouble. The more I disclaimed all revolutionary purposes, the more he winked his eyes and smiled at the transparency of my diplomacy. Fortunately, perhaps, for both of us, he imbibed so freely of his favorite beverage at every station, that long before we reached Cracow he fell asleep, and I was relieved from his embarrassing attentions.

Arrived at Cracow, as soon as I had reached my hotel and taken a room the head-waiter ap-

peared and requested my passport. Presently the register was brought up by another waiter, and I was requested to register my name. Next the chamber-maid came, and, while dusting out the room, took occasion to inquire what country I was from, what I was going to do in Cracow, and how long I expected to remain. — Upon descending to the *Spies-Saal* the proprietor met me, cap in hand, and after some preliminary remarks, wished to know if my business was of a mercantile character — or had it reference to the funds; and when informed that it had no reference to either, he volunteered a conjecture that perhaps it was of a private nature. In short, wherever I went, or to whomsoever I addressed myself, these questions, in some shape or other, were sure to be asked. The idea of an American coming to a country like Poland — especially at a time



GATEWAY SHRINE, CRACOW.



OUTER WALL, CRACOW.

and season like this—merely on a tour of pleasure, was not sufficiently probable to be entertained for a moment. It was, to say the least of it, a legitimate matter of suspicion; and some persons apparently disposed to be friendly, were kind enough to hint that I had better be cautious in the expression of my opinions upon political affairs. After two days of this annoyance, having satisfactorily accomplished my business—which was really not calculated to produce bloodshed—I determined to visit the great salt-mines of Wieliczka, said to be the most extensive in the world. The excursion would be pleasant, and would not occupy much time.

A branch railway from the main line, extending to Przeworsk, furnishes a rapid communication twice a day between Cracow and Wieliczka. The distance is about nine English miles. Persons, however, wishing to see the mines and return without loss of time, usually find it more convenient to go by private conveyance. At the suggestion of my Commissioner I ordered a drosky; and at 8 A.M., accompanied by that respectable personage, took my departure by the usual route over the bridge across the Vistula and through the Jewish quarter. The only object of particular interest on the roadside is the great earth-mound said to contain the tomb of Cracus, the founder of Cracow. The country is undulating, and some pretty villas are seen on the hill-sides facing the valley of the Vistula.

On arriving at the town of Wieliczka we proceeded directly to an old castle situated on an eminence, in which are the public offices. I

was here furnished with tickets of permission to visit the salt-works. No fee was asked, and, when officers of the government in any part of Europe neglect to ask a fee, I always make it a point not to offend their delicacy by offering it to them. A register is kept, in which the names of the visitors are required to be entered, with their place of residence, business, etc., as usual every where throughout Austria. At the various points of my journey, heretofore, I had endeavored to satisfy public curiosity by assuming the divers occupations in which I had been engaged from early life, so that no mistake could be made about the matter in case any of the Austrian spies should think proper to follow in my wake. Thus, I was a whale-fisher, stenographer, bushwhacker, sailor, cook, ferryman, and philosopher by turns; and now I thought proper to be a rentier in virtue of my house and lot in the city of Oakland (the rent of which goes to pay the taxes and insurance and interest on an outstanding mortgage). The officers of the Bureau were exceedingly formal and impressive gentlemen, though very polite when they discovered that I was from California.

Under the guidance of my Commissioner, I proceeded with the tickets to a wooden building near the principal entrance of the mines, where there is a subordinate bureau presided over by the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen. In the office of this imposing functionary—whose title at once inspired me with the profoundest respect, and whose manners were both condescending and affable—we saw the various caps,



INSPECTOR OF WORKMEN.

head-dresses, and robes worn by the kings, emperors, and nobles, queens, princesses, and ladies of honor, who had from time to time made the descent into the mines during the past two centuries. These royal robes are richly embroidered, and are of various colors and textures. Each article is carefully labeled with the name, date of descent, etc. On such a day, at such an hour, His most Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Joseph, honored the mines with his presence; and at such an hour he came out again, highly gratified with his visit. "This identical robe," said the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen, in an impressive and reverential voice, "covered the back of his most Imperial Majesty!" The fact was very striking, and the robe was green—or yellow, I forget which. Naturally enough I looked at it with profound awe. Robes worn by kings and emperors are wonderful objects to behold. I have known tourists to travel a thousand miles to see the old boots worn by the Emperor Charlemagne, and can confidently assert that the robe worn by the Emperor Joseph is equal to any boots upon earth, old or new. With such fine colors, and such a profusion of rich embroidery, a man must see a great deal more salt than other people when he goes through the mines of Wieliczka.

Perhaps there may be a spark of jealousy in these remarks, since the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen, unmindful of my sovereignty as an American citizen, gave me nothing better than a scanty little wool cap and a plain linen over-all wherewith to cover my sovereign head and person. Little did he know that by that invidi-

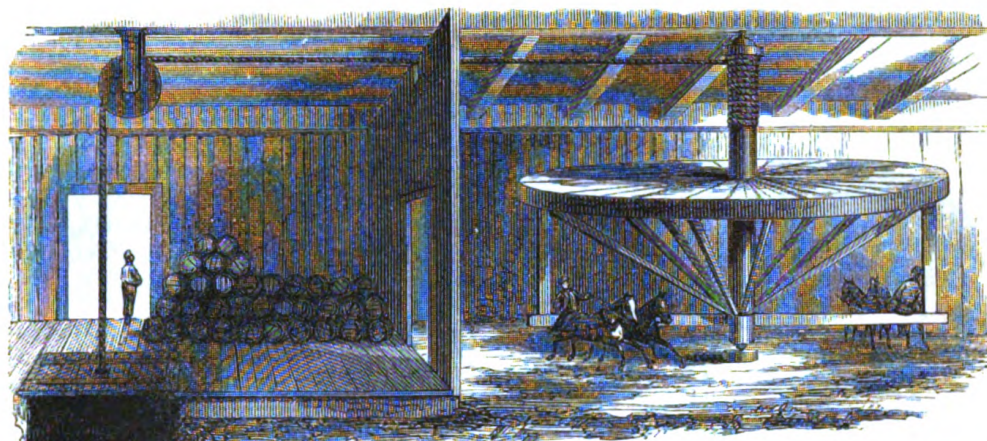
ous act he was placing himself in a position to be criticised, and in all probability condemned to general execration, by five hundred thousand intelligent citizens of the United States.

Perhaps he thought I was a plain man, engaged in the wool trade, or at best a speculator in salt; but he will find to his sorrow, when he comes to ponder over his likeness in the pages of this Magazine, that it is not always safe to judge men by the simplicity of their manners or the homeliness of their dress. There was no use, however, in quarreling about the costume he gave me; and I put it on with rather an unpleasant apprehension that I was not the only common fellow who had worn it. As I passed the looking-glass, it struck me that there was something sinister and ascetic in my appearance; and I could not but fancy that if any romantic young lady should chance to meet me in some of the subterranean caverns, she would involuntarily think of Ambrose or the Monk.

Crossing an open space, in which we were beset by numerous beggars, who begged with a pertinacity seldom equaled and never surpassed in Italy, we entered a large wooden warehouse situated over the main shaft. In this building considerable quantities of salt were stored in sacks and packed in barrels for exportation. An immense wheel, turned by horse-power, works the tackle connected with the shaft. The machinery is of the simplest and most primitive kind, and must be nearly the same that has been in use for over two hundred years. No progress or improvement seems to have been made to facilitate the operations. One would think the in-



AUTHOR IN COSTUME.



THE SHAFT.

roduction of steam where the mines are so unlimited in extent, would amply repay the expense; but enlightenment on that or any other subject is not a characteristic of the Austrian Government. The Russians are much more enterprising in availing themselves of all modern improvements, especially in the working of their mines.

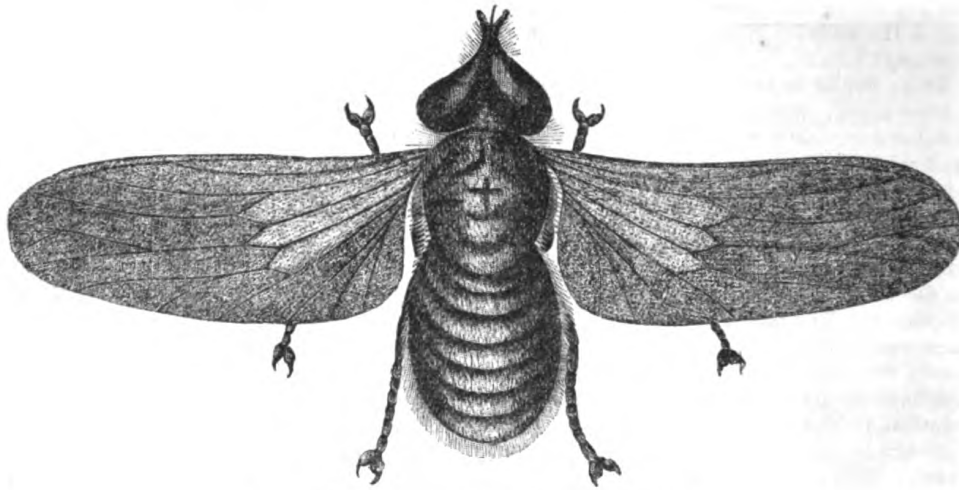
There are six shafts in all, opening at different points into these salt-mines, and also a substantial stair-way cut out of the solid mass of salt. My Commissioner advised me to descend by the shaft in preference to the stair-way, which, he said, was wet and slippery. The main rope or tackle attached to the horse-wheel is about two inches in diameter, and is said to be capable of bearing several tons. It is frequently tested, and repaired or renewed when occasion requires. Every precaution is taken to prevent accident. As I was not accustomed to under-ground navigation, I deemed it a duty to a large and interesting family, including a small baby of singular beauty, to make particular inquiries on this point, in view of the possibility that by some mischance the rope might break and thereby deprive both parties of their only means of support.

A large, heavy trap-door,

with a hole in the centre through which the rope passes, covers the mouth of the shaft. This is opened by a small tackle, and closed again after the shaft is entered. To the main rope several smaller ropes are attached, with canvas straps at the end, forming a kind of seat, in which visitors and others make the descent. There are two series of these seats, about twenty feet apart—the first for the guides and lamp-bearers, and the second for the visitors.

In order to see the mines to advantage it is necessary to have a variety of Bengal lights and shooting fire-works, which are obtained from the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen. As these are charged for by the piece, it depends altogether upon the purse and inclination of the traveler what amount of scenic grandeur will be gotten up for his benefit. Music and illuminations of a princely order can be had by making application to the Directors, and giving the necessary orders in advance; but they cost "*viele geld*," as the Germans say—perhaps forty or fifty dollars. I was not prepared to go into the matter quite so extensively, and had to satisfy my kingly aspirations by taking a moderate amount of grandeur. Such as it was, it proved that human nature is the same here as elsewhere. The Herr Inspector-General of Workmen was dignified and condescending when I spoke of three lamps, six shooting stars, a dozen rockets, and an average assortment of Bengal lights. This was only thrown out as a feeler, for I really had no idea what was necessary, and felt somewhat wary of my Commissioner. "However," said I, "show me the mines in handsome style—say a dozen lamps, two dozen shooting stars, a few whirling devils, and Bengal lights in proportion!" After this the manner of the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen was so enthusiastic, so graceful, and polite, that I retract what I said about him a moment ago.

Bidding farewell for a time to Poland above-ground, I now prepared to take a view of the subterranean regions. But for an account of what I saw in "Poland Under-ground," the anxious reader must wait until the appearance of the next number of this Magazine.

FIGURE 1.—BLACK HORSE-FLY (*TABANUS MAURUS*).

A NOTABLE CONGRESS.

A CONGRESS!" I hear you exclaim. Yes, a Congress, and one composed of members who perform their duties emphatically and honestly. I shall not describe this Congress logically nor yet reflectively; but when you have investigated its Acts, I think you will admit that your curiosity has been aroused and your knowledge enlarged.

The ancients believed when a man acquired a new language he became possessed of a new soul! How much more should a Christian believe that every secret of Nature, investigated and opened to his comprehension, adds another stanza to his song of praise—a deeper tone to his devotional gratitude! It is only after we have deciphered some of these separate characters that we discover the immensity of individual *facts* presented by simple objects, which almost appall the mind with the recognition, if not the full comprehension, of the incontrovertible laws of Nature, upon which all alike depend—the Man as well as the Fly.

Our Lord told us of people "who have eyes, and yet see not; ears, and who hear not." Is not the world full of them?—the day being sufficient for their physical wants, and the night giving them oblivion of the day, "is sufficient for the evil thereof." And yet the world around them, both day and night, is so filled with beauty, so wonderful in phenomena. Still they shut their eyes and close their ears, and cry, "Fill up my coffers; give me to eat and to drink, for to-morrow I die!"

Go forth and stand in the valley, or wait on the hill-top. Listen! What do you hear? A movement of Life—impulsive, incessant, manifold, multifarious. Consider what here presents itself to your senses.

Life! A child or an imbecile can grasp a portion—can see some of the links of the chain connecting the whole grand panorama of Nature: but a wise man gathers them all up, measures

and compares, investigates and analyzes; and from all that is revealed, that becomes perceptible to him, he learns that upon every link of that chain a divine finger has written PROGRESS.

Ever onward, ever upward, is Nature's tendency. Her life-blood, circulating in light and heat around us, fills up in rapid succession the circle of every individual with a multiplicity of phenomena, appealing every where to his senses—in a cloud, in the ripple of a brook, in the leaf fallen at his feet, in the bird on yonder tree, in the insect buzzing in his ear. Is this Life to be a blank to him?

Will he not see with his eyes, or hear with his ears? is every object colorless? is every sound a discord? is there no striking variety around him in the mutations constantly at work in air and earth and water? In a word, will he take no memories of the beauty and marvellousness of earth? no comprehension of natural phenomena? no experience of the grandeur of Nature with him to that better land? Can we believe that *Progress* ceases on this side of Time's mighty river? that it is of the earth, earthy?

Nature, pointing to her myriads of children, refutes the fallacy, and bids man gather up the golden sands of time; to be, like her, ever at work; to see, and to hear, and to garner up truths which will embellish the portion of time allotted to him here—each day adding a new thought, a new result; and by learning to understand her wonderful language, through perseverance, energy, and profound attention, he will come to read in glorious characters the power and goodness of the Divine Creator of us all.

But let me turn for you another page in this great Book of Nature—not as an inductor, however, but a simple and honest laborer in her fields—gathering up daily from her vast harvests here a little, there a little, which though for years may have been inductive, time and investigation have pronounced truths. Be assured of this, that with the acquisition of every new thought

you will learn to love Nature more and more, and you will be the happier for her recognition.

"A Horse-fly! Well, who has not seen a Horse-fly?"

True; but let us see what it is to study one.

Fifteen years have passed since I began to investigate one to satisfy myself; and nine months ago I felt I had gained a result. Dr. Harris remarks that this is the *Tabanus atratus* of Fabricius; but I differ from him. It is larger, when compared with the European specimens from the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, and from the fields in Germany. Our fly exhibits many differences. The body of this fly is of a blue-black color, with a bloom upon it like that on a plum; the wings are sooty, or crow-black; the eyes have no division by lines; the sucker and pulvelli (cushions on the feet) are of a bright dark orange, as well as the last joint of the antennæ. This color is lost or at least fades out in a measure shortly after death. The bloom on the *Atratus*—at least in the specimens I have seen—was caused by very delicate hairs. Our fly is very free from these, having only a little down around the abdomen and thorax. There is no mention made of the orange color of the extremities. Therefore I call our fly *Maurus*—"Black."

It is armed with six lancets, which I assure you no horse or other animal can treat with contempt. By holding one between a pair of tweezers you can thrust it through the leather of a boot, it is such a sharp and strong piece of horn. Then consider what execution six such lancets can perform. When not in use they are folded into the sucker as a sheath. The engraving (Figure 2) will explain its parts. The male has but four, and seldom uses them on an-

imals, feeding during his short life upon the dew on flowers or the water of streams.

The mother-fly deposits her eggs in moist places, where cattle abound. They generally appear about the last of June; so we may presume that they remain in pupa state all the winter. The maggot has no feet, but manages to get over the small space it may have to travel very expeditiously by stretching and closing the segments of its body. It has two hooks at the head, with which it obtains its food. After feeding, according to the weather (in a drought it is very much delayed), it descends two or three inches into the moist earth, and commences closing up its rings, leaving the hooks on the exterior of the pupa-case, which we may conclude serve as breathing pores to admit moisture to the pupa within the case. In this manner it reposes, absorbing all the moisture from its old skin until it resembles parchment. In six weeks it pushes itself up to the surface by the six points at the extremity of the pupa-case, three of which we have represented on one side; and bursting it open between the two tubercles, it comes forth the large black fly presented in Figure 1. Its transformation is very similar to that of the Domestic Fly treated in a former paper. They generally continue during the time cattle are exposed in the fields, but seldom venture to deposit their eggs in stables or out-houses. We have many varieties of these flies in this country, their habits and transformations varying very little.

Poised on this tumbler you perceive (Figure 3) an ugly, dumpy little body. This is the *Helophilus palus*—"Cess-Pool Fly." She looks like an over-fed, well-grown house-fly. If you would like to make her acquaintance you can find any num-

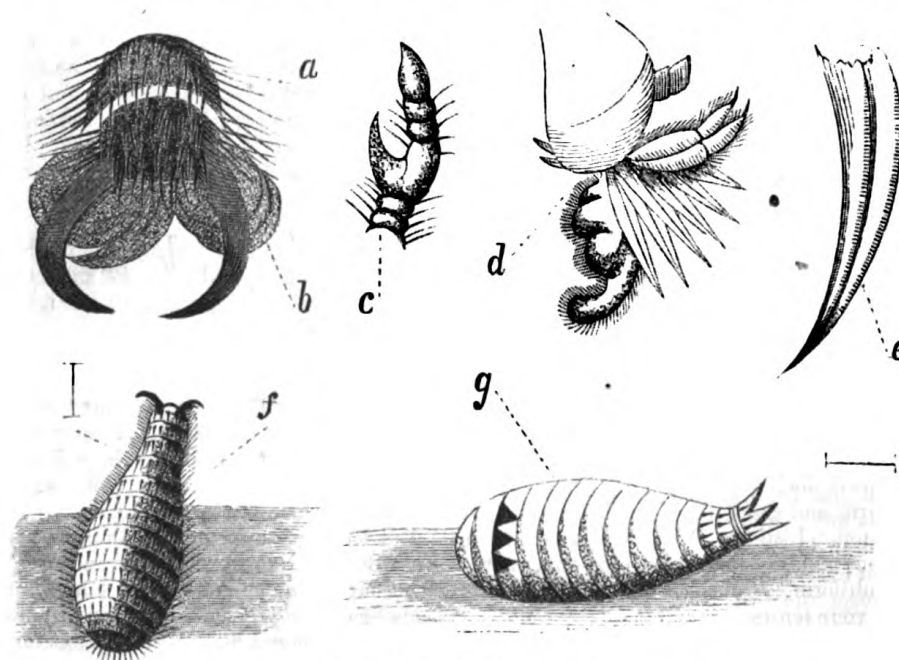


FIGURE 2.—PARTS OF THE HORSE-FLY.

a Front.—b. Pulvelli.—c. Antenna.—d. Sucker and Lancet.—e. Lancet Magnified.—f. Larva.—g. Pupa.

ber of them around the sluices and cess-pools of neglected domiciles. She deposits her eggs near the nuisance. These are soon hatched, and drawing themselves down to the water or pool, whatever it may be, commence their aquatic existence. The larva of the *Helophilus* is called "rat-tailed" by Reaumur; but it is not so appropriate as to a confrère—the *Eristalis*.

The breathing-tube is a part of the grub, and is a singular apparatus.—It closes and extends, at the will of the little creature, like a telescope. It consists of two tubes, an outer and an inner; these are composed of soft, fibrous rings, and can be extended three times the length of the grub's body. There are two flexible pipes which are coiled up into many folds, having their communication with the double wind-pipe (*trachea*). When it wishes to project the breathing-tube, it inflates these pipes, which of course push out the breathing-tube the length required for its comfort. This tube is very slender, terminating in five bristles, which prevent the point of the tube from becoming obstructed by ooze. How admirably is this little creature adapted to its habitat! Here it remains absorbing all obnoxious fluids, sinking deeper and deeper into the mud as its fluids become absorbed by the atmosphere, until nothing can be seen of it but these long tubes, through which they breathe, protruding from the surface. If you should force it beneath the surface it suffocates immediately. When it has fed its allotted time it works its way to a drier place, and begins to draw in its tube. Slowly, day by day, it lessens, until nothing is to be seen except the last ring. Here it remains until its transformation is complete, and it comes out an *Imago*. There are two broods of these flies a year. The pupæ must remain over the



FIGURE 3.—CESS-POOL FLY (*HELOPHILUS PALUS*).
a. Pupa-Case.—b. Pupa.

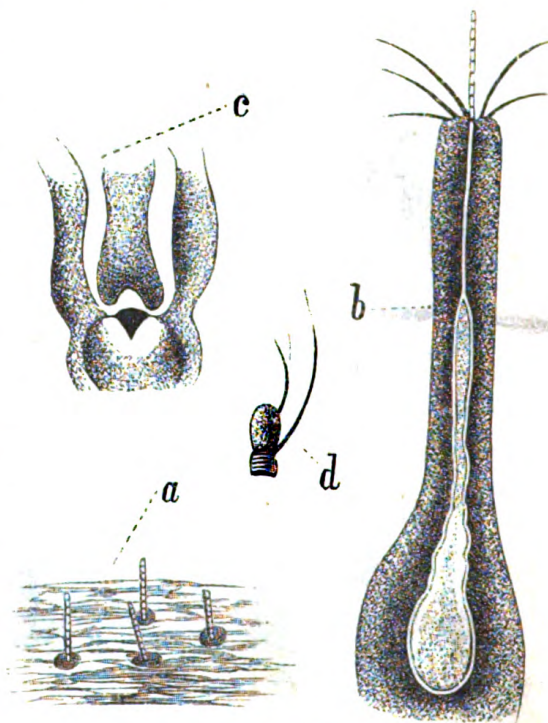


FIGURE 4.—PARTS OF CESS-POOL FLY.
a. Pupa in Ooze.—b. Breathing-Tube.—c. Trachea.—d. Antenna.

winter. They appear as soon as frost discontinues in spring.

The *Eristalis tenax*—"Sewer Fly" (Figure 5)—belongs to a sub-genus, and resembles the former fly. The appendage, however, finishes much more minutely and is not so complicated, as it lives in cleaner places. It is found in sewers. The mother-fly resembles a small bee, she is so full of hairs. She deposits her eggs on the margin of the stones where the fluid of the sewer can bathe them. In a very short time they hatch and take to the water, floating in it and absorbing all its noxious qualities.

Singular it is that if you take these little creatures from their impurities, and place them in clean fresh water, they die immediately and sink to the bottom of the vessel—tube downward. They can remain nearly a minute below the surface of the water without ascending to breathe. They move very rapidly through the water, darting here and there like a fish, with no external appliances of locomotion visible. It is done entirely by the contraction and extension of the segments of the body, aided by the flexibility of the tube. When ready to go into pupa it wriggles itself out of the water up to a dry place, and closes up its rings in the same manner as the former fly. Sometimes it can be found attached to the sides of the sewer by a glutinous fluid from its own body—this is al-

ways the case if the sewer is liable to overflow. They often wriggle to an aquatic plant or grass, to which they attach themselves by pressing the end of the tube against the stem; but this occurs from some derangement of their habitat which I could never detect. Some of the sub-genera of this family are splendid insects, vying in brilliant hues with the beetles. Their eyes, in particular, are very gorgeous. These last are usually found on flowers. It can scarcely be conceived how much large cities are indebted to these two little creatures—the Cess-Pool and the Sewer Fly—who perform their missions for man's comfort so silently and so well.

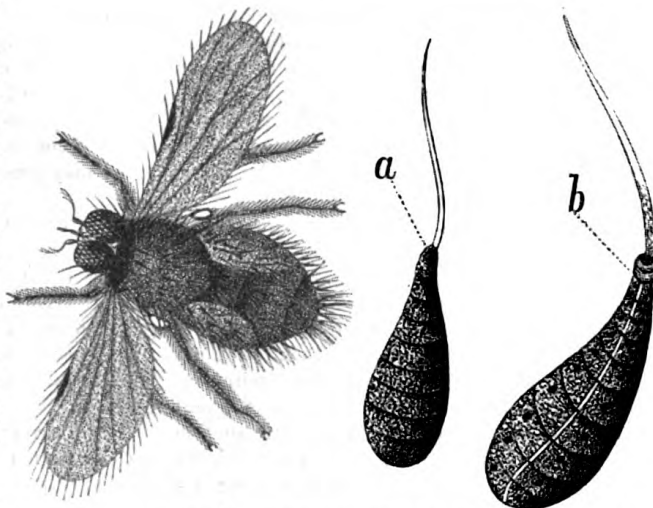


FIGURE 5.—SEWER FLY (*ERISTALIS TENAX*).

a. Larva—b. Pupa.

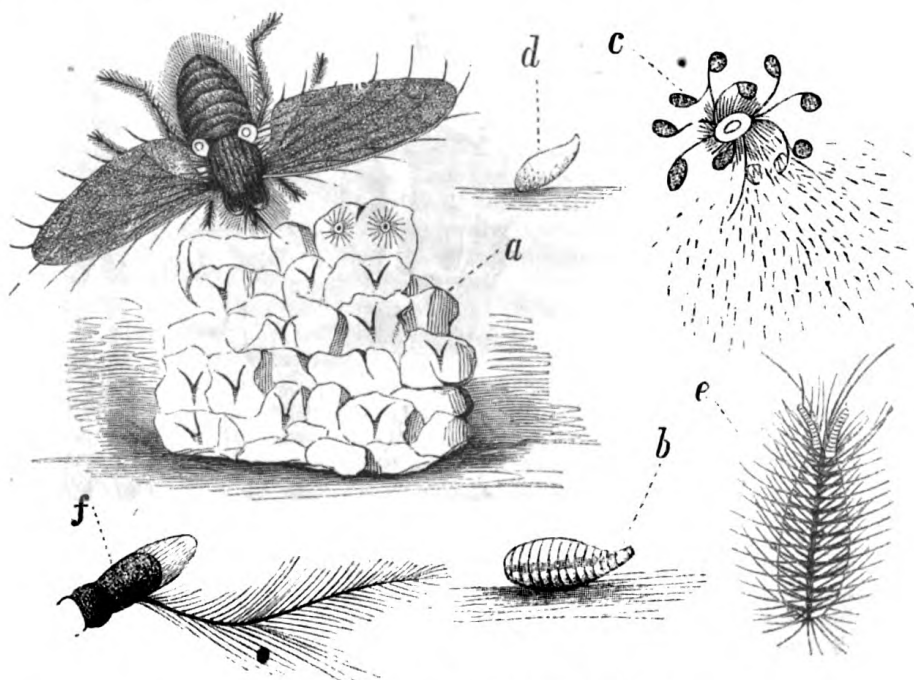


FIGURE 6.—PLANTATION FLY (*MUSCA PLANTARIUM*).

a. Lump of Hoffman.—b. Pupa.—c. Mould, casting Seed.—d. Egg.—e. Larva.—f. Antenna.

Here is another agent of Nature, the *Musca plantarium*—"Plantation Fly" (Figure 6). This fly is found in countless numbers in the Middle and Southern States upon every plantation.

We all know the rapid and peculiarly obnoxious fermentation which Indian corn undergoes. This is the staple and favorite food of the negroes in every form, but particularly when converted into *grits* and *hominy*. This, if allowed to stand exposed to the atmosphere during the hot months, soon begins to deteriorate. First, around the edges of the grains a pink tinge is exhibited, which deepens as time advances. Soon this fly makes her appearance, and begins depositing her eggs. In a few hours they hatch, when a lump of hominy will present under the microscope numberless small black horns protruding from its white surface (as represented in Figure 6, *a*). In the mean time the spores of the mould are growing astonishingly fast. They blossom, mature, and finally burst, sending their seed far and near. Thus two agencies are at work to remedy man's carelessness. But all this is being so rapidly accomplished that only a short time may have elapsed from the first cooking of the article. But Nature delays her labors for no man; her laws are inexorable. A negro coming in for his meal soon disposes of the whole, unconscious of any change which may have taken place in such a short period. Little time elapses before he is aware of derangement in his internal economy, and soon every thing is expelled from his stomach, and headache and languor supervene. With children on the plantation this is of everyday occurrence during the summer months. It is thus explained: The larva, you perceive, is peculiarly hairy; having been taken into the stomach it

increases rapidly from additional heat, and being very active creates a nausea which causes them to be expelled. Often some individuals are peculiarly disorganized when they will cling to the coats of the stomach until killed or rendered harmless by medicine. Lemon juice destroys them instantly, when outwardly applied; so we may presume that it would prove an antidote.

After the larva has fed sufficiently—say forty hours, more or less—it descends into the ground, closing up the rings of the body as with other musca. But it remains much longer in the pupa state. I can not say how many broods there may be a summer; but they are constantly swarming where any thing of this nature is exposed.

There are other varieties of this fly, quite as active on other solids. This one has clear wings with very prominent alulets or winglets. The last joints of the antennæ are lead-colored in the female. The male I have never ascertained satisfactorily enough to discover a difference, if there is any, except its being very much smaller.

Shall I be pardoned for introducing to your notice rather an ungentle member of the Fly aristocracy. *Scatophaga sterquilinum*—"Dung-hill Fly?" (Figure 7.) But she deserves not only your attention, but positively your gratitude. She is not a large fly, but rather slim; of a yellowish color, from the hairs on her body. She keeps her wings when at rest crossed over her back. Her abdomen is always protruding at an angle beyond them. She deposits her eggs on the excrement found around stables, particularly where cows are kept. She prefers the city to the country.

The egg is very pretty, delicate, and peculiar.

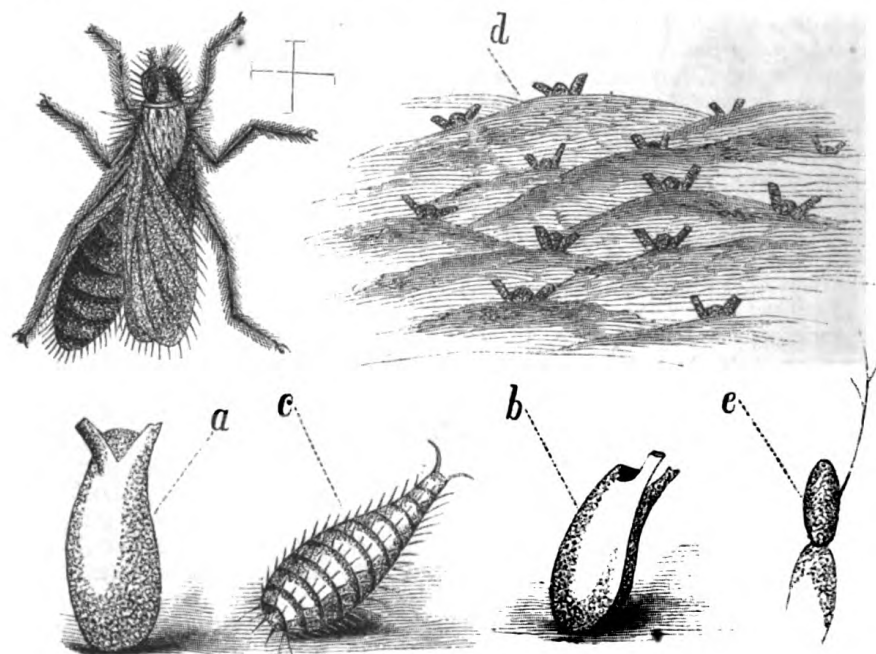


FIGURE 7.—DUNG-HILL FLY (*SCATOPHAGA STERQUILINUM*).

a. Egg.—b. Side View of Egg.—c. Larva.—d. Eggs in Excrement.—e. Antenna.

having two little horns at one end, which prevent it from sinking into the substance on which it is deposited. If you take them from their habitat they wrinkle and dry up immediately, requiring the moisture natural to them. If you sink them beyond the horns they suffocate instantly. How beautiful is this provision for their security! They hatch, according to the season, rapidly or slowly. The larvæ, from their voracious appetite, soon render any stable *débris* innocuous to the human system. They descend, after feeding voraciously for some days, into the earth, and twisting and rolling their bodies, they close up the rings so completely that the pupa-cases appear as if they had been turned on a lathe, they are so smooth. The period is indefinite for their transformation; but it is only during the very severe weather of winter that they are found recreants to their duty.

The *Stomoxys georgina*—"Georgia Piercer," or "Gallinipper"—shown in Figure 8, if curses could annihilate it, would soon be driven from off the earth. This fly is, without an exception, the greatest "Piercer" in the insect kingdom. But fortunately, having little or no poison on the lancets, except in very corpulent persons, the wound assumes no inflammation. If ever you have had a needle suddenly stuck into your flesh you can imagine what six such needles would perform; and what provokes one the more, there is no preparation for it, "no rush of whirling wings." Unlike the poet Rogers's famous Gnat, whose "shrill horn its fearful larum rings," it pounces down upon you, like an eagle, any where, every where; and when numerous they are enough to render a man furious. They are principally obnoxious in a belt running along the Southern coasts, two or three miles from the ocean; but often high winds blow them into the interior. They are insufferable on the rivers at the South during the summer months.

This fly varies very much in appearance, I presume, with age. When first from the pupa-case it is very handsome, having very bright red eyes, yellow bands around the abdomen, and reddish hairs on its thorax, which scintillate fiercely in a sunbeam. The wings have dashes of a smoky hue between the nervures, which designate this family. The mother-fly deposits her eggs on the banks of rivers, amidst the *débris* washed down by their waters. In a short time they hatch, and the larva feeds like that of other musca. When ready, they crawl up higher among weeds and brush, and descend into the earth, retaining their hooks as tuber-

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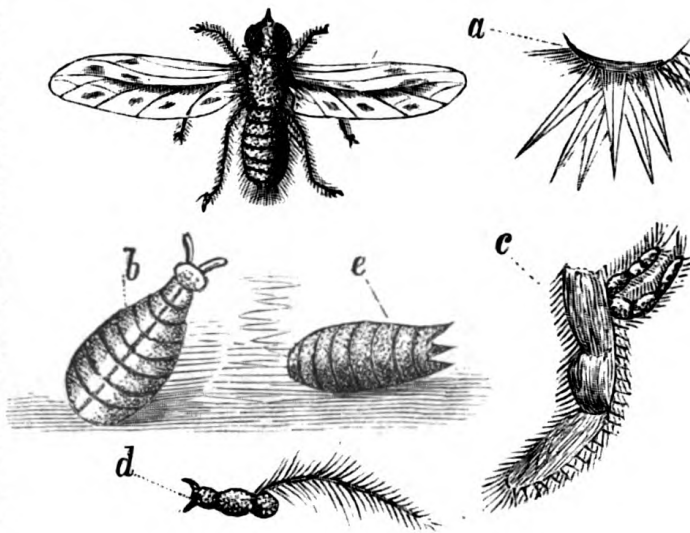


FIGURE 8.—GEORGIA PIERCER (*STOMOXYS GEORGINA*).

a. Lancets.—b. Larva.—c. Sucker.—d. Antenna.—e. Pupa.

cles, which are necessary for breathing or obtaining extra moisture to prevent themselves from desiccation. They seldom fly except early in the morning and at sundown. After dark they disappear; but their place is taken by a host which renders their absence of little importance.

The engraving illustrates the lancets and the sucker, which are very similar to those of the Horse-fly. Sorrowful it is for a poor animal to be sent South between the months of June and October; for these insects spare neither man nor beast.

The *Simulia æstuarium*—"Salt-Marsh Fly" (Figure 9)—is a nuisance found every where throughout the country near salt marshes; but particularly at the South, where they render homes on "the Salts" almost uninhabitable. Who does not know "the Sand-fly" South, and "the Salt-Meadow Gnat" North? Happy individual who can answer in the negative. But then again there is so much that is beautiful in the economy of this little creature, that one can bear patiently a great deal of annoyance when we know its transformations.

The mother-fly is shiny black, with white bands when the abdomen is distended with eggs, and some white hairs on the thorax and between the eyes. The wings are silvery and transparent, and from each eye protrudes a long seta or bristle, which I have found always a distinctive mark between the salt and fresh water simulia. This fly has only four bristles or needles, very minute but very sharp. Others of the same family have six, eight, three, or two. The antennæ are twelve-jointed, ending in a club-like joint. The eggs I have never been able to detect, but suppose from analogy that they are cast by the mother-fly on the water, as the larva is found on aquatic plants and grass, al-

FIGURE 9.—SALT-MARSH FLY (*SIMULIA ÆSTUARIUM*).

a. Cocoon.—b. Ball.

ways below the water. When first hatched it is long, and larger at the head than at the tail. As it grows older it widens, and consequently appears shorter. The head is oblong, and distinctly separated from the other twelve segments. It has four mandibles (jaws), bifid, which move horizontally. It is furnished with two horns, with two joints each, from the last of which protrude several small setæ or bristles, and two small black eyes, which give it a most quizzical look under the microscope. You can not refrain from merriment every time you look down upon it; and if you look long enough, and your imagination is vivid, you can easily fancy it enjoys fun as much as you do.

The larva has on the second segment, which is incrassated, a retractile conical foot; on the last segment, which is very minute, there are two prehensile feet. Strange to say, not a breathing-tube, so essential to aquatic larva, can be discovered; therefore I conclude that the setæ around the antennæ are tubular, and answer this purpose. But it is impossible to demonstrate this, as the larva itself is scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. It has a droll way of moving through the water. It is very inactive, clinging and hanging on to the stems and leaves around it; but when it wishes to move it advances the retractile foot on the second segment as far as possible, and arching its body draws the two prehensile feet slowly up to the first, stretching out the first foot again, and so on. It is very timid. Coming in contact with any thing, it will pause and hang on by the retractile foot hours at a time. You may often see it, holding on by the prehensile feet, floating to and fro in the water day after day. Its food, I can almost affirm, is small mites found on water plants (*Phylandrium*) and on grasses. These bifid jaws were not intended to be idle; but what a wonderful transformation—eventually exhibiting themselves as setæ or bristles! How marvelous, how inexhaustible are these secrets of Nature! The student pines to know how this process is accomplished; but all he can discover

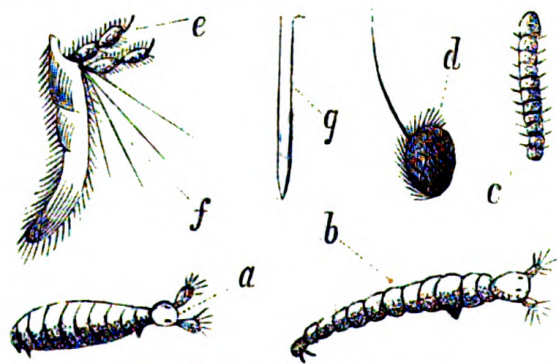


FIGURE 10.—PARTS OF SALT-MARSH FLY.

a. Larva grown.—b. Larva when first hatched.—c. Antenna.—d. Eye and Sucker.—e. Palp.—f. Needles.—g. Needle magnified

is, that it is done—and how beautifully and effectually!

When ready to transform it spins a soft, elastic cocoon, which it attaches to a blade of grass or a stem of a plant, near which it has been spending its infancy. Slowly it changes into a brown pupa—its head and shoulders protruding from the opening of the cocoon. The skin is so transparent that you can see the perfect insect through it. From the back of the head project four small bristles. These are tubular, and are breathing-pores, which *almost* convinces me the setæ on the larva's head serve the same purpose. When its transformation is complete, the pupa draws itself within the cocoon; and shortly after you will see it bursting open down the back, and the pupa escapes—enveloped “in a bubble of air” say some naturalists—Mr. Fries and others. But this bubble is an exceedingly fine spun *mesh*. It leaves a dark discoloration on white paper, which air would not do; and when dried the ends of fine floss can be perceived, in a good light, with a very high magnifier. It is evidently inflated by the insect in the act of escaping from the cocoon. This little ball falls upon the water, and sinks entirely beneath it. Here the insect casts off another covering, similar in texture to that of the *Ephemera*, or Day-fly. Now it inflates its little wings, bends its antennæ, stretches its body and legs, prepares its sharp needles for instant use, and takes a short rest; then mounting in this fairy-like balloon to the surface of the water, it bursts, and away speeds this little wonder—the future denizen of another element, blood-thirsty as a Nero, and working its pleasure on man until, where they abound, life becomes almost insupportable.

This family of *Simuliæ*, numerous as the grains of sand on the sea-shore, are found in every part of the globe: on the bleak inhospitable shores of Lapland, and amidst the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; in inaccessible regions where a warm-blooded animal is scarcely known, and where the foot of man has never trodden, they are equally numerous. Can we suppose for an instant that this apparent waste of life is permitted without some results? The student is forced to the conclusion that the larvæ feed upon mites and animalculæ, which otherwise would extend beyond the limits appointed to them by Providence. The female alone sucks blood. The male feeds on dew, and hovers over flowers. But doubtless the female, in the absence of other more congenial food, like her mate, becomes contented with a vegetable diet.

You must not for a second conclude that all small flies which have this thirst for blood are *Simuliæ*. Nearly the entire family of Gnats (*Culicidæ*) have this same propensity; and their confrères, the mosquitoes, have been introduced to you some time ago.

You may gratify yourself with the transformations of this little wonder any time during the summer, and watch all its transitions, by obtaining some of the mother-flies; filling a bowl half full of mud; planting a little hemp or grass seed,

and some of the roots of any aquatic plant, near which you may find the flies hovering. Keep the mud always covered with two inches of water. Confining the whole under a glass vessel, with attention and a good magnifier, you will perceive *in time* all that I have here presented—the labor of years.

Before you is a gnat—the *Culex argentatus*—“Silvery Gnat” (Figure 11). You see how dissimilar it is to the Sand Fly in its appearance. Still more is it so in the manner of its transformation, and yet with the same blood-sucking propensities. You would find vast difficulty in distinguishing between the sting of the two. The mother-fly scatters her eggs over brooks and streams in shady, still places. In many instances they are formed into a floating-raft, then again, as with this gnat, they are simply joined together by a glutinous fluid which keeps them from separating. In a day or two they are hatched, when the larvæ take immediately to the water. You may see them all summer long, floating and sporting in running streams. The larva, as you see, always swims with the head down. The breathing-tube is at the tail. Both it and the last segment are funnels to convey air to the two lateral wind-pipes. When it wishes to descend it closes up the hairs of its funnel, which, from the act of inhaling, causes a bubble of air to form at the extremities of these hairs that serves for consumption while they remain at the bottom. When they wish to ascend they open the hairs, the bubble bursts, and they float up again.

Some Naturalists—Swammerdam for instance—state that they have the power of drawing these hairs through their mouth, oiling them as a water-fowl does its feathers. This must be

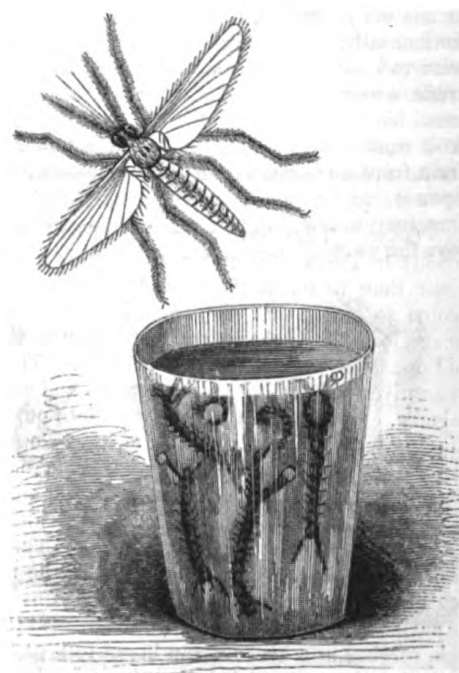


FIGURE 11.—SILVERY GNAT (*CULEX ARGENTATUS*).

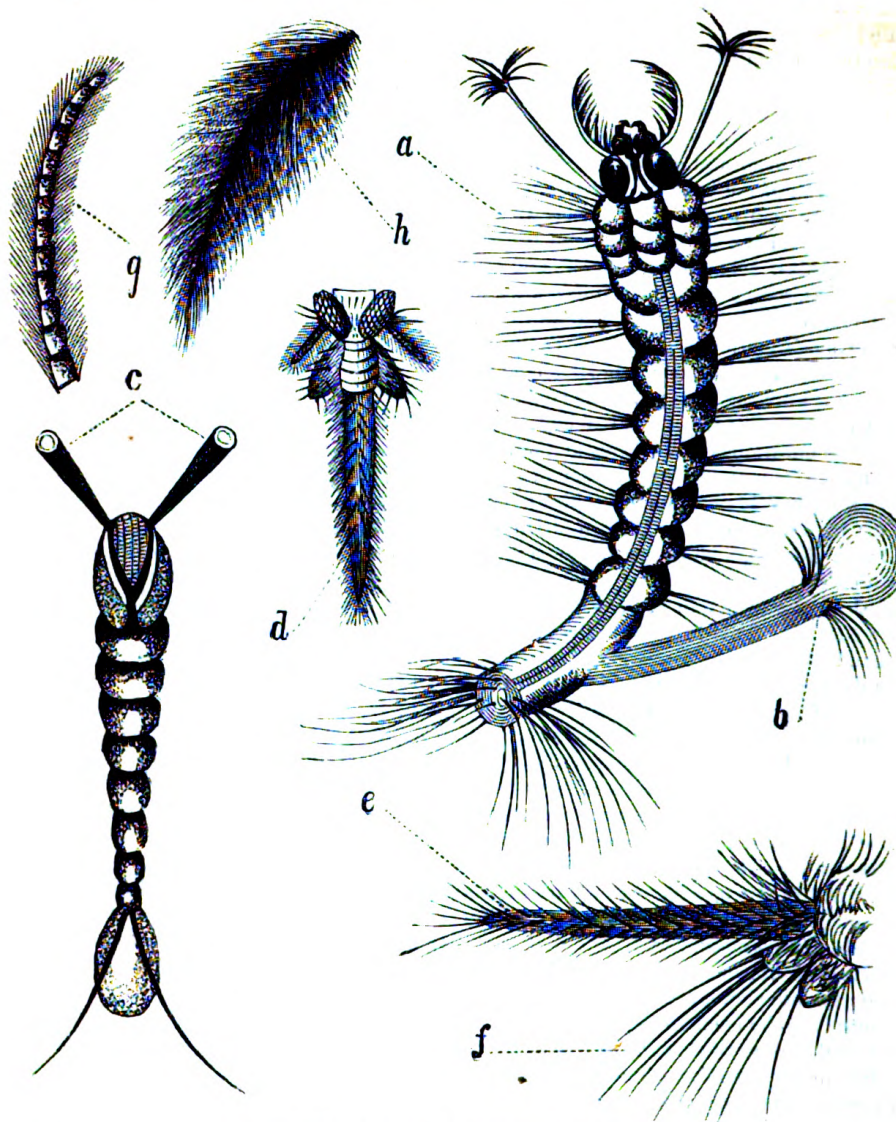


FIGURE 12.—PARTS OF SILVERY GNAT.

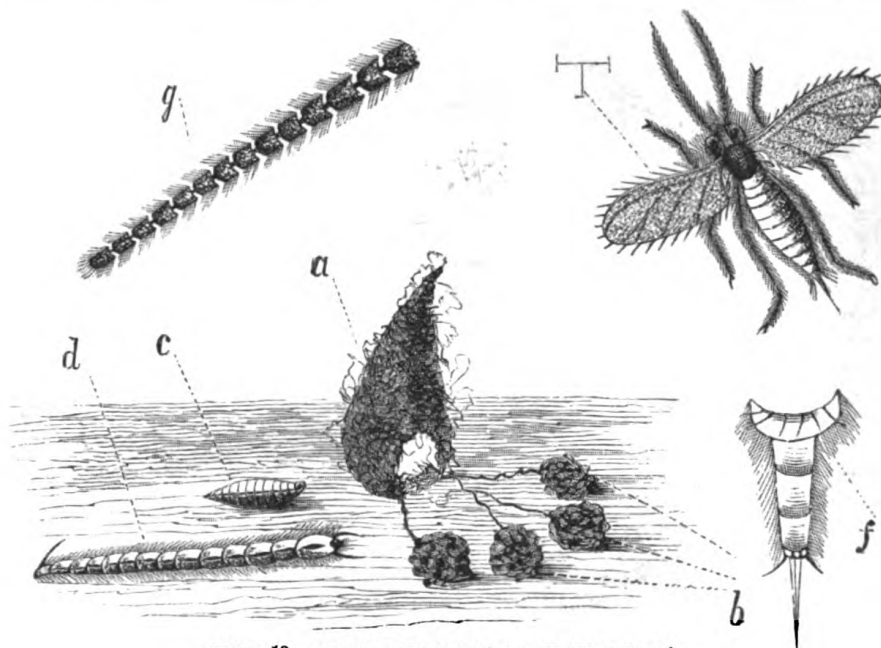
a. Larva.—b. Breathing-Tube and Air Bubble.—c. Breathing-Tubes.—d. Sheath closed.—e. Sheath open.—f. Bristles.—g. Antenna of Female.—h. Antenna of Male.

mere fancy. They have a number of odd contortions in the water, and nothing kills them sooner than to touch the hairs with oil; they become so heavy that they sink instantly and are suffocated. If they have such a power, the fluid must be viscous in its properties. They are carnivorous, feeding on water-mites and animalculæ. In about ten days they go into pupa. Clinging with their jaws to a stem, they slough this hairy skin, and change their position; now floating with the air-tubes on the head, and moving through the water with great agility, aided by the fan-like protuberance at the tail. These horns are tubular, and for the safety of the insect must be kept with short intermissions at the surface. In time the pupa-case bursts at the back, serving as a boat for the insect to float on until its wings are dried and it is ready to change its element. These *zanquidoes*, as they

are called by our foreign population at the South, abound in immense numbers and varieties all over the globe, even in Ireland. Spenser tells us in his day—

"Their murmuring smal trumpets sownden wide
No man nor beast may rest or take repast—
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries."

This gnat is peculiarly pretty; so lustrous and silvery. After it has supped upon you, it becomes of a beautiful rose-color on its abdomen, contrasting with its dark thorax, many-hued eyes, and nodding plumes (in the male). It is a dainty mouthful for trout, and other fish found in mountain streams. The antennæ in the female have fourteen joints and are hairy. It has six minute setæ in its sucker or sheath. They are quite as annoying, when numerous, as mosquitoes, although they really do not sound their "smal trumpets," and do not visit us in

FIGURE 13.—COTTON CRANE-FLY (*CTENOPHORA XYLENA*).

a. Cotton-Seed.—b. Earth-Balls.—c. Pupa-Case.—d. Larva.—e. Ovipositor.—f. Antenna.

our houses so perseveringly as their "cousins," being fonder of fields and green woods until

"The northern wind with blustering blast

Doth blow them quite away and in the ocean cast."

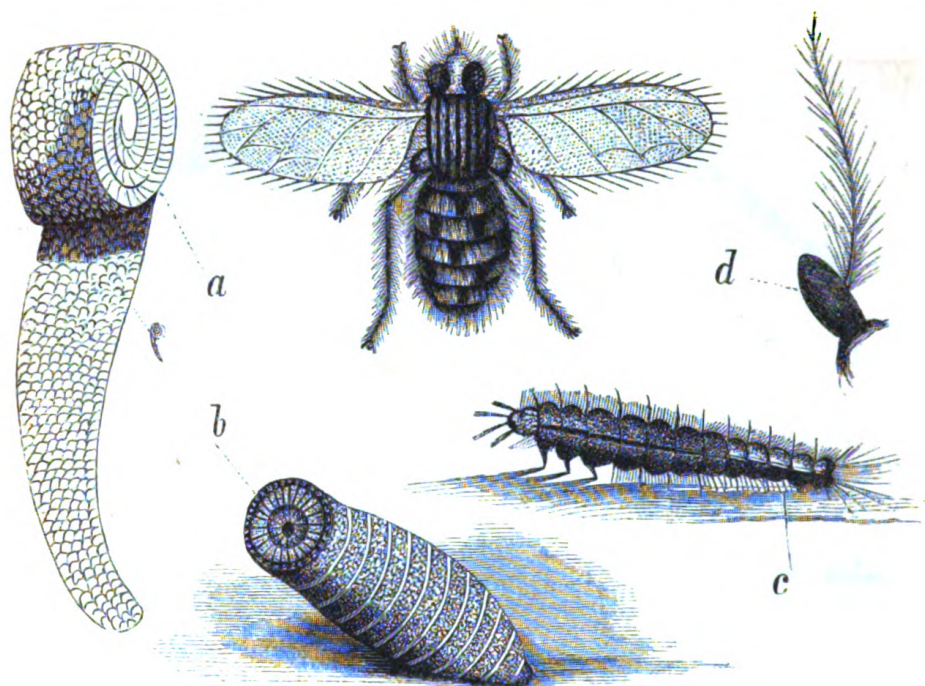
The *Ctenophora xylena*—"Cotton Crane-Fly" (Figure 13)—of the same family, gives serious trouble during its short life. This crane-fly is constantly hovering over cotton-seed on the plantations. She deposits her eggs on the cotton-seed, among the loose fibres clinging to it. They hatch in ten or twelve days, and eat out the whole interior of the seed. The larva is a slim, transparent grub, with a long, stout hair on the last segment. Its head is very large for the rest of its body. After the seed is consumed they attach themselves to the few rootlets or fibres which the seed has thrown out, and spinning a loose cocoon, mixed up with grains of sand, they wait their transformation.

The planter often wonders why his cotton does not come up. If he was to turn over the soil he would find every seed with a dozen small earth-balls, more or less, attached to it. One seed is sufficient to feed half a dozen, they are so minute. The male I have never been able to designate. The antenna of the female has fourteen joints—monilliform—resembling small beads strung on a string. She has an ovipositor which closes like a telescope. The wings are rather clear, the legs long, thighs bright yellow; the abdomen a faint, smoky yellow, covered with hairs. They are always somewhere in the cotton-fields, abounding in wet seasons more than at others. Though so small, it is impossible, unless you know them, to conceive the injury which they inflict. Sometimes a dry spell destroys them; and the cotton comes up only to annoy the planter with its sickly appear-

ance, eventually withering away without bloom and very little foliage. It is better, in almost every instance, to sow fresh seed at the first appearance of a yellow leaf on the cotton plant. An enemy, you may feel assured, is at work; and you may save time and something of a crop.

The *Sarcophaga vigilans*—"Vigilant Flesh-Fly" (Figure 14)—is one of the most watchful of detectives. You can not deceive her. Hide her proper food in the darkest corners, she will buzz round, warning you of your carelessness and neglect. She is every where in cellars and pantries during the summer season, depositing her maggots on bad meat and other offensive substances.

This "Blow-Fly," as it is called, must be familiar to you all. She is broad and stout, and checkered in gray and black squares over the abdomen. She is not the European *Sarcophaga carnaria* of Meigen, being very much larger, and having no shades in her wings. Her thorax is striped with gray and black, her *alulae* (winglets) are very large; consequently she announces her presence with an unusually loud buzzing. She does not belong to the same class with the "Blue-Bottle" and other meat-flies, being viviparous. The young are hatched in an abdominal sac, and are deposited, as maggots, upon every obnoxious substance, but particularly on bad meat and dead carcasses. The coil of eggs is folded up in her abdomen like "a watch-spring." Reaumur uncoiled one, and counted 20,000. He must have lost his patience. You may treble this number, and then not count half the coil. The spawn of the shad will convey an idea of their number. They are not hatched all at once; not more than a score or

FIGURE 14.—VIGILANT FLESH-FLY (*MUSCA SARCOPHAGA VIGILANS*).

a. Coil of Eggs.—b. Pupa-Case.—c. Larva.—d. Antenna.

two at a time, which are immediately dropped on their food somewhere. She lives generally three or four weeks, and dies after she has exhausted her egg-coil. The maggot is rather flat, tapering at the head and tail; whitish, and covered moderately with hairs. It is very active and voracious, and loses no time in demolishing the substance on which it is placed. It then crawls off, and attains the ground, if possible. If not, the nearest crack, where it closes up its segments gradually. The pupa-case differs materially from those of others of the same family, having light bands around it, and a rim at the top of small divisions, which leave a very minute opening in the centre as a breathing orifice.

At *a* (Figure 15) you perceive a singular breathing-tube of the larva of another viviparous fly. When shut it resembles a crown. This fly (*Sarcophagus corium*—"Hide-Fly") places

her young on the fleshy side of hides. They abound round slaughter-houses. These flies (*S. vigilans* and *S. corium*) resemble each other very much; but their larvæ render them very distinct. The hairs on the antennæ of the last are shorter, with bristles at the extreme tips. These flies have all two wings, you perceive, with halteres. They belong to the great division of *Diptera*, and to various sub-genera, which my space will not allow me to designate. Those belonging to the *Musca* do not change their skins in the larva state, like other insects, but undergo their transformations in the old skin. They pass through an *amorphous* state, which means that they have neither mouth nor organs of locomotion—neither moving nor eating during transition—and bearing in this state no resemblance to the perfect insect.

The two following flies belong to another great division, the *Hymenoptera*, to the sub-genera *Allantites* and *Tenthredinites*—"Saw-Flies." To cursory observation they appear to be common flies; but upon examination they prove to be as dissimilar as the dog and the cat.

The *Selandria ribesii*—"Gooseberry and Raspberry Saw-Fly" (Figure 16)—is found not only on the gooseberry and raspberry, but on the currant, and even the alder (*Alnus glutinosa*), when either of the former are missing. It has a flat body, covered with yellowish hair, and its wings are very clear. It differs from the *Nematus ribesii* by having no brown on the outer edges of the wings; and the larva partakes more of the slug.

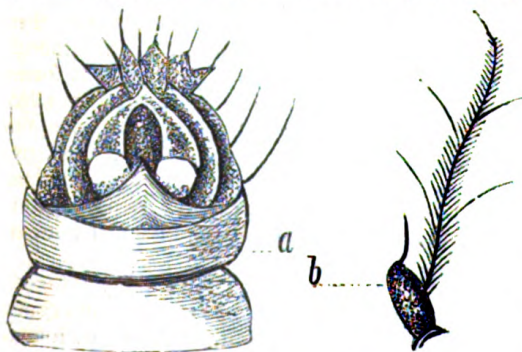


FIGURE 15.—HIDE-FLY.

a. Breathing-Tube.—b. Antenna.

What renders these little flies remarkable is the wonderful *saw* with which many of them are furnished. This saw is put in motion in the same manner in which a carpenter uses his, if you suppose that the tendons (*a*, Figure 18) compose the handle. But this little creature can do more than he. She works two saws at once, whereas he is confined to one; one side is advanced and the other retracted alternately. They work in the same cut; and although the teeth are exceedingly fine, the result is the same as if the mechanic used a saw with what is termed "a wide set." They can not bend or separate while in operation, for the backs of the saws are lodged in a groove composed of two membranous plates, which are very thick near the body at the top of the saws, but thin off as they taper downward. These grooves serve likewise as an oviduct for the eggs to descend to the hole sawed in the leaf. The teeth of this saw, as you perceive, are denticulated with finer teeth; and these possess not only the properties of the saw but combine those of a rasp. These teeth are long and thickly placed on the back of this little instrument.

When she has selected her leaf she bends her body inward in a half circle, and slits up the skin of the leaf, or the bark, in some genera. When she has made it deep enough she straightens her abdomen and works the saw lengthwise until she has rendered the groove of the desired size. The motion is now interrupted, and down slides an egg into the cavity. She then draws her saw nearly into the sheath, and at the same time a drop of white frothy liquid covers the egg, and shields it from the action of the fluids of the tree and from atmospheric changes. When the grooves are finished they

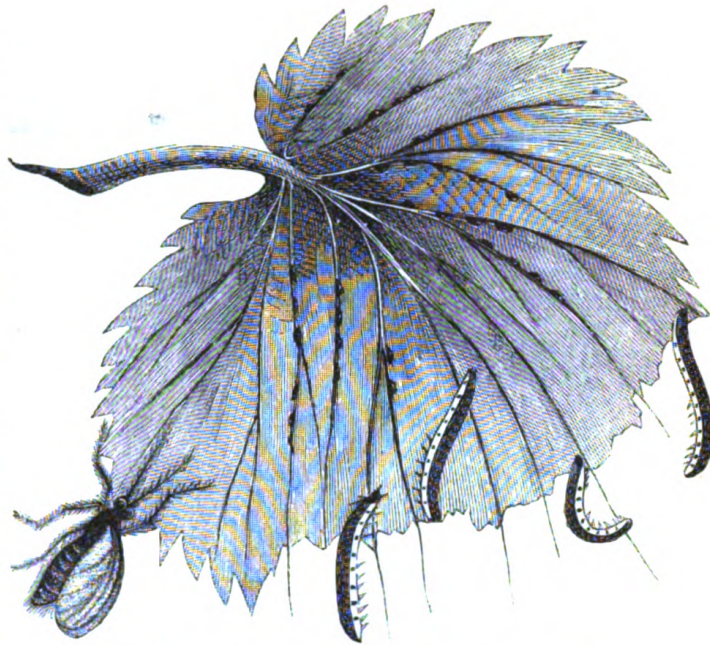


FIGURE 16.—GOOSEBERRY SAW-FLY (*SELANDRIA RIBESII*).

show very little exteriorly—like a small blister on your skin; but by-and-by they commence to enlarge, turning first brown, then black. This enlargement is not caused by the growth of the leaf, for the saw has destroyed all such vitality, but from the growth of the egg; which is a singular fact, and is contrary to any analogy except with a few other instances in insect life. As the egg continues to increase of course the slit is widened; so when the grub is hatched it makes an easy exit from its cradle. The mother-fly seems to be aware of this enlargement. She places the eggs at measured distances, that they may not interfere with each other.

These *false caterpillars*, as they are called, have six legs and sixteen pro-legs. At first they are of a faded greenish color, covered with small black dots, and as rough as shagreen. After their last moulting they lose these dots, and become nearly white, very smooth, with a few hairs on the head. They commit great havoc on the foliage of the delightful fruits upon which they dwell.

The larva generally feeds three weeks, then descends two or three inches into the ground, where, rolling and twisting its body, it forms an oval cavity which it lines with a soft, silky texture; it being very sticky on the outside, the grains of sand adhere to it and form a close covering. Here it undergoes its transformation, and in twenty days comes out a perfect insect. There are two broods a year—the last remaining over the winter.

The *Lyda cerasi*—"Cherry Saw-Fly" (Figure 17)—is of the family of *Tenthredinida*, sub-genus *Lyda*. It is a large shining black fly, with tawny legs and feet, and very transparent wings, wrinkled, as this family generally has them.



FIGURE 17.—CHERRY SAW-FLY (*LYDA CERASI*).

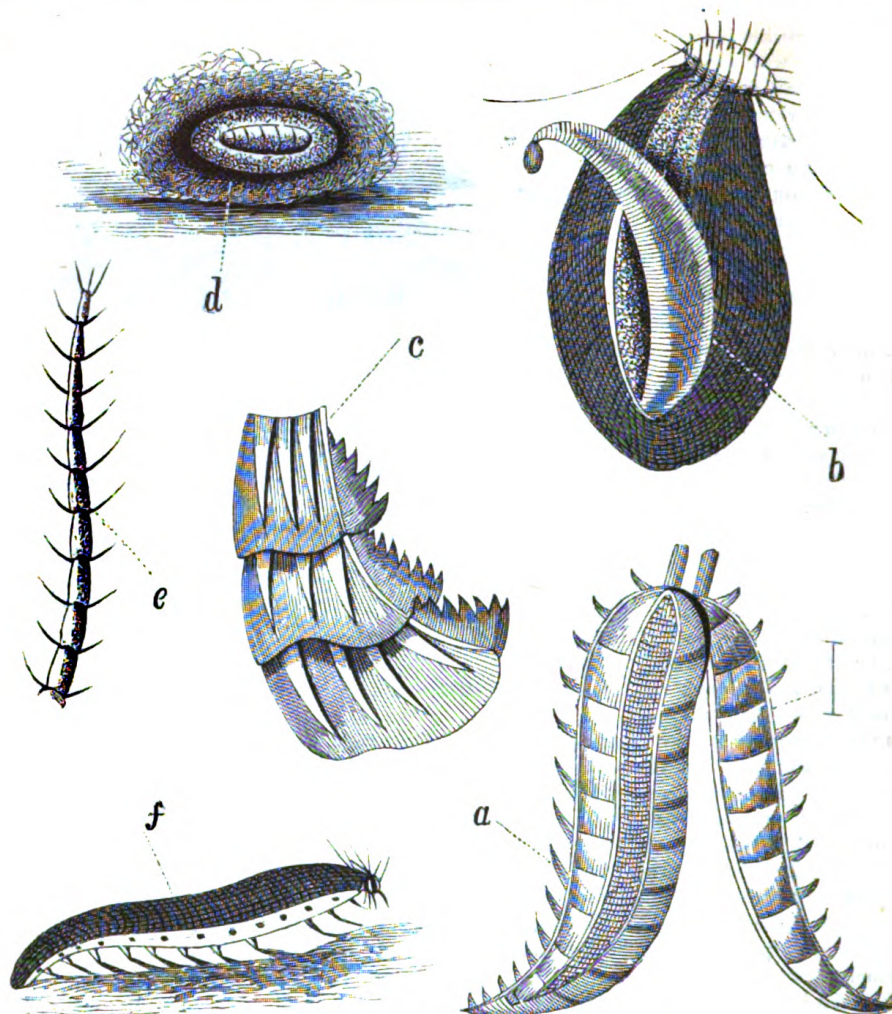


FIGURE 18.—PARTS OF GOOSEBERRY SAW-FLY.

a. Saw open for Use.—b. Saw used as Ovipositor and Egg.—c. Section of Saw.—d. Pupa-Case.—e. Antenna.—f. Larva magnified.

The costal nervure on the upper edge of the wing is very strong; the stigma is very marked. The female has very thick rows of fine hair on

the interior sides of the antennæ; the male, which is very much smaller, has his pectinated. The saw ovipositor is very similar to that of the

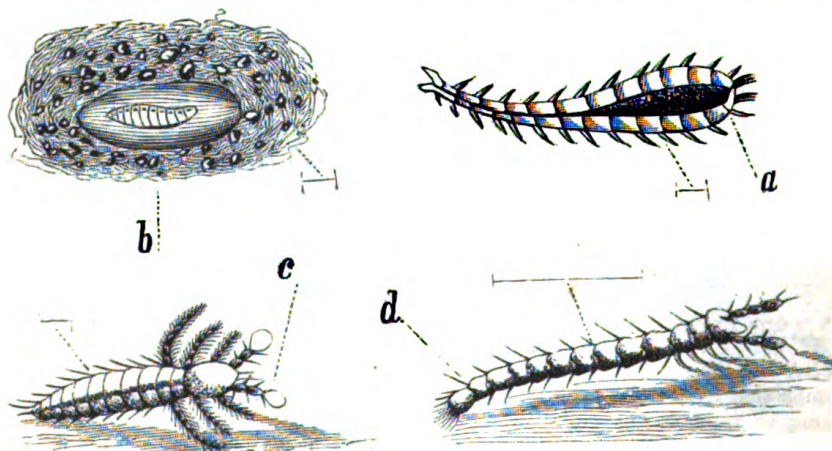


FIGURE 19.—PARTS OF CHERRY SAW-FLY.

a. Saw closed.—b. Chrysalis and Pupa-Case.—c. Larva newly hatched.—d. Larva after the last Moul.

former fly, but is not so complicated. It is used exactly in the same manner. The egg is similarly deposited, and the process of growth is the same. The larva differs, having but six feet (and no pro-legs), very rough, with spines at first; moulting four times—finishing the course as an ugly, slimy, greenish brown “slug,” committing sad depredation on the cherry, particularly on the wild, and very well content with the pear-tree when the other is not to be obtained. It is found every season in company with others of the same family whenever these fruit trees abound. It undergoes its transformations in a cell composed in the same manner as the other, except the chrysalis is very white and transparent. There are two broods a year, and the pupæ remain over the winter.

Now what do you say to my Congress? Has it not worthy members? Knowing their duties, they perform them silently and willingly, leaving the results to a higher Power. Working for the whole—constantly, energetically, and unrepiningly—the abnegation of *self* reads a lesson to reasonable beings full of meaning and pathos.

“Thus,” says Goethe, “Nature addresses herself to the recognized, the misused, and unknown senses: thus by thousands of phenomena she speaks with herself and to us; to the attentive listener she is nowhere dead—never silent.”



THE LAST OF THE DANDIES.

MR. THACKERAY tells us that having, as he supposed, created his famous Captain Costigan out of innumerable odds and ends and scraps of character, he was one night, while smoking in a London tavern, surprised by the entrance of the very man himself, with the same

little coat, battered hat, and twinkling eye with which he had been presented in the pages of *Pendennis*. When the novelist asked the newcomer if he might offer him a glass of brandy and water, the reply was, “Bedad, ye may; and I’ll sing ye a song tu;” given in the very brogue with which he had endowed his own tipsy old vagabond. “How had I come to know him? how to divine him?” asks Mr. Thackeray. “Nothing shall ever convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits.”

If “Captain GRONOW, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and M.P. for Stafford,” had happened to call upon Mr. Thackeray, he must, in like manner, have been recognized as the “Major Pendennis” whom he thought he had created. And now that the great satirist has read the little book of the Captain, he must be convinced that he must have known him in the spirit long before the Major was created.

“Who is Captain Gronow?”

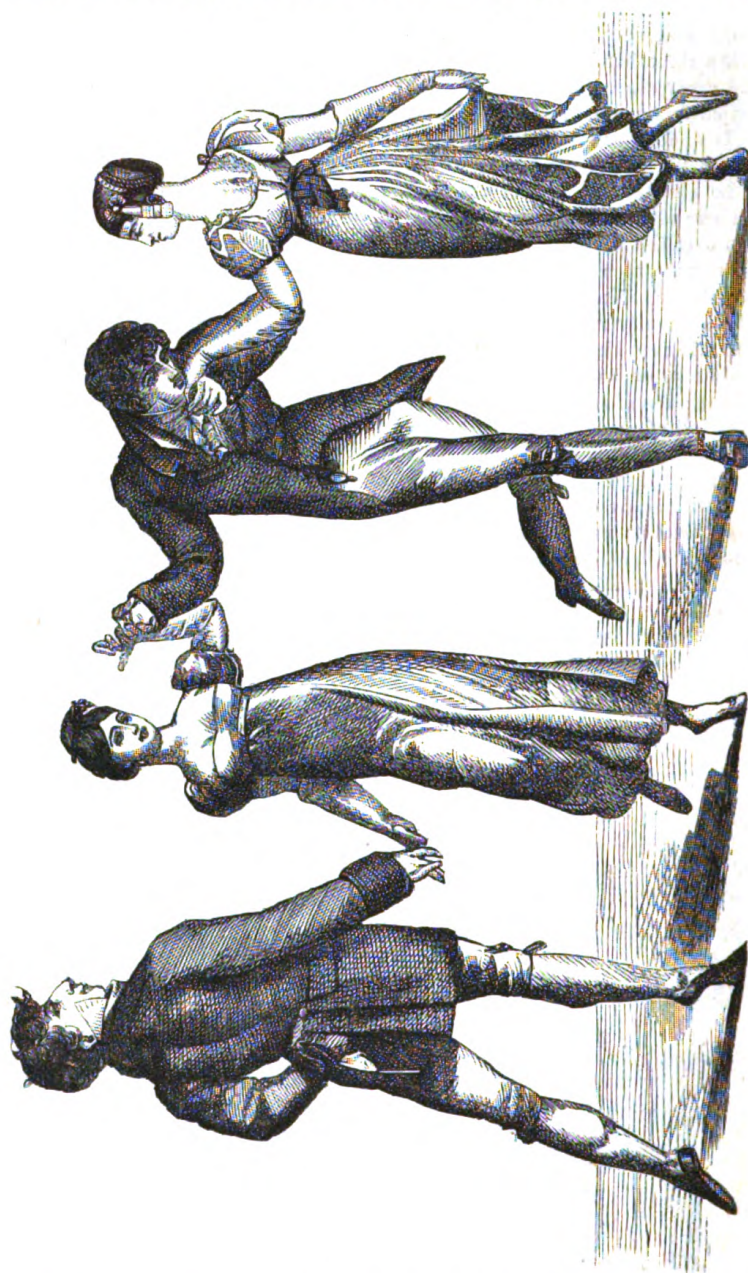
He is the last of the “Dandies” of the Regency of George IV.; the sole survivor—unless we except the present octogenarian Prime Minister—of the favored mortals who, forty years ago, danced at Almack’s with the fair and frail Lady Jersey; dined at White’s with Alvanley, Kangaroo Cook, Hughes Ball, Red-Herring Yarmouth, and other worthies who have long passed the Styx; who had looked with hopeless envy upon the wonderful coats and miraculous cravats of Beau Brummell and Gentleman George; who knew the men who had penetrated the sacred mysteries of Carlton House; and who never appeared by daylight until afternoon, when the world was sufficiently aired for their advent.

In 1812 Gronow, a lad fresh from Eton, received an ensign’s commission in the Guards, was sent to Spain, where he showed pluck and spirit; went back to London and was admitted to the most select circles of fashion, being one of the half dozen out of three hundred officers of the Guards who had vouchers for Almack’s, whose sacred portals were jealously watched by the lady patronesses; and which no mortal man might pass except in full dress. Wellington himself, coming in trowsers, was once remorselessly turned back. Gronow now speaks somewhat irreverently of the seven lady patronesses, whose smiles or frowns forty years ago consigned men and women to happiness or despair. Lady Jersey’s bearing was that of a tragedy queen, while attempting the sublime she frequently became ridiculous, being inconceivably rude, and often ill-bred. Lady Sefton was kind and amiable; Madame de Lieven haughty and exclusive. Princess Esterhazy was a *bon enfant*—a “good creature;” Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. Burrell, now Lady Westmoreland, were *de très grandes dames*—“mighty stuck-up ladies.” The most popular of all was Lady Cowper, now Lady Palmerston.

Gronow gives a curious picture, representing one of the first quadrilles ever attempted at Almack’s. The ladies wear short-waisted, tight-fitting dresses, which give the impression

of a total absence of under-garments. The gentlemen wear knee-breeches, and pumps, with square-tailed coats. The Roman-nosed personage whose head is well thrown back, as if to prevent his eyes from being gouged out by his pointed shirt collar, is the Most Noble the Marquis of Worcester. The lady whose hand he

holds is the fair and frail Lady Jersey, high-priestess of the shrine of fashion. The active youth who kicks up his heels like a young colt, while he gallantly bends over to kiss the hand of his partner, is Clanronald Macdonald, otherwise unknown to fame. The lady who wheels around on tip-toe is Lady Worcester.



A QUADRILLE AT ALMA'S, 1815.

These delights were rudely interrupted. Napoleon broke loose from Elba, and the English chivalry were sent to encounter him. Young Gronow's battalion was to stay at home; but General Picton, yielding to his importunity, consented to take him on his staff. A proper outfit was wanted, and the youth's funds were at low ebb. He borrowed £200, with which he rushed to a gambling-house, and staking the

money won £600 more. With this he fitted himself out in becoming style and set off. He had his share in the fight of Waterloo, accompanied the army to Paris, where he enlarged his knowledge of "life;" then went back to London to renew with fresh zeal his career as a dandy Guardsman. If not one of the great lights in the dandy firmament, he had yet a recognized place in it. His portrait in time appeared in

the print-shop windows in company with those of Brummell, the Regent, Alvanley, Kangaroo Cook, and other worthies. It represents him, we should say in 1825; a dapper, be-frogged figure, with tightly-strapped trowsers, silly face, and comical hat. And now, an old man of threescore and more, he sits down to give the world some account of his recollections of the great men and lovely women of his early days.

He writes in a dawdling, slipshod style, worthy of Major Pendennis; but here and there manages to give an anecdote or sketch worthy of notice as a part of the picture of the times. To do the old Dandy justice, there is little of grossness in his anecdotes and reminiscences, though the men and women of whom he speaks were, with hardly an exception, as debauched and dissolute a crew as the world ever saw. Gluttony, drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery were the rule of their lives. Statesmen and judges went regularly drunk to bed; a "six-bottle-man" was looked up to with reverence; every man in "society" expected the gout, and made the pill-box his constant companion. Few of the names which appear in the history of the times are wanting in the scandalous chronicles of their day.

We have named gambling as one of the characteristics of the age. Young Gronow risked his borrowed £200 at the card-table. But this was nothing to the high play which prevailed at the clubs. Fox once played twenty-two hours in succession, losing £500 an hour. His losses in all amounted to £200,000. The *Salon d'Etrangers* in Paris offered to the English visitors abundant facilities for play. It was kept by the Marquis de Livry, who received his "guests" with a courtesy which made him famous throughout Europe. He was in looks the counterpart of the Prince Regent, who sent Lord Fife over to Paris on purpose to ascertain this important fact. His Lordship was a constant visitor to the salon, in company with a French danseuse, upon whom he spent £40,000 in a short time. Another visitor was Fox (not the celebrated Charles James), the Secretary of the British Embassy. He was never seen by daylight, except at the Embassy or in bed. At night he rushed to the salon, and if he had a Napoleon it was sure to be staked and lost. At last he was successful. He put down all he had, won eleven times in succession, broke the bank, and carried off 60,000 francs. Gronow calling upon him a few days after found his room filled with silks, shawls, bonnets, shoes, laces, and the like.



CAPTAIN GRONOW, LORD ALLEN, AND COUNT D'ORSAY.

"It is the only means I had," Fox said, in explanation, "to prevent those rascals at the salon from winning back my money." Lord Thanet was one of the most inveterate gamblers. He had an income of £50,000, all of which he dissipated at play. When the tables were closed for the night he would invite those who remained behind to stay and play in private. One night he lost £120,000, and when told that there had probably been cheating, simply replied, "Then I consider myself lucky in not having lost twice that sum. A great gambler of the day was the Hungarian Count Hunyadi. He was for a time the rage, on account of his good looks, manners, and wealth. Ladies' cloaks and cooks' dishes were *à la Hunyadi*. For a while his luck seemed invincible; at one time his winnings were reckoned to amount to two million francs. He had two gens d'armes to wait upon him to his home, to guard against robbery. To all outward appearance he was the most impassive of players. He would sit apparently unmoved, his right hand in the breast of his coat while thousands were at stake on the turn of a card or a die. But his valet said that in the morning bloody marks were to be seen upon his chest, showing how he had pressed the nails into his flesh in the agony of an unsuccessful turn of fortune. Luck turned at last, and he lost not only his winnings but his fortune, and he was obliged to borrow £50 to carry him home to Hungary. Old Marshal Blucher was a constant frequenter of the salon. He generally managed to lose all the money he had about him, and all that his servant, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, car-

ried. When he lost he would scowl fiercely at the croupier, and swear in German at every thing French. If he won the first coup he would allow it to remain on the table, but when reminded by the croupier that the bank was not responsible for more than 10,000 francs, he would roar like a lion, and swear in his own language like a trooper. The Bank of France was once called upon to furnish him with several thousand pounds, which, it was said, were to make up his losses at play. This, with other instances of extortion, led to the removal of the Marshal from Paris by the order of the King of Prussia.

Gronow mentions three or four successful gamblers. Among these were Lord Robert Spencer and General Fitzpatrick; being nearly "cleaned out," they put their funds together and set up a faro bank in the club, with the consent of the members. The bank, as usual, was the winner, and Lord Robert soon found himself in possession of £100,000. He pocketed his gains, and never gambled again. Still more lucky was General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland. He was a famous whist-player, and was careful to avoid those indulgences which muddled the brains of his competitors, confining himself to chicken and toast-water; so he came to the whist-table with a clear head, and was able, according to the admiring Captain Gronow, "to win honestly the enormous sum of £200,000." Brummell even found time, amidst the graver cares of the toilet, to do something in the way of gambling. One night he won £20,000 from George Harley Drummond. The loser was a member of the famous banking-house, and was requested by his partners to leave. They doubtless thought that the man who could take no better care of his own money was an unsafe custodian of that of others.

Brummell appears to better advantage in his brother dandy's reminiscences than elsewhere. At Eton he was, according to Gronow, the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer, and the "best fellow" in general. The fame of his accomplishments reached the ears of the Duchess of Devonshire and her set, through whom it became known to the Prince Regent, who sent for him, and gave him a commission in his own regiment, the 10th Hussars. But, unluckily, soon after joining his regiment he was flung from his horse at a review, and had his fine Roman nose broken. This foretaste of the perils of war was sufficient, and Brummell betook himself to the more congenial vocation of "leader of fashion." He found a tailor capable of executing his sublime conceptions. We need not repeat the oft-told stories of the perfection of his coats, the grandeur of his cravats, the immaculateness of his linen, and the brilliancy of his boots. But it is given to no one man to excel in all things. There was a little dried-up old dandy, Colonel Kelley, whose boots excelled in polish those of Brummell himself, and the secret of the blacking was known only to him-

self and his faithful valet. One night a fire broke out in Kelley's lodgings, and the poor old fellow was burned to death in endeavoring to save his favorite boots. All the dandies were eager to secure the services of the valet who had the secret of the famous blacking. Brummell was first in the field. "How much wages do you require?" he asked. "My late master paid me £150; but I think my talents should bring more. I ask £200." This was too much for Brummell. "Make it guineas, and I shall be happy to wait upon you," he said. Lord Plymouth was the lucky man; he agreed to the £200, secured the valet, and with him the sovereignty of boots.

But Brummell's taste was not evinced merely in coats and cravats. His house corresponded with his personal "get up." His furniture was superb, his canes, snuff-boxes, and Sèvres china exquisite, his carriage and horses superb; his library contained the best works of the best authors; and, in the words of Gronow, "the superior taste of a Brummell was discoverable in every thing that belonged to him." He was famous in his day for his witticisms. With a single exception, those that have been recorded by Gronow and other admirers hardly justify his reputation. But that one, the famous "Who is your fat friend?" is sublime. As told by Gronow it is even better than in the common version. The usual story is that Gentleman George, wishing to "cut" Brummell, who had taken the part of poor Mrs. Fitzherbert, encountered the Beau while walking in the street with Jack Lee. The Prince stopped and spoke with Lee, but took no notice of Brummell, who, as George turned to leave, drawled out the famous question. According to Gronow the scene occurred at a grand ball at Lady Cholmondeley's, and the question was asked of Lady Worcester—the same whose hand we have seen so gallantly kissed by the active Clanronald Macdonald—to whom the Prince had just been trying to make himself especially agreeable. If so given, the thrust was a double one, wounding the poor Regent not only as a dandy but as a ladies' man.

The venerable Gronow also professes to set the world right as to another famous anecdote respecting the Beau and the Prince. According to him, Brummell had been excluded from the paradise of Carlton House on account of his espousal of the cause of Mrs. Fitzherbert. But after his famous coup of winning the £20,000 from poor Drummond he was once more invited. Things went smoothly at first; but by-and-by the Beau, elated at finding himself in his old society, took more wine than he could carry; whereupon the Regent, who was on the watch to pay off old scores, turned to the Duke of York with the words, "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." So he rang the bell; the carriage was called, and the doors of the Carlton paradise were closed upon the Beau. "This circumstance," says Gronow, "originated the story about the Beau having told the Prince to ring the bell. I

received the details from the late General Sir Arthur Upton, who was present at the dinner." He indeed places this occurrence after the "fat friend" affair. But his memory of dates is hardly reliable. Brummell must have felt that this blow was one that could never be forgotten or forgiven by the Prince, and would not, we are sure, have been lured back afterward. We believe that it was the Beau's revenge for having been turned out of the dining-room.

After this fashion does the Last of the Dandies gossip in his feeble way of the great men whom he had known in his younger days. We will select and abridge a few more of his reminiscences, of little account in themselves, but not without interest as giving glimpses of the times.

Among the officers and "men about town" was Colonel Mackinnon, famous for his strength and agility. He would creep over chairs, and scramble over balconies and housetops like another Gabriel Ravel. He would have made a fortune as a circus clown. Grimaldi himself acknowledged that the Colonel's natural gifts in this line exceeded his own. "He was," says Gronow, "famous for practical jokes; which were, however, always played in a gentlemanly way." Thus: In a Spanish town he once undertook to personate the Duke of York. The authorities, in order to do honor to the Commander-in-chief of the armies of their ally, got up a grand banquet, terminating in the appearance of a huge bowl of punch; whereupon the noble Colonel plunged his head into the china bowl and flung his heels into the air, to the wonder and indignation of the grave Dons, who made a formal complaint to Lord Wellington. At another time Wellington, making a formal visit to a nunnery near Lisbon, was surprised to see Mackinnon among the nuns, dressed in the sacred costume, with face smoothly shaved. This "gentlemanly joke" very nearly brought the Colonel to a court-martial.

Another worthy, whom Gronow calls "one of my most intimate friends," was Captain Hesse, of the Guards, "generally believed to be a son of the Duke of York, by a German lady of high rank." At all events, he lived when a youth with the Duke and Duchess, and was gazetted a cornet in his eighteenth year. He went to Spain with his regiment, was wounded, and received from a "royal lady" a present of a watch, with her portrait, which was delivered by Wellington in person. On his return the Prince Regent sent Admiral Keith to demand the delivery of the watch and letters. Hesse gave them up, and was assured that the Heir of the Throne would never forget so great a mark of confidence, and would ever be his friend. But, adds Gronow, "I regret to say, from personal knowledge, that upon this occasion the Prince behaved most ungratefully; for, having obtained all he wanted, he positively refused to receive Hesse at Carlton House." Hesse went to Naples, became involved in an intrigue with the Queen, and was expelled from the country. After fighting several duels, he was killed by

Count L——, an illegitimate son of the first Napoleon. "He died as he had lived," says Gronow, "beloved by his friends, and leaving behind him little but his name and the kind thoughts of those who survived him."

Lady Blessington, who knew this adventurer well while at Naples, gives a very different account of him. She says he was the son of a Prussian banker, who was ruined in the wars; he was patronized by the Margravine of Anspach, the divorced wife of an English nobleman, who sent him to England, commending him to the kindness of the Duchess of York, who got him a commission. He soon distinguished himself as a dandy, and gave out that he was a son of the Margrave and Margravine, born before marriage. The Princess Charlotte was captivated by his dashing manner. She smiled, then bowed, then wrote to him—and, finally, sent him her portrait. Vain of his conquest, Hesse could not keep the secret, and it became public talk. The Princess was scolded and Hesse sent off to Spain, in hope that he might get killed; but he kept portrait and letters, and was with difficulty induced to give them up, through the instrumentality of Keppel Craven, a son of the Margravine by her old English husband.

After Brummell's deposition Lord Alvanley became King of the Dandies, and all the "good things" said at the clubs were attributed to him. Gronow ransacks his memory for some of them, but they are not worth reproducing. But dandies, like other mortals, grow old and bloated. The great George himself was not exempt from the common lot—disguise it as he might for a while by tight lacing and trowsers, into which he could only get by the aid of two stout valets. How could the lesser worthies hope to escape?

Gronow gives portraits taken in 1830, or thereabouts, of those who were the resplendent dandies of 1815. Alvanley looks like a pig in broadcloth. Red-Herring Yarmouth, the Alcibiades of his day, has become a stout gentleman with cane and heavy Peter-sham coat. Kangaroo Cook and Hughes Ball, spite of tailors and boot-makers, show traces of old port and blue-pills. Lord Fife looks stupid enough to have wasted a fortune on a ballet-dancer. Prince Esterhazy, of the famous coat, worth



LORD ALVANLEY.

half a million, from which pearls worth a thousand dollars were lost every time he wore it, has grown to look like a thrifty merchant; and Lord Londonderry, whom Walter Scott, ten years before, immortalized as the one who bore himself most nobly in the coronation, presents the perfect picture of our "fat friend," the once dandy Regent. All these have, we trust, gone down to Orcus, and their works have followed them, Gronow being alone left to tell. "*Si monumentum queris, finetum adspice.*"

Gronow was one of the first English officers who entered Paris. He rushed at once to the *Café Anglais*, where he ordered a beef-steak and *pommes de terre* in addition to the customary potage and fish. The wines he thought were sour; but as the dinner cost only two francs he was content, as he should have been, seeing that in London one could not get a genuine French dinner under three or four pounds, a bottle of claret or Champagne costing a guinea. The Paris of 1815 bore little resemblance to the city of our day. The Champs Elysées had but few houses; the roads were ankle-deep in mud, and only lighted by a few lamps suspended from cords which crossed the streets. Here the Scotch regiments were biv-



LORD LONDONDERRY AND KANGAROO COOK.

ouacked, the Parisian women thinking the bareness of their lower limbs highly indelicate. The ladies wore short, scanty skirts, with no waists to speak of, while their bonnets projected a foot

beyond their faces. The men wore blue or black coats, baggily made, reaching to their ankles, with enormous bell-crowned hats. The British beauties, who soon began to flock over, wore long, strait pelisses, the body of one color and the waist of another, with little bee-hive bonnets. The dress of the English gentleman was a brown or light-blue coat, reaching nearly to the heels, with brass buttons; short pantaloons, big waistcoat, and an enormous muslin cravat, hiding the lower part of his face.

The Allies in Paris had a difficult part to play. The English were kept well in hand by Wellington; but the Prussians, who remembered the outrages of the French when they occupied Berlin, were ferocious. Old Blucher wanted to sack Paris, and especially to blow up the bridge of Jena, and was hardly restrained by the Iron Duke. The Café Foy was the principal rendezvous of the Prussian officers, and here came the French half-pay officers purposely to pick



HUGHES BALL AND LORD WILTON.



PRINCE ESTERHAZY AND LORD FIFE.

quarrels. A general *melée* often ensued: in one of these fourteen Prussians and ten Frenchmen were killed or wounded. Duels between Frenchmen and foreigners were an everyday occurrence. Gronow relates a score of instances which would well grace a history of dueling. One of his friends, dining at a café, observing a Frenchman rudely staring at him, started up and beat him over the head with a long loaf of bread. A duel followed, in which the Frenchman was shot. One of his relatives challenged the Englishman and was also killed. A French colonel, a notorious duelist, walked out into the street, saying he was going to bully an Englishman. He encountered, unluckily, a friend of Gronow; a quarrel ensued, the Frenchman was knocked down; cards were exchanged. The Frenchman came on the ground boasting how many men he had killed, adding, "I'll now complete my list by killing an Englishman." The bully was shot dead at the first fire. His second challenged the Englishman and got a shot in the knee, which lamed him for life. The Englishman received forthwith eleven challenges from as many French officers; but the Minister of War interfered, threatening to place the officers under arrest. Quarrels were not wholly between Frenchmen and foreigners. There was bitter blood between Bonapartists and Bourbonists. Talleyrand and Fouché tried to have Napoleon arrested and shot at Rochefort, whither he had fled. To the honor of the Duke of Wellington, who had control of the Semaphore telegraphs of the time, he refused to allow them

to transmit the order. He also tried in vain to prevent the judicial murder of Marshal Ney.

Our venerable dandy reproduces, in a feeble way, the London club gossip of his time:—Mrs. Clarke, the mistress of the Duke of York, finding the allowance of her lover insufficient, set up a thriving business in the way of selling commissions in the army and preferments in the church. This came to light: the lady was summoned before the House. Her testimony, given with the coolest impudence, was damnable of the Royal Duke, who resigned his office as commander-in-chief and broke off with the woman. She threatened to publish his letters. The Duke bought them at an enormous price, and secured for the lady a pension, provided she would leave England..... On the day after the coronation of George IV., Coutts, the uxorious old banker, bought for £15,000 the magnificent diamond cross which the Duke of York had borrowed for that occasion from Hamlet, the Hebrew jeweler, and present-

ed it to his young wife. She had commenced life as Harriet Mellon, the actress; became the mistress of Coutts, who married her after the death of his wife, and when he himself died left her the whole of his immense fortune. She then married the Duke of St. Albans, but kept her



LORD YARMOUTH.

money at her own command; and upon her death left it to Miss Burdett, the grand-daughter of the old banker, upon condition that she should assume the name of Coutts. It amounted to two or three millions of pounds, and Miss Burdett Coutts, the richest heiress in England, had her choice of husbands. Among the aspirants was Prince Louis Napoleon, and it is Miss Coutts's own fault that she is not now Empress of France.Hamlet made a good thing out of the young Earl of C—; he sold him at one time jewels for £80,000, and, as the Earl was not of age, gave him credit at a round rate. The jewels were given to a stage dancer of not doubtful character. The lady, says Gronow, is now living on her estate in France in the odor of respectability.The Prince Regent learning that the poor clubmen had to pay high prices for bad dinners—nothing, in fact, but joints, beef-steaks, boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and the like—was moved with pity, and proposed that Wattiers, his own cook, should take a house and organize a dinner club. The club was established; the dinners were exquisite; Gronow became a member, and frequently saw the Duke of York appeasing his noble appetite. But the play was so high that few could stand the pace; and Wattiers's ran down in a few years. One night Jack Bouverie, brother of Lady Heytesbury, was losing largely and grew irritable. Raikes, who not long ago published his reminiscences, laughed at him. Jack flung his play-bowl at the head of the joker. This made the "city dandy," as Gronow sneeringly calls him, angry; but no serious results followed.Sir Benjamin Bloomfield—who could play the violoncello so well that he was worthy of accompanying the Regent himself, and who had long been a favorite at Carlton House—had discovered that the Regent had given certain jewels which belonged to the Crown to a fair and frail marchioness. She had been compelled to send them back, but in revenge had Bloomfield exiled from Carlton House. He was created a peer and sent minister to Sweden.The Duke of Gloucester, who was thought to be as near a fool as a Royal Duke could be, and went by the name of "Silly Billy," got off a good thing. When his brother, William IV., assented to Lord Grey's proposition to make the Reform Bill pass any how, poor Gloucester cried out in triumph, "Who is Silly Billy now?"General Palmer, to whom the House of Commons had voted £100,000 in consideration of his father having invented the post-office system, had laid out the money in a French vineyard, and meant to give the English genuine clarets. His wines were tried at Carlton House, but did not suit the hard drinkers there as well as the manufactured articles to which they had been accustomed. The Prince Regent advised Palmer to root up his vines, and try to produce something better. He complied, was ruined, and finally became a mendicant in the streets of London.There was Long Wellesley Pole, who had owned Wanstead, one of the finest mansions in England. He had married an heiress with

£50,000 a year, but had spent it all, and was now a beggar. Indeed, he would have starved had not his cousin, the present Duke of Wellington, allowed him a pension of £300 a year, upon which he managed to keep soul and body together.There was Lady Cork, who used to give parties to all the lions of the day. She would steal every thing upon which she could lay her hands, but would send back her spoils the next day, fearing to be prosecuted. People thought her ladyship not quite in her right mind.What a sad thing happened at Graham's!—one of the less aristocratic clubs. A nobleman—Gronow, at the distance of thirty years, will not mention his name—of the highest position and influence in society, was detected in cheating at cards, and after a trial which, as the Captain euphemistically phrases it, "did not terminate in his favor, died of a broken heart."Madame Catalini, the great singer, was a good woman, a model wife and mother, but was very fond of money. She, with her husband, M. de Valabrègue, had been invited by the Marquis of Buckingham to spend some time at Stowe, with a numerous and select party. After dinner she was always asked to favor the guests with a song, and complied with the most charming readiness. When the day of departure came Valabrègue handed the Marquis a little billet: "For singing 17 songs, £1700." The Marquis "forked over" at once, thus proving, according to Gronow, "that he was a refined gentleman in every sense of the word." The husband of Catalini took good care for her. She had been insulted by a German baron. Valabrègue challenged him. The weapons were sabres; the German had half his nose cut clean off.An odd accident happened to the half-cracked bean Romeo Coates, famous for his fur coat and diamond buttons and knee-buckles. He undertook to play Romeo as an amateur at the Bath theatre. Unfortunately, his crimson nether garments, which were of too tight fit, gave way, and from the rent protruded a quantity of white linen sufficient to make a Bourbon flag, which the unconscious amateur displayed to the best advantage as he crossed and recrossed the stage. The dying scene was irresistibly comic. The audience demanded its repetition; he rose, bowed, and went through the act of dying again. Another repetition was called for, and Romeo was about to comply, when Juliet rose from the tomb and put a stop to the farce.

Such are the reminiscences with which our poor old dandy favors the world. Now and then, indeed, he came in contact with men who had something in them besides dandyism. Thus, in 1815, he met at dinner Sir Walter Scott, Byron, and Croker. Sir Walter ate like a Borderman, drank like the Holy Friar of Copmanhurst, and recited some old ballads. Byron was all show and affectation; said he did not like to see women at table, as he wished his faith in their ethereal nature to be undisturbed; but upon being pressed, owned that his dislike arose from the fact that they were helped first, and so

got all the chicken wings, while he and the other hungry men were put off with the drumsticks and such like less delicate parts. He used to see Byron occasionally, especially at Brighton, where he used to go boating, jumping into the boat as briskly as though he was not lame. He was generally accompanied by a lad, who was thought to be a girl in boy's clothes. Gronow knew little of Byron personally, but knew Scrope Davies, who told good stories of the noble bard, of which the Captain wishes he could remember more. One was of entering Byron's sleeping-room one morning, and finding the poet with his hair in curl-papers. Byron was angry, but acknowledged that his lovely curls were produced in this way, adding that he was as vain of them as a girl of sixteen. He swore Scrope to secrecy—an oath which was kept as such oaths usually are. Scrope, who was for a time Byron's most intimate friend, assured Gronow that the poet was very agreeable and clever, but vain, overbearing, and suspicious; he thought the whole world ought to be constantly employed in admiring him and his poetry.

Shelley had been a friend and associate of Gronow at Eton. There he was a thin, slight lad, with lustrous eyes, fine hair, and a very peculiar shrill voice and laugh. The paths in life of the dandy and the poet diverged widely, though they occasionally crossed each other. The last meeting was at Genoa, in 1822. Shelley sat on the sea-shore making his meal of bread and fruit. He was carelessly dressed; his long brown hair, already streaked with gray, though he was but twenty-nine, floated in large masses from under his broad straw-hat. He looked care-worn and ill. Recognizing his old school-fellow he sprang up, exclaiming, "Here you see me at my old Eton habits; but instead of the green fields for a couch, I have the grand shores of the Mediterranean. It is very grand, and very romantic. I only wish I had some of the excellent brown bread and butter we used to get at Spiers's. Gronow, do you remember the beautiful Martha, the Hebe of Spiers's? She was the loveliest girl I ever saw, and I loved her to distraction." They talked a little of old times. Shelley asked of old school-fellows, but would say little of his own plans and purposes. Byron's name was mentioned. "He is living," said Shelley, "at his villa, surrounded by his court of sycophants; but I shall shortly see him at Leghorn." Dandy and Poet shook hands and parted. There was nothing in common save a few boyish recollections. Shelley was drowned not long after, and the world knows with what heathenish rites his body was burned by Byron and Trelawney. And now, after an interval of two-score years, his old school-fellow, the last of the dandies, writes down his few recollections of him beside those of Brummell, Alvanley, Kangaroo Cook, George the Magnificent, Colonel Hesse, and the other roués and exquisites of the day.

So the old dandy, the last of his tribe, gossips, in feeble way, of his times, promising, if the pub-

lic lend him a patient ear, to give them another volume of like character. We trust he will do so; for it is from such books, rather than from more pretentious ones, that true history is elaborated.

MADELEINE SCHAEFFER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

VII.

HOW Miss Schaeffer came to Spray Rocks is of no particular consequence; but the reader, swift at conclusions, will easily conjure the terror of the servants at her illness, their recourse to their late master the Doctor, and his speedy removal of the unconscious sufferer from the fever-infected atmosphere of the city. How she was to leave the place was of much more import to her. But that, when a few days more had dropped into the past, she still found impracticable. And were it not, whither should she go? Any where! Plainly she could not stay here, she said. If she were not necessary to this man's very existence she would not linger like a burr upon his sleeve. Ah, blind girl, not to see that she *was* necessary to his very existence! As she sat there now, the warm mist and the rain falling every where out of doors while the gale blew up, a thousand rapid plans etched themselves upon her intention. In the first place, to sell all those treasures which lined the little house in the city; they were hers now—once she had paid for them! Ah, yes, some dimmest gleam crossed her mind that the price had been too dear—the pound of flesh—costing friendship; it might be, love. Love! For that vague reminiscence of unconfessed hope she was abased; she hated herself for desiring that not already hers; she crowded it down into some black and stifling corner, if possible to forget its very existence; she did not desire it! Yes, she would let those things go, every gift with them; that would sustain her a while; then she would find sewing, sell water-colors, work, work hard till another opening came. The resolution was itself like nourishing wine.

And where, indeed, all this time was Mr. Roanoke? Strange that Fate should dare to mar and meddle with so august a person's designs! But Mr. Roanoke, as we know, had been first busy on vaster designs, and this great engine—a Juggernaut, that now they must control or it must crush them—had made slaves of its masters. Mr. Roanoke was committed, heart and soul, brains and purse, to a service whose wages are death, and from which there was no retreat. And just at the time he had purposed appearing on Miss Schaeffer's stage again necessity compelled him to the homes of obscure statesmen and to the seats of the powers that be. But in her regard, as in every thing else indeed, he had faith in the doctrine of chances, and believed that the Roanokes always fell on their feet.

While Miss Schaeffer revolved these ideas, her hand upon her eyes, the hand was suddenly pressed closer, her head pulled upon one side, a

little wet and soft bundle brushed all about her face; at first she supposed it to be some one of Juliet's many dogs, but on regaining her breath, her liberty, and her eyesight, found round her neck the arms of Miss Essie Ediston, whose garments and whose curls were in a condition!

"Yes," said Essie, removing herself for a better view. "Dr. Develin sent me in. But I'd heard where you were, for mother said 'twas highly improper, and I ran away and got up behind the carrier's cart, and then I had to walk half a mile—and—" Here she flung herself into Miss Schaeffer's arms again.

"But child, you're dripping wet!"

"Oh, never mind. I shall just get into bed, and one of the girls can take my clothes and wash and iron them. Silver can. I saw her; she says Miss Juliet didn't take her to Canada because she doesn't behave well. Bully for Miss Juliet! I guess I can wear *her* slippers," added Essie, meditatively, looking down at her sodden shoes.

"Essie! Essie! where did you learn such language?"

"Down among the dead men. I've been—"

"Naughty girl! To make me correct you as soon as I see you. I shall send you home."

"No you won't. I'm ever so wild. It's just your fault though, you know, Miss Schaeffer. There! where's Silver? Silver! I'm going to the bath-room; and you hang something of Miss Juliet's on the door for me to put on; and you take all my things to the laundry, you and the rest of you, and wash and iron them and have them aired and dried in no time! I'm going to get into Miss Schaeffer's bed till they're done. Hurry up!"

Miss Schaeffer had barely recovered from her amazement when Essie reappeared trailing some white garment behind her, and kicking Miss Juliet's morning slippers in advance and catching them on her little bare toes in an absorbed way.

"I don't think you have improved, Essie," said Miss Schaeffer, as gravely as she was able.

"It's all your fault though. You cleared out, and Geoffrey drove off the governesses as fast as they came—they set their caps for him, and he plays he's the great Mogul. But Geoffrey tried to teach me himself, he said I was all running to tops. And he took me round with him; he wouldn't take Ally because she keeps her finger in her mouth, and I've been to Richmond and Raleigh and all the other R.'s. He had to give it up though," said Essie, laying her head on the pillow and smoothing out the coverlet above her; "he's got some kink in his head, and I was too sharp for him. He thought 'twould look as if it were just pleasure-excursions if I went too, I heard him tell them. And they'd give me drawers full of dead butterflies and such to play with, and then they'd find out that I listened. Well, what if I did? Oh my, you needn't look! He should have left me at home; and pretty soon he did, for he began to think I'd tell what I heard—what I could put together of it—

they had such a high old time down at Beaufort as you never! and Rhett told Geoffrey he darn't: I heard him! Geoffrey shot Tom Pryor's arm off for saying so once. And Geoffrey answered grand as Cuffee, 'You think I do not dare to do this?' and Rhett replied, 'Yes;' and Geoffrey said, 'Then it's not worth my trouble to convince such a fool!' and Geoffrey was as mad as a March hare; but all at once he turned about and said they might have it their own way, he couldn't afford to quarrel—though mother says she don't know *why* Geoffrey can't afford to quarrel, *she's* sure; he could buy up half the State if he wanted to. Mother don't know every thing—heigh-ho!"

"That will do, Essie; go to sleep, dear. You mustn't talk about these things."

"But I haven't told a soul," said Essie, fanning herself up and down with the coverlet. "Only if I couldn't have got at you, I should have had to go off alone somewhere and holler it out loud in the air. There's going to be a new world, Miss Schaeffer, spick and span. I don't know how exactly; but we shall all be changed in a twinkling, you know. Should you suppose it would hurt? Geoffrey laughs and says he'll risk it, so I will. Geoffrey's going to be a brigandier of it."

"Essie, you'd better shut your eyes. Your brother wouldn't like to hear you."

"Well, I don't know how he *can* hear me; he's been to the Bermudas to get arms that came there, and he's out at sea now in the *Black-heart*. I can't see what he wanted any more for," continued Essie, retrospectively, and rising on one arm; "the garret at Roanoke Fields is just brimful of them, stacked—he don't guess that I know he *does* though. But one day, before Geoffrey went the last time, the Governor was in town again and dined at our house, and Colonel — Colonel — Fair in the face is what Geoffrey told me his name meant—born Tuesday. I suppose he'd come from over the plains or somewhere, and they talked about rifling all Europe, and as soon as I could get the chances I said, 'What, Geoffrey, not steal!' and he snapped my ears and asked me if I thought he was light-fingered now? And Rob told me that after dinner—"

Suddenly Essie ceased. Miss Schaeffer was singing; and as she sang her slender hands were smoothing out the damp little ringlets, and when the song was silent the listener was asleep.

"And oh, Miss Schaeffer," murmured Essie, hours later, when the sobbing night-rain, beating itself against the stone mullions, had half-wakened her, "Geoffrey and those think Dr. Develin don't want the new way, and they're all angry, and Mr. Weymouth and Mr. Mayberry said they would shoot him dead if he didn't leave the country; and the Doctor said, slow and clear, 'I shall maintain the right here, at home, in my own State. No threats shall intimidate me!' Oh, Miss Schaeffer, sing to me again, it keeps in my head, and it burns so! Geoffrey went to him," continued the child, rolling over,

"and coaxed him, for old time's sake, to make no—" And here Essie's voice sank, but suddenly went on, with a start. "Oh! and showed him how—hopeless—and so—so—at length—the Doctor—"

Miss Schaeffer had been asleep several hours when a long heavy boom seemed to sound through her dream, and she woke with her heart beating stifflingly. In a moment it came again—she started up. And again—a minute-gun at sea. She sprang to the window, but nothing except gray driving mist was to be seen, the wind struck the long, low stone-house planted out there on the reef, eddied, mounted, and rushed on, the rain rushed with it, and all the sounds of the tempest; the very light from the light-house tower that stood far out on the edge of the cliffs, and on perpetual condition of which the Develins had first bought the land, seemed to be stripped off and off in broad flakes and patches like split fragments of chrysolite and beryl. Dimly Madeleine could descry great towering giants of billow feel this way and that, fling forth and fall in shooting storms of spray, white arcs of foam rose over the darkness and dispelled themselves in powdery blast, huge columns were flashing up and sinking, and into the cove beyond, the backs of long breakers, gored and torn, plunged their angry masses of snow with a deadened roar that shook the solid rock. Suddenly all was wrapped in the blackness of death, night and annihilation shut down over the world, no ray, no glimmer, the indescribable din and echoes of the night broke all about, the great sea seemed to be rolling overhead with a weight of darkness and tumult. The light had gone out! And still, more terrible through the murk, the minute-guns boomed on.

Madeleine found her candle and flung on some clothes; tiny twinkles shone here and there, perhaps in other portions of the house. Some flash, some shade shot by her window; a moment more, and the twinkles gleamed like fire-flies far out in the tower's top once more—faintest shadows it flung forth upon the storm—cloudy forms that hovered round the shaft: vast heads, vast arms, she seemed to see; and while wondering if the broken lantern, against which the sea-birds had dashed themselves dead, were being replaced, the broad steady flame, unwinking, glared forth again, was motionless one instant, then wheeled forward on its silent revolution, splintering slow spears over the waste of waters, beryl breaking into chrysolite. While she still watched, in the faint radiance that round this one spot lit the storm into an ashen nebula, Madeleine fancied Dr. Develin issuing from the tower's base. She threw open the casement, the wind and the driving sleet tore madly in and drenched her and took her breath away; but she clung there resolutely and still leaned out into the gale. And then, as first she perceived that the guns had ceased, all her thoughts and vision concentrated on one object.

Dr. Develin stood at the cliff's edge, on the wet and slippery rock, and the whole gale pushed

against him. In his grasp were a long staff and great coils of rope, another rope she saw wound round his waist and held by clusters of half-guessed hands, the hands of a shadowy throng. It was a daring man, a reckless man, or a good man, that thus abandoned his life into the hands of slaves. A moment he stood there, magnified—by the hurly-burly of the elements, by the place and the darkness, the sharp flashing and fading gleams, the gray haze and shining scud and flying foam-wreaths—into something supernatural. Then the rope was payed out, and steadily lowered he disappeared over the brow of the precipice.

Strange cries came to her now upon the wind, sad sounds, wild sounds, and in a lull when the listening storm also held its breath she seemed to hear drowning gurgles. Of what followed under her eyes she had not the slightest comprehension—all her thoughts, her will, her heart, swung there in the blackness beside the wet and sea-slimed precipice, groped further down in the plunging surf and along the strip of shingle. But her thoughts, her will, her heart, follow as they would, were impotent to fill the dragging moments; little could they reckon of the turbulent riot in a strong man's soul, exceeding the fierce uproar of nature.

Slung there above gulfs of gaping death, beaten by great onslaughts of seas against the fearful face of rock. Slowly he had descended and found foothold among the narrow ledges of the spurs and cloven jags. Twice, thrice, had he vaulted downward, plunged among the plunging waves that tossed him lightly back in cruel play, plunged to meet the dark weight, swimmer or corpse, ever just beyond. Sure-footed, yet breathless, he paused a moment and dashed the spray from his brow. The great lantern swung round its swift-shifting flare, his eye fell, and ghastly in the green lustre of the ray a face gleamed up from the rock and ooze at his feet. An instant ere the waves return, but what eternities do some instants compress! Develin was no perfect man—there may be such, few of us have seen them—the one who was vowed to win the woman he loved himself, the one whom he half believed she loved, the one who banished him his country—drowned? Perhaps so. And if that returning wave bore him off? Surely so! It flowed so quickly, it went so easily. Was it his crime if that came to pass? Was he Geoffrey Roanoke's keeper? Had Fate thrown this man dead at his feet, for him to prevent the fiat? Dead—half dead—why should he care which? His brain was seared. And if the next wave—

In it dashed, up it dashed, hissed as it sucked down sand and weed, roared as it climbed, shook its crest over him; but before it fell the coiled rope was twice about the prostrate body, the two swung free above its swamping rage, and as it swept back again were lifted higher and higher and over the brow of the cliff. It was all in as many throbs, but so immeasurable, so weary, had the time seemed to Madeleine that she be-

lieved the dawn to be near breaking. But now while she gazed, like the phantasmagoria of some dream, as he struck his foot upon the solid rock, the whole seemed to vanish, himself and his burden with them.

Then came commotion in the house. Madeleine went back to bed again, and took Essie in her arms for mere human companionship. It grew more quiet, she dropped now and then into a light dream, and so some hours passed till Silver entered, her round eyes rounder with news. There'd been a great shipwreck, and all the hands were round at the cove (Dr. Develin's slaves had had some sea-experience, as they carried on his great fisheries), but they'd found no one. Mas'r though had saved Mas'r Roanoke of the Fields, and he was going home just so soon as he could stand, and Miss Essie was to go with him he said. Essie's stout denial of this fact produced no impression upon Silver, as she made her preparations. Mas'r hadn't told him Miss Madeleine was here, or she'd have to go too, Silver suspected. And Miss Essie must get up and dress. By this time Essie's affection and curiosity slightly got the better of her previous intention. She announced it inopportunistically, however, just as she found herself on her feet, her eyes and her mouth full of soap, and the towel rubbing the wrong way. It proved a noisy process, and Miss Schaeffer escaped from it into her sitting-room, pulling aside the curtains for any glimpse of sunrise. There were murmurs in the next apartment, the sound of uncertain steps, then Mr. Roanoke's voice broke ground almost as gay and strong as ever.

"Another pull at the flask. I'm on my legs again. Develin you're a trump! By God, I wouldn't have done the same by you! So my little minx ran away to inform you, did she? She's a deuced deal too sharp, I find to my cost. There. All right, I think."

"Tuck the trowsers inside the boots, Cyril," said the Doctor, in an amused voice. "Roanoke, you look as if you'd had Rip Van Winkle's nap in those clothes."

"And grown in it."

"You're not half fit for the drive. And in the face of the gale!"

"Oh you must find plenty of wraps."

"You will follow my advice on reaching home?"

"Yes—if you poisoned, I should be dead."

"Humph! And Miss Essie? She has had one drenching to-day."

"The hair of the dog to cure the bite. Nothing like another. Yes, she shall come along, I say. I must bottle her up, like the imp sealed in spirits, till it's time to touch off; her little ears have been against every keyhole they have come across—her father's own child! She'll be safe at the plantation though, and that's where they are by this time."

No one would have guessed from the Doctor's calm tones, in reply, of any wild disturbance in his breast. "Quite ready?" he asked.

"Yes. Here's to the luck of the Roanokes?

Luck worth having, by George! Not a soul saved to implicate me, in case the matter comes to grief. The *Blackheart* is merely on the shoals outside, a crew can ease her off when the wind falls. I'm all right, and my cargo too. Here's to Roanoke luck!"

"Hostile as I am to your plans, in what category of fools or madmen do you class me, to expose their detail thus?"

"Ah! But here's to the Develin honor!"

So Mr. Roanoke had gone, and the echo of the prancing hoofs had been swallowed in the storm. Essie had ended by finding herself outraged through Silver's means, wept, and sulked, and only when half-way home, suffered her despot to learn from her incoherent protestations that Miss Schaeffer had been the magnet for her at Spray Rocks. Perhaps he thought differently of Roanoke luck then; but who knows?

Sunrise came at last, and with it the gale blew off; the great gray pall of cloud lifted from the low horizon streaked with bars of gold; faded away to filmy breath, and was lost, a bloom upon the azure. The sun wheeled up in splendor, and stripped the heavy rainfalls from rock and tree as he went, and diffused all the burden of odor robbed from pollen and petal, and for which he had no use. Madeleine felt already well, or else still pulsated with the late excitement; she had slept all the morning, additional strength had given her additional self-control she hoped, for ere her eyelids unclosed the black memory flapped its wings above her—she was determined that no one should suspect her secret, since she needs must have one; and perhaps to test herself, perhaps to assure Dr. Develin of her convalescence, at evening she appeared in the library, where the tea-table was laid.

The Doctor shook his head, yet smiled

"The cage-door does not open because the bird can fly," said he, hastening to meet her, destroying a draught by some careless movement, quietly withdrawing a screen by another as careless, and admitting a view of the long ocean sheet, now smiling and winking as if it had never known rage, and half submerged in evening glories.

He gazed at the scene a moment as he leaned against the casement-side. An old trouble flitted over his eyes, a color lay an instant on his cheek, then he seemed to shut off the emotion, gathering all into the usual pallor and calm again.

"The place has a charm for me," he said. "I was born here. I do not leave it without regret. It breathes a wild freedom."

"Which one seldom finds combined with tropic color and under tropic skies," said Madeleine, graciously lending herself to conversation, according to her late programme.

"No matter. I shall forget it, once well buried in science at Paris."

"You go there?"

"For a season. It is cosmopolite as science itself. It is the rendezvous of exiles. When it grows insupportable— Well, there are old

fortresses on those Channel Islands, a climate that is Eden; three rooms refitted, and with a faithful slave, am I not provided for? Till death sunders shell from pearl."

"A desolate old age! a desolate old age!"

"I choose it."

Her last words had escaped almost without volition. It seemed to her, and not without reason, that in uttering them she had held her heart in her hand and offered it to another; her feminine instincts and reserves started in alarm, and summoned the forces of all womanly nature to the breach. Too self-convicted to guess his choice compelled by his conviction of her imperturbable indifference to himself, or to remember that he was the proud victim of political hostility. Her momentary abandon wrapped her in a robe of fire, her glance flashed, her cheek burned, her beauty was all irradiated with the hidden fever. She had endeavored to be quiet, but now shrouding the inner gloom with mocking lightness, with retort and quip and snatches of song, for the rest of that evening no one would have supposed that Madeleine had a heart.

As for Develin, he looked on, every look a sting—self-forgetful as the man might be, he could not hinder that. But he was full of control, exercised more rigorously upon himself than others—he had the bridle-hand over his nature, his eye glowed, and his face whitened till it seemed shining with the light sphered in his brain; but he gave no sign. Inexplicable as this new phase of her might be, it was still Madeleine—Madeleine who swung to and fro all the tides of his blood; neither did he desire that she should leave him, as she desired to leave—he knew how far he might trust himself, he was strong as tempered steel; since she was never to be his, he meant during these few remaining weeks to relinquish no atom of the bitter joy that sight of her afforded. And when parting for the night, and touching her hand with a touch light and cold as that of some snow-wreath: "Was I not right?" he said. "Your spirits rise. You are drinking health as a bird fills all his bones with air before he soars. This wind, this sea, this freedom, are native to you—you are yet a prisoner."

It was that night that the Doctor drove into town. He remembered Mrs. Fitzroy as Madeleine's friend. He possessed a power of command infinitely superior to Mr. Roanoke's, since the latter ruled merely through circumstances; Dr. Develin by virtue of the right inherent in his own nature, his will, and his magnetism. There were few who could resist that *main de fer* when he chose to close it upon them. And partly because she found that her presence was necessary in order to keep Madeleine at Spray Rocks, where her health required her to be—and partly because she could serve her espoused side best by being on the spot—and partly because he was not likely to know of the plots and counterplots—and partly because Spray Rocks was a delightful place—and partly because she could not

help herself, Mrs. Fitzroy appeared before Madeleine on the next day but one.

Nothing could so quickly have restored Madeleine to the Miss Schaeffer of former times; for Mrs. Fitzroy was a dashing widow and a charming woman. But that did not matter to Mrs. Fitzroy: she married her friends *en artiste*, and it pleased her that the future mistress of Roanoke Fields should have manners *à la Impératrice*.

But when Mrs. Fitzroy saw how shadowy the form had grown, how fragile seemed the girl's thread of life, her heart reproached her; for somewhere, under all her perfumed muslins and laces and ribbons, she had a heart. The tears rushed to her eyes—it was *her* work! And then the handsome shoulders lifted themselves, and threw the load of blame off upon Mr. Roanoke, and there followed a righteous indignation. To end all, she was about to put her arms round Madeleine, and entreat her henceforth to make a home with her, as Adèle's governess, or her own friend, or in any capacity she chose, when she suddenly caught the Doctor's glance, cool and keen, bent upon her. Mrs. Fitzroy colored and drew back. Dr. Develin was one of those men whose perceptive faculties make them aware of every thing except exactly what concerns themselves; and in bringing Mrs. Fitzroy to his house he had proved himself what Mr. Roanoke was always endeavoring to be—a tactician. For of late—yesterday, to-day—something in Madeleine's manner, a glance, a sigh, a word, had made him half guess the truth; some subtle free-masonry of the instincts half warned him, had he dared fully trust them, that she was struggling against herself. After all these years of abnegation the crown might yet be his—*was* his for the taking. The thought, the hope were like steel and flint; they struck sparks, they fired his will; he seemed to have been challenged; all his old chivalrous race stirred in him; he looked up at the ancient tattered banner hanging high in the carved hall-rafters above them—its golden emblazonry and gorgeous dyes now tarnished and dusty like the ragged wing of some dead moth; remembered traditions of the time when it had streamed above his ancestors in the battle clouds, its daring legend driving an army; his spirit tingled along his veins, vigor filled him, force, resolve—it is not such who fail.

When Madeleine had half envied Juliet's beauty she little dreamed that her own was of a far finer, rarer type. And indeed never had Miss Schaeffer appeared so beautiful as now in this sundown light with which he was beginning to associate her; fair and frail, so spiritual, the soul seeming to look out of the large, melancholy hazel eyes—eyes full of tawny lustre; the soft, dark, golden skin; the faintly-impinged cheek; the scarlet lip—the whole coloring of the face stolen out of those very western tints; and then a carelessness about her, a willowy grace, a self-unconsciousness, an abandon, and, moreover, a strange, lost air. Dr. Develin, as

he gazed, could have opened his arms and taken her forever into tender shelter.

But this something new in Dr. Develin—Madeleine had forgotten herself, her secret, and her grief in watching. His manner was full of an airy sparkle; he seemed to move in some buoyant atmosphere; he had shaken off a weight of years; there was an effect about him, his face, his gestures, his sentences, of the bicker and glancing of some morion's crest just indued for battle and fresh-washed with the dew of the morning. Indeed she was not wrong, for Develin, never false to his nobility, had resolved that, win who would, the contest and the victory should be in the open light; and he was momentarily expecting the advent of Mrs. Ediston, her brood, and the *preux chevalier*. But as Madeleine continued to feel this change in him, her listlessness was startled into life—what had wrought it? A strange suspicion trembled almost visibly upon her lips; she looked from one to another—from Develin, standing alert and pale and brilliant, to Mrs. Fitzroy, the sumptuous blonde, with her rolling waves of fair hair, splendid in her azure silk that changed to silver, and the great cape of white velvet with its dropping carbuncle bell-buttons—a superb woman, a witty, gracious woman; a kind woman—but then—but then Madeleine found it in her heart to hate her!

The sunset light was so low upon the sea that it left nothing there but a great golden highway into the sunrise and morning of other spheres. Mrs. Fitzroy proposed adjourning to the cliffs, and niched among the crags they sat there watching the nightfall. Develin had brought Madeleine's cloak, and he wrapped it about her—lingeringly, perhaps, she did not observe—and went striding up and down the narrow platform of rock before the two with a certain gay impatience. Now and then, indeed, he stooped and folded the cloak closer, and, consciously but to himself, his mere motion became a caress. To another he would have seemed afraid to touch her lest he should crush her—there was ever a strange blending of strength with the repressed sweetness about him—but to Madeleine, in her acute fancy, she half-dreamed herself to be repugnant to him. Yet as the hour wore on and heightened and sharpened all these lights and shades, these electric points of character, he reminded her of that wonderful sword, so ponderous that it cleaved the solid rock in twain, yet so fine that it sheared the petal of a flower. Unsheathed for encounter, once or twice this incisive air disappeared in the instant's tenderness. He stood for a breath above her, and watched the white hands folded in her lap; almost in his silence was there another man's speech. As he passed upon the dark dropping tresses he dropped a rose, hundred-leaved and hived with honey; he paused in the midst of some brilliant sentence addressed to Mrs. Fitzroy, and led Madeleine's eye up the dark hollow sky where shone but a handful of stars, and one great comet blazed down, the purple depths plow-

ing up a wake of light behind it. But with the inconsistency of all passion in its varying phases and moods, Madeleine shrank; these trifles touched the sore spot in her heart; she trembled lest her secret were betrayed, and then she received them half like insults. But as still they loitered there and heard the murmur of the wind among the sprays, the lapping of the waves along the cliffs, another sound stole in between, the sound of a voice in singing, careless, assured, defiant; it drew nearer, and they seemed to see, far below, the shadow of some boatman handing down his sail:

"Viens!—une flûte invisible
Soupire dans les vergers.
La chanson la plus paisible
Est la chanson des bergers.

"Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,
Le sombre miroir des eaux.—
La chanson la plus joyeuse
Est la chanson des oiseaux.

"Que nul soin ne te tourmente.
Aimons-nous! Aimons toujours!—
La chanson la plus charmante
Est la chanson des amours!"

The voice died, round in the hollows of the cliffs. A moment more, and, distinct against the one deep ridge of lingering twilight's orange, Develin turned, by some prescience, and confronted Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke as he silently stood there, like some dark demon answering the spell of that burning ring he wore, and suddenly incanted upon the scene. Perhaps the same prescience that warned Develin of his presence warned him of Develin's mood; for, ere greeting the others, he walked straight toward the host, and stood a moment before him with folded arms and the old sarcastic gaze.

"Songe-creux," said he, "ton rêve avait menti!"

"It is Mr. Roanoke who dreams," said the Doctor. "I am awake."

And so the lists were opened.

But the tourney was destined to be brief. Mr. Roanoke turned to salute Mrs. Fitzroy. "And how about the hocus-pocus?" asked that lady, remembering her indignation.

"Presently, Madame, presently," he responded, with his usual haughty tranquillity, and moved toward Miss Schaeffer.

"And what is this I hear about little Dame Partelote?" he threw over his shoulder at Develin. "So the pretty Juliet has found her match in Canada!"

'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-house decree.'

I hope you are well, Miss Schaeffer."

Madeleine rose and leaned over an interposing jut, meaning just to give him a cool hand and be done. But suddenly he retained her hand, searching her face in the remnant of light, that icy *sosiego* of his that outdid the blue-blood of the hidalgos half thrust away by the fierce fingers of some interior passion.

"She has been ill!" cried Develin, sharply as a stab, and then, as if the words were too

many, turned and gave all his *ardeur* to Mrs. Fitzroy.

As Madeleine met Roanoke's eye the fancy flashed upon her with new meaning that here was a man who *did* love her, who *would* cherish her, with him was rest if no joy—she dashed it away as instantly, and sent her gaze out upon the dusk, lonely sea. The light from the tower had kindled and shed itself abroad when she turned. Mr. Roanoke still leaned there against the jut, looking over her shoulder and out at sea, dark and silent. Had she been sooner conscious she might have reproved him, for lovers could so have stood. Develin bent like one rapt before Mrs. Fitzroy's gay stream of words, and she would have had sharp senses to detect that, through the richness of the gloom and amidst the rippling laughs and showering jests, for all his listening attitude, his scrutiny had never left her.

"Will you not take cold?" he said now, moving but a step in her direction. The voice made her shiver: it was ice.

"Let me stay," said she.

"That you can not do, Miss Schaeffer," said Mr. Roanoke. "Because I have come to take you to the Fields."

"Indeed!" and Miss Schaeffer turned upon him like a combatant.

"You can do as you please," said Mr. Roanoke, loftily. "I only state the case."

"Well?"

"Esse is ill—raving for you; you spoiled her. The two drenchings result in fever. I can not answer for her life unless you go back with me. My mamma will remember it forever, she bids me say."

Develin heard every word of it, and Madeleine knew he did; she waited for him to give some sign, some movement of detention, some expression of regret. None came. The truest lover is not always a friend; there is for each, be he ever so generous, some one moment that poises all on self. He forgot that Madeleine was not in love with Roanoke, and had therefore no instinct to forwarn her of intrigue or subterfuge. She must choose. Fate had precipitated the moment—him or Roanoke!

So then, it seemed to her, that, after all his protestation, she had really been in his way: how could she have dreamed otherwise! at the first opening he was glad to have her go. Love, you know, is not logic. She choked down the great tears that welled up to fill the dark void in her heart. Roanoke murmured: "The child needs you." Develin did not speak, yet he raised his arm in the dusk and extended it as if he would inclose her; but her glance was on the ground, and she did not see, she only heard.

"And how soon do you go?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Not to-night," said Mr. Roanoke. "Miss Schaeffer is not fit to go at all, but I promise her care; the child only wants her voice occasionally, and we must take sunshine for our sail. We have

tried it once before in the night, and once too often."

That he should be so careful of her, and the other should not even lift his voice!

"You will then have the honor of driving me back to town, Doctor," said Mrs. Fitzroy, gayly.

"I shall have the pleasure," was the *dévote* reply.

"To-morrow, then," continued Mr. Roanoke, "at sunrise."

"Shall we go in?" said Develin, and he gave his arm to Mrs. Fitzroy and disappeared in the shrubbery. But Madeleine did not stir. She wished indeed that the moments would root her in the rock. She had loved, she felt accusingly; been spurned; a rage was seething in her heart as she stood there.

"Madeleine!" said Roanoke. Something in the tone touched her; she remained motionless.

"Madeleine, you fill me with hope." The words were barely breathed, yet she caught them. Better he should think that than the truth. She could not answer, her voice would break. She meant to send him away.

"No, no, Mr. Roanoke;" and the rest was lost in a passionate gust of heavy weeping. He sprang across the rock, his arms folded about her, his lips burned down on those wet lids. The man's determination made you feel his power; she was so lonely, she was so tired; rest, warmth, protection; why not let him love her? She could gather no resolution—a kind of apathy settled on every faculty: she could not repulse, she could not welcome, she gave him neither glance nor whisper. Develin's voice broke the hush, calling Roanoke—forgetful of her! She had already escaped his grasp, there was a breathing-space: then he bent above her hand, and was gone.

Madeleine still stood there, still looking down. She never wished to look up again, a weight had fallen on her; hateful to her the violet sky and the light of stars; a fetter was branding and burning to the bone; she slowly raised her hand, it was blazing with the Roanoke Ring.

The dew lay heavily, a glittering clustered load upon her cloak; she turned mechanically and went in.

Dr. Develin left Mrs. Fitzroy and Mr. Roanoke still examining some strange deposit of the storm upon the rocks below. Other thoughts were beating about his brain. Should he resign her so? What if he threw aside his principles, his prejudices, and entered on this mad business of Roanoke and the others—lingered here, took part in the strife that ere the spring would break upon them—so still breathed the air she breathed, had still the chance to win her?

Miss Schaeffer sat listlessly before the piano-forte; she had thought herself alone. "How is it, Madeleine," said a voice from the deep window's embrasure, a voice that made a vibration run through all her frame as through the string at the master's hand—"how is it, Miss Schaeffer, do I go to the war, or do I not?"

Why did he ask her that? For the moment

he was to her excited feeling an enemy, striving to penetrate her shrouded secret. The effort at self-control evolved a new force, a heat, a fusing power. She did not turn her head, but her hands flashed down upon the keys once more and the music fell into the heavy-hoofed tramp and the bounding charge of cavalry, with long-winding bugle-notes and clarion peals and clashing drums, and her voice rose on the fiery-winged strain of an old French war-song—a song with which the Troubadours dashed on to victory; which Bertrand de Born had sung in the starlight and dawnlight; with which Bayard himself had struck conquest home.

"I am answered," he said:

"The red-eyed goddess, seated there, thundered th' Or-thian Song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of all that Grecian throng.
Her breath with spirits invincible did all their breasts inspire,
Blew out all darkness from their limbs, and set their hearts on fire,
And presently was bitter war more sweet a thousand times
Than any choice in hollow keels to greet their native climes."

And he stepped out on the veranda.

Miss Schaeffer said nothing, but her hands still dallied with the keys that yet thrilled from their clanging chords. Some measure was singing in her memory—reflection seemed dead within her; some old sweet tune she seemed to hear, some words once spoken resounded again: "It is the song to sing to the man you love!"

The light was soft and softer in the room; the air was like the suspended bloom of a plum; a wind came wandering in, steeped with voluptuous odors. As Dr. Develin walked the veranda there reached him a sound, a sigh of melody, that was little more than the murmuring air itself; a silver cord might shake so in the wind; a bell prolong its vibrant undulation, tone after tone having swum out on the sky in joy-bells or far midnight chimes; the faint waves rustle so along the river-shore, where heavy-hearted roses hang and shower their sweets. A honeyed, doubtful music; but a soul upbuoyed its passion. Was it some chorus rising out of the crimson depths down which the sun had sunk across those sheets of dark, mysterious water—some chorus floating over the shoals—foam-bells and bubbles and spirits of the surf? Was it the elf of twilight humming in his ear—this purple, passionate twilight, where the stars looked through? Or was it Miss Schaeffer—Miss Schaeffer softly singing the "Du Meine Seele?" Another voice rose braided with her own, and made the strain clear and strong. A moment, and then the notes fell scatteringly from Miss Schaeffer's fingers; the one voice hesitated—Great Heavens! what was she doing? hesitated and slid away into silence. A hand on either side her face drew back the head; lips curved in crimson hovered just above her own; kisses crowded to her own full-blossomed like a flower. A moment, and the head, too, slipped from his

grasp—slipped forward and leaned upon the music-rack, which the hand caught above it; and on the first finger of that hand Dr. Develin saw the Roanoke Ring scattering its baleful flames.

VIII

Essie was well of her little indisposition and over ears in mischief again long before Miss Schaeffer had fairly escaped from convalescence. But she had been dispatched for her books, and, independent as ever, the children had once more a governess. A governess who wore the ring turned in upon her finger. Something upbuoyed Miss Schaeffer. At first she used to glow; her heart would stop and bound; she thrilled through, saying, at last, at last, that Develin loved her. But then would surge up remembrance—though he loved her he was alone; though she worshiped him she was bound. She tried to lose memory and hope. Her occupation with the children required much of her time, and perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Roanoke had never been kept at such a distance before by any one as now by his *fiancée*. Capricious and varying, to-day he asked if she hated him; to-morrow, touched with contrition, she was almost tender; never quite so, for he well knew his betrothal to be but a one-sided affair. Once or twice he rebelled, and, suddenly recalling her own misery, she descended from her loftiness poor enough in spirit to wipe his feet with the hair of her head. The autumn had congealed to winter, and that was wearing away, and what with the inexorable requirements of his engagements, and what with her conduct, he was never able to get near enough to demand the date of his marriage-day. But the wheel of fortune revolves; she was not eternally destined to the ascendant. Roanoke began to ask himself if he had done well, intriguing for any woman's love. He dimly suspected some other to be enthroned in that hidden heart of hers, whether it were Cyrus Grey or Charles Develin; he belabored her soundly. Not that Patricius takes a stick to his wife—are there not a thousand gentlemanly whips, and all as effectual as that with which the Russian maid presents her bridegroom? For, as Mr. Roanoke's light thickened—as the great engine, once in motion, crashed on its way—as the lifting lever tore States asunder—as the league gathered round one devoted fort, and the time drew near when the eyes of all the civilized world were bent on the flag flying over Sumter—as all these mighty affairs gathered their dark clouds in tumult Mr. Roanoke's harassments grew too much for him: his arrogance fed with fresh fires, but his glacial composure rent by terrible fissures. He had read to some purpose that man is the master of his passions, but abuses the right of freeing his slaves. When away, as circumstances commanded, the grim onset of battles to be filled his mind; when at home, the household smarted under his rod. He had little leisure to think of love; but coming into Miss Schaeffer's presence all the clinging old thoughts overcame

him. He forgot danger, conspiracy, revolution. His passion deepened till he vaguely felt the want of answering love in her, and yet refused to acknowledge it; to acknowledge the failure of half a year's endeavor, till he became filled with an insufferable aching jealousy; till dogging her like a Thug—watching and weighing every word, every motion—never pausing to bask a moment in the possible light or twilight of love—taking to task and calling to account, not daring to believe in his desires—doubting, desperate, half wretched himself and causing her to be completely so, the tyrant of her very thoughts, he made her life a burden to her.

The poet's blood-red blossom of war with its heart of fire had burst to flower at last; battles had pronounced upon his work. Mr. Roanoke was off for the camp. As for Madeleine, womanlike, little she knew and little she cared on which side the right kept; her duty, her lot, lay with him, since she had given her fatal promise—since too late she had learned that what she had longed for was hers. 'Too late! too late! So the evening before he went she sat at his side, smiled, listened, almost endured his caress, stroked the dark lock from his brow; that morning buckled on his sword, bade him God-speed, let him hold her a moment in his arms, let him beg her to be true—she who had sacrificed so much in order to be true!—let him keep her there against his heart beating muffled and slowly, let him dint the deep impress of his lips upon her cheek, heard him murmur, "Oh, if I torture you, it is because I suffer and because I love. I love you, dear!" His arms unloosed. She was so dear to him then; she had so much cause for gratitude; he was at the moment so heroic; something, which is to love what the pale, frail March anemone is to the rose of June, budded in her soul; her eyes were full of gentle tears; they fell upon his hand; he went, and her prayers went after him.

The days flew on, with them the rumors of life and death. Geoffrey Roanoke was yet safe and well, his letters said; other letters said, a hero too. But with every day of the returning year memories rose in Madeleine's heart like the ghosts of dead days, and life became a heavier weight. One name she never heard mentioned now; what years of existence would she not have given to learn that he also was safe and well—to see him for one minute—to hear one tone of his voice! Ah, one word from him would give her such strength! Did he love her yet? Yes, yes; she was sure of it! Oh! but this was crime—! God bless him wherever he was! give him grace, give him consolation!

"So Dr. Develin didn't get North after all, Miss Schaeffer," said Essie, skipping in one morning, with a strong tendency to climb the back of Miss Schaeffer's chair. "Geoffrey says he's a traitor. But I know where he is—pretty nearly. They took him before he reached the lines, and pressed him, and he's a surgeon in the regiment that— Why, what's the matter, Miss Schaeffer? Mother! Julius! Ally! I

say—Venus! Bring some wine, Miss Schaeffer's dying! or some water, quick! Oh dear me! where's there a fan?" And in order to procure the recumbent position, which she had heard to be requisite, Essie was taken in the act of pulling the chair out from under Miss Schaeffer; for Miss Schaeffer she still continued to be, by imperial decree, and Mrs. Ediston had supposed her own sisters and brother would by-and-by have to call her Mrs. Roanoke!

It was so long since one had spoken of him the very name smote her like a blow; a dreadful fear had started into life with Essie's first words; and then the relief, and still the doubt, it was all beyond her self-restraint. As Miss Schaeffer lay there in her semi-stupor, wholly conscious yet without volition, a humming filled her ears, slowly resolved itself, and with sharpened sense she heard word for word, after the exaggerations of another dialect and a totally different class of mind, the conversation of many months before between Mrs. Fitzroy and Mr. Roanoke whispered by Venus to Miss Essie—it having been gathered from Mrs. Fitzroy's Frances, who had plainly, as Miss Essie before her, followed the primitive device of fitting her ear to keyholes.

While she heard the sentences it was a time before they had any meaning: she repeated them in her mind, and yet made nothing. All at once, with a returning rush of blood through the waiting veins it smote her; she rose on one arm and fixed the girl with her eye: "Venus, what is that you are saying?" she demanded.

The girl stared an instant, uttered some incoherence, threw her apron over her head, and ran from the room. Essie, however, was delighted to reimpart the desired information. Then Miss Schaeffer dismissed her. Her emotions were in a whirl; she dared not trust herself; she had not obtained the facts too honorably; she waited till the day should have restored her strength—till the cool night should fall over the city (for there they were already removed) before venturing to think. Then she leaned out into the great solemn starry night and begged for a little of its calm.

Few can be more wretched than Madeleine at that moment. She had at least supposed Mr. Roanoke worthy—she found herself the victim of fraud. This man had ruthlessly destroyed her school, her livelihood, her independence, her happiness, her health: this man had concerted a scheme with another woman concerning her honor: this man had almost ruined her. Now she believed that he had at the time known of Develin's love while she was ignorant of it—that it was for that he had made him the subject of a political investigation, which a word from him had spared, and driven him from home. Where Develin might be, whether he yet lived, she could not know; she could not dream that they would ever meet again—this Roanoke had separated them too surely. This she could have forgiven, but that he had deceived her; that he was an impostor upon her gratitude and faith; that where she had grown to trust him his own

act had shivered the image to dust; that he had worn a mask and coined a counterfeit of integrity; that he had betrayed her in betraying himself—this she could not forgive him. She hurled her defiance out upon the night—she wished the stars might feel it, the ether carry it, the winds cry it in Mr. Roanoke's ear.

For somewhere out under the clear, solemn starry night she knew he must be. Somewhere she saw him reposing, a lazy length, the tent-curtain flapping in the wind and looped back to let in the great camp-blaze that glittered again from answering sword and bayonet, and the flask of wine burning in its light like a mass of blood-red flame. Somewhere she saw him start, look up, go out, pace up and down the river-bank knee-deep in fragrant dew, search the crystal darkness for some sign, turn as if one plagued him, as if an ancient sorrow stung him, as if the stars knew the spell, as if the light air that shook the blossoms and waved the plummy trees and lifted and dallied with the lock upon his brow could whisper it, as if the wide calm night were in the secret. "Go into battle with a heavy heart!" sighed Madeleine Schaeffer, "for oh, Geoffrey Roanoke, I hate you!"

So once more the world was before Miss Schaeffer; but now with no use to put it to. It was not the time to think of schools; no sewing could be had, of course; water-colors there were none to buy. Want was already in the city at other boards; the wolf at the door of many a household. Yet stay in that house the betrothed of its master another day she would not! There was no work for those white hands of hers—no burden for the back, except that which it could not bear, the imposition of despair; for when it again seemed ready to desert her she clung to life as the young cling. She sat wondering at herself, recalling her trials, half accusing destiny, wholly forlorn, when the thought flashed over her of those suffering infinitely more pain than fear or hunger. She saw the gashed limb, the rushing tide of the severed artery, the little blue hole where death went in. She saw the bodies of those who had died brought into the hospital dreadfully mangled with the shattering Minié ball—invention of hell—that the nurses might learn to bind up the wounds of those who lived if they did not go mad as they learned. She saw stiff and stark, out under the midnight, shining white in the cold dew drench, the dear dead brows of those for whom mother and maid were weeping and praying, hoping and fearing; but deaf to them was prayer or praise—icy corpses whom never again should arms enfold or lips salute, whom death held, and the grave. And willing hands were needed to swathe and heal those who were left; they died, she knew, when some woman's care had saved them. Why not seek those hospitals of the field, and give her life to the salvation of countless others worth more than hers? There was work, and for sustenance the army crusts or the young ravens of heaven should take her in

charge. And why should she care to which one of the great embattled hosts she lent her labors? One was open, one was shut. Were there not human hearts behind them both, was not pain and agony the same, victor or vanquished? South as well as North were not mothers forlorn, children orphaned, wives made desolate! Would not the fallen fire leap up on some hearth when her hands raised the husband to life and sent him home for the furlough? What pure young heart would find the universe smiling round her again when she heard of the fever assuaged, of the wounds closed, of the pale face ready to bronze once more! What widow of Nain thank God in good works because her child was dead and is alive again! The tears trembled in eloquent passion as Madeleine pictured the work before her. Her experience of the year before here found its use. And so, to crown the vicissitudes of her youth, Madeleine Schaeffer became an army nurse.

IX.

The twenty-first of July had died in flame over the land. Reports of a dreadful reverse were darkly flying through the Northern wires. Friend and foe lay mingled indistinguishably, dead and dying. Along the fields, through the woods, across highways, in lonely glades, life was returning to its great fountains. Over the shadowy battle-places strange sights were seen—some prowling camp robber, some parcel of soldiers bivouacking beside their fire with a terrible chiaro-oscuro around them, into which some dying charger reared his head with starting eyes and shivering mane, and was gone again, like the thing of a medieval legend; some devoted nurse, safe as with brothers, carrying water, stanching the gash, receiving the last word; some surgeon with his staff and ambulances; grave-diggers already at their task, all half-like phantoms sheeted in growing gloom. Night deepened, the smothered winds rose again, breathed along the earth, lifted the dank tress from the face that felt their sigh no longer, wound away across field and trench where, over one long, low place, the yellow flag floated and fell with its wafts, entered among the crowded wards, curled along the fevered brows and soothed the burning lids of eyes that fixedly watched the night-lamp swinging to and fro. Nun-like figures moved between the cots, waited on knife and tourniquet and splinter, slaked raging thirsts, met the needs of the hour. No one found rest in that place yet.

She took up her little basket of lint and bandages and moved on. A curtain hung between that bed and the next, the last in the row, more breathing-place about it, over it an opening in the roof letting in a strip of sky, a wandering film of cloud entangled with a mesh of starbeams. A surgeon already bent there, examining the state of him to whom this corner had been allotted. The wounded man lay immovable, a length of granite, the hair was matted on his forehead, his arm and a part of the bed-clothing thrust across his face. As the surgeon

rose with the fiat in his eye, his glance rested on the nurse, severe and pale as any conventual, who was lifting the heavy arm aside, who with cool fingers parted the thicket of hair, gathered off the dew of pain, bathed the forehead with clear, icy water. A shudder had run through her as she had lifted down that arm—she had staggered and caught at the bedside, then had gone on with her task. The surgeon scanned her an instant; it seemed to him a wraith, an apparition—he reached his hand across to touch it.

"My God, Madeleine! Is it you?" he said.

She did not give him her hand—both were busy—she only turned her head, and with it one clear, deep glance—in it was love unfathomable, in it was trust and hope, in it peace and rest.

But at the word the man there tore the cloths away, the dark, heavy lids lifted. Mr. Roanoke rose on his arm and transfixed the look between them.

"So Develin! quits at last!" cried he, hoarse and low, and with the voice the crimson torrent of life gushed from his lips again. In a moment it was over, he leaned his head upon Madeleine's bosom; with one arm he would have bent her face to his, but it fell powerless.

"Drink," said Develin, "it is relief!"

"I want none of your potions," replied he. "This moment is peace—the next would be hell!"

"But his wound?" asked Madeleine.

The Doctor's eye said, "Deadly."

"You lie, man!" cried Roanoke. "It is you that die! I am alive! I live and throb—lier arms are about me! Ah, Madeleine!" he murmured, "you forgive me—you love me at least—ever so little you love me?"

She bent and touched his forehead with her cheek.

"On my lips, Madeleine—on my lips as breath leaves them—add my life to yours—receive my soul. Never! Never! Never! Not yours, Develin!" He half lifted his head, struck out the arm toward the other. "Mine, mine! I say! Bound, thrall'd, plighted, wedded, above ground, under, here and hereafter; and God's curse—"

A vast sigh tore its way up through the bubbling blood, the arm fell, the head drooped forward, the dead weight sunk from Madeleine's failing arm and lay prone along the couch, the two slipped upon their knees and sent up that parting soul on wings of prayer. And when they rose a steadfast planet—great and golden, climbing the open vault of sky—hung there above them to set its seal upon a finished work.

Dawn was breaking over the hills, low down among their hollows sunrise seethed and sent great auras steaming over their backs, some single ragged pine, high upon their tops, caught all the ray and stood transfigured in a miracle of fire; some red-hot jewel seemed dissolved in these ruby mists that curled up and swallowed the stars, and faded into the brightening fields of azure; great golden clouds and suffusions of

all gorgeous dye swam and mingled in a sea of glory. It was a world of color and of silence—no sound, no chirp of birds, no mad chaos of music, such as this hour of prime is wont to hear—if you listened, far off you heard the silver fall of some rill among the rills—a silent world of color, a splendid chamber of the dead—God's hush spread itself over all the scene. Ah, we pass! we sin, we rave, we die, we strike ourselves frantic against the universe, it rolls on scathless, and we are not; the glory drowns us, the gloom blots us, we pass—and each morning the great Immutable spreads its wide wings regnant over Nature. And yet we have conquered—this Nature, this matter, rejected, spurned, like the shining water-drops of the lake that the wild swan soaring shakes from his wings.

Morning was at hand; others had relieved Madeleine; she stood a moment at the door; she stepped down and moved away to the woods whence that far brook's voice might steal—if so be in any running living water she could wash away this stain of rusting blood, this grime of the dissolution of souls; cool the heated heart a moment amidst fair fresh scenes, if any such remained, or she should madden, herself. Before her eyes ever hung the ghastly visions of the night; in her ears were cries and moans, imprecations and prayers, and dreadfulest silence: she threw herself down in the long grass and hid her face there. Some little nest, uncrushed by all the iron heels of strife, whispered its half-fledged matin in her ear. She rose and found the water-source, and laved her hands as if she would incarnadine its stream. But with the calm ascendance of the hour calm gathered too about her senses; she stood, watched the great constellation that lay like a fading frosty dream in a western gap of sky, and met the sweet influences of the Pleiades.

As she lingered, a hand, a heavy hand, imposed upon her shoulder.

"Madeleine!" said a voice beside her. He had left her at that death-bed hours ago. She turned, but dared not look—and then hope, conviction, joy, all mounted like a flame. Arms folded her in; lip to lip, heart to heart, masks fallen, veils shriveled—it was he, and she loved him! Holding her, shielding her, slowly he drew the ring from her finger, dropped it deep into the running waters of the brook, and covered its place with his kisses; and Madeleine, the proud, sensitive Madeleine, looked wonderingly at the spot, as if she expected to see them hanging there like jewels, and kissed it after him.

He left the camp that day; would she go with him?

Ah, no; her place was here.

There were enough others glad and waiting to fill it.

Yet they needed her.

But he needed her so much more!

Thrice since that morning has report of Madeleine flown over the seas. Once—rapt from the past, from all the disturbed visions of the

months that were gone, in a little city of the desert, where every where great plains and lines of level distance rested heart and soul, and led them out upon the infinite—a place known as the city of roses and jasmines and lovely women. There were gardens forever green, streets tapes-tried with verdant boughs, fountains that shook the air into coolness, blossoming orange-trees that made of it nothing but a perfume, nightingales that bubbled to her through all the depth of her reveries and dreams. And when the relaxation was complete, long sandy gallops to waken her, long clambers up mountain heights, rest again by the blue and tideless sea.

The next one hears of her is where high in an old Roman palace an open casement looks out upon the carnival. A gentleman, dark and quiet, whose smile kindles his face as a rare sun-beam parts the shade, stands there, with his eyes—black, brilliant eyes full of inner fire—bent under their drooping lids upon the lady sitting there beneath him. She leans a little forward, creamy shoulders rising out of the scarlet bodice, the veil of black lace just tangled in the hair, and all the shimmer and glitter and turmoil of the scene below reflected in the pulsing carmine of her cheek, the restless glistening of her glance, till raised and meeting her husband's, the lips part and the teeth flash, and there rings out a low, lingering laugh like silver chimes.

Once more—an old fortress in the Channel Islands has resounded again to hammer and chisel, and has slowly hewn itself into a low, quaint dwelling. It is Spray Rocks again, but with the compass-points inverted—the chalky cliffs, the verdant steepes, the mass of blossoming growth smiling up to heaven some three-score miles from shore. A boat puts in with slowly-dropping sail, puts in from the sunset, where Gulf Stream and west wind have murmured the latest tidings overseas, parts the smooth sea sheeted in royal tincts, and sheds a shower of gems from either side the keel. A lady watches from the height, her face an instant interposes between him and heaven, then she comes springing down the rocky path to meet the sailor. Together they wind up the way again, together pause above the likeness of some great sea-shell that, out under the leaves and breezes, and watched by a shaggy Pan or Faun, cradles for them its pearl. One bends and bears away the pearl in her bosom, together they wind on in the fragrant alleys and falling twilight and disappear.

THE FIRST COLONIAL CONGRESS.

THE English colonies in America were engaged in a three-fold struggle for liberty and independence, individually and collectively, for more than a century after the establishment of the New England Confederacy. They were compelled to contend firmly, but most cautiously, against the jealousy and interference of the

mother country, whose policy was to keep them in a state of complete vassalage. They were compelled, secondly, to watch very vigilantly, and sometimes to fight valiantly, the savages who swarmed upon their borders; and they were compelled, thirdly, to maintain, by force of arms, at the same time their own political existence and the honor and integrity of the British realm against French rivals, who formed—by actual settlements, missionary and trading stations, and forts (each of which was a nucleus of auxiliary Indian power)—an arc of perpetual menace, sweeping through the wilderness over twenty degrees of latitude and thirty-five degrees of longitude, in magnificent curve, from Acadie to the delta of the Mississippi.

Out of their relations with the French colonies grew most of the severe contentions to which the Anglo-Americans were subjected after their bloody conflict with the New England savages in 1676, known as *King Philip's War*. An intermittent feud between England and France had existed for almost a thousand years, and at every outbreak their mutual aversion became stronger. It grew into almost international hatred; and so intimate were the relations of the colonies of the two nations in America to their respective parents that, when the latter quarreled and fell to blows, the children became warmly interested and practically engaged in the conflict. Thus it was when France offended England, in 1688, by sheltering in her bosom the Catholic King, James the Second, when driven from the throne of the Stuarts by an indignant people. The offense produced a declaration of war on the part of England, and for more than seven long years William of Orange, who took James's imperial seat, and Louis the Fourteenth waged hostilities against each other. This conflict, known as *King William's War*, was fierce and sanguinary, for there was a conflict of religious as well as of political ideas, opinions, and practices. In it the respective colonies of the two nations in America were engaged. Those of the English suffered most. By traffic, inter-marriage, and a more sensuous religious system, the French had acquired great influence over the Indians, and exerted it with terrible effect on the Northern and Eastern borders of the English settlements. The French Jesuits, with fervent zeal, excited the savages to renew their fierce warfare against the English heretics, and invited them to become the allies of the French in war. The results of that alliance were soon fearfully apparent in a pathway of blood and desolation along the frontier, marked by atrocities which stirred with hottest indignation all of the English colonies from the St. Croix to the Savannah. New England arose in her might and dealt severe retaliatory blows for herself and England—for England, notwithstanding the latter was even then planting the heel of oppression upon her neck. The Confederacy of 1643 was no more, and Massachusetts, its head and front, whose charter had been seized by a minion of King James, found herself bound hand and foot

by a new one given her by King William, in which the prerogatives of the monarch were too broadly asserted to please a free people. By it their liberties were abridged. The King reserved the right to appoint the Governor, his deputy, and the Secretary of the Colony, and of repealing the laws within three years after their passage. The people were greatly dissatisfied; yet this and nearly all the other colonies were thenceforth royal provinces—vassals to the King—until the great Revolution in 1776. But the evil, in the case of Massachusetts, was not un-mixed with good; for the theocratic element in her civil government, which fostered bigotry and intolerance, lost its power. Full liberty of conscience in the worship of God was granted to all Christian sects except Roman Catholics, and the right of suffrage was extended to others than members of Congregational churches.

King William's War ended in 1697. Four years later the exiled James died, and King Louis acknowledged his son James, commonly known as The Pretender, to be the lawful heir to the throne of England. The English sovereign was again offended, for the crown had been settled on Anne, the Protestant daughter of James. On this and another account war was declared against France. It continued eleven years, and is known in American history as *Queen Anne's War*. Again the French sent hordes of Indians upon the English frontiers. The scourge was terrible. Remote settlements were abandoned. Blood flowed in almost every valley of the New England frontier. Mutual dangers and common sufferings united the exposed New England colonies by a bond of heartiest sympathy; and in 1707 Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire coalesced in measures for defense and retaliation. Connecticut, always jealous of her individual rights, and untouched by the blight of the savage, refused to join the league. The other three colonies sent a land force to Acadie, to co-operate with an English squadron, and it was not long before the cross of St. George floated over that picturesque country. Acadie was taken from the French, annexed to England, and named Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. The conquest of all Canada from the French was now in contemplation, when war was ended by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. For thirty years afterward there was peace in America, except on the extreme Southern borders of the white settlements, and the people were left to cultivate democratic ideas and flaunt the banner of a growing independence in the faces of the obnoxious royal governors.

At the beginning of 1744 France and England were again arrayed in deadly hostility to each other, on the declaration of the former. The licentious George the Second was then on the English throne, and this conflict, which lasted about four years, is known in American history as *King George's War*. The American colonies were again disturbed by the quarrels of the mother countries, but not so extensively and disastrously as before. The energetic Shirley, Gov-

ernor of Massachusetts, bore the commission of commander-in-chief of all the British forces in North America. Regarding the English colonies collectively as a unit politically, he called upon them all to furnish troops and supplies for an expedition against the town and fortress of Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton, held by the French, and, because of its strength, called the "Gibraltar of America." Massachusetts took the lead. Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut furnished their quota of troops. New York sent artillery, and Pennsylvania provisions. In the school of common danger the inhabitants of these provinces were rapidly learning the value, importance, and absolute necessity of UNION, and perceived, not remote, but near, a growing NATION, whose arms should stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, with the lofty Alleghanies at its back.

The result of the expedition against Louisburg was highly satisfactory. The fort and town and the island of Cape Breton passed from the possession of the French forever. The pride of France was humbled. She made impotent attempts to recover her lost treasures. Her hatred for England was intensified. Peace came by treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, but it was only a hollow truce. France intended it to be such. She was then putting forth mighty energies for national aggrandizement in the Mediterranean Sea, in the East and West Indies, and in North America. She hoped that, while England was slumbering under the lullaby of the treaty, she might strike deeper into the virgin soil of the New World the roots of French empire; for already her Jesuit priests, with the banner of the cross in one hand and the truncheon of secular enterprise in the other, had penetrated the wonderful valleys of the Great West, and revealed their boundless wealth to the rulers of France.

Now, in the middle of the eighteenth century, began that great struggle between France and England for universal empire in America, known in our history as *The French and Indian War*. The French were not more than one hundred thousand in number, and were scattered in trading settlements for almost a thousand miles along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes; also at eligible points on the Mississippi River and its tributaries and the Gulf of Mexico. The English numbered more than a million. They occupied the Atlantic sea-board, in the form of agricultural communities chiefly, along a line of more than a thousand miles between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea, and far Northward toward the St. Lawrence, from the St. Mary's in Florida to the Penobscot in Maine. The trading posts and missionary stations of the French, deep in the wilderness, at first attracted very little attention; but when, after the capture of Louisburg, they built strong vessels at the foot of Lake Ontario, and commenced the erection of a cordon of fortifications, more than sixty in number, between Montreal and New Orleans, the English perceived the necessity of arousing to immediate and vigorous action. Disputes

concerning boundaries soon arose between the French and English colonists, and in 1753 they kindled into open war. The Indian tribes of the vast wildernesses became the allies of the French, except the Iroquois Confederacy of the Six Nations, in the province of New York, who had assumed the attitude of neutrality. They, too, had exhibited uneasiness, and a disposition to wed their fortunes to those of the other dusky nations.

The English Government and the Anglo-American colonies, fully awake to the impending danger, perceived the necessity for an immediate union of the several provinces against the French; also the special importance of securing the friendship or neutrality of the Six Nations, who might stand as a bulwark along the northern frontier of New York. Such union had been suggested by almost every colony in its correspondence with the Home Government; and at length, in September, 1753, the Earl of Holderness, the English Colonial Secretary, addressed a circular letter to the several colonies, proposing a convention of commissioners from each to assemble at Albany, in the province of New York, chiefly for the purpose of renewing treaties with the Six Nations. "This," wrote the Lords of Trade to the Governor of New York, when referring to it, "leads us to recommend one thing more to your attention; and that is, to take care that *all the provinces be* (if practicable) *comprised in one general treaty*, to be made in his Majesty's name, it appearing to us that the practice of *each province making a separate treaty* for itself in its own name is very improper, and may be attended with great inconvenience to his Majesty's service."

What short-sighted Lords of Trade were these! What could "Dunk Halifax, J. Grenville, and Dupplin" have been thinking about when they recommended this measure of Union? For ninety years or more the "Board of Trade and Plantations" had been trying, by oppressive navigation laws, restrictions upon colonial manufactures, and other devices, to keep the colonies weak and absolutely dependent on the mother country; now that very Board actually recommended a scheme calculated to give enormous strength to the colonies, and to direct them to the highway to absolute independence! They were unintentionally encouraged to take a bold stride toward nationality by a political union, and the assumption of *one of the most important functions of sovereignty*, namely, the making of a treaty. The hint was not lost on the colonists. It fell like fruitful seed in rich soil, and produced in the colonial mind abundant hopes of union and nationality, if not of absolute independence. The Lords of Trade contemplated only a temporary confederation for a specific purpose; the colonists thought of a "perpetual union," and construed the letter in the spirit of their desires. Lovers of freedom never take less than despotism offers them—generally more. History is full of examples of the fact. The student remembers how the bad Kieft, Director-

General of New Netherland, in his cowardly perplexity called upon the heads of families in New Amsterdam for advice, when twelve "select men" were chosen to represent the people in that first council. When the business in hand was disposed of, these councilors, to the astonishment and indignation of the fiery Governor, took into consideration some of the "grievances of the people." Constituted authority frowned upon them, but the fatal step—fatal to despotism—had been taken. The seed then planted *would* germinate. From that hour the idea of representative government in New Netherland filled the minds of the people; and a few years later, when that province was called New York, they received a *Charter of Liberties*, and their voice was ever afterward heard potentially in the affairs of state. Thus it has ever been; thus it will always be. The Spirit says to Intellect and Muscle, Be strong; Be earnest; Be faithful; Be true to the Right; for in that respect all men were "created equal." "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness" are the "inalienable rights" of every human creature. When these are denied man's divinity inquires:

"If I'm yon haughty lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?"

Let us go to the record, and learn the effect and result of Lord Holderness's circular letter.

James de Lancey, son of a Huguenot exile, a man of great energy and large fortune, was then acting-Governor of the province of New York, and upon him was imposed the task of calling a convention of commissioners from the several provinces. The city of Albany was appointed the place, and the 14th day of June, 1754, the time for the assembling of that Congress of commissioners. Only seven of the thirteen colonies responded. The representatives of these did not all arrive until the 18th, when Lieutenant-Governor De Lancey directed Secretary Banyar to invite all of the commissioners present in the city to meet him in council the next morning at the City Hall. They did so, when it was found that New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland were fully represented. The whole number appointed from those provinces was twenty-five, and they were all present.* The Council of the Governor of New York formed a part of the assembly.

The Six Nations, on whose account this council had been called, were represented by one hundred and fifty chiefs. That confederacy of un-

* The following are the names of the Commissioners from the several provinces, in the order in which their credentials were received: *New York*—James de Lancey, Joseph Murray, William Johnson, John Chambers, William Smith. *New Hampshire*—Theodore Atkinson, Richard Wibbird, Meshek Weare, Henry Sherburne, Jun. *Massachusetts Bay*—Samuel Willis, John Chandler, Oliver Partridge, John Worthington. *Connecticut*—William Pitkin, Roger Wolcott, Elisha Williams. *Rhode Island*—Stephen Hopkins, Martin Howard, Jun. *Maryland*—Benjamin Tasker, Abraham Barnes. *Pennsylvania*—John Penn, Richard Peters, Isaac Norris, Benjamin Franklin.

lettered pagans was a marvel. It was found by the Europeans, when they first came, in all its perfection. They called themselves *Aquamus-chioni*—"united people"—and claimed to have sprung from the soil on which they dwelt, like the trees of the wilderness. Their confederacy was composed of separate independent communities, having distinct municipal laws, like the United Provinces of Holland. No nation of the League held a pre-eminence. They were originally five republics, confederated for mutual defense and conquest, and were known as the Five Nations until they were joined by the Tuscaroras from North Carolina, their kinsmen and friends, early in the last century. Then they became the Six Nations, called respectively, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras. Each nation was divided into three tribes or families, distinguished by separate *totems* or heraldic insignia. They called their confederacy the Long House. The eastern door was kept by the Mohawks, the western by the Senecas, the most warlike and yet the most civilized of all. The great Council Fire, or Federal head, was with the Onondagas, not far from the present city of Syracuse. Their power was known and felt over the whole region eastward of the Mississippi to the most remote tribes on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They possessed an exalted spirit of liberty, and spurned with disdain every foreign and domestic shackle of control. Almost a hundred years before Jefferson wrote the *Declaration of Independence* Garangula, a venerable Onondaga sachem, said to the Governor-General of Canada, who had menaced the confederacy with destruction, "WE ARE BORN FREE! We neither depend on Yonondio [Governor of Canada] nor Corlear [Governor of New York]. We may go *where* we please, and carry with us *whom* we please, and buy and sell *what* we please." Such were the people whose friendship the English Government and the Anglo-American colonists now sought. Their representatives appeared in the Congress at Albany, led by Hendrick, a gray-haired and much-loved Mohawk warrior and orator, who gave his life the next year at Lake George in testimony of his faithfulness to the pledges he and his people now made to the English.

De Lancey presided over the deliberations of the Congress. The Indian business was first taken up, and the discussion of it occupied several days. Hendrick was the chief speaker on the part of the savages. He was bold as well as eloquent, and frankly assured the Congress that the neglect of the Six Nations by the white people, and their delay in erecting defenses against the French during the long years of bitter personal and political strife which had cursed the province of New York, had almost lost to the English the friendship of the Iroquois Confederacy. Full one-half of the Onondagas had withdrawn and joined the French at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, in Northern New York, and many of the Mohawks were kept from doing likewise only by the exertions of Hendrick

and his immediate friends. When, therefore, the Governor of New York, in his speech to the Indians, which was interpreted by Myndert Schuyler, hinted that the Six Nations did not increase their power at the expense of the enemy, Hendrick indignantly replied: "It is your fault, Brothers, that we are not strengthened by conquest. We would have gone and taken Crown Point, but you hindered us. We had concluded to go and take it, but we were told it was too late, and that the ice would not bear us. Instead of this, you burned your own fort at Saratoga and ran away from it, which was a shame and a scandal. Look around your country and see: you have no fortifications about you—no, not even to this city. You have asked us," he continued, "the reason of our living in this dispersed manner. The reason is your neglecting us these three years past." Then casting a stick behind him, he said: "You have thus thrown us behind your back and disregarded us, whereas the French are a subtle and vigilant people, ever using their utmost endeavors to seduce and bring our people over to them. Look at the French! They are *men*; they are fortifying every where. But, we are ashamed to say it, you are like *women*, bare and open, without any fortifications. It is but one step from Canada hither, and the French may easily come and turn you out of doors."

This was wholesome rebuke for De Lancey and others who had been long engaged in partisan and personal contests, to the detriment of the province. It was listened to with patience, and mutual promises of good conduct were given. The treaties were renewed, and Hendrick, speaking for the Six Nations, said: "We return you all our grateful acknowledgments for renewing and brightening our covenant chain. We will take this belt to Onondaga [the Federal capital of the Six Nations], where our council-fire always burns, and keep it so securely that neither thunder nor lightning shall break it. There we will consult over it, and we hope when you show this belt again we shall give you reason to rejoice at it. In the mean time we desire that you will strengthen yourselves, and bring as many into this covenant chain as you possibly can."

With the renewal of the treaties with the Six Nations the principal business of the Congress, contemplated by the Home Government, was concluded. But the commissioners had a topic for consideration, which the Lords of Trade had suggested in part, of far greater ultimate importance than the friendship of *all* the savage tribes on the continent. It was that of a political union of all the colonies, not for immediate use only, as the British Government desired, but for all time. Some of the colonists had long thought of the measure. The New England Confederacy of 1643 had been practically suggestive. As early as 1697 the wise William Penn had proposed an *annual Congress of all the provinces on the continent, with power to regulate commerce*. For ten years Samuel Adams, of

Massachusetts, had been advocating it; and the delegates of his province were instructed to propose the measure in the Congress. Franklin had thought much and spoken frequently on the subject ever since the kindling of King George's War, ten years before, when Shirley called upon all the colonies for collective aid. And a month before the assembling of the Congress, after narrating in his *Pennsylvania Gazette* the encroachments of the French in the Ohio country, and urging union to resist their aggressions, he said: "The confidence of the French in this undertaking seems well-founded in the present disunited state of the British colonies, and the extreme difficulty of bringing so many different governments and assemblies to agree in any speedy and effectual measures for our common defense and security; while our enemies have the very great advantage of being under one direction, with one council and one purse." To give force to his suggestions Franklin printed at the end of this article a significant wood-cut, the design of which was used with great effect at the head of newspapers at the beginning of the Revolution. It represented a snake separated into thirteen parts, on each of which was the initial of one of the thirteen colonies. Under the snake were the suggestive words, *JOIN OR DIE*.

On the 24th of June the Congress, by unanimous vote, declared that a union of the colonies was "absolutely necessary for their security and defense;" and they appointed a committee "to prepare and receive plans or schemes" for that purpose, and to "digest them into one general plan" for the inspection of the Congress. The committee was composed of one delegate from each colony represented in the Congress, and one member of the Council of the Governor of New York. Dr. Franklin was the representative of Pennsylvania in that committee, and at their first meeting he submitted a "Plan of proposed union of the several Colonies, for their mutual defense and security, and for extending the British Settlements in North America," which he had digested, carefully prepared, and submitted to the judgment of some leading men in New York whom he considered "gentlemen of great knowledge in public affairs." Franklin's plan was regarded with so much favor by his associates that they adopted it as the voice of the Committee. It was reported to the Congress on the 10th of July, and paragraph by paragraph debated all day, and adopted. It proposed that a Union should be established by an act of Parliament; that the government should be administered by a President-General appointed and supported by the Crown, assisted by a Grand Council to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies when met in their respective Assemblies; that the Council should consist of forty-eight members, the number for each colony being determined at first by the population, twenty-five being a quorum for the transaction of business;* that the

city of Philadelphia should, for the present, be the Federal capital; that there should be a new election for the Grand Council every three years, the number from each colony being proportioned to the amount of contributions of each to the public treasury, and in case of a vacancy the place might be supplied at the next sitting of the Assembly of the colony to be represented; that at no time should any colony have more than seven nor less than two members, the apportionment to vary within these limits with the ratio of pecuniary contributions; that the Grand Council should meet at least once in every year, or might be summoned to meet by the President-General, on an emergency, when he should obtain the consent in writing of seven of the members, and due notice sent to all; that the Grand Council should have power to choose their own Speakers, and should neither be dissolved nor prorogued, nor made to sit longer than six weeks at one time without their own consent or the special command of the Crown; that ten shillings a day should be allowed to the members of the Grand Council for their services during their sessions, or journey to and from their place of meeting, twenty miles to be reckoned a day's journey; that the assent of the President-General should be requisite to all acts of the Grand Council, and that it should be his office and duty to cause them to be carried into execution; that the President-General, with the advice and consent of the Grand Council or Senate, should have the appointment of all military officers, the management of Indian treaties, and of all Indian affairs in general; that the Grand Council should make laws for regulating new settlements or territories, until the Crown should think fit to form them into governments; that the Grand Council should have control of the armies, the apportionment of men and money, and to enact laws in conformity with the British Constitution, and not in contravention of statutes passed by the imperial Parliament; that all laws should be transmitted to the King in Council for approbation, as soon as may be after their passage, and if not disapproved within three years after presentation to remain in force; that the general accounts should be yearly settled and reported to the several Assemblies; that in the event of the death of the President-General, the Speaker of the Grand Council, or President of the Senate, should succeed him, and be vested with the same power and authority, until the pleasure of the King should be made known; that all military officers for land or sea service to act under the Constitution should be nominated by the President-General, but be commissioned only when they receive the approbation of the Grand Council; that all civil officers should be nominated by the Grand Council, and receive the President-General's approbation be-

5; Rhode Island, 2; New York, 4; New Jersey, 3; Pennsylvania, 6; Maryland, 4; Virginia, 7; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 4. Georgia had then been settled only about twenty years, and was not accounted a separate colony in the proposed Union.

* The following was the apportionment then proposed: Massachusetts Bay, 7; New Hampshire, 2; Connecticut,

fore they should officiate; that vacancies in any province might be filled by the Governor thereof, subject to the approval of the General Council; that the particular military and civil establishments in each colony should remain undisturbed; and that in sudden emergencies any colony might defend itself, the expense thereof, according to the judgment of the President-General and Grand Council, to be laid upon the General Government.

This *Plan of Union* was approved by all the delegates except those from Connecticut. De Lancey, the royalist, opposed it, because the Governors of the several provinces were deprived by it of a negative on all elections to the Grand Council—a privilege that would have placed the colonists at the mercy of their royal rulers. This *Plan*, it will be observed, was a sort of compromise between Monarchy and Democratic Republicanism. It recognized the supremacy of the Crown, but granted to the people the right of representation and self-taxation, and of legislation of every kind; subject, however, to the negative of the King in council. It was an attempt to lay the foundations of an independent State upon the rock of the Rights of Man, without trenching sufficiently upon the acknowledged prerogatives of the Crown to incur its hostility. It failed. Although it was cherished in the Congress as the work of a patriotic statesman, and a foster-child of which they might be proud, and the citizens of New York filled the ears of Franklin with compliments when he landed in that city from an Albany sloop on the 17th of July, when it was submitted to the several Colonial Assemblies who represented the American people, and to the Lords of Trade who were the oracles of the Crown in the matter, both rejected it. The Assemblies looked upon it with little favor, because, jealous of their individual rights, they repelled the overruling influence of a central power even though it should be created by themselves. It did not assert a national independence, which had been the topic of many a day-dream in the colonies for a hundred years; and they were afraid that, in addition to the already oppressive power of the Crown, they might be subjected to a tyranny nearer and more potential in the form of that dreaded central power. So they rejected it.

The Lords of Trade saw in the plan too much of the democratic idea and a proclivity to national independence. They were astonished at the presumption of the Congress; and they not only did not lay the *Plan* before the King, but submitted a new one highly repugnant to the Americans. They proposed that the Governors of all the colonies, attended by one or two members of their respective councils, should assemble in congress, concert measures for the public defense, erect forts where they judged proper, and raise what troops they thought necessary, with power to draw on the British exchequer for the sums that should be wanted, the treasury to be reimbursed by a tax laid on the colonies by act of Parliament! "The Assemblies," said Frank-

lin, "all thought there was too much *prerogative* in the *Plan*, and in England it was thought to have too much of the *democratic*." On that account he considered his plan near the true medium.

The plan of the Lords of Trade, embodying the earliest-devised scheme for directly taxing the English colonies in America, was communicated to Dr. Franklin by Governor Shirley, and drew from the former, five months after the adjournment of the Congress at Albany, an able letter to the latter "on the imposition of direct taxes upon the colonies without their consent." In this letter he maintained, in effect, the grand postulate on which the colonists rested for justification when, a few years later, they hurled the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of the British Ministry; namely, *TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS TYRANNY*.

Although the Congress at Albany failed in efforts to establish a national government, and the bright visions of the people faded into dim dissolving views for the moment, their hopes and resolution were not diminished. The foundations of a future independent State were laid deeply in the minds and hearts of all thoughtful men. The idea of nationality was one of immense power, and it began a revolution which took no retrograde step. The Seven Years' War that ensued caused a wonderful moral and material development of the resources of the colonists, and revealed to them their innate strength. It trained for future struggles for the right many a brave soldier on whom they might rely; and when peace was established by treaty in 1763, the Anglo-American colonists felt such a consciousness of strength that when, two years later, their representatives assembled in another Colonial Congress, they talked boldly of *RIGHTS* instead of *EXPEDIENTS*.

NOT AT MY EXPENSE.

"I CAN'T stand that any longer, and I won't," said I, in a determined way, moving back from the window.

"Can't stand what, Mr. Goldsmith?" asked my wife, pausing in her half-made toilet, and looking at me curiously.

"People may enjoy themselves riding out in the breezy morning, but not at my expense." I shut my teeth hard and contracted my eyebrows; for I was moved by an impulse of sudden anger.

"Who is riding out at your expense, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"The man who went clattering by just now. Every morning he goes past, with head and body erect, saucy and defiant. How he can look an honest man in the face from such an elevation is more than I am able to understand. And he sha'n't do it long. I've made up my mind to that. I can't afford to take horseback rides in the morning, and nobody else shall do so at my expense."

"Why do you say at your expense?" quietly

asked my wife. When I am disturbed she is usually calm. A fortunate circumstance, as I have had occasion many times to know.

"He's in my debt: that's why I say it," was my answer.

"Oh! I understand."

My wife said only this, but her tone was not satisfactory. Somehow it let into my mind a perception that what I had said did not lift me higher in her regard.

"And he sha'n't keep a fast horse at my expense," I further said, in a dogged manner. Now that word *fast* was thrown in to make weight on the side of my indignation; for touching the animal's speed I was in the dark. "When a man fails and cheats his creditors it's about time to leave the road to honest men."

"Who is it?" inquired my wife.

"His name is Cline."

"Edward Cline?"

"Yes. He was in the firm of Pettis, James, and Co. They made a bad failure of it. My loss was nearly five hundred dollars."

"He married Lucy Jardin," said my wife, not taking the five hundred dollars any more into account than if the loss had been five hundred cents, much to my annoyance. The fact is, Mrs. Goldsmith is not a worldly-minded woman. She doesn't care a great deal for fine dress or fine furniture. Isn't, in fact, half as much in the love of appearances as I am. She provokes me dreadfully with her indifference to these things sometimes. But it might be worse, of course. The other extreme I should find a little expensive.

"I believe so," was my cold reply.

"Poor Lucy! We were school-girls, and I was very fond of her. What is her husband doing?"

"Clerking it, I'm told."

My wife sighed.

"And enjoying himself with a fine horse at my expense," I threw in, with a severity of tone that, knowing Mrs. Goldsmith as I do, must have hurt her gentle nature, even though I meant nothing against herself.

"He was not in very good health, I believe, at the time of their marriage."

"I don't know any thing about that," said I, indifferently. The fact is, I was feeling so hard toward Mr. Cline, that it was scarcely possible to interest me favorably in any thing that concerned him.

The subject was not a pleasant one to discuss with my wife, and so it was dropped. She doesn't sympathize with me in matters of business and gain to the degree I would like. Sometimes she annoys me so much by this want of sympathy that I am tempted to say things, which, if said, it would grieve me to remember. Generally I manage to keep silent.

On my way to the store, after dinner, I called at the office of a lawyer, and placed my claim against the late firm of Pettis, James, and Co. in his hand, and told him to make what he could out of it.

"Cline keeps a fast trotter," said I, "which doesn't look well for a clerk. He's retained a few nest-eggs, no doubt. I can't afford to keep a horse; and I don't feel inclined to let any body else keep one at my expense. You can seize the horse at any rate."

"If he doesn't sell it before we get judgment."

"Is there no process by which an attachment can be at once issued?" I inquired.

"None," answered the lawyer. "And I'm afraid you'll make yourself costs for nothing. Cline will hardly wait until judgment is obtained before parting with his horse. Our execution will be returned by the sheriff as worthless."

"No matter," said I; "he sha'n't ride a fine horse at my expense. I've settled that point. For the last two weeks he's gone dashing, jauntily, past my house every morning as grand as a prince, and I won't stand it any longer."

So the suit was brought. I didn't get the horse; but there was no more riding out in the morning. Mr. Cline had to come down to the level of his creditor and walk if he desired an airing. What did I gain by all this? you ask. I might answer: The satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Cline was compelled to walk at his own expense instead of riding at mine. But truth compels me to say that I did not receive much pleasure from this view of the case. It was not half so comforting as I had believed it would be. I was disquieted by the transaction. Suggestions, not a shadow of which intruded before, were now cast into my thoughts, and I could not put them away.

I did not see any thing more of Mr. Cline for nearly two months after the morning horseback rides were given up. But in spite of many efforts to put him out of my mind I could not remove the unpleasant subject. One day I met him on the street. We came face to face suddenly, recognizing each other with cold formality. This meeting did not add to my comfortable feelings. I would not have taken the impression it left with me in exchange for twenty horses—no, nor for twenty score. The thin, almost colorless face, and the large bright eyes that flashed into mine, haunted me all day long.

A few days afterward I met him again. We looked at each other, nodded distantly, and passed. His appearance troubled me. "Why so?" I asked of myself. "What is Mr. Cline to me?" A suspicion of the truth was crowding in upon me, but I sought to keep it out.

"I saw my old friend Mrs. Cline to-day," said my wife, a week or two later. I glanced toward her but made no remark. Her countenance was not animated.

"She called at Mrs. Everett's while I was there. I was very glad to see her. It is such a long time since we met before. Poor Lucy! She is in a great deal of trouble about her husband."

"What of her husband?" I asked, covering by an assumed hardness of manner the real interest I felt.

"He's in very bad health."

"Ah! Is he?"

"Yes. Confinement at the desk for over ten hours a day is simply destroying his life: so Lucy says. They would break up and go into the country—where he could be out of doors a great deal, and get that exercise in the open air which is essential to his health—but they have five little children, and all their dependence is on Mr. Cline's salary. The change on which his very life depends they can not make. Their case is a very hard one, and I've been sad over it ever since I saw Lucy."

I made no response, and Mrs. Goldsmith said nothing farther on the subject. Of course I felt uncomfortable. I am not cruel; only a little hard, at times, in exacting my own, and not always as considerate toward the unfortunate as genuine humanity would prompt. The fact is, I can never put clearly out of my mind a suspicion of wrong when I do not get my own. I pay every body honestly, and expect every body to pay me honestly. Failing to receive what is justly my due I lapse into the impression that wrong is intended, which often induces a line of conduct that my feelings can not afterward approve. That it was so in the present case I need not affirm. I saw things under certain changed relations. The morning rides on horseback had been to Mr. Cline as essential as food. They made an item of cost in his living that could no more be dispensed with safely than the item for meat or bread. Taking my constitution and state of health, horseback-riding might be indulged or dispensed with, and only slight difference of loss and gain appear. This contrast in the two cases, now so clearly seen, troubled me not a little.

But as I had not seized Mr. Cline's horse—only made it necessary for him to part with the animal to prevent my seizing it under execution—I could not see the way clear in any act looking to the restoration of a state of things which my unfortunate proceeding had disturbed. So I pushed the matter resolutely aside. But the consequences of our acts continually witness against us. I had done wrong; and the wrong lifted its hands and cried out.

It so happened now that I met Mr. Cline, on my way to and from business, almost every day. We seemed to have adopted the same hour for dining, and to occupy about the same time at our meals. To get rid of his pale, rebuking face, and of his large bright eyes, that seemed to look at me accusingly, I altered my dinner-time, so that it might come half an hour later.

The sound of hoofs were in the street one morning at half past six o'clock. I looked forth with interest. No circumstance could have given more pleasure than the sight of Mr. Cline on horseback. He might have ridden the gayest animal in town without annoyance to me. But the pale clerk was not out for an airing. I turned from the window with a sigh, thinking of his wasting form and of his five little children.

"I will make him the present of a horse!"

said I, under the impulse of troubled feelings. And I turned this hastily-formed purpose over in my thoughts, but soon dismissed it as out of the question. Of course he would not accept a horse from me. Why should he?

"That young man of yours has a bad cough," said I, listening toward the counting-room, from which came the sound that had arrested my attention. I had called upon a merchant for the transaction of some business.

"Yes," he answered, with a slight change of manner; "a cough that will soon take him to his grave, poor fellow!"

Our business conversation was then resumed.

"Dreadful!" I could not help ejaculating, as another paroxysm of coughing seized the clerk.

"It is very painful," said the merchant, showing nearly as much annoyance as sympathy. "The fact is, he is not fit to work, and ought to be at home instead of in the counting-room. I've intimated as much several times; but he will come, day after day, and tie himself down to the desk, though it is killing him."

"Has he a family?" I asked.

"Yes; a wife and five children," replied the merchant.

"Oh dear! That is bad."

"Yes, a hard case enough, and I'm very sorry for him. It's Mr. Cline, lately in the firm of Pettis, James, and Co. He had a few thousand dollars left him by an aunt, and Pettis and James took him in for the sake of his capital, which was lost in a year or two. He is a high-toned, honorable man, and the failure hurt him a great deal more than the loss of his money; for it was a bad failure, as you are aware. Well, you see, after he was thrown out I gave him a place in my counting-room. But confinement at the desk soon began to break him down, and his doctor said that he must ride on horseback every morning. He made some demur, on the ground of his condition as a debtor, and said that it would subject him to unfavorable judgments in the minds of certain people. I joined with the doctor, who is my own physician, in overruling that view of the case, and went so far as to advance money to purchase a horse. The morning rides worked to a charm. He gained in flesh, and went through his counting-house labors without further apparent detriment to health. But this was not to last. A keensighted creditor of Pettis, James, and Co. discovered that he was keeping a fast horse and enjoying himself at his expense; so he pounced on him, in order to get the horse. The poor fellow broke down at this, sold the animal, and returned the advance I had made. I offered to buy it back, and hold it as my own, he simply to pay the stable-keeper's bill, and use the animal as before. To this he would not consent. 'It will only subject me to misunderstanding and annoyance,' he replied. 'I will walk in the mornings; that will keep me up.' But the walks exhausted instead of invigorating him. He's been running down very rapidly ever since, and is past all hope, I fear, of benefit from med-

icine, exercise, or change. It's a hard case; and there are many more as hard. This pressing of unfortunates to the wall is a cruel process, Mr. Goldsmith, and often entails great wrongs and sufferings. Better let two rogues escape than crush the life out of an honest man lying helpless at your feet."

I answered nothing. There ensued a pause; then I went back to business, and, finishing that, retired. In all the city there was scarcely a more unhappy man. The wrong I had done was irreparable. Money would not restore health or life.

This morning—two months more had passed—my wife, looking up from the paper she was reading with a startled air, said, in a tone of grief,

"Mr. Cline is dead."

"Dead!" It seemed as if an arrow had penetrated my soul.

"He died yesterday. Poor Lucy! what will she do with those five little children?"

Tears were in Mrs. Goldsmith's eyes.

I turned my face away, not willing that its expression should be seen.

Dead! dead! With what force the word struck against me! I staggered at the blow. All day I have felt weak and bewildered. I am suffering from an interior distress that no consideration of the case relieves. Dead! dead! What a shiver runs through my nerves! Five little ones thrown upon the world fatherless! That wrong will lift itself continually and cry out after me with an unceasing demand for retribution. Dead! dead!

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW OF NEMESIS.

IT was the lazy afternoon time on the seventh of September, more than two months after the day on which Romola and Tito had confessed their love to each other.

Tito, just descended into Nello's shop, had found the barber stretched on the bench with his cap over his eyes: one leg was drawn up, and the other had slipped toward the ground, having apparently carried with it a manuscript volume of verse, which lay with its leaves crushed. In a corner sat Sandro, playing a game at *mora* by himself, and watching the slow reply of his left fingers to the arithmetical demands of his right with solemn-eyed interest.

Treading with the gentlest step, Tito snatched up the lute, and bending over the barber, touched the strings lightly while he sang,

"Quant' è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza."

Nello was as easily awaked as a bird. The cap was off his eyes in an instant, and he started up.

"Ah, my Apollino! I am somewhat late with my siesta on this hot day, it seems. That comes of not going to sleep in the natural way, but taking a potion of potent poesy. Hear you, how I am beginning to match my words by the initial letter, like a *trovatore*? That is one of my bad symptoms: I am sorely afraid that the good wine of my understanding is going to run off at the spigot of authorship, and I shall be left an

empty cask with an odor of drugs, like many another incomparable genius of my acquaintance. What is it, my Orpheus?" here Nello stretched out his arms to their full length, and then brought them round till his hands grasped Tito's curls, and drew them out playfully. "What is it you want of your well-tamed Nello? For I perceive a coaxing sound in that soft strain of yours. Let me see the very needle's eye of your desire, as the sublime poet says, that I may thread it."

"That is but a tailor's image of your sublime poet's," said Tito, still letting his fingers fall in a light dropping way on the strings. "But you have divined the reason of my affectionate impatience to see your eyes open. I want you to give me an extra touch of your art—not on my chin, no; but on the *zazzera*, which is as tangled as your Florentine politics. You have an adroit way of inserting your comb, which flatters the skin, and stirs the animal spirits agreeably in that region; and a little of your most delicate orange scent would not be amiss, for I am bound to the Scala palace, and am to present myself in radiant company. The young Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici is to be there, and he brings with him a certain young Bernardo Dovizi of Bibbiena, whose wit is so rapid that I see no way of outrivaling it save by the scent of orange blossoms."

Nello had already seized and flourished his comb, and pushed Tito gently backward into the chair, wrapping the cloth round him.

"Never talk of rivalry, *bel giovane mio*: Bernardo Dovizi is a keen youngster, who will never carry a net out to catch the wind; but he has something of the same sharp-muzzled look as his brother Ser Piero da Bibbiena, the weasel that Piero de' Medici keeps at his beck to slip through small holes for him. No! you distance all rivals, and may soon touch the sky with your

* "Beauteous is life in blossom!
And it fleeteth—fleeteth ever;
Whoso would be joyful—let him!
There's no surety for the morrow."
Carnival Song by Lorenzo dei Medici.

forefinger. They tell me you have even carried enough honey with you to sweeten the sour Messer Angelo; for he has pronounced you less of an ass than might have been expected, considering there is such a good understanding between you and the Secretary."

"And between ourselves, *Nello mio*, that Messer Angelo has more genius and erudition than I can find in all the other Florentine scholars put together. It may answer very well for them to cry me up now, when Poliziano is beaten down with grief, or illness, or something else; I can try a flight with such a sparrow-hawk as Pietro Crinito, but for Poliziano, he is a large-beaked eagle who would swallow me, feathers and all, and not feel any difference."

"I will not contradict your modesty there, if you will have it so; but you don't expect us clever Florentines to keep saying the same things over again every day of our lives, as we must do if we always told the truth. We cry down Dante, and we cry up Francesco Cei, just for the sake of variety; and if we cry you up as a new Poliziano, Heaven has taken care that it shall not be quite so great a lie as it might have been. And are you not a pattern of virtue in this wicked city? with your ears double-waxed against all siren invitations that would lure you from the Via de' Bardi, and the great work which is to astonish posterity?"

"Posterity in good truth, whom it will probably astonish as the universe does, by the impossibility of seeing what was the plan of it."

"Yes, something like that was being prophesied here the other day. Cristoforo Landino said that the excellent Bardo was one of those scholars who lie overthrown in their learning, like cavaliers in heavy armor, and then get angry because they are overridden—which pithy remark, it seems to me, was not an herb out of his own garden; for of all men, for feeding one with an empty spoon and gagging one with vain expectation by long discourse, Messer Cristoforo is the pearl. Ecco! you are perfect now." Here Nello drew away the cloth. "Impossible to add a grace more! But love is not always to be fed on learning, eh? I shall have to dress the *zazzera* for the betrothal before long—is it not true?"

"Perhaps," said Tito, smiling, "unless Messer Bernardo should next recommend Bardo to require that I should yoke a lion and a wild boar to the car of the Zecca before I can win my Alcestis; though I confess he is right in holding me unworthy of Romola; she is a Pleiad that may grow dim by marrying any mortal."

"*Gnaffè*, your modesty is in the right place there. Yet Fate seems to have measured and chiseled you for the niche that was left empty by the old man's son, who, by-the-way, Cronaca was telling me, is now at San Marco. Did you know?"

A slight electric shock passed through Tito as he rose from the chair, but it was not outwardly perceptible, for he immediately stooped to pick up the fallen book, and busied his fingers with flattening the leaves, while he said.

"No: he was at Fiesole, I thought. Are you sure he is come back to San Marco?"

"Cronaca is my authority," said Nello, with a shrug. "I don't frequent that sanctuary, but he does. Ah," he added, taking the book from Tito's hands, "my poor Nencia da Barberino! It jars your scholarly feelings to see the pages dog's-eared. I was lulled to sleep by the well-rhymed charms of that rustic maiden—'prettier than the turnip-flower,' 'with a cheek more savory than cheese.' But to get such a well-scented notion of the *contadina* one must lie on velvet cushions in the Via Larga—not go to look at the Fierucoloni stumping in to the Piazza della Nunziata this evening after sundown."

"And pray who are the Fierucoloni?" said Tito, indifferently, settling his cap.

"The *contadine* who come from the mountains of Pistoia, and the Casentino, and Heaven knows where, to keep their vigil in the church of the Nunziata and sell their yarn and dried mushrooms at the Fierucola (petty fair), as we call it. They make a queer show, with their paper lanterns, howling their hymns to the Virgin on this eve of her nativity—if you had the leisure to see them. No?—well, I have had enough of it myself, for there is wild work in the Piazza. One may happen to get a stone or two about one's ears or shins without asking for it, and I was never fond of that pressing attention. Addio."

Tito carried a little uneasiness with him on his visit, which ended earlier than he had expected, the boy-cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, youngest of red-hatted fathers, who has since presented his broad dark cheek very conspicuously to posterity as Pope Leo the Tenth, having been detained at his favorite pastime of the chase, and having failed to appear. It still wanted half an hour of sunset as he left the door of the Scala palace, with the intention of proceeding forthwith to the Via de' Bardi, but he had not gone far when, to his astonishment, he saw Romola advancing toward him along the Borgo Pinti.

She wore a thick black veil and black mantle, but it was impossible to mistake her figure and her walk; and by her side was a short, stout form, which he recognized as that of Monna Brigida, in spite of the unusual plainness of her attire. Romola had not been bred up to devotional observances, and the occasions on which she took the air elsewhere than under the loggia on the roof of the house were so rare and so much dwelt on beforehand, because of Bardo's dislike to be left without her, that Tito felt sure there must have been some sudden and urgent ground for an absence of which he had heard nothing the day before. She saw him through her veil and hastened her steps.

"Romola, has any thing happened?" said Tito, turning to walk by her side.

She did not answer at the first moment, and Monna Brigida broke in.

"Ah, Messer Tito, you do well to turn round, for we are in haste. And is it not a misfortune?"

we are obliged to go round by the walls and turn up the Via del Maglio, because of the *Fiera*; for the contadine coming in block up the way by the Nunziata, which would have taken us to San Marco in half the time."

Tito's heart gave a great bound, and began to beat violently.

"Romola," he said, in a lower tone, "are you going to San Marco?"

They were now out of the Borgo Pinti and were under the city walls, where they had wide gardens on their left hand, and all was quiet. Romola put aside her veil for the sake of breathing the air, and he could see the subdued agitation in her face.

"Yes, *Tito mio*," she said, looking directly at him with sad eyes. "For the first time I am doing something unknown to my father. It comforts me that I have met you, for at least I can tell you. But if you are going to him it will be well for you not to say that you met me. He thinks I am only gone to the *cugina*, because she sent for me. I left my godfather with him: he knows where I am going, and why. You remember that evening when my brother's name was mentioned and my father spoke of him to you?"

"Yes," said Tito, in a low tone. There was a strange complication in his mental state. His heart sank at the probability that a great change was coming over his prospects, while at the same time his thoughts were darting over a hundred details of the course he would take when the change had come—and yet he returned Romola's gaze with a hungry sense that it might be the last time she would ever bend it on him with full, unquestioning confidence.

"The *cugina* had heard that he was come back, and the evening before—the evening of San Giovanni—as I afterward found, he had been seen by our good Maso near the door of our house; but when Maso went to inquire at San Marco, Dino, that is, my brother—he was christened Bernardino, after our godfather, but now he calls himself Fra Luca—had been taken to the monastery at Fiesole, because he was ill. But this morning a message came to Maso, saying that he was come back to San Marco, and Maso went to him there. He is very ill, and he has adjured me to go and see him. I can not refuse it, though I hold him guilty: I still remember how I loved him when I was a little girl, before I knew that he would forsake my father. And perhaps he has some word of penitence to send by me. It cost me a struggle to act in opposition to my father's feeling, which I have always held to be just. I am almost sure you will think I have chosen rightly, Tito, because I have noticed that your nature is less rigid than mine, and nothing makes you angry: it would cost you less to be forgiving; though, if you had seen your father forsaken by one to whom he had given his chief love—by one in whom he had planted his labor and his hopes—forsaken when his need was becoming greatest—even you, Tito, would find it hard to forgive."

What could he say? He was not equal to the hypocrisy of telling Romola that such offenses ought not to be pardoned; and he had not the courage to utter any words of dissuasion.

"You are right, my Romola; you are always right, except in thinking too well of me."

There was really some genuineness in those last words, and Tito looked very beautiful as he uttered them, with an unusual pallor in his face, and a slight quivering of his lip. Romola, interpreting all things largely, like a mind prepossessed with high beliefs, had a tearful brightness in her eyes as she looked at them, touched with keen joy that he felt so strongly whatever she felt. But without pausing in her walk, she said,

"And now, Tito, I wish you to leave me, for the *cugina* and I shall be less noticed if we enter the piazza alone."

"Yes, it were better you should leave us," said Monna Brigida; "for to say the truth, Messer Tito, all eyes follow you, and let Romola muffle herself as she will, every one wants to see what there is under her veil, for she has that way of walking like a procession. Not that I find fault with her for it, only it doesn't suit my steps. And, indeed, I would rather not have us seen going to San Marco, and that's why I am dressed as if I were one of the *piagnoni* themselves, and as old as Sant' Anna; for if it had been any body but poor Dino, who ought to be forgiven if he's dying, for what's the use of having a grudge against dead people?—make them feel while they live, say I—"

No one made a scruple of interrupting Monna Brigida, and Tito, having just raised Romola's hand to his lips, and said, "I understand, I obey you," now turned away, lifting his cap—a sign of reverence rarely made at that time by native Florentines, and which excited Bernardo del Nero's contempt for Tito as a fawning Greek; while to Romola, who loved homage, it gave him an exceptional grace.

He was half glad of the dismissal, half disposed to cling to Romola to the last moment in which she would love him without suspicion. For it seemed to him certain that this brother would before all things want to know, and that Romola would before all things confide to him, what was her father's position and her own after the years which must have brought so much change. She would tell him that she was soon to be publicly betrothed to a young scholar, who was to fill up the place left vacant long ago by a wandering son. He foresaw the impulse that would prompt Romola to dwell on that prospect, and what would follow on the mention of the future husband's name. Fra Luca would tell all he knew and conjectured, and Tito saw no possible falsity by which he could now ward off the worst consequences of his former dissimulation. It was all over with his prospects in Florence. There was Messer Bernardo del Nero, who would be delighted at seeing confirmed the wisdom of his advice about deferring the betrothal until Tito's character and position had been established by a longer residence; and the

history of the young Greek professor, whose benefactor was in slavery, would be the talk under every loggia. For the first time in his life he felt too fevered and agitated to trust his power of self-command; he gave up his intended visit to Bardo, and walked up and down under the walls until the yellow light in the west had quite faded, when, without any distinct purpose, he took the first turning, which happened to be the Via San Sebastiano, leading him directly toward the Piazza dell' Annunziata. He was at one of those lawless moments which come to us all if we have no guide but desire, and the pathway where desire leads us seems suddenly closed; he was ready to follow any beckoning that offered him an immediate purpose.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PEASANTS' FAIR.

THE moving crowd and the strange mixture of noises that burst on him at the entrance of the piazza, reminded Tito of what Nello had said to him about the Fierucoloni, and he pushed his way into the crowd with a sort of pleasure in the hooting and elbowing that filled the empty moments, and dulled that calculation of the future which had so new a dreariness for him, as he foresaw himself wandering away solitary in pursuit of some unknown fortune, that his thought had even glanced toward going in search of Baldassarre after all.

At each of the opposite inlets he saw people struggling into the piazza, while above them paper lanterns, held aloft on sticks, were waving uncertainly to and fro. A rude monotonous chant made a distinctly traceable strand of noise, across which screams, whistles, gibing chants in piping boyish voices, the beating of *nacchere* or drums, and the ringing of little bells, met each other in confused din. Every now and then one of the dim floating lights disappeared with a smash from a stone lanced more or less vaguely in pursuit of mischief, followed by a scream and renewed shouts. But on the outskirts of the whirling tumult there were groups who were keeping this vigil of the Nativity of the Virgin in a more methodical manner than by fitful stone-throwing and gibing. Certain ragged men, darting a hard, sharp glance around them while their tongues rattled merrily, were inviting country people to game with them on fair and open-handed terms; two masquerading figures on stilts, who had snatched lanterns from the crowd, were swaying the lights to and fro in meteoric fashion, as they strode hither and thither; a sage trader was doing a profitable business at a small covered stall, in hot *berlingozzi*, a favorite farinaceous delicacy; one man standing on a barrel, with his back firmly planted against a pillar of the loggia in front of the Foundling Hospital (*Spedale degl' Innocenti*), was selling efficacious pills, invented by a doctor of Salerno, warranted to prevent toothache and death by

drowning; and not far off, against another pillar, a tumbler was showing off his tricks on a small platform; while a handful of 'prentices, despising the slack entertainment of guerrilla stone-throwing, were having a private concentrated match of that favorite Florentine sport at the narrow entrance of the Via de' Febbrai.

Tito, obliged to make his way through chance openings in the crowd, found himself at one moment close to the trotting procession of bare-footed, hard-heeled contadine, and could see their sun-dried, bronzed faces, and their strange fragmentary garb, dim with hereditary dirt, and of obsolete stuffs and fashions, that made them look, in the eyes of the city people, like a way-worn ancestry returning from a pilgrimage on which they had set out a century ago. Just then it was the hardy, scant-feeding peasant-women from the mountains of Pistoia, who were entering with a year's labor in a moderate bundle on their backs, and in their hearts that meagre hope of good and that wide dim fear of harm, which were somehow to be cared for by the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous image, painted by the angels, was to have the curtain drawn away from it on this Eve of her Nativity, that its potency might stream forth without obstruction.

At another moment he was forced away toward the boundary of the piazza, where the more stationary candidates for attention and small coin had judiciously placed themselves, in order to be safe in their rear. Among these Tito recognized his acquaintance Bratti, who stood with his back against a pillar and his mouth pursed up in disdainful silence, eying every one who approached him with a cold glance of superiority, and keeping his hand fast on a serge covering, which concealed the contents of the basket slung before him. Rather surprised at a deportment so unusual in an anxious trader, Tito went nearer and saw two women go up to Bratti's basket with a look of curiosity, whereupon the peddler drew the covering tighter, and looked another way. It was quite too provoking, and one of the women was fain to ask what there was in his basket?

"Before I answer that, Monna, I must know whether you mean to buy. I can't show such wares as mine in this fair for every fly to settle on and pay nothing. My goods are a little too choice for that. Besides, I've only two left, and I've no mind to sell them; for with the chances of the pestilence that wise men talk of, there is likelihood of their being worth their weight in gold. No, no; *andate con Dio*."

The two women looked at each other.

"And what may be the price?" said the second.

"Not within what you are likely to have in your purse, buona donna," said Bratti, in a compassionately supercilious tone. "I recommend you to trust in Messer Domeneddio and the saints; poor people can do no better for themselves."

"Not so poor!" said the second woman, in-

dignantly, drawing out her money-bag. "Come, now! what do you say to a *grosso*?"

"I say you may get twenty-one *quattrini* for it," said Bratti, coolly; "but not of me, for I haven't got that small change."

"Come; two, then?" said the woman, getting exasperated, while her companion looked at her with some envy. "It will hardly be above two, I think."

After further bidding, and further mercantile coquetry, Bratti put on an air of concession.

"Since you've set your mind on it," he said, slowly raising the cover. "I should be loth to do you a mischief; for Maestro Gabbadeo used to say, when a woman sets her mind on a thing and doesn't get it, she's in worse danger of the pestilence than before. *Ecco!* I have but two left; and let me tell you, the fellow to them is on the finger of Maestro Gabbadeo, who is gone to Bologna—as wise a doctor as sits at any door."

The precious objects were two clumsy iron rings, beaten into the fashion of old Roman rings such as were sometimes disinterred. The rust on them, and the entirely hidden character of their potency, were so satisfactory, that the *grossi* were paid without grumbling, and the first woman, destitute of those handsome coins, succeeded after much show of reluctance on Bratti's part in driving a bargain with some of her yarn, and carried off the remaining ring in triumph. Bratti covered up his basket, which was now filled with miscellanies, probably obtained under the same sort of circumstances as the yarn, and moving from his pillar, came suddenly upon Tito, who, if he had had time, would have chosen to avoid recognition.

"By the head of San Giovanni, now," said Bratti, drawing Tito back to the pillar, "this is a piece of luck. For I was talking of you this morning, Messer Greco; but, I said, he is mounted up among the *signori* now—and I'm glad of it, for I was at the bottom of his fortune—but I can rarely get speech of him, for he's not to be caught lying on the stones now—not he! But it's your luck, not mine, Messer Greco, save and except some small trifle to satisfy me for my trouble in the transaction."

"You speak in riddles, Bratti," said Tito. "Remember, I don't sharpen my wits, as you do, by driving hard bargains for iron rings: you must be plain."

"By the Holy 'Vangels! it was an easy bargain I gave them. If a Hebrew gets thirty-two per cent., I hope a Christian may get a little more. If I had not borne a conscience, I should have got twice the money and twice the yarn. But, talking of rings, it is your ring—that very ring you've got on your finger—that I could get you a purchaser for—ay, and a purchaser with a deep money-bag."

"Truly?" said Tito, looking at his ring, and listening.

"A Genoese who is going straight away into Hungary, as I understand. He came and looked all over my shop to see if I had any old things

I didn't know the price of; I warrant you, he thought I had a pumpkin on my shoulders. He had been rummaging all the shops in Florence. And he had a ring on—not like yours, but something of the same fashion; and as he was talking of rings, I said I knew a fine young man, who was a particular acquaintance of mine, who had a ring of that sort. And he said, 'Who is he, pray? Tell him I'll give him his price for it.' And I thought of going after you to Nello's to-morrow; for it's my opinion of you, Messer Greco, that you're not one who'd see the Arno run broth, and stand by without dipping your finger."

Tito had lost no word of what Bratti had said, yet his mind had been very busy all the while. Why should he keep the ring? It had been a mere sentiment, a mere fancy, that had prevented him from selling it with the other gems; if he had been wiser and had sold it, he might perhaps have escaped that identification by Fra Luca. It was true that it had been taken from Baldassarre's finger and put on his as soon as his young hand had grown to the needful size; but there was really no valid good to any body in those superstitious scruples about inanimate objects. The ring had helped toward the recognition of him. Tito had begun to dislike recognition, which was a claim from the past. This foreigner's offer, if he would really give a good price, was an opportunity for getting rid of the ring without the trouble of seeking a purchaser.

"You speak with your usual wisdom, Bratti," said Tito. "I have no objection to hear what your Genoese will offer. But when and where shall I have speech of him?"

"To-morrow, at three hours after sunrise, he will be at my shop, and if your wits are of that sharpness, I have always taken them to be, Messer Greco, you will ask him a heavy price. For he minds not money; it's my belief he's buying for somebody else, and not for himself—perhaps for some great signor."

"*Sta bene*," said Tito. "I will be at your shop if nothing hinders."

"And you will doubtless deal nobly by me for old acquaintance' sake, Messer Greco, so I will not stay to fix the small sum you will give me in token of my service in the matter. It seems to me a thousand years now till I get out of the piazza, for a fair is a dull, not to say a wicked thing, when one has no more goods to sell."

Tito made a hasty sign of assent and adieu, and moving away from the pillar, again found himself pushed toward the middle of the piazza and back again, without the power of determining his own course. In this zigzag way he was carried along to the end of the piazza opposite the church, where, in a deep recess formed by an irregularity in the line of houses, an entertainment was going forward which seemed to be especially attractive to the crowd. Loud bursts of laughter interrupted a monologue which was sometimes slow and oratorical, at others rattling and buffoonish. Here a girl was being pushed

THE PEASANTS' FAIR.



forward into the inner circle with apparent reluctance, and there a loud laughing minx was finding a way with her own elbows. It was a strange light that was spread over the piazza. There were the pale stars breaking out above, and the dim waving lanterns below, leaving all objects indistinct except when they were seen close under the fitfully moving lights; but in this recess there was a stronger light, against which the heads of the encircling spectators stood in dark relief as Tito was gradually pushed toward them, while above them rose the head

of a man wearing a white mitre with yellow cabalistic figures upon it.

"Behold, my children!" Tito heard him saying; "behold your opportunity! neglect not the holy sacrament of matrimony when it can be had for the small sum of a white quattrino—the cheapest matrimony ever offered, and dissolved by special bull beforehand at every man's own will and pleasure. Behold the bull!" Here the speaker held up a piece of parchment with huge seals attached to it. "Behold the Indulgence granted by his Holiness Alexander

the Sixth, who, being newly elected Pope for his peculiar piety, intends to reform and purify the Church, and wisely begins by abolishing that priestly abuse which keeps too large a share of this privileged matrimony to the clergy and stints the laity. Spit once, my sons, and pay a white quattrino! This is the whole and sole price of the indulgence. The quattrino is the only difference the Holy Father allows to be put any longer between us and the clergy—who spit and pay nothing."

Tito thought he knew the voice, which had a peculiarly sharp ring, but the face was too much in shadow from the lights behind for him to be sure of the features. Stepping as near as he could, he saw within the circle behind the speaker an altar-like table raised on a small platform, and covered with a red drapery stitched all over with yellow cabalistical figures. Half a dozen thin tapers burned at the back of this table, which had a conjuring apparatus scattered over it, a large open book in the centre, and at one of the front angles a monkey fastened by a cord to a small ring and holding a small taper, which in his incessant fidgety movements fell more or less aslant, while an impish boy in a white surplice occupied himself chiefly in cuffing the monkey and adjusting the taper. The man in the mitre also wore a surplice, and over it a chasuble on which the signs of the zodiac were rudely marked in black upon a yellow ground. Tito was sure now that he recognized the sharp upward-tending angles of the face under the mitre: it was that of Maestro Vaiano, the *cerretano*, from whom he had rescued Tessa. Pretty little Tessa! Perhaps she too had come in among the troops of *contadine*?

"Come, my maidens! This is the time for the pretty who can have many chances, and for the ill-favored who have few. Matrimony to be had hot, eaten, and done with as easily as *berlingozzi*! And see!" here the conjuror held up a cluster of tiny bags. "To every bride I give a *Breve* with a secret in it—the secret alone worth the money you pay for the matrimony. The secret how to—no, no, I will not tell you what the secret is about, and that makes it a double secret. Hang it round your neck if you like, and never look at it; I don't say *that* will not be the best, for then you will see many things you don't expect: though if you open it (you may break your leg—*è vero*), but you will know a secret! Something nobody knows but me! And mark—I give you the *Breve*, I don't sell it, as many another holy man would: the quattrino is for the matrimony, and the *Breve* you get for nothing. *Orsù, giovanetti*, come like dutiful sons of the Church and buy the indulgence of his Holiness Alexander the Sixth."

This buffoonery just fitted the taste of the audience: the *fierucola* was but a small occasion, so the townsmen might be contented with jokes that were rather less indecent than those they were accustomed to hear at every carnival, put into easy rhyme by the Magnifico and his poetic satellites; while the women, over and above

any relish of the fun, really began to have an itch for the *Breve*. Several couples had already gone through the ceremony, in which the conjuror's solemn gibberish and grimaces over the open book, the antics of the monkey, and even the preliminary spitting, had called forth peals of laughter; and now a well-looking, merry-eyed youth of seventeen, in a loose tunic and a red cap, pushed forward, holding by the hand a plump brunette, whose scanty ragged dress displayed her round arms and legs very picturesquely.

"Fetter us without delay, maestro!" said the youth, "for I have got to take my bride home and paint her under the light of a lantern."

"Ha! Mariotto, my son, I commend your pious observance....." The conjuror was going on, when a loud chattering behind warned him that an unpleasant crisis had arisen with his monkey.

The temper of that imperfect acolyth was a little tried by the overactive discipline of his colleague in the surplice, and a sudden cuff administered as his taper fell to a horizontal position, caused him to leap back with a violence that proved too much for the slackened knot by which his cord was fastened. His first leap was to the other end of the table, from which position his remonstrances were so threatening that the imp in the surplice took up a wand by way of an equivalent threat, whereupon the monkey leaped on to the head of a tall woman in the fore-ground, dropping his taper by the way, and chattering with increased emphasis from that eminence. Great was the screaming and confusion, not a few of the spectators having a vague dread of the Maestro's monkey, as capable of more hidden mischief than mere teeth and claws could inflict; and the conjuror himself was in some alarm lest any harm should happen to his familiar. In the scuffle to seize the monkey's string Tito got out of the circle, and, not caring to contend for his place again, he allowed himself to be gradually pushed toward the church of the Nunziata, and to enter among the worshipers.

The brilliant illumination within seemed to press upon his eyes with palpable force after the pale scattered lights and broad shadows of the piazza, and for the first minute or two he could see nothing distinctly. That yellow splendor was in itself something supernal and heavenly to some of the peasant-women, for whom half the sky was hidden by mountains, and who went to bed in the twilight; and the uninterrupted chant from the choir was repose to the ear after the hellish hubbub of the crowd outside. Gradually the scene became clearer, though still there was a thin yellow haze from incense mingling with the breath of the multitude. In a chapel on the left hand of the nave, wreathed with silver lamps, was seen unveiled the miraculous fresco of the Annunciation, which, in Tito's oblique view of it from the right-hand side of the nave, seemed dark with the excess of light

around it. The whole area of the great church was filled with peasant-women, some kneeling, some standing; the coarse bronzed skins and the dingy clothing of the rougher dwellers on the mountains contrasting with the softer-lined faces and white or red head-drapery of the well-to-do dwellers in the valley, who were scattered in irregular groups. And spreading high and far over the walls and ceiling there was another multitude, also pressing close against each other, that they might be nearer the potent Virgin: it was the crowd of votive waxen images, the effigies of great personages, clothed in their habit as they lived: Florentines of high name in their black silk *luccho*, as when they sat in council; popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, and famous condottieri with plumed morion seated on their chargers; all notable strangers who passed through Florence or had aught to do with its affairs—Mohammedans, even, in well-tolerated companionship with Christian cavaliers; some of them with faces blackened and robes tattered by the corroding breath of centuries, others fresh and bright in new red mantle or steel corselet, the exact doubles of the living. And wedged in with all these were detached arms, legs, hands, and other members, with only here and there a gap where some image had been removed for public disgrace, or had fallen ominously, as Lorenzo's had done six months before. It was a perfect resurrection-swarm of remote mortals and fragments of mortals, reflecting, in their varying degrees of freshness, the sombre dinginess and sprinkled brightness of the crowd below.

Tito's glance wandered over the wide multitude in search of something. He had already thought of Tessa, and the white hoods suggested the possibility that he might detect her face under one of them. It was at least a thought to be courted rather than the vision of Romola looking at him with changed eyes. But he searched in vain; and he was leaving the church, weary of a scene which had no variety, when, just against the door-way, he caught sight of Tessa, only two yards off him. She was kneeling with her back against the wall, behind a group of peasant-women, who were standing and looking for a spot nearer to the sacred image. Her head hung a little aside with a look of weariness, and her blue eyes were directed rather absently toward an altar-piece where the Archangel Michael stood in his armor, with young face and floating hair, among bearded and tonsured saints. Her right hand, holding a bunch of cocoons, fell by her side listlessly, and her round cheek was pale, either by the light or by the weariness that was expressed in her attitude: her lips were pressed poutingly together, and every now and then her eyelids half fell: she was a large image of a sweet sleepy child. Tito felt an irresistible desire to go up to her and get her pretty trusting looks and prattle: this creature, who was without moral judgments that could condemn him, whose little loving ignorant soul made a world apart, where he might feel in free-

dom from suspicious and exacting demands, had a new attraction for him now. She seemed a refuge from the threatened isolation that would come with disgrace. He glanced cautiously round to assure himself that Monna Ghita was not near, and then, slipping quietly to her side, knelt on one knee, and said, in the softest voice, "Tessa!"

She hardly started, any more than she would have started at a soft breeze that fanned her gently when she was needing it. She turned her head and saw Tito's face close to her, very much more beautiful than the Archangel Michael, who was so mighty and so good that he lived with the Madonna and all the saints, and was prayed to along with them. She smiled in happy silence, for that nearness of Tito quite filled her mind.

"My little Tessa! you look very tired. How long have you been kneeling here?"

She seemed to be collecting her thoughts for a minute or two, and at last she said—

"I'm very hungry."

"Come, then; come with me."

He lifted her from her knees, and led her out under the cloisters surrounding the atrium, which were then open, and not yet adorned with the frescos of Andrea del Sarto.

"How is it you are all by yourself, and so hungry, Tessa?"

"The *madre* is ill; she has very bad pains in her legs, and sent me to bring these cocoons to the Santissima Nunziata, because they're so wonderful; see!"—she held up the bunch of cocoons, which were arranged with fortuitous regularity on a stem—"and she had kept them to bring them herself, but she couldn't, and so she sent me because she thinks the Holy Madonna may take away her pains; and somebody took my bag with the bread and chestnuts in it, and the people pushed me back, and I was so frightened coming in the crowd, and I couldn't get any where near the Holy Madonna, to give the cocoons to the *padre*, but I must—oh, I must!"

"Yes, my little Tessa, you shall take them; but come first and let me give you some *berlin-gozzi*. There are some to be had not far off."

"Where did you come from?" said Tessa, a little bewildered. "I thought you would never come to me again, because you never came to the Mercato for milk any more. I set myself *Aves* to say, to see if they would bring you back, but I left off because they didn't."

"You see I come when you want some one to take care of you, Tessa. Perhaps the *Aves* fetched me, only it took them a long while. But what shall you do if you are here all alone? Where shall you go?"

"Oh, I shall stay and sleep in the church—a great many of them do—in the church and all about here—I did once when I came with my mother; and the *patrigno* is coming with the mules in the morning."

They were out in the piazza now, where the crowd was rather less riotous than before, and the lights were fewer, the stream of pilgrims

having ceased. Tessa clung fast to Tito's arm in satisfied silence, while he led her toward the stall where he remembered seeing the eatables. Their way was the easier because there was just now a great rush toward the middle of the piazza, where the masked figures on stilts had found space to execute a dance. It was very pretty to see the guileless thing giving her cocoons into Tito's hand and then eating her *berlingozzi* with the relish of a hungry child. Tito had really come to take care of her, as he did before, and that wonderful happiness of being with him had begun again for her. Her hunger was soon appeased, all the sooner for the new stimulus of happiness that had roused her from her languor; and as they turned away from the stall she said nothing about going into the church again, but looked round as if the sights in the piazza were not without attraction to her now she was safe under Tito's arm.

"How can they do that?" she exclaimed, looking up at the dancers on stilts. Then, after a minute's silence, "Do you think Saint Christopher helps them?"

"Perhaps. What do you think about it, Tessa?" said Tito, slipping his right arm round her, and looking down at her fondly.

"Because Saint Christopher is so very tall; and he is very good: if any body looks at him he takes care of them all day. He is on the wall of the church—too tall to stand up there—but I saw him walking through the streets one San Giovanni, carrying the little *Gesù*."

"You pretty pigeon! Do you think any body could help taking care of you, if you looked at them?"

"Shall you always come and take care of me?" said Tessa, turning her face up to him as he crushed her cheek with his left hand. "And shall you always be a long while first?"

Tito was conscious that some by-standers were laughing at them, and though the license of street fun among artists and young men of the wealthier sort, as well as among the populace, made few adventures exceptional, still less disreputable, he chose to move away toward the end of the piazza.

"Perhaps I shall come again to you very soon, Tessa," he answered, rather dreamily, when they had moved away. He was thinking that when all the rest had turned their backs upon him it would be pleasant to have this little creature adoring him and nestling against him. The absence of presumptuous self-conceit in Tito made him feel all the more defenseless under prospective obloquy: he needed soft looks and caresses too much ever to be impudent.

"In the Mercato?" said Tessa. "Not to-morrow morning, because the *patrigno* will be there, and he is so cross. Oh! but you have money, and he will not be cross if you buy some salad. And there are some chestnuts. Do you like chestnuts?"

He said nothing, but continued to look down at her with a dreamy gentleness, and Tessa felt herself in a state of delicious wonder; every

thing seemed as new as if she were being carried on a chariot of clouds.

"*Santissima Vergine!*" she exclaimed again, presently; "there is a holy father like the Bishop I saw at Prato."

Tito looked up too, and saw that he had unconsciously advanced to within a few yards of the conjuror, Maestro Vaiano, who, for the moment, was forsaken by the crowd. His face was turned away from them, and he was occupied with the apparatus on his altar or table, preparing a new diversion by the time the interest in the dancing should be exhausted. The monkey was imprisoned under the red cloth, out of reach of mischief, and the youngster in the white surplice was holding a sort of dish or salver, from which his master was taking some ingredient. The altar-like table, with its gorgeous cloth, the row of tapers, the sham episcopal costume, the surpliced attendant, and even the very movements of the mitred figure, as he alternately bent his head and then raised something before the lights, were a sufficiently near parody of sacred things to rouse poor little Tessa's veneration; and there was some additional awe produced by the mystery of their apparition in this spot, for when she had seen an altar in the street before, it had been on Corpus Christi Day, and there had been a procession to account for it. She crossed herself, and looked up at Tito, but then, as if she had had time for reflection, said, "It is because of the *Natività*."

Meanwhile Vaiano had turned round, raising his hands to his mitre with the intention of changing his dress, when his quick eye recognized Tito and Tessa, who were both looking at him, their faces being shone upon by the light of his tapers while his own was in shadow.

"Ha! my children!" he said, instantly, stretching out his hands in a benedictory attitude, "you are come to be married. I commend your penitence—the blessing of Holy Church can never come too late."

But while he was speaking he had taken in the whole meaning of Tessa's attitude and expression, and he discerned an opportunity for a new kind of joke which required him to be cautious and solemn.

"Should you like to be married to me, Tessa?" said Tito, softly, half enjoying the comedy, as he saw the pretty childish seriousness on her face, half prompted by hazy provisions which belonged to the intoxication of despair.

He felt her vibrating before she looked up at him and said, timidly, "Will you let me?"

He answered only by a smile, and by leading her forward in front of the *cerretano*, who seeing an excellent jest in Tessa's evident delusion, assumed a surpassing sacerdotal solemnity, and went through the mimic ceremony with a liberal expenditure of *lingua furbesca* or thieves' Latin. But some symptoms of a new movement in the crowd urged him to bring it to a speedy conclusion and dismiss them with hands outstretched in a benedictory attitude over their kneeling figures. Tito, disposed always to cultivate good-

will, though it might be the least select, put a piece of four *grossi* into his hand as he moved away, and was thanked by a look which, the conjuror felt sure, conveyed a perfect understanding of the whole affair.

But Tito himself was very far from that understanding, and did not, in fact, know whether, the next moment, he should tell Tessa of the joke and laugh at her for a little goose, or whether he should let her delusion last, and see what would come of it—see what she would say and do next.

"Then you will not go away from me again," said Tessa, after they had walked a few steps, "and you will take me to where you live." She spoke meditatively, and not in a questioning tone. But presently she added, "I must go back once to the *madre*, though, to tell her I brought the cocoons, and that I'm married, and shall not go back again."

Tito felt the necessity of speaking now; and, in the rapid thought prompted by that necessity, he saw that by undeceiving Tessa he should be robbing himself of some at least of that pretty trustfulness which might, by-and-by, be his only haven from contempt. It would spoil Tessa to make her the least particle wiser or more suspicious.

"Yes, my little Tessa," he said, caressingly, "you must go back to the *madre*; but you must not tell her you are married—you must keep that a secret from every body; else some very great harm would happen to me, and you would never see me again."

She looked up at him with pale fear in her face.

"You must go back and feed your goats and mules, and do just as you have always done before, and say no word to any one about me."

The corners of her mouth fell a little.

"And then, perhaps, I shall come and take care of you again when you want me, as I did before. But you must do just what I tell you, else you will not see me again."

"Yes, I will, I will," she said, in a loud whisper, frightened at that blank prospect.

They were silent a little while, and then Tessa, looking at her hand, said,

"The *madre* wears a betrothal ring. She went to church and had it put on, and then after that, another day, she was married. And so did the cousin Nannina. But then *she* married Gollo," added the poor little thing, entangled in the difficult comparison between her own case and others within her experience.

"But you must not wear a betrothal ring, my Tessa, because no one must know you are married," said Tito, feeling some insistence necessary. "And the *buona fortuna* I gave you did just as well for betrothal. Some people are betrothed with rings and some are not."

"Yes, it is true, they would see the ring," said Tessa, trying to convince herself that a thing she would like very much was really not good for her.

They were now near the entrance of the church

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again, and she remembered her cocoons which were still in Tito's hand.

"Ah, you must give me the *boto*," she said; "and we must go in, and I must take it to the *padre*, and I must tell the rest of my beads, because I was too tired before."

"Yes, you must go in, Tessa; but I will not go in. I must leave you now," said Tito, too fevered and weary to re-enter that stifling heat, and feeling that this was the least difficult way of parting with her.

"And not come back? Oh, where do you go?" Tessa's mind had never formed an image of his whereabouts or his doings when she did not see him: he had vanished, and her thought, instead of following him, had staid in the same spot where he was with her.

"I shall come back some time, Tessa," said Tito, taking her under the cloisters to the door of the church. "You must not cry—you must go to sleep when you have said your beads. And here is money to buy your breakfast. Now kiss me, and look happy; else I shall not come again."

She made a great effort over herself as she put up her lips to kiss him, and submitted to be gently turned round, with her face toward the door of the church. Tito saw her enter; and then, with a shrug at his own resolution, leaned against a pillar, took off his cap, rubbed his hair backward, and wondered where Romola was now, and what she was thinking of him. Poor little Tessa had disappeared behind the curtain among the crowd of *contadine*; but the love which formed one web with all his worldly hopes—with the ambitions and pleasures that must make the solid part of his days—the love that was identified with his larger self—was not to be banished from his consciousness. Even to the man who presents the most elastic resistance to whatever is unpleasant there will come moments when the pressure from without is too strong for him, and he must feel the smart and the bruise in spite of himself. Such a moment had come to Tito. There was no possible attitude of mind, no scheme of action, by which the uprooting of all his newly-planted hopes could be made otherwise than painful.

OUR COUSINS FROM BOSTON.

SISTER KATE tied Muffin to the fence, and we went through Mr. Tidd's whitewashed gate across the clean porch into the little, dark entry. Here a sizzling and sputtering, together with the smell of hot lard, made us aware that Miss Ruth was frying dough-nuts even before we entered the kitchen. Yes! there she was, quaint and homely as ever, lean and long, with a hump on her shoulder which made her look as though her face was accidentally put on wrong side before.

"Well now, if you hain't come and caught me right in the suds, as it were! I wouldn't have my work round clean into the heat of the day; but you see brother relishes a warm nut-

cake with his cup of tea, so I most generally fry up a plateful along middle of the afternoon," said the honest soul, in a tone of cheerful content.

Miss Ruth Tidd supposed that Mr. Boaz Tidd, her twin-brother, was the axis on which the world revolved (or would, if she had suspected there was an axis needed for such a purpose), and she treated him with the consideration due such an important part in the economy of nature.

"We want to cross the river. Where is Mr. Tidd?" asked Kate.

"Brother is out a-weedin' in the garding; I'll call him," replied Miss Ruth, taking a large conch shell from a shelf high up in the porch, on which she blew so shrill a blast that Mr. Tidd soon appeared, puffing and wheezing with the exertion of carrying two hundred and odd pounds of body.

After the death of the paternal Tidds, the other ten brothers and sisters renouncing all interest in the Tidd estate, the twins came into peaceful and undivided possession of the little brown ferry-house and four surrounding acres of land. But farther back, in their muscular division, there had been a compromise, whereby Boaz had taken all the flesh and Ruth all the bones.

"Wa'al, what's to pay now?" said Boaz Tidd, dropping into a chair and fanning himself with his hat.

"Why, here's the Smith girls want to get over the river, brother," answered Miss Ruth, brisker than ever from contrast, and not a bit out of breath.

"Expecting friends on the cars?" asked Mr. Tidd, looking at me.

"Yes, Sir," said I, briefly, that his taste and talent for investigation might be indulged.

"I thought's likely," he returned. "Your folks have a sight of company on the cars—wonder if they make it pay. Folks from down below?"

"Yes, Sir," returned Kate.

"Clean from Boston, like enough?"

She assented.

"Wa'al, now, it must seem kinder nice to 'em to get out of the noise and dirt of the city into a still place like this-ere. Be they relations o' yourn?"

Kate gave an impatient shrug of the shoulders at this continued plying of the catechism; so I spoke up before she had time to otherwise express any disgust, and informed Mr. Tidd we were expecting our cousin, Frederic Dalrymple, with his wife and two children.

"Cousin by your father's side or your mother's side?" continued the imperturbable catechiser.

Kate groaned (she was always deficient in the grace of patience), but the noise of the oars covered the sound, and I helped them by answering quickly,

"Mr. Dalrymple is my mother's nephew, and Mrs. Dalrymple is a niece of father's."

This curious phenomenon of consanguinity afforded a subject for Mr. Tidd's contemplation during a full minute, and by that time we had reached the opposite bank, and his next question was half drowned in the grating of the boat upon the sands as we stepped ashore.

"What business does your cousin follow when he is to home?"

"He is a shoe-dealer," I answered, following Kate up the river bank, and directly losing sight of the red boat with its white sail, and the fat figure of the old man, in his blue cotton frock and overalls, stooping to fasten his boat to the shore.

We had been waiting among the blackberry-vines on a great rock within the shadow of the trees for some minutes before we heard the puffing which heralded the coming of Mr. Tidd.

"I stopped at the saw-mill down here and borrowed a wheel-barrow, for I thought's like enough your folks would have a trunk or two. City folks most generally fetch along a lot of traps and finery to show off afore us plowjoggers," said he, quite breathless, as he seated himself upon the wheel-barrow.

"You said your cousin was in the shoe business," he continued. "Now who knows but he would be willing to put a patch on a boot for me while he is here? I wouldn't stand upon paying him what it's worth, and thank him too."

Kate laughed out, and then pretended she heard the car-whistle to distract our attention from it, while I gravely explained that Mr. Dalrymple did not *make* shoes, he only *sold* them. Pretty soon the engine really whistled, and directly we saw a graceful, waving line of smoke, and heard the rattle of the coming train that stopped before the platform, with an impatient shriek at the delay.

Fred jumped off, handed down Helen and the children, and, while we welcomed them, two great trunks and two little ones were thrown off. Then the train with another shriek moved away, and in a moment had passed around a curve and was out of sight, leaving behind it a quiet landscape, where the only life was the grazing cattle, with here and there a farmer in his field, and the birds, startled from their nests by the sudden uproar, that now flew lazily back again.

"Silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound,"

said Cousin Fred, stretching himself and shaking off the dust.

"I don't see any dépôt! I want some water!" said Miss Julia, who seemed quite overcome by the care of a large wax doll.

"We do not have to depend on dépôts for water; I will get you some that is nice and cold at a spring down the road," said Kate, taking her hand. But the child pulled back.

"I wish to ride in a coach," said she.

"Well, we must cross the river first," replied Kate, in her most winning manner.

I expected the quiet and coolness of the road through the woods, where a lively little brook went with us to the river, would seem delicious

after the noisy, dusty ride; but Cousin Helen looked too tired out and languid to endure even this short walk, and Master Willie, who was two years old and teething, of course, poor baby! was wailing and fretting with a cinder in his eye. Cousin Fred was constantly tantalized by the birds, which took such excellent positions for a shot; while Julia was in distress because the dress of Josephina, the doll, was tumbled, and she was afraid the little darling was tired, or had a sick headache; and thus she managed to keep up a state of artificial affliction about that mess of wax and muslin, till I was secretly glad when her father threatened to throw it into the river if she didn't stop.

"Now, Fred, how can you?" interposed his wife. "I was not allowed any childhood myself, and I am determined my children shall enjoy theirs. Don't be unhappy, Julia, dear. You know papa would not injure Josephina."

When we pushed off from the shore Julia screamed, for she had mistaken the boat for a wharf, and thought we were all being washed away together.

"I don't see but what city folks are just as green, come to get 'em out into the country, as country folks be in the city," said Mr. Tidd, laughing till his fat sides shook like a toad's.

When we were nearly across Kate heard Mr. Tidd say, in reply to some remark of Cousin Fred's,

"Wa'al, I s'pose the law allows me to tax ten cents; but there was them-ere trunks I wheeled down, and I don't commonly refuse it if folks pay me a trifle over; I let 'em if they insist upon it;" and he gave another wheezy laugh.

Fred tossed him a quarter as he sprang on to the bank, not heeding Kate's look of remonstrance.

"Father pays by the year at the ferry, and the settlement didn't belong to you. We don't want you overstepping your place here, young man," said she.

"Don't you know, Katharine, the young fellows like to have a chance to make a show of their money before the girls?" said Mr. Tidd, laughing as though he had made a great joke. He always regarded strangers crossing his ferry—especially if from a city—as his lawful prey.

"Oh my! I don't think this is much of a coach, with only one horse!" exclaimed Julia, tossing her small head scornfully, when we came to where Muffin and the carryall stood.

But Miss finally condescended to get in; and presently we heard an outbreak from the back seat, where she rode with her mother and Willie.

"I must ride in front; Josephina can't see any thing back here; neither can I."

Her father and mother coaxed some, but the matter ended by my changing seats with her. Hereupon Master Willie set up a cry to go in front too, and finally prevailed. Julia, however, had not yet arrived at perfect happiness. The sun got in her eyes, causing her to flourish about a parasol, to the great detriment of the eyes of

other people; and then she found it difficult to shade herself and the doll. Besides, she "was tired to pieces of riding, and she never saw such a *dreadful* slow horse!" When she left off for a little Master Willie was ready to take up the refrain. He wanted to drive; he wanted to crack the whip; and he wanted some cake. On the whole, our ride was not a success, and we were relieved to get home and be over with it.

Helen had a sick headache, and could only take a cup of tea; but Fred, though sorely afraid of being poisoned by *saleratus* in the biscuit, ate with the hearty relish so flattering to a painstaking housekeeper. There were some side scenes that monopolized the attention of the whole table. Willie insisted on giving his undivided attention to fruit cake and honey, while his father insisted on his devoting himself entirely to bread and milk, which created a schism. Julia didn't like warm biscuit, and couldn't eat bread without it was toasted; her tea-spoon was too small, and her fork too large. So, on the whole, it was a pleasant thing when supper was ended.

Then Helen's head being very bad she went to bed, after taking a warm foot-bath, when I knew she missed the conveniences of her bathing-room.

"Isn't your head well yet, Helen?" asked Fred, when he came home from an unsuccessful squirrel-hunt two hours after dinner-time the next day, and found her pale and sick on the lounge, where she had lain all the morning. "You must have an ice-cream—that usually makes you all right at home."

Glad of any hint for relieving her, Kate and I dropped the work of dish-washing and proceeded to transform an old tin pail into a freezer, and, after a due amount of toiling and moiling, had the satisfaction of hearing Julia exclaim,

"Oh my! this doesn't taste much like the ice-cream at Copelands!"

Nevertheless she contrived to dispose of enough to give the colic to an ostrich; and her stomach being no stronger, the exercises of the afternoon were diversified by doses of winter-green and applications of hot flannel.

"The ice-cream was too rich," said Helen. "I didn't dare eat freely of it myself, and the little I ate distressed me. Besides, I ought to have told you I can never eat it unless it is flavored with vanilla."

By nightfall we found Cousin Fred on our hands in a high state of disgust and boredom. He had neither brought down any game nor caught a fish: there was no sporting to be had, and so where was the use of being in the country? And it seemed so heathenish to have no daily paper: how did we know but half Boston lay in ashes—his house among the rest? He ordered his papers sent, and supposed he should have to bear it if they did come to hand a day old; but he had no idea we were so far down in the scale of civilization as to have a mail but three times a week. It was so confounded dull in the country that he resolved every visit he

would never go again. Give him the life and stir of a city (meaning *Boston*), or else put him off in some uninhabited forest where there was plenty of game and some fun. So he yawned, ate early pears and grumbled, but gave no sign of leaving.

"If it is very dull for him here I should think he would want to go back to Boston. I've no desire to destroy my constitution waiting on people who are so discontented," said Kate, breaking a tumbler in the force of her emphasis.

Then along came our little sister Rose, hugging her kitten and looking displeased. "I wish Julia would go off; I don't like her!" said she, decidedly. "She thinks nothing is of any account out of *Boston*; and keeps saying, 'Oh my! this doesn't seem much like my home!' She doesn't think any doll is fit to look at but her old Josephina—and she despises cats. I hate her!"

"Why, Rose, you oughtn't to talk so about your company," said Kate, benevolently bent on plucking the mote from her sister's eye.

"I don't care! She says the city is a great deal better than the country—and she is unkind to my cat." Here the Maltese and white animal in the arms of the indignant speaker received a squeeze which elicited a plaintive mew. "Her mother had no right to have such a bad girl, and I sha'n't try to make it pleasant for her any more."

So the proprietor of the mote went pouting off to swing by herself, and Josephina presently appeared in the opposite direction attended by Julia, who said, pertly,

"Why don't you have a Bridget to do these things? Mamma says housework is the business of *servants*, not ladies!"

Then she walked daintily off as though her little slippers were becoming contaminated by contact with the kitchen floor; and we heard her say, fretfully, to her father, "Oh dear! I wish I was in Boston, it is so lonesome here. Josephina doesn't like it either, with nobody to admire her!"

"I suppose we ought to take them to ride, though I had rather go to bed," said Kate, remorsefully.

So Muffin and the carryall were at the door in due time, and then Julia came rushing from the play-room, where we had fondly hoped Josephina's charms would detain her.

"Where are you going? I must go if the rest do. Now, mamma, why did you wish to go away and enjoy yourselves without me?"

Words would have been of no avail in checking this stormy eloquence, and Kate, quietly taking off her bonnet, said Julia could go in her place. Fred thought that was too bad, and Helen inquired if there wasn't room for all, while Julia teased and pouted till the stir aroused Master Willie, who also insisted on being of the party. By the time we were really on the way Helen was so fagged out with getting the children ready and dressing Josephina, who couldn't go in her pink crape, that she was in

no mood to enjoy the beauties of nature, especially with Fred as driver. His method of driving was enough to excite the nerves of an oyster let alone those of a sickly woman.

"Now, Fred, you will drive carefully down this steep hill, won't you?"

"Certainly!" he would reply, in an assuring tone, giving a sly cut at Muffin's heels, which started him into a fast run. His favorite pace up hill was a gallop, and he showed a particular affinity for every stone and ditch by the roadside.

Meanwhile the dust blew on Josephina's dress, and Julia didn't think it was half nor a quarter as pleasant as riding out to Mount Auburn in the horse-cars. But Willie was more trouble than the three combined. He was disposed to tumble out of the carriage; he cried for every dog and stray cat we passed; he wanted water; he didn't like to ride; he wanted to go home; he would have his hat off, and then was anxious to throw it away. By the time we reached home I was ready to exclaim as Rebecca did to Isaac concerning the daughters of Heth.

"Mamma," said Julia, as she was putting on her doll's night-gown preparatory to rocking her to sleep, "I want you to make a new dress for Josephina; she looks like a perfect fright with her old duds."

"How she would fire up if I said that!" whispered Rose to me.

"Can not you make them do till we go back to the city? I think she looks beautifully."

"Now, mamma, how unkind you are! She has not had a new dress since we came; and she has nothing but what she has worn at least twice," replied Julia, in a much-abused tone.

"You know that doesn't make as much difference in the country, Pet; and I presume we can not get any material here such as you would like made up for her," replied mamma, soothingly.

Cousin Fred came in just then.

"Oh, papa! I want to go back to the city. Josephina can never have a new dress in this horrid old place, where there aren't any decent stores; and she hasn't any thing fit to ride home in—for I *can't* have her wear the same dress she came in: what would people think?"

"This town is rather of a one-horse concern, that is a fact!" assented Fred. "Why don't you girls get up a picnic or ride of some sort?" he continued, turning to me.

Helen saved me the trouble of replying. "The girls have no time for any thing but work," said she, in a tone of reproof that I fancied was meant for me rather than Fred.

When the Sabbath came Fred said he could worship more truly in "God's first temples;" but though he put in a quantity of fine stuff about having no work of man between the soul and its Maker, if one would attain perfectly the spirit of true devotion, it all seemed to amount to the fact that he preferred a stroll in the woods to going to church; which he accordingly did, while

Helen went to one service and got the headache by it.

In place of bringing forth the concealed finery that we hope Mr. Tidd had been in the right about, she had nothing better than her soiled traveling dress and hat to wear, which were vastly inferior to those of the doll, besides being, as we knew, only her third-rate set of garments when at home. The trunks it seemed were mostly filled with cotton in clothing and in the piece, which she had brought up to get cleared out in the country air and dew. She informed us, as she glanced at Kate's white crape hat, that overdress was very vulgar in the country.

"We wish to dress as well as the people with whom we associate," said Kate, dryly. I more than suspected she wore her tucked barège solely for the eyes of our cousins from Boston.

At the supper table Helen observed, in a patronizing way, that our church was quite pretty for the country; and Fred remarked that our Sundays were horrid dull, worse even than our week-days; and he believed that he should have drowned himself if it hadn't been for losing the fish-and-cream supper.

Father and mother looked shocked and Kate disgusted at first, but Cousin Fred always had a way of making his friends appear to approve of him even if he was in the wrong.

One day the Dudleys invited us all out there to eat water-melons; and "any thing being better than dead stagnation," we all went. Water-melons, however, were only the title-page to the repast set forth in honor of our cousins from Boston. Dishes named and unnamed—fried,

boiled, and roasted; pickled, preserved—and the raw material were set forth in profuse abundance. We ate heartily and laughed heartily, Fred making himself gay and winning, as he knew well enough how to do; and now, surely, thought I, there has been a pleasant break in the monotony of their visit.

● Who ever heard of going to a water-melon party and having cake and oysters before? It seemed really countrified, though I dare say they are nice people," said Helen.

"Oh yes," rejoined Fred. "And don't say they were people of no culture; for I spied a copy of 'Night and Morning' in the sitting-room, not to mention a plaster cast of Powers's Fisher Boy."

"How easily one can tell if people have city acquaintances! There comes from that a certain polish which is quite noticeable," returned Cousin Helen, casting a self-gratulatory glance about our parlor.

Every thing ends at last, give it time enough, even to the life of Methuselah, and our cousins finally announced their intention of returning to Boston.

"Oh my! I am awful glad we are going to leave this hateful place, where there is nothing but nasty brown crickets and snakes! I shall tease father never to come again; and I don't think he will, for he says we might just as well stop the daily paper, dismiss Bridget, shut off the gas, take down the musquito bars from the windows, and not step out of doors or let any body in, and so stay at home, as to go into the country," said Julia, by way of valedictory.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MRS. ORME TELLS THE STORY.

IT was late when that second day's work was over, and when Mrs. Orme and Lady Mason again found themselves in the Hamworth carriage. They had sat in court from ten in the morning till past seven, with a short interval of a few minutes in the middle of the day, and were weary to the very soul when they left it. Lucius again led out his mother, and as he did so he expressed to her in strong language his approval of Mr. Furnival's speech. At last some one had spoken out on his mother's behalf in that tone which should have been used from the first. He had been very angry with Mr. Furnival, thinking that the barrister had lost sight of his mother's honor, and that he was playing with her happiness. But now he was inclined to forgive him. Now at last the truth had been spoken in eloquent words, and the persecutors of his mother had been addressed in language such as it was fitting that they should hear. To him the last two hours had been two hours of triumph, and as he passed through the hall of the

court he whispered in his mother's ear that now, at last, as he hoped, her troubles were at an end.

And another whisper had been spoken as they passed through that hall. Mrs. Orme went out leaning on the arm of her son, but on the other side of her was Mr. Aram. He had remained in his seat till they had begun to move, and then he followed them. Mrs. Orme was already half-way across the court when he made his way up to her side and very gently touched her arm.

"Sir?" said she, looking round.

"Do not let her be too sure," he said. "Do not let her be overconfident. All that may go for nothing with a jury." Then he lifted his hat and left her.

All that go for nothing with a jury! She hardly understood this, but yet she felt that it all should go for nothing if right were done. Her mind was not argumentative, nor yet perhaps was her sense of true justice very acute. When Sir Peregrine had once hinted that it would be well that the criminal should be pronounced guilty, because in truth she had been guilty, Mrs. Orme by no means agreed with him.

But now, having heard how those wretched witnesses had been denounced, knowing how true had been the words they had spoken, knowing how false were those assurances of innocence with which Mr. Furnival had been so fluent, she felt something of that spirit which had actuated Sir Peregrine, and had almost thought that justice demanded a verdict against her friend.

"Do not let her be overconfident," Mr. Aram had said. But in truth Mrs. Orme, as she had listened to Mr. Furnival's speech, had become almost confident that Lady Mason would be acquitted. It had seemed to her impossible that any jury should pronounce her to be guilty after that speech. The state of her mind as she listened to it had been very painful. Lady Mason's hand had rested in her own during a great portion of it; and it would have been natural that she should give some encouragement to her companion by a touch, by a slight pressure, as the warm words of praise fell from the lawyer's mouth. But how could she do so, knowing that the praise was false? It was not possible to her to show her friendship by congratulating her friend on the success of a lie. Lady Mason also had, no doubt, felt this, for after a while her hand had been withdrawn, and they had both listened in silence, giving no signs to each other as to their feelings on the subject.

But as they sat together in the carriage Lucius did give vent to his feelings. "I can not understand why all that should not have been said before, and said in a manner to have been as convincing as it was to-day."

"I suppose there was no opportunity before the trial," said Mrs. Orme, feeling that she must say something, but feeling also how impossible it was to speak on the subject with any truth in the presence both of Lady Mason and her son.

"But an occasion should have been made," said Lucius. "It is monstrous that my mother should have been subjected to this accusation for months, and that no one till now should have spoken out to show how impossible it is that she should have been guilty."

"Ah! Lucius, you do not understand," said his mother.

"And I hope I never may," said he. "Why did not the jury get up in their seats at once and pronounce their verdict when Mr. Furnival's speech was over? Why should they wait there, giving another day of prolonged trouble, knowing as they must do what their verdict will be? To me all this is incomprehensible, seeing that no good can in any way come from it."

And so he went on, striving to urge his companions to speak upon a subject which to them did not admit of speech in his presence. It was very painful to them, for in addressing Mrs. Orme he almost demanded from her some expression of triumph. "You at least have believed in her innocence," he said at last, "and have not been ashamed to show that you did so."

"Lucius," said his mother, "we are very weary; do not speak to us now. Let us rest

till we are at home." Then they closed their eyes and there was silence till the carriage drove up to the door of Orley Farm House.

The two ladies immediately went up stairs, but Lucius, with more cheerfulness about him than he had shown for months past, remained below to give orders for their supper. It had been a joy to him to hear Joseph Mason and Dockwrath exposed, and to listen to those words which had so clearly told the truth as to his mother's history. All that torrent of indignant eloquence had been to him an enumeration of the simple facts—of the facts as he knew them to be—of the facts as they would now be made plain to all the world. At last the day had come when the cloud would be blown away. He, looking down from the height of his superior intellect on the folly of those below him, had been indignant at the great delay; but that he would now forgive.

They had not been long in the house, perhaps about fifteen minutes, when Mrs. Orme returned down stairs and gently entered the dining-room. He was still there, standing with his back to the fire and thinking over the work of the day.

"Your mother will not come down this evening, Mr. Mason."

"Not come down?"

"No; she is very tired—very tired indeed. I fear you hardly know how much she has gone through."

"Shall I go to her?" said Lucius.

"No, Mr. Mason, do not do that. I will return to her now. And—but—in a few minutes, Mr. Mason, I will come back to you again, for I shall have something to say to you."

"You will have tea here?"

"I don't know. I think not. When I have spoken to you I will go back to your mother. I came down now in order that you might not wait for us." And then she left the room and again went up stairs. It annoyed him that his mother should thus keep away from him, but still he did not think that there was any special reason for it. Mrs. Orme's manner had been strange; but then every thing around them in these days was strange, and it did not occur to him that Mrs. Orme would have ought to say in her promised interview which would bring to him any new cause for sorrow.

Lady Mason, when Mrs. Orme returned to her, was sitting exactly in the position in which she had been left. Her bonnet was off and was lying by her side, and she was seated in a large arm-chair, again holding both her hands to the sides of her head. No attempt had been made to smooth her hair or to remove the dust and soil which had come from the day's long sitting in the court. She was a woman very careful in her toilet, and scrupulously nice in all that touched her person. But now all that had been neglected, and her whole appearance was haggard and disheveled.

"You have not told him?" she said.

"No, I have not told him yet; but I have

bidden him expect me. He knows that I am coming to him."

"And how did he look?"

"I did not see his face." And then there was silence between them for a few minutes, during which Mrs. Orme stood at the back of Lady Mason's chair, with her hand on Lady Mason's shoulder. "Shall I go now, dear?" said Mrs. Orme.

"No; stay a moment; not yet. Oh, Mrs. Orme!"

"You will find that you will be stronger and better able to bear it when it has been done."

"Stronger! Why should I wish to be stronger? How will he bear it?"

"It will be a blow to him, of course."

"It will strike him to the ground, Mrs. Orme. I shall have murdered him. I do not think that he will live when he knows that he is so disgraced."

"He is a man, and will bear it as a man should do. Shall I do any thing for you before I go?"

"Stay a moment. Why must it be to-night?"

"He must not be in the court to-morrow. And what difference will one day make? He must know it when the property is given up."

Then there was a knock at the door, and a girl entered with a decanter, two wine-glasses, and a slice or two of bread-and-butter. "You must drink that," said Mrs. Orme, pouring out a glass of wine.

"And you?"

"Yes, I will take some too. There. I shall be stronger now. Nay, Lady Mason, you shall drink it. And now if you will take my advice you will go to bed."

"You will come to me again?"

"Yes; directly it is over. Of course I shall come to you. Am I not to stay here all night?"

"But him—I will not see him. He is not to come."

"That will be as he pleases."

"No. You promised that. I can not see him when he knows what I have done for him."

"Not to hear him say that he forgives you?"

"He will not forgive me. You do not know him. Could you bear to look at your boy if you had disgraced him forever?"

"Whatever I might have done he would not desert me. Nor will Lucius desert you. Shall I go now?"

"Ah me! Would that I were in my grave!"

Then Mrs. Orme bent over her and kissed her, pressed both her hands, then kissed her again, and silently creeping out of the room made her way once more slowly down stairs.

Mrs. Orme, as will have been seen, was sufficiently anxious to perform the task which she had given herself, but yet her heart sank within her as she descended to the parlor. It was indeed a terrible commission, and her readiness to undertake it had come not from any feeling on her own part that she was fit for the work and could do it without difficulty, but from the eagerness with which she had persuaded Lady

Mason that the thing must be done by some one. And now who else could do it? In Sir Peregrine's present state it would have been a cruelty to ask him; and then his feelings toward Lucius in the matter were not tender as were those of Mrs. Orme. She had been obliged to promise that she herself would do it, or otherwise she could not have urged the doing. And now the time had come. Immediately on their return to the house Mrs. Orme had declared that the story should be told at once; and then Lady Mason, sinking into the chair from which she had not since risen, had at length agreed that it should be so. The time had now come, and Mrs. Orme, whose footsteps down the stairs had not been audible, stood for a moment with the handle of the door in her hand.

Had it been possible she also would now have put it off till the morrow—would have put it off till any other time than that which was then present. All manner of thoughts crowded on her during those few seconds. In what way should she do it? What words should she use? How should she begin? She was to tell this young man that his mother had committed a crime of the very blackest dye, and now she felt that she should have prepared herself and resolved in what fashion this should be done. Might it not be well, she asked herself for one moment, that she should take the night to think of it and then see him in the morning? The idea, however, only lasted her for a moment, and then, fearing lest she might allow herself to be seduced into some weakness, she turned the handle and entered the room.

He was still standing with his back to the fire, leaning against the mantle-piece, and thinking over the occurrences of the day that was past. His strongest feeling now was one of hatred to Joseph Mason—of hatred mixed with thorough contempt. What must men say of him after such a struggle on his part to ruin the fame of a lady and to steal the patrimony of a brother! "Is she still determined not to come down?" he said as soon as he saw Mrs. Orme.

"No; she will not come down to-night, Mr. Mason. I have something that I must tell you."

"What! is she ill? Has it been too much for her?"

"Mr. Mason," she said, "I hardly know how to do what I have undertaken." And he could see that she actually trembled as she spoke to him.

"What is it, Mrs. Orme? Is it any thing about the property? I think you need hardly be afraid of me. I believe I may say I could bear any thing of that kind."

"Mr. Mason—" And then again she stopped herself. How was she to speak this horrible word?

"Is it any thing about the trial?" He was now beginning to be frightened, feeling that something terrible was coming; but still of the absolute truth he had no suspicion.

"Oh! Mr. Mason, if it were possible that I could spare you I would do so. If there were

any escape—any way in which it might be avoided."

"What is it?" said he. And now his voice was hoarse and low, for a feeling of fear had come upon him. "I am a man and can bear it, whatever it is."

"You must be a man then, for it is very terrible. Mr. Mason, that will, you know—"

"You mean the codicil?"

"The will that gave you the property—"

"Yes."

"It was not done by your father."

"Who says so?"

"It is too sure. It was not done by him—nor by them—those other people who were in the court to-day."

"But who says so? How is it known? If my father did not sign it, it is a forgery; and who forged it? Those wretches have bought over some one and you have been deceived, Mrs. Orme. It is not of the property I am thinking, but of my mother. If it were as you say my mother must have known it?"

"Ah! yes."

"And you mean that she did know it; that she knew it was a forgery?"

"Oh! Mr. Mason."

"Heaven and earth! Let me go to her. If she were to tell me so herself I would not believe it of her. Ah! she has told you?"

"Yes; she has told me."

"Then she is mad. This has been too much for her, and her brain has gone with it. Let me go to her, Mrs. Orme."

"No, no; you must not go to her." And Mrs. Orme put herself directly before the door. "She is not mad—not now. Then, at that time, we must think she was so. It is not so now."

"I can not understand you." And he put his left hand up to his forehead as though to steady his thoughts. "I do not understand you. If the will be a forgery, who did it?"

This question she could not answer at the moment. She was still standing against the door, and her eyes fell to the ground. "Who did it?" he repeated. "Whose hand wrote my father's name?"

"You must be merciful, Mr. Mason."

"Merciful; to whom?"

"To your mother."

"Merciful to my mother! Mrs. Orme, speak out to me. If the will was forged, who forged it? You can not mean to tell me that she did it!"

She did not answer him at the moment in words, but coming close up to him she took both his hands in hers, and then looked steadfastly up into his eyes. His face had now become almost convulsed with emotion, and his brow was very black. "Do you wish me to believe that my mother forged the will herself?" Then again he paused, but she said nothing. "Woman, it's a lie!" he exclaimed; and then tearing his hands from her, shaking her off, and striding away with quick footsteps, he threw

himself on a sofa that stood in the furthest part of the room.

She paused for a moment, and then followed him very gently. She followed him and stood over him in silence for a moment as he lay with his face from her. "Mr. Mason," she said, at last, "you told me that you would bear this like a man."

But he made her no answer, and she went on. "Mr. Mason, it is as I tell you. Years and years ago, when you were a baby, and when she thought that your father was unjust to you—for your sake—to remedy that injustice, she did this thing."

"What—forged his name! It must be a lie. Though an angel came to tell me so, it would be a lie! What—my mother!" And now he turned round and faced her, still, however, lying on the sofa.

"It is true, Mr. Mason. Oh, how I wish that it were not! But you must forgive her. It is years ago, and she has repented of it. Sir Peregrine has forgiven her, and I have done so."

And then she told him the whole story. She told him why the marriage had been broken off, and described to him the manner in which the truth had been made known to Sir Peregrine. It need hardly be said that in doing so she dealt as softly as was possible with his mother's name; but yet she told him every thing. "She wrote it herself in the night."

"What, all—all the names herself?"

"Yes, all."

"Mrs. Orme, it can not be so. I will not believe it. To me it is impossible. That you believe it I do not doubt, but I can not. Let me go to her. I will go to her myself. But even should she say so herself I will not believe it."

But she would not let him go up stairs even though he attempted to move her from the door almost with violence. "No; not till you say that you will forgive her and be gentle with her. And it must not be to-night. We will be up early in the morning, and you can see her before we go if you will be gentle to her."

He still persisted that he did not believe the story; but it became clear to her, by degrees, that the meaning of it all had at last sunk into his mind, and that he did believe it. Over and over again she told him all that she knew, explaining to him what his mother had suffered, making him perceive why she had removed herself out of his hands, and had leaned on others for advice. And she told him also that though they still hoped that the jury might acquit her, the property must be abandoned.

"I will leave the house this night if you wish it," he said.

"When it is all over, when she has been acquitted and shall have gone away, then let it be done. Mr. Mason, you will go with her, will you not?" And then again there was a pause.

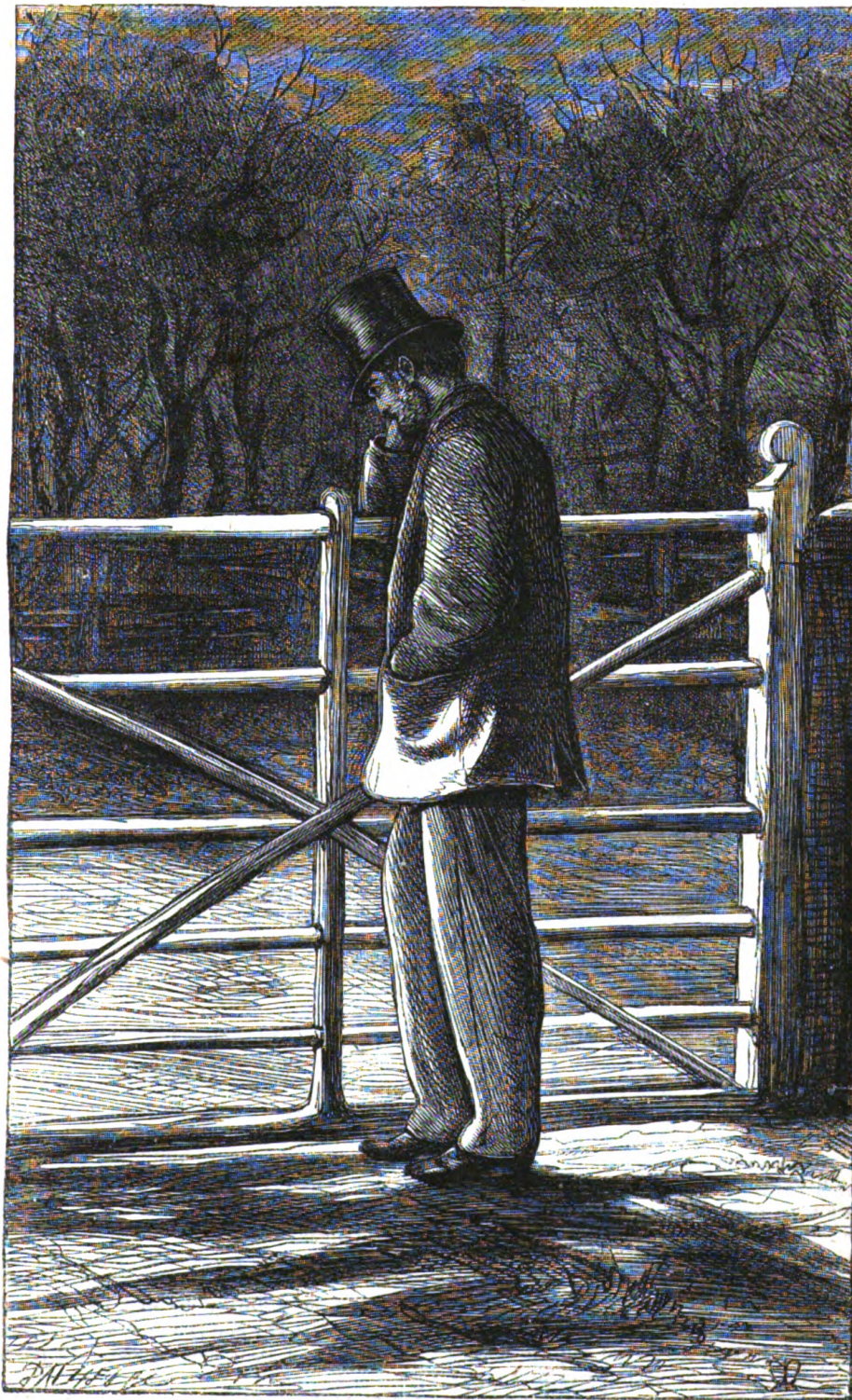
"Mrs. Orme, it is impossible that I should say now what I may do. It seems to me as

though I could not live through it. I do not believe it. I can not believe it."

As soon as she had exacted a promise from him that he would not go to his mother, at any rate without further notice, she herself went up stairs, and found Lady Mason lying on her bed.

At first Mrs. Orme thought that she was asleep, but no such comfort had come to the poor woman. "Does he know it?" she asked.

Mrs. Orme's task for that night was by no means yet done. After remaining for a while with Lady Mason she again returned to Lucius,



LUCIUS MASON AT THE GATE.

and was in this way a bearer of messages between them. There was at last no question as to doubting the story. He did believe it. He could not avoid the necessity for such belief. "Yes," he said, when Mrs. Orme spoke again of his leaving the place, "I will go and hide myself; and as for her—"

"But you will go with her—if the jury do not say that she was guilty—"

"Oh, Mrs. Orme!"

"If they do, you will come back for her when the time of her punishment is over? She is still your mother, Mr. Mason."

At last the work of the night was done, and the two ladies went to their beds. The understanding was that Lucius should see his mother before they started in the morning, but that he should not again accompany them to the court. Mrs. Orme's great object had been—her great object as regarded the present moment—to prevent his presence in court when the verdict should be given. In this she had succeeded. She could now wish for an acquittal with a clear conscience; and could, as it were, absolve the sinner within her own heart, seeing that there was no longer any doubt as to the giving up of the property. Whatever might be the verdict of the jury Joseph Mason of Groby would, without doubt, obtain the property which belonged to him.

"Good-night, Mr. Mason," Mrs. Orme said at last, as she gave him her hand.

"Good-night. I believe that in my madness I spoke to you to-night like a brute."

"No, no. It was nothing. I did not think of it."

"When you think of how it was with me, you will forgive me."

She pressed his hand and again told him that she had not thought of it. It was nothing. And indeed it had been as nothing to her. There may be moments in a man's life when any words may be forgiven, even though they be spoken to a woman.

When Mrs. Orme was gone he stood for a while perfectly motionless in the dining-room, and then coming out into the hall he opened the front door, and taking his hat went out into the night. It was still winter, but the night, though cold and very dark, was fine, and the air was sharp with the beginning frost. Leaving the door open he walked forth, and passing out on to the road went down from thence to the gate. It had been his constant practice to walk up and down from his own hall door to his own gate on the high road, perhaps comforting himself too warmly with the reflection that the ground on which he walked was all his own. He had no such comfort now, as he made his way down the accustomed path and leaned upon the gate, thinking over what he had heard.

A forger! At some such hour as this, with patient premeditated care, she had gone to work and committed one of the vilest crimes known to man. And this was his mother! And he—he, Lucius Mason—had been living for years on the

fruit of this villainy; had been so living till this terrible day of retribution had come upon him! I fear that at that moment he thought more of his own misery than he did of hers, and hardly considered, as he surely should have done, that mother's love which had led to all this guilt. And for a moment he resolved that he would not go back to the house. His head, he said to himself, should never again rest under a roof which belonged of right to Joseph Mason. He had injured Joseph Mason; had injured him innocently, indeed, as far as he himself was concerned; but he had injured him greatly, and therefore now hated him all the more. "He shall have it instantly," he said, and walked forth into the high road as though he would not allow his feet to rest again on his brother's property.

But he was forced to remember that this could not be so. His mother's trial was not yet over, and even in the midst of his own personal trouble he remembered that the verdict to her was still a matter of terrible import. He would not let it be known that he had abandoned the property, at any rate till that verdict had been given. And then as he moved back to the house he tried to think in what way it would become him to behave to his mother. "She can never be my mother again," he said to himself. They were terrible words; but then was not his position very terrible?

And when at last he had bolted the front door, going through the accustomed task mechanically, and had gone up stairs to his own room, he had failed to make up his mind on this subject. Perhaps it would be better that he should not see her. What could he say to her? What word of comfort could he speak? It was not only that she had beggared him! Nay; it was not that at all! But she had doomed him to a life of disgrace which no effort of his own could wipe away. And then as he threw himself on his bed he thought of Sophia Furnival. Would she share his disgrace with him? Was it possible that there might be solace there?

Quite impossible, we should say, who know her well.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

JUDGE STAVELEY, whose court had not been kept sitting to a late hour by any such eloquence as that of Mr. Furnival, had gone home before the business of the other court had closed. Augustus, who was his father's marshal, remained for his friend, and had made his way in among the crowd, so as to hear the end of the speech.

"Don't wait dinner for us," he had said to his father. "If you do you will be hating us all the time; and we sha'n't be there till between eight and nine."

"I should be sorry to hate you," said the judge, "and so I won't." When therefore Felix

Graham escaped from the court at about half-past seven, the two young men were able to take their own time and eat their dinner together comfortably, enjoying their bottle of Champagne between them perhaps more thoroughly than they would have done had the judge and Mrs. Staveley shared it with them.

But Felix had something of which to think besides the Champagne—something which was of more consequence to him even than the trial in which he was engaged. Madeline had promised that she would meet him that evening; or rather had not so promised. When asked to do so she had not refused, but even while not refusing had reminded him that her mother would be there. Her manner to him had, he thought, been cold, though she had not been ungracious. Upon the whole, he could not make up his mind to expect success. "Then he must have been a fool!" the reader learned in such matters will say. The reader learned in such matters is, I think, right. In that respect he was a fool.

"I suppose we must give the governor the benefit of our company over his wine," said Augustus, as soon as their dinner was over.

"I suppose we ought to do so."

"And why not? Is there any objection?"

"To tell the truth," said Graham, "I have an appointment which I am very anxious to keep."

"An appointment? Where? Here at Noningsby, do you mean?"

"In this house. But yet I can not say that it is absolutely an appointment. I am going to ask your sister what my fate is to be."

"And that is the appointment! Very well, my dear fellow; and may God prosper you! If you can convince the governor that it is all right, I shall make no objection. I wish, for Madeline's sake, that you had not such a terrible bee in your bonnet."

"And you will go to the judge alone?"

"Oh yes. I'll tell him—What shall I tell him?"

"The truth, if you will. Good-by, old fellow! You will not see me again to-night, nor yet to-morrow in this house, unless I am more fortunate than I have any right to hope to be."

"Faint heart never won fair lady, you know," said Augustus.

"My heart is faint enough then; but nevertheless I shall say what I have got to say." And then he got up from the table.

"If you don't come down to us," said Augustus, "I shall come up to you. But may God speed you! And now I'll go to the governor."

Felix made his way from the small breakfast-parlor in which they had dined across the hall into the drawing-room, and there he found Lady Staveley alone. "So the trial is not over yet, Mr. Graham?" she said.

"No; there will be another day of it."

"And what will be the verdict? Is it possible that she really forged the will?"

"Ah! that I can not say. You know that I am one of her counsel, Lady Staveley?"

"Yes; I should have remembered that, and been more discreet. If you are looking for Madeline, Mr. Graham, I think that she is in the library."

"Oh! thank you—in the library." And then Felix got himself out of the drawing-room into the hall again not in the most graceful manner. He might have gone direct from the drawing-room to the library, but this he did not remember. It was very odd, he thought, that Lady Staveley, of whose dislike to him he had felt sure, should have thus sent him direct to her daughter, and have become a party, as it were, to an appointment between them. But he had not much time to think of this before he found himself in the room. There, sure enough, was Madeline waiting to listen to his story. She was seated when he entered, with her back to him; but as she heard him she rose, and, after pausing for a moment, she stepped forward to meet him.

"You and Augustus were very late to-day," she said.

"Yes. I was kept there, and he was good enough to wait for me."

"You said you wanted to—speak to me," she said, hesitating a little, but yet very little; "to speak to me alone; and so mamma said I had better come in here. I hope you are not vexed that I should have told her."

"Certainly not, Miss Staveley."

"Because I have no secrets from mamma."

"Nor do I wish that any thing should be secret. I hate all secrecies. Miss Staveley, your father knows of my intention."

On this point Madeline did not feel it to be necessary to say any thing. Of course her father knew of the intention. Had she not received her father's sanction for listening to Mr. Graham she would not have been alone with him in the library. It might be that the time would come in which she would explain all this to her lover, but that time had not come yet. So when he spoke of her father she remained silent, and allowing her eyes to fall to the ground she stood before him, waiting to hear his question.

"Miss Staveley," he said; and he was conscious himself of being very awkward. Much more so, indeed, than there was any need, for Madeline was not aware that he was awkward. In her eyes he was quite master of the occasion, and seemed to have every thing his own way. He had already done all that was difficult in the matter, and had done it without any awkwardness. He had already made himself master of her heart, and it was only necessary now that he should enter in and take possession. The ripe fruit had fallen, as Miss Furnival had once chosen to express it, and there he was to pick it up, if only he considered it worth his trouble to do so. That manner of the picking would not signify much, as Madeline thought. That he desired to take it into his garner and preserve it

for his life's use was every thing to her, but the method of his words at the present moment was not much. He was her lord and master. He was the one man who had conquered and taken possession of her spirit; and as to his being awkward, there was not much in that. Nor do I say that he was awkward. He spoke his mind in honest, plain terms, and I do not know he could have done better.

"Miss Staveley," he said, "in asking you to see me alone I have made a great venture. I am indeed risking all that I most value." And then he paused, as though he expected that she would speak. But she still kept her eyes upon the ground, and still stood silent before him. "I can not but think you must guess my purpose," he said, "though I acknowledge that I have had nothing that can warrant me in hoping for a favorable answer. There is my hand; if you can take it you need not doubt that you have my heart with it." And then he held out to her his broad, right hand.

Madeline still stood silent before him and still fixed her eyes upon the ground, but very slowly she raised her little hand and allowed her soft slight fingers to rest upon his open palm. It was as though she thus affixed her legal signature and seal to the deed of gift. She had not said a word to him; not a word of love or a word of assent; but no such word was now necessary.

"Madeline, my own Madeline," he said; and then taking unfair advantage of the fingers which she had given him he drew her to his breast and folded her in his arms.

It was nearly an hour after this when he returned to the drawing-room. "Do go in now," she said. "You must not wait any longer; indeed you must go."

"And you—; you will come in present."

"It is already nearly eleven. No, I will not show myself again to-night. Mamma will soon come up to me, I know. Good-night, Felix. Do you go now, and I will follow you." And then after some further little ceremony he left her.

When he entered the drawing-room Lady Staveley was there, and the judge with his teacup beside him, and Augustus standing with his back to the fire. Felix walked up to the circle, and taking a chair sat down, but at the moment said nothing.

"You didn't get any wine after your day's toil, Master Graham," said the judge.

"Indeed I did, Sir. We had some Champagne."

"Champagne, had you? Then I ought to have waited for my guest, for I got none. You had a long day of it in court."

"Yes, indeed, Sir."

"And I am afraid not very satisfactory." To this Graham made no immediate answer, but he could not refrain from thinking that the day, taken altogether, had been satisfactory to him.

And then Baker came into the room, and going close up to Lady Staveley whispered some-

thing in her ear. "Oh, ah, yes," said Lady Staveley. "I must wish you good-night, Mr. Graham." And she took his hand, pressing it very warmly. But though she wished him good-night then, she saw him again before he went to bed. It was a family in which all home affairs were very dear, and a new son could not be welcomed into it without much expression of affection.

"Well, Sir! and how have you sped since dinner?" the judge asked as soon as the door was closed behind his wife.

"I have proposed to your daughter and she has accepted me." And as he said so he rose from the chair in which he had just now seated himself.

"Then, my boy, I hope you will make her a good husband;" and the judge gave him his hand.

"I will try to do so. I can not but feel, however, how little right I had to ask her, seeing that I am likely to be so poor a man."

"Well, well, well—we will talk of that another time. At present we will only sing your triumphs—

"So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

"Felix, my dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart," said Augustus. "But I did not know you were good as a warrior."

"Ah, but he is though," said the judge.

"What do you think of his wounds? And if all that I hear be true, he has other battles on hand. But we must not speak about that till this poor lady's trial is over."

"I need hardly tell you, Sir," said Graham, with that sheep-like air which a man always carries on such occasions, "that I regard myself as the most fortunate man in the world."

"Quite unnecessary," said the judge. "On such occasions that is taken as a matter of course." And then the conversation between them for the next ten minutes was rather dull and flat.

Up stairs the same thing was going on, in a manner somewhat more animated, between the mother and daughter—for ladies on such occasions can be more animated than men.

"Oh, mamma, you must love him," Madeline said.

"Yes, my dear; of course I shall love him now. Your papa says that he is very clever."

"I know papa likes him. I knew that from the very first. I think that was the reason why—"

"And I suppose clever people are the best—that is to say, if they are good."

"And isn't he good?"

"Well—I hope so. Indeed, I'm sure he is. Mr. Orme was a very good young man too; but it's no good talking about him now."

"Mamma, that never could have come to pass."

"Very well, my dear. It's over now, and of course all that I looked for was your happiness."

"I know that, mamma; and indeed I am very happy. I'm sure I could not ever have liked any one else since I first knew him."

Lady Staveley still thought it very odd, but she had nothing else to say. As regarded the pecuniary considerations of the affair she left them altogether to her husband, feeling that in this way she could relieve herself from misgivings which might otherwise make her unhappy. "And after all I don't know that his ugliness signifies," she said to herself. And so she made up her mind that she would be loving and affectionate to him, and sat up till she heard his footsteps in the passage, in order that she might speak to him, and make him welcome to the privileges of a son-in-law.

"Mr. Graham," she said, opening her door as he passed by.

"Of course she has told you," said Felix.

"Oh yes, she has told me. We don't have many secrets in this house. And I'm sure I congratulate you with all my heart; and I think you have got the very best girl in all the world. Of course I'm her mother; but I declare, if I was to talk of her for a week, I could not say any thing of her but good."

"I know how fortunate I am."

"Yes, you are fortunate. For there is nothing in the world equal to a loving wife who will do her duty. And I'm sure you'll be good to her."

"I will endeavor to be so."

"A man must be very bad indeed who would be bad to her—and I don't think that of you. And it's a great thing, Mr. Graham, that Madeline should have loved a man of whom her papa is so fond. I don't know what you have done to the judge, I'm sure." This she said, remembering in the innocence of her heart that Mr. Arbuthnot had been a son-in-law rather after her own choice, and that the judge always declared that his eldest daughter's husband had seldom much to say for himself.

"And I hope that Madeline's mother will receive me as kindly as Madeline's father," said he, taking Lady Staveley's hand and pressing it.

"Indeed I will. I will love you very dearly if you will let me. My girls' husbands are the same to me as sons." Then she put up her face and he kissed it, and so they wished each other good-night.

He found Augustus in his own room, and they two had hardly sat themselves down over the fire, intending to recall the former scenes which had taken place in that very room, when a knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Baker entered.

"And so it's all settled, Mr. Felix," said she.

"Yes," said he; "all settled."

"Well now! didn't I know it from the first?"

"Then what a wicked old woman you were not to tell!" said Augustus.

"That's all very well, Master Augustus. How would you like me to tell of you—for I could, you know?"

"You wicked old woman, you couldn't do any thing of the kind!"

"Oh, couldn't I? But I defy all the world to say a word of Miss Madeline but what's good—only I did know all along which way the wind was blowing. Lord love you, Mr. Graham, when you came in here all of a smash like, I knew it wasn't for nothing."

"You think he did it on purpose then," said Staveley.

"Did it on purpose? What—make up to Miss Madeline? Why, of course he did it on purpose. He's been a-thinking of it ever since Christmas night, when I saw you, Master Augustus, and a certain young lady when you came out into the dark passage together."

"That's a downright falsehood, Mrs. Baker."

"Oh—very well. Perhaps I was mistaken. But now, Mr. Graham, if you don't treat our Miss Madeline well—"

"That's just what I've been telling him," said her brother. "If he uses her ill, as he did his former wife—breaks her heart as he did with that one—"

"His former wife!" said Mrs. Baker.

"Haven't you heard of that? Why, he's had two already."

"Two wives already! Oh now, Master Augustus, what an old fool I am ever to believe a word that comes out of your mouth!" Then, having uttered her blessing, and having had her hand cordially grasped by this new scion of the Staveley family, the old woman left the young men to themselves, and went to her bed.

"Now that it is done—" said Felix.

"You wish it were undone."

"No, by Heaven! I think I may venture to say that it will never come to me to wish that. But now that it is done, I am astonished at my own impudence almost as much as at my success. Why should your father have welcomed me to his house as his son-in-law, seeing how poor are my prospects?"

"Just for that reason; and because he is so different from other men. I have no doubt that he is proud of Madeline for having liked a man with an ugly face and no money."

"If I had been beautiful like you I shouldn't have had a chance with him."

"Not if you'd been weighted with money also. Now, as for myself, I confess I'm not nearly so magnanimous as my father, and, for Mad's sake, I do hope you will get rid of your vagaries. An income, I know, is a very commonplace sort of thing; but when a man has a family there are comforts attached to it."

"I am, at any rate, willing to work," said Graham, somewhat moodily.

"Yes, if you may work exactly in your own way. But men in the world can't do that. A man, as I take it, must through life allow himself to be governed by the united wisdom of others around him. He can not take upon himself to judge as to every step by his own lights. If he does, he will be dead before he has made up his mind as to the preliminaries." And in this way Augustus Staveley, from the depth of his

life's experience, spoke words of worldly wisdom to his future brother-in-law.

On the next morning, before he started again for Alston and his now odious work, Graham succeeded in getting Madeline to himself for five minutes. "I saw both your father and mother last night," said he, "and I shall never forget their goodness to me."

"Yes, they are good."

"It seems like a dream to me that they should have accepted me as their son-in-law."

"But it is no dream to me, Felix; or if so, I do not mean to wake any more. I used to think that I should never care very much for any body out of my own family; but now—" And she then pressed her little hand upon his arm.

"And Felix," she said, as he prepared to leave her, "you are not to go away from Noningsby when the trial is over. I wanted mamma to tell you, but she said I'd better do it."

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE LAST DAY.

MRS. ORME was up very early on that last morning of the trial, and had dressed herself before Lady Mason was awake. It was now March, but yet the morning light was hardly sufficient for her as she went through her toilet. They had been told to be in the court very punctually at ten, and in order to do so they must leave Orley Farm at nine. Before that, as had been arranged overnight, Lucius was to see his mother.

"You haven't told him! he doesn't know!" were the first words which Lady Mason spoke as she raised her head from the pillow. But then she remembered. "Ah, yes!" she said, as she again sank back and hid her face, "he knows it all now."

"Yes, dear—he knows it all; and is it not better so? He will come and see you, and when that is over you will be more comfortable than you have been for years past."

Lucius also had been up early, and when he learned that Mrs. Orme was dressed, he sent up to her begging that he might see her. Mrs. Orme at once went to him, and found him seated at the breakfast table with his head resting on his arm. His face was pale and haggard, and his hair was uncombed. He had not been undressed that night, and his clothes hung on him as they always do hang on a man who has passed a sleepless night in them. To Mrs. Orme's inquiry after himself he answered not a word, nor did he at first ask after his mother. "That was all true that you told me last night?"

"Yes, Mr. Mason, it was true."

"And she and I must be outcasts forever. I will endeavor to bear it, Mrs. Orme. As I did not put an end to my life last night I suppose that I shall live and bear it. Does she expect to see me?"

"I told her that you would come to her this morning."

"And what shall I say? I would not condemn my own mother; but how can I not condemn her?"

"Tell her at once that you will forgive her."

"But it will be a lie. I have not forgiven her. I loved my mother and esteemed her as a pure and excellent woman. I was proud of my mother. How can I forgive her for having destroyed such feelings as those?"

"There should be nothing that a son would not forgive his mother."

"Ah! that is so easily spoken. Men talk of forgiveness when their anger rankles deepest in their hearts. In the course of years I shall forgive her. I hope I shall. But to say that I can forgive her now would be a farce. She has broken my heart, Mrs. Orme."

"And has not she suffered herself? Is not her heart broken?"

"I have been thinking of that all night. I can not understand how she should have lived for the last six months. Well; is it time that I should go to her?"

Mrs. Orme again went up stairs, and after another interval of half an hour returned to fetch him. She almost regretted that she had undertaken to bring them together on that morning, thinking that it might have been better to postpone the interview till the trial should be over. She had expected that Lucius would have been softer in his manner. But it was too late for any such thought.

"You will find her dressed now, Mr. Mason," said she; "but I conjure you, as you hope for mercy yourself, to be merciful to her. She is your mother, and though she has injured you by her folly, her heart has been true to you through it all. Go now, and remember that harshness to any woman is unmanly."

"I can only act as I think best," he replied, in that low stern voice which was habitual to him; and then with slow steps he went up to his mother's room.

When he entered it she was standing with her eyes fixed upon the door and her hands clasped together. So she stood till he had closed the door behind him, and had taken a few steps on toward the centre of the room. Then she rushed forward, and throwing herself on the ground before him clasped him round the knees with her arms. "My boy, my boy!" she said. And then she lay there bathing his feet with her tears.

"Oh! mother, what is this that she has told me?"

But Lady Mason at the moment spoke no further words. It seemed as though her heart would have burst with sobs, and when for a moment she lifted up her face to his, the tears were streaming down her cheeks. Had it not been for that relief she could not have borne the sufferings which were heaped upon her.

"Mother, get up," he said. "Let me raise you. It is dreadful that you should lie there."

Mother, let me lift you." But she still clung to his knees, groveling on the ground before him. "Lucius, Lucius!" she said, and she then sank away from him as though the strength of her muscles would no longer allow her to cling to him. She sank away from him and lay along the ground, hiding her face upon the floor.

"Mother," he said, taking her gently by the arm as he knelt by her side, "if you will rise I will speak to you."

"Your words will kill me," she said. "I do not dare to look at you. Oh! Lucius, will you ever forgive me?"

And yet she had done it all for him. She had done a rascally deed, a hideous cut-throat deed, but it had been done altogether for him. No thought of her own aggrandizement had touched her mind when she resolved upon that forgery. As Rebekah had deceived her lord and robbed Esau, the first-born, of his birthright, so had she robbed him who was as Esau to her. How often had she thought of that, while her conscience was pleading hard against her! Had it been imputed as a crime to Rebekah that she had loved her own son well, and loving him had put a crown upon his head by means of her matchless guile? Did she love Lucius, her babe, less than Rebekah had loved Jacob? And had she not striven with the old man, struggling that she might do this just thing without injustice, till in his anger he had thrust her from him. "I will not break my promise for the brat," the old man had said; and then she did the deed. But all that was as nothing now. She felt no comfort now from that Bible story which had given her such encouragement before the thing was finished. Now the result of evil-doing had come full home to her, and she was seeking pardon with a broken heart, while burning tears furrowed her cheeks—not from him whom she had thought to injure, but from the child of her own bosom, for whose prosperity she had been so anxious.

Then she slowly arose and allowed him to place her upon the sofa. "Mother," he said, "it is all over here."

"Ah! yes."

"Whither we had better go I can not yet say—or when. We must wait till this day is ended."

"Lucius, I care nothing for myself—nothing. It is nothing to me whether or no they say that I am guilty. It is of you only that I am thinking."

"Our lot, mother, must still be together. If they find you guilty you will be imprisoned, and then I will go, and come back when they release you. For you and me the future world will be very different from the past."

"It need not be so—for you, Lucius. I do not wish to keep you near me now."

"But I shall be near you. Where you hide your shame there will I hide mine. In this world there is nothing left for us. But there is another world before you—if you can repent of

your sin." This too he said very sternly, standing somewhat away from her, and frowning the while with those gloomy eyebrows. Sad as was her condition he might have given her solace, could he have taken her by the hand and kissed her. Peregrine Orme would have done so, or Augustus Staveley, could it have been possible that they should have found themselves in that position. Though Lucius Mason could not do so, he was not less just than they, and, it may be, not less loving in his heart. He could devote himself for his mother's sake as absolutely as could they. But to some is given and to some is denied that cruse of heavenly balm with which all wounds can be assuaged and sore hearts ever relieved of some portion of their sorrow. Of all the virtues with which man can endow himself surely none other is so odious as that justice which can teach itself to look down upon mercy almost as a vice!

"I will not ask you to forgive me," she said, plaintively.

"Mother," he answered, "were I to say that I forgave you my words would be a mockery. I have no right either to condemn or to forgive. I accept my position as it has been made for me, and will endeavor to do my duty."

It would have been almost better for her that he should have upbraided her for her wickedness. She would then have fallen again prostrate before him, if not in body at least in spirit, and her weakness would have stood for her in the place of strength. But now it was necessary that she should hear his words and bear his looks—bear them like a heavy burden on her back without absolutely sinking. It had been that necessity of bearing and never absolutely sinking which, during years past, had so tried and tested the strength of her heart and soul. Seeing that she had not sunk, we may say that her strength had been very wonderful.

And then she stood up and came close to him. "But you will give me your hand, Lucius?"

"Yes, mother; there is my hand. I shall stand by you through it all." But he did not offer to kiss her; and there was still some pride in her heart which would not allow her to ask him for an embrace.

"And now," he said, "it is time that you should prepare to go. Mrs. Orme thinks it better that I should not accompany you."

"No, Lucius, no; you must not hear them proclaim my guilt in court."

"That would make but little difference. But nevertheless I will not go. Had I known this before I should not have gone there. It was to testify my belief in your innocence; nay, my conviction—"

"Oh, Lucius, spare me!"

"Well, I will speak of it no more. I shall be here to-night when you come back."

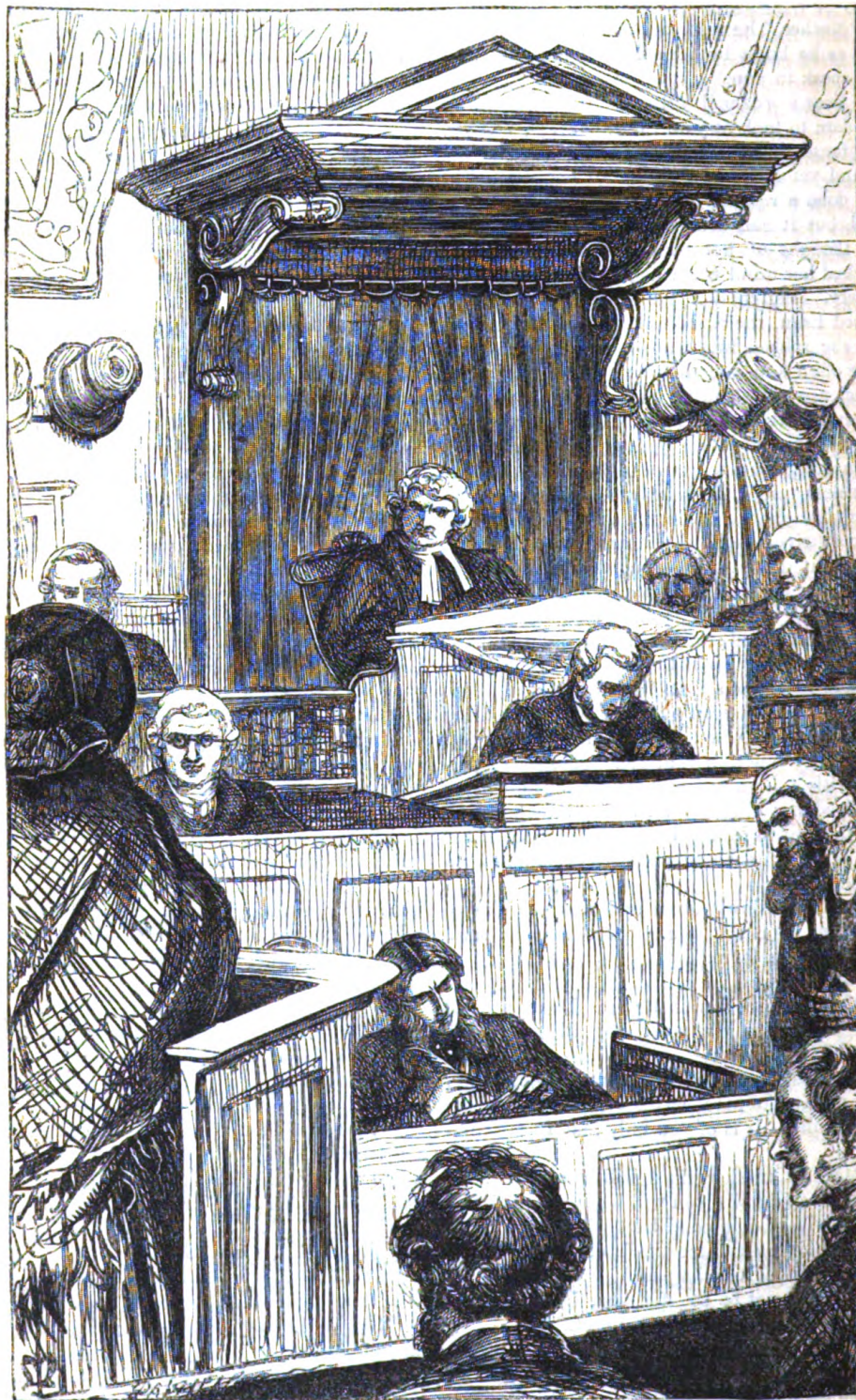
"But if they say that I am guilty they will take me away."

"If so I will come to you—in the morning, if they will let me. But, mother, in any case I must leave this house to-morrow." Then again

he gave her his hand, but he left her without touching her with his lips.

When the two ladies appeared in court together without Lucius Mason there was much question among the crowd as to the cause of his absence. Both Dockwrath and Joseph Mason

looked at it in the right light, and accepted it as a ground for renewed hope. "He dare not face the verdict," said Dockwrath. And yet when they had left the court on the preceding evening, after listening to Mr. Furnival's speech, their hopes had not been very high. Dockwrath had



BRIDGET BOLSTER IN COURT.

not admitted with words that he feared defeat, but when Mason had gnashed his teeth as he walked up and down his room at Alston, and striking the table with his clenched fist had declared his fears, "By Heavens they will escape me again!" Dockwrath had not been able to give him substantial comfort. "The jury are not such fools as to take all that for gospel," he had said. But he had not said it with that tone of assured conviction which he had always used till Mr. Furnival's speech had been made. There could have been no greater attestation to the power displayed by Mr. Furnival than Mr. Mason's countenance as he left the court on that evening. "I suppose it will cost me hundreds of pounds," he said to Dockwrath that evening. "Orley Farm will pay for it all," Dockwrath had answered; but his answer had shown no confidence. And, if we think well of it, Joseph Mason was deserving of pity. He wanted only what was his own; and that Orley Farm ought to be his own he had no smallest doubt. Mr. Furnival had not in the least shaken him; but he had made him feel that others would be shaken. "If it could only be left to the judge," thought Mr. Mason to himself. And then he began to consider whether this British palladium of a unanimous jury had not in it more of evil than of good.

Young Peregrine Orme again met his mother at the door of the court, and at her instance gave his arm to Lady Mason. Mr. Aram was also there; but Mr. Aram had great tact, and did not offer his arm to Mrs. Orme, contenting himself with making a way for her and walking beside her. "I am glad that her son has not come to-day," he said, not bringing his head suspiciously close to hers, but still speaking so that none but she might hear him. "He has done all the good that he could do; and as there is only the judge's charge to hear, the jury will not notice his absence. Of course we hope for the best, Mrs. Orme, but it is doubtful."

As Felix Graham took his place next to Chaffanbrass the old lawyer scowled at him, turning his red old savage eyes first on him and then from him, growling the while, so that the whole court might notice it. The legal portion of the court did notice it and were much amused. "Good-morning, Mr. Chaffanbrass," said Graham quite aloud as he took his seat; and then Chaffanbrass growled again. Considering the lights with which he had been lightened, there was a species of honesty about Mr. Chaffanbrass which certainly deserved praise. He was always true to the man whose money he had taken, and gave to his customer, with all the power at his command, that assistance which he had professed to sell. But we may give the same praise to the hired bravo who goes through with truth and courage the task which he has undertaken. I knew an assassin in Ireland who professed that, during twelve years of practice in Tipperary, he had never failed when he had once engaged himself. For truth and honesty to their customers—which are great virtues—I would bracket that man and Mr. Chaffanbrass together.

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And then the judge commenced his charge, and as he went on with it he repeated all the evidence that was in any way of moment, pulling the details to pieces, and dividing that which bore upon the subject from that which did not. This he did with infinite talent and with a perspicuity beyond all praise. But to my thinking it was remarkable that he seemed to regard the witnesses as a dissecting surgeon may be supposed to regard the subjects on which he operates for the advancement of science. With exquisite care he displayed what each had said, and how the special saying of one bore on that special saying of another. But he never spoke of them as though they had been live men and women, who were themselves as much entitled to justice at his hands as either the prosecutor in this matter or she who was being prosecuted; who, indeed, if any thing, were better entitled unless he could show that they were false and suborned; for unless they were suborned or false they were there doing a painful duty to the public, for which they were to receive no pay, and from which they were to obtain no benefit. Of whom else in that court could so much be said? The judge there had his ermine and his canopy, his large salary and his seat of honor. And the lawyers had their wigs, and their own loud voices, and their places of precedence. The attorneys had their seats and their big tables, and the somewhat familiar respect of the tipstaves. The jury, though not much to be envied, were addressed with respect and flattery, had their honorable seats, and were invariably at least called gentlemen. But why should there be no seat of honor for the witnesses? To stand in a box, to be bawled after by the police, to be scowled at and scolded by the judge, to be brow-beaten and accused falsely by the barristers, and then to be condemned as perjurers by the jury—that is the fate of the one person who, during the whole trial, is perhaps entitled to the greatest respect, and is certainly entitled to the most public gratitude. Let the witness have a big arm-chair, and a canopy over him, and a man behind him with a red cloak to do him honor and keep the flies off; let him be gently invited to come forward from some inner room where he can sit before a fire. Then he will be able to speak out, making himself heard without scolding, and will perhaps be able to make a fair fight with the cocks who can crow so loudly on their own dunghills.

The judge in this case did his work with admirable skill, blowing aside the froth of Mr. Furnival's eloquence, and upsetting the sophistry and false deductions of Mr. Chaffanbrass. The case for the jury, as he said, hung altogether upon the evidence of Kenneby and the woman Bolster. As far as he could see, the evidence of Dockwrath had little to do with it; and alleged malice and greed on the part of Dockwrath could have nothing to do with it. The jury might take it as proved that Lady Mason at the former trial had sworn that she had been present when her husband signed the codicil, and

had seen the different signatures affixed to it. They might also take it as proved that that other deed—the deed purporting to close a partnership between Sir Joseph Mason and Mr. Martock—had been executed on the 14th of July, and that it had been signed by Sir Joseph, and also by those two surviving witnesses, Kenneby and Bolster. The question, therefore, for the consideration of the jury had narrowed itself to this: had two deeds been executed by Sir Joseph Mason, both bearing the same date? If this had not been done, and if that deed with reference to the partnership were a true deed, then must the other be false and fraudulent; and if false and fraudulent, then must Lady Mason have sworn falsely, and been guilty of that perjury with which she was now charged. There might, perhaps, be one loophole to this argument by which an escape was possible. Though both deeds bore the date of 14th July, there might have been error in this. It was possible, though no doubt singular, that that date should have been inserted in the partnership deed, and the deed itself be executed afterward. But then the woman Bolster told them that she had been called to act as witness but once in her life, and if they believed her in that statement the possibility of error as to the date would be of little or no avail on behalf of Lady Mason. For himself, he could not say that adequate ground had been shown for charging Bolster with swearing falsely. No doubt she had been obstinate in her method of giving her testimony, but that might have arisen from an honest resolution on her part not to allow herself to be shaken. The value of her testimony must, however, be judged by the jury themselves. As regarded Kenneby, he must say that the man had been very stupid. No one who had heard him would accuse him for a moment of having intended to swear falsely, but the jury might perhaps think that the testimony of such a man could not be taken as having much value with reference to circumstances which happened more than twenty years since.

The charge took over two hours, but the substance of it has been stated. Then the jury retired to consider their verdict, and the judge, and the barristers, and some other jury proceeded to the business of some other and less important trial. Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme sat for a while in their seats—perhaps for a space of twenty minutes—and then, as the jury did not at once return into court, they retired to the sitting-room in which they had first been placed. Here Mr. Aram accompanied them, and here they were of course met by Peregrine Orme.

"His lordship's charge was very good—very good, indeed," said Mr. Aram.

"Was it?" asked Peregrine.

"And very much in our favor," continued the attorney.

"You think, then," said Mrs. Orme, looking up into his face, "you think that—" But she did not know how to go on with her question.

"Yes, I do. I think we shall have a ver-

dict; I do, indeed. I would not say so before Lady Mason if my opinion was not very strong. The jury may disagree. That is not improbable. But I cannot anticipate that the verdict will be against us."

There was some comfort in this; but how wretched was the nature of the comfort! Did not the attorney, in every word which he spoke, declare his own conviction of his client's guilt. Even Peregrine Orme could not say out boldly that he felt sure of an acquittal because no other verdict could be justly given. And then why was not Mr. Furnival there, taking his friend by the hand and congratulating her that her troubles were so nearly over? Mr. Furnival at this time did not come near her; and had he done so, what could he have said to her?

He and Sir Richard Leatherham left the court together, and the latter went at once back to London without waiting to hear the verdict. Mr. Chaffanbrass also, and Felix Graham retired from the scene of their labors, and as they did so a few words were spoken between them.

"Mr. Graham," said the ancient hero of the Old Bailey, "you are too great for this kind of work I take it. If I were you I would keep out of it for the future."

"I am very much of the same way of thinking, Mr. Chaffanbrass," said the other.

"If a man undertakes a duty, he should do it. That's my opinion, though I confess it's a little old-fashioned; especially if he takes money for it, Mr. Graham." And then the old man glowered at him with his fierce eyes, and nodded his head and went on. What could Graham say to him? His answer would have been ready enough had there been time or place in which to give it. But he had no answer ready which was fit for the crowded hall of the court-house, and so Mr. Chaffanbrass went on his way. He will now pass out of our sight, and we will say of him that he did his duty well according to his lights.

There, in that little room, sat Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme till late in the evening, and there, with them, remained Peregrine. Some sort of refreshment was procured for them, but of the three days they passed in the court, that, perhaps, was the most oppressive. There was no employment for them, and then the suspense was terrible! That suspense became worse and worse as the hours went on, for it was clear that at any rate some of the jury were anxious to give a verdict against her. "They say that there's eight and four," said Mr. Aram, at one of the many visits which he made to them; "but there's no saying how true that may be."

"Eight and four!" said Peregrine.

"Eight to acquit, and four for guilty," said Aram. "If so, we're safe, at any rate, till the next assizes."

But it was not fated that Lady Mason should be sent away from the court in doubt. At eight o'clock Mr. Aram came to them, hot with haste, and told them that the jury had sent for the judge. The judge had gone home to his dinner,

but would return to court at once when he heard that the jury had agreed.

"And must we go into court again?" said Mrs. Orme.

"Lady Mason must do so."

"Then of course I shall go with her. Are you ready now, dear?"

Lady Mason was unable to speak, but she signified that she was ready, and then they went into court. The jury were already in the box, and as the two ladies took their seats the judge entered. But few of the gas-lights were lit, so that they in the court could hardly see each other, and the remaining ceremony did not take five minutes.

"Not guilty, my lord," said the foreman. Then the verdict was recorded, and the judge went back to his dinner. Joseph Mason and Dockwrath were present and heard the verdict. I will leave the reader to imagine with what an appetite they returned to their chamber.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I LOVE HER STILL.

It was all over now, and, as Lucius had said to his mother, there was nothing left for them but to go and hide themselves. The verdict had reached him before his mother's return, and on the moment of his hearing it he sat down and commenced the following letter to Mr. Furnival:

"ORLEY FARM, March —, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you, in my mother's name, for your great exertions in the late trial. I must acknowledge that I have been wrong in thinking that you gave her bad advice, and am now convinced that you acted with the best judgment on her behalf. May I beg that you will add to your great kindness by inducing the gentlemen who undertook the management of the case as my mother's attorneys to let me know as soon as possible in what sum I am indebted to them?"

"I believe I need trouble you with no preamble as to my reasons when I tell you that I have resolved to abandon immediately any title that I may have to the possession of Orley Farm, and to make over the property at once, in any way that may be most efficacious, to my half-brother, Mr. Joseph Mason, of Groby Park. I so strongly feel the necessity of doing this at once, without even a day's delay, that I shall take my mother to lodgings in London to-morrow, and shall then decide on what steps it may be best that we shall take. My mother will be in possession of about £200 a year, subject to such deduction as the cost of the trial may make from it.

"I hope that you will not think that I intrude upon you too far when I ask you to communicate with my brother's lawyers on the subject of this surrender. I do not know how else to do it; and of course you will understand that I wish to screen my mother's name as much as may be in my power with due regard to honesty. I hope I need not insist on the fact—for it is a fact—that nothing will change my purpose as to this. If I can not have it done through you, I must myself go to Mr. Round. I am, moreover, aware that in accordance with strict justice my brother should have upon me a claim for the proceeds of the estate since the date of our father's death. If he wishes it I will give him such claim, making myself his debtor by any form that may be legal. He must, however, in such case be made to understand that his claim will be against a beggar; but, nevertheless, it may suit his views to have such a claim upon me. I can not think that, under the

circumstances, I should be justified in calling on my mother to surrender her small income; but should you be of a different opinion it shall be done.

"I write thus to you at once as I think that not a day should be lost. I will trouble you with another line from London, to let you know what is our immediate address.

"Pray believe me to be

"Yours, faithfully and obliged,

"LUCIUS MASON.

"T. Furnival, Esq.,

"Old Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

As soon as he had completed this letter, which was sufficiently good for its purpose, and clearly explained what was the writer's will on the subject of it, he wrote another, which I do not think was equally efficacious. The second was addressed to Miss Furnival, and being a love letter, was not so much within the scope of the writer's peculiar powers:

"DEAREST SOPHIA,—I hardly know how to address you; or what I should tell you or what conceal. Were we together, and was that promise renewed which you once gave me, I should tell you all; but this I can not do by letter. My mother's trial is over, and she is acquitted: but that which I have learned during the trial has made me feel that I am bound to relinquish to my brother-in-law all my title to Orley Farm, and I have already taken the first steps toward doing so. Yes, Sophia, I am now a beggar on the face of the world. I have nothing belonging to me, save those powers of mind and body which God has given me; and I am, moreover, a man oppressed with a terribly heavy load of grief. For some short time I must hide myself with my mother; and then, when I shall have been able to brace my mind to work, I shall go forth and labor in whatever field may open to me.

"But before I go, Sophia, I wish to say a word of farewell to you, that I may understand on what terms we part. Of course I make no claim. I am aware that that which I now tell you must be held as giving you a valid excuse for breaking any contract that there may have been between us. But, nevertheless, I have hope. That I love you very dearly I need hardly now say; and I still venture to think that the time may come when I shall again prove myself to be worthy of your hand. If you have ever loved me you can not cease to do so merely because I am unfortunate; and if you love me still, perhaps you will consent to wait. If you will do so—if you will say that I am rich in that respect—I shall go to my banishment not altogether a downcast man."

"May I say that I am still your own

"LUCIUS MASON?"

No; he decidedly might not say so. But as the letter was not yet finished when his mother and Mrs. Orme returned, I will not anticipate matters by giving Miss Furnival's reply.

Mrs. Orme came back that night to Orley Farm, but without the intention of remaining there. Her task was over, and it would be well that she should return to The Cleeve. Her task was over; and as the hour must come in which she should leave the mother in the hands of her son, the present hour would be as good as any.

They again went together to the room which they had shared for the last night or two, and there they parted. They had not been there long when the sound of wheels was heard on the gravel, and Mrs. Orme got up from her seat, "There is Peregrine with the carriage," said she.

"And you are going?" said Lady Mason.

"If I could do you good I would stay," said Mrs. Orme.

"No, no; of course you must go. Oh, my

darling! oh, my friend!" and she threw herself into the other's arms.

"Of course I will write to you," said Mrs. Orme. "I will do so regularly."

"May God bless you forever! But it is needless to ask for blessings on such as you. You are blessed."

"And you too; if you will turn to Him you will be blessed."

"Ah me! Well, I can try now. I feel that I can at any rate try."

"And none who try ever fail. And now, dear, good-by."

"Good-by, my angel. But, Mrs. Orme, I have one word I must first say; a message that I must send to him. Tell him this, that never in my life have I loved any man as well as I have loved him, and as I do love him. That on my knees I beg his pardon for the wrong I have done him."

"But he knows how great has been your goodness to him."

"When the time came I was not quite a devil to drag him down with me to utter destruction."

"He will always remember what was your conduct then."

"But tell him, that though I loved him, and though I loved you with all my heart—with all my heart, I knew through it all, as I know now, that I was not a fitting friend for him or you. No, do not interrupt me—I always knew it; and though it was so sweet to me to see your faces, I would have kept away, but that he would not have it. I came to him to assist me because he was great and strong, and he took me to his bosom with his kindness till I destroyed his strength; though his greatness nothing can destroy."

"No, no; he does not think that you have injured him."

"But tell him what I say; and tell him that a poor bruised, broken creature, who knows at least her own vileness, will pray for him night and morning. And now good-by. Of my heart toward you I can not speak."

"Good-by then, and, Lady Mason, never despair. There is always room for hope; and where there is hope there need not be unhappiness."

Then they parted, and Mrs. Orme went down to her son.

"Mother, the carriage is here," he said.

"Yes, I heard it. Where is Lucius? Good-by, Mr. Mason."

"God bless you, Mrs. Orme. Believe me I know how good you have been to us."

As she gave him her hand she spoke a few words to him. "My last request to you, Mr. Mason, is to beg that you will be tender to your mother."

"I will do my best, Mrs. Orme."

"All her sufferings and your own have come from her great love for you."

"That I know and feel; but had her ambition for me been less it would have been better for both of us." And there he stood barehead-

ed at the door while Peregrine Orme handed his mother into the carriage. Thus Mrs. Orme took her last leave of Orley Farm, and was parted from the woman she had loved with so much truth and befriended with so much loyalty.

Very few words were spoken in the carriage between Peregrine and his mother while they were being taken back through Hamworth to The Cleeve. To Peregrine the whole matter was unintelligible. He knew that the verdict had been in favor of Lady Mason, and yet there had been no signs of joy at Orley Farm, or even of contentment. He had heard also from Lucius, while they had been together for a few minutes, that Orley Farm was to be given up.

"You'll let it, I suppose?" Peregrine had asked.

"It will not be mine to let. It will belong to my brother," Lucius had answered. Then Peregrine had asked no further question; nor had Lucius offered any further information.

But his mother, as he knew, was worn-out with the work she had done, and at the present moment he felt that the subject was one which would hardly bear questions. So he sat by her side in silence; and before the carriage had reached The Cleeve his mind had turned away from the cares and sorrows of Lady Mason, and was once more at Noningsby. After all, as he said to himself, who could be worse off than he was? He had nothing to hope.

They found Sir Peregrine standing in the hall to receive them; and Mrs. Orme, though she had been absent only three days, could not but perceive the havoc which this trial had made upon him. It was not that the sufferings of those three days had broken him down, but that now, after that short absence, she was able to perceive how great had been upon him the effect of his previous sufferings. He had never held up his head since the day on which Lady Mason had made to him her first confession. Up to that time he had stood erect, and though, as he walked, his steps had shown that he was no longer young, he had walked with a certain air of strength and manly bearing. Till Lady Mason had come to The Cleeve no one would have said that Sir Peregrine looked as though his energy and life had passed away. But now, as he put his arm round his daughter's waist and stooped down to kiss her cheek, he was a worn-out, tottering old man.

During these three days he had lived almost altogether alone, and had been ashamed to show to those around him the intense interest which he felt in the result of the trial. His grandson had on each day breakfasted alone, and had left the house before his grandfather was out of his room; and on each evening he had returned late—as he now returned with his mother—and had dined alone. Then he had sat with his grandfather for an hour or two, and had been constrained to talk over the events of the day without being allowed to ask Sir Peregrine's opinion as to Lady Mason's innocence or to express his own. These three days had been dread-

ful to Sir Peregrine. He had not left the house, but had crept about from room to room, ever and again taking up some book or paper and putting it down unread as his mind reverted to the one subject which now for him bore any interest. On the second of these three days a note had been brought to him from his old friend Lord Alston. "Dear Orme," the note had run, "I am not quite happy as I think of the manner in which we parted the other day. If I offended in any degree, I send this as a peace-maker, and beg to shake your hand heartily. Let me have a line from you to say that it is all right between us. Neither you nor I can afford to lose an old friend at our time of life. Yours always, Alston." But Sir Peregrine had not answered it. Lord Alston's servant had been dismissed with a promise that an answer should be sent, but at the end of the three days it had not yet been written. His mind, indeed, was still sore toward Lord Alston. The counsel which his old friend had given him was good and true, but it had been neglected, and its very truth and excellence now made the remembrance of it unpalatable. He had, nevertheless, intended to write; but the idea of such exertion from hour to hour had become more distressing to him.

He had of course heard of Lady Mason's acquittal; and indeed tidings of the decision to which the jury had come went through the country very quickly. There is a telegraphic wire for such tidings which has been very long in use, and which, though always used, is as yet but very little understood. How is it that information will spread itself quicker than men can travel, and make its way like water into all parts of the world? It was known all through the country that night that Lady Mason was acquitted, and before the next night it was as well known that she had acknowledged her guilt by giving up the property.

Little could be said as to the trial while Peregrine remained in the room with his mother and his grandfather; but this he had the tact to perceive, and soon left them together. "I shall see you, mother, up stairs before you go to bed," he said, as he sauntered out.

"But you must not keep her up," said his grandfather. "Remember all that she has gone through." With this injunction he went off, and as he sat alone in his mother's room he tried to come to some resolution as to Noningsby. He knew he had no ground for hope—no chance, as he would have called it. And if so, would it not be better that he should take himself off? Nevertheless he would go to Noningsby once more. He would not be such a coward but that he would wish her good-by before he went, and hear the end of it all from her own lips.

When he had left the room Lady Mason's last message was given to Sir Peregrine. "Poor soul, poor soul!" he said, as Mrs. Orme began her story. "Her son knows it all then now."

"I told him last night—with her consent; so that he should not go into the court to-day. It

would have been very bad, you know, if they had found her guilty."

"Yes, yes; very bad—very bad indeed. Poor creature! And so you told him. How did he bear it?"

"On the whole, well. At first he would not believe me."

"As for me, I could not have done it. I could not have told him."

"Yes, Sir, you would; you would, if it had been required of you."

"I think it would have killed me. But a woman can do things for which a man's courage would never be sufficient. And he bore it manfully."

"He was very stern."

"Yes, and he will be stern. Poor soul! I pity her from my very heart. But he will not desert her; he will do his duty by her."

"I am sure he will. In that respect he is a good young man."

"Yes, my dear. He is one of those who seem by nature created to bear adversity. No trouble or sorrow would, I think, crush him. But had prosperity come to him, it would have made him odious to all around him. You were not present when they met?"

"No; I thought it better to leave them."

"Yes, yes. And he will give up the place at once."

"To-morrow he will do so. In that, at any rate, he has true spirit. To-morrow early they will go to London, and she, I suppose, will never see Orley Farm again." And then Mrs. Orme gave Sir Peregrine that last message.—"I tell you every thing as she told me," Mrs. Orme said, seeing how deeply he was affected. "Perhaps I am wrong."

"No, no, no," he said.

"Coming at such a moment, her words seemed to be almost sacred."

"They are sacred. They shall be sacred. Poor soul, poor soul!"

"She did a great crime."

"Yes, yes."

"But if a crime can be forgiven—can be excused on account of its motives—"

"It can not, my dear. Nothing can be forgiven on that ground."

"No: we know that; we all feel sure of that. But yet how can one help loving her? For myself, I shall love her always."

"And I also love her." And then the old man made his confession. "I loved her well—better than I had ever thought to love any one again, but you and Perry. I loved her very dearly, and felt that I should have been proud to have called her my wife. How beautiful she was in her sorrow, when we thought that her life had been pure and good!"

"And it had been good—for many years past."

"No; for the stolen property was still there. But yet how graceful she was, and how well her sorrows sat upon her! What might she not have done had the world used her more kindly,

and not sent in her way that sore temptation! She was a woman for a man to have loved to madness."

"And yet how little can she have known of love!"

"I loved her." And as the old man said so he rose to his feet with some show of his old energy. "I loved her—with all my heart! It is foolish for an old man so to say; but I did love her; nay, I love her still. But that I knew that it would be wrong—for your sake, and for Perry's—" And then he stopped himself, as though he would fain hear what she might say to him.

"Yes; it is all over now," she said, in the softest, sweetest, lowest voice. She knew that she was breaking down a last hope, but she knew also that that hope was vain. And then there was silence in the room for some ten minutes' space.

"It is all over," he then said, repeating her last words.

"But you have us still—Perry and me. Can any one love you better than we do?" And she got up and went over to him and stood by him, and leaned upon him.

"Edith, my love, since you came to my house there has been an angel in it watching over me. I shall know that always; and when I turn my face to the wall, as I soon shall, that shall be my last earthly thought." And so in tears they parted for that night. But the sorrow that was bringing him to his grave came from the love of which he had spoken. It is seldom that a young man may die from a broken heart; but if an old man have a heart still left to him, it is more fragile.

BUYING WINTER THINGS.

"The poor ye have always with you."

"**W**OULD you like to go shopping this morning?"

It was Miss Chaloner who asked the question—"Gertrude the magnificent," as her worshippers called her, with more truth in their epithets than there usually is in the compliments paid to handsome women. Gertrude Chaloner was self-poised to a remarkable degree. No world's judgment, no human opinion, had power to lay out a foot-path for her imperious feet. What she willed to do she did, and of small import was any other mortal's nilly. So far this circumstance had not hurt her popularity, for she had only willed to be the most accomplished, the most intellectual, and the best-dressed woman of her set. So, never thinking of fashion, *per se*, she became a leader of it. A few knew, however, that it wanted only the true electric spark to quicken that grand nature into something nobler than any of her past dreams. Meantime her powers, unconsciously to herself, waited, as the offerings used to wait upon the altar for the spark of celestial fire which was to make of them sweet incense for heaven.

Of course not every one knew this. Most

people supposed that she was in her proper sphere now, and would never have thought of associating her with self-denial or self-sacrifice.

She sat—this clear, bright autumn morning—in her own room, which was shared, just then, with a guest who came the day before—her cousin Nan, from Philadelphia. The pair were a complete contrast, and therefore polarized admirably. Miss Chaloner was tall and stately, with dark hair and gray eyes, out of which the waiting soul looked honest, earnest, trustful. Her lips, except when she smiled, were a thought too thin; her brow, now that the hair was rolled back, a thought too high. Nan Darrow's brow was low; her eyes laughed even when her full soft lips did not, and her soul was all heart—a creature pretty and most winsome, but one whose good deeds would be offshoots of impulse, not principle; none the less graceful for that, however. She revered her cousin Gertrude as a superior being; and, after her own gay fashion, loved her dearly. She sprang up and clapped her hands as Miss Chaloner spoke.

"Going to get winter things? Oh, that is charming! I always love to see you shop—you go at it royally. No shilling counters for you! It is well that your purse is as long as your taste is lofty."

Miss Chaloner smiled.

"I fear you'll be disappointed, Nan. I am going to buy practical, useful things this morning."

"As if I did not know that your most useful gown was a French cachemire, and your most serviceable stockings were fine-spun of the silk-worm's cast-off winding-sheet."

"Well, I am not going to buy cachemire robes this morning, but I shall get a good many winter things nevertheless."

Nan put on her dainty velvet cloak and tied her French hat round a face bright with the careless, thoughtless joy of youth.

Miss Chaloner made a graver toilet, and soon they were on Washington Street. Their first stopping-place was at a grocer's. Flour and sugar and butter were purchased in liberal quantities, and sent to different addresses, which Miss Chaloner read from a card she held in her hand.

Nan began to wonder, but she maintained a discreet silence. She walked on beside her cousin with her tripping footsteps till they turned into Summer Street, the more congenial region of dry-goods shops. A half-suppressed exclamation of delight escaped her as she saw the tempting array of silks in a window on the north side; and when Miss Chaloner entered the door she began to think the true business of the day was commencing. But they did not go up to the silk counter, or turn aside for the soft laces floating out mistily. Half-way up the store, where the shelves were piled with substantial cottons and warm blankets, Gertrude Chaloner stopped, and Nan made a half-unwilling pause at her side. The purchase was extensive—sev-

eral pieces of cotton, half a dozen pairs of soft, warm blankets, in these days when cotton and blankets are at a premium. Nan's wonder increased. But the articles were to be sent home this time, and she began to think her cousin was secretly contemplating matrimony and house-keeping.

"We will cross the street, now," Miss Chaloner said, as they went out. "I saw over there some nice, serviceable winter dress goods cheap."

"When, in the name of wonder, did you begin to care for cheapness?" muttered Nan, as the little door-boy let them in.

The dresses were purchased—a few remnants for children, some dark calicoes and strong woolen goods in larger patterns. Then a dozen or two of coarse, warm stockings, and the list was complete.

"Now, to pay you for being good, you shall look at pictures a little," Miss Chaloner said, as she led the way toward Everett's.

They looked over some choice engravings for half an hour, and finally Miss Chaloner purchased one—small, but a gem of the most exquisite art—a Madonna, with the Holy Child smiling in her arms, and the attendant angels looking out from the clouds around, with the brightness of another world upon their brows. She gave directions for it to be framed simply, and said that she would call for it on the morrow.

With unusual reticence Nan refrained from any questions until they had reached home, and sat down in her cousin's pleasant room to rest a while. Then when the bundles began to come in, she asked,

"Are these blankets and cottons for yourself, Cousin Gertrude?"

"No."

"And of course the calicoes and stockings and remnants are not. Who, in the name of common-sense, are they for? and how much money do you think you have spent this morning on this rubbish?"

"As to whom they are for, you shall see that to-morrow; and as to the money I have spent, it is less than half my usual winter allowance."

"And you expect to dress on the other half?" cried Nan, with wide open, wondering eyes.

"No, the other half goes for coal and house-rents."

"And you are to dress on—what?"

"What I have. Except boots and gloves, I do not mean to have a single new article this winter."

"Except, of course, your bonnet; one could hardly imagine Miss Chaloner in a last year's *chapeau*."

"Not even excepting my bonnet. My last winter's one was black velvet. It will alter over irreproachably. I do not mean that the world shall know these things, Nan. I am not going to turn hermit, or even to give up the society in which I have been accustomed to move. I had

more new fineries last winter than half my friends had a sight of. I shall not be conspicuously shabby if I wear them again. I only let you into my secrets because you are my little cousin, who loves me, and I think my example may have some weight with you. You are rich enough to do a great deal of good in the same way. It is going to be a terrible winter. Taxes are such as our country never knew before, and goods are selling at prices we should have thought fabulous a year ago. With my wardrobe full of last year's handsome dresses, I could not think it right to buy new ones, when the cry of the poor and the wail of the destitute are piercing the air on every side."

"But there have been poor people always, Gertie, and you have never felt like this before."

"No, I have not realized the fact of suffering as I realize it now. It is the hour of darkness over all the land. The resurrection morning will come by-and-by, but now the night is dark, and the stars are dim. I will tell you all, Nan. I have given more to my country than gold could buy. One I loved, and who loved me, went, in August, with the three-years' men. He came to me with the light of eager courage and self-devotion in his eyes, and asked me to bid him God-speed, and send him on his mission."

"And you did it?"

"Yes, I did it. It was a hard struggle; but what was I that I should stay at home and keep my own, and let other women's lovers and husbands march, and bleed, and die, that I and mine might shelter ourselves in a smiling home, and look out through plate-glass, and from between soft draperies, at the winter? Yes, I gave him up. He is gone. He will come again, perhaps; but I can never forget that other perhaps—that the mouth which kissed mine at parting may never kiss again, and the eyes at whose courage I lit the fire of my own resolve may look their last on the smoky sky of some Southern battle-ground."

"When I had given him up I longed to do something myself. Beside the one great sacrifice all lesser ones seemed easy, and almost his last words had marked out my path. 'How shall I bear it?' I faltered, clinging to him with a woman's weakness. 'By being always busy, Gertrude,' and I remember the pity in his eyes as he said it. 'There are so many suffering ones to comfort—so many wounds to heal.'

"Since he went away I have been living a new life. I have been among a class of people I had never understood before—the good and honest poor. I have seen there sights to make a woman's heart ache, and, so far as I could, I have carried consolation with me. It is a small sacrifice, Nan, to go without a new cloak or wear a last year's dress for the sake of giving a shelter to the shelterless."

"But I never thought you were benevolent, Gertrude, and you always seemed to me very fond of dress, in a dignified, high and mighty fashion of your own."

"So I was, and so I suppose I am still; but that was not all of me, Nan. I needed rousing, and I can not understand the soul which these days of dread and danger, these times of parting and praying, would not quicken to a new life."

Nan Darrow looked at her cousin. Miss Chaloner's face shone as if she were inspired. Into her great, gray eyes a flood of light had broken—her pale face was flushed, her head was erect, her chest heaved. Even Nan's unpenetrating gaze could not fail to see that for that soul its hour had come.

They did not talk much more. Nan's nature was impulsive, demonstrative, outspoken, but she dared not express to Gertrude the admiration which she felt—as profound as any sentiment of hers could be. "Go thou and do likewise," was the only tribute Miss Chaloner would have welcomed.

The next morning they took the carriage, packed with the purchases of the day before, and started to convey them to their destinations. On the way they stopped at Everett's and took in the Madonna.

"Surely this is not for one of your pensioners?" Nan asked. "I think one would hardly feed the hungry with pictures."

"There is more than one kind of hunger, child Nan. You shall see whether my gift will be appreciated."

They had stopped at three houses, leaving a pair of blankets here, a dress there, and at another a piece of cotton, as need was. At the next pause Miss Chaloner took the picture in her hand, and turned with a smiling face for Nan to follow her.

They went up two flights of stairs, and then a faint, sweet voice answered "Come in" to Miss Chaloner's tap on the door. They entered a large and not uncomfortable room. Every thing was scrupulously neat. In one of the windows stood a tea-rose, a geranium, and a heliotrope. Nan knew they were her cousin's favorite flowers, and guessed how they came there. In the bed, bolstered up by pillows and knitting busily, was a young girl. She was not beautiful, and yet Nan thought she had never seen face so sweet. It was a delicate, thin face; so pale that the tracery of the blue veins shone through. The eyes were dark and full of a mournful tenderness. The hair was cut short, like a child's, and lay about the brow in sunny rings. How the pale visage brightened into smiles as she saw who was her visitor! Miss Chaloner took a chair near the bed and gave one to Nan, as if she were at home. Then she asked,

"How do you do to-day, Martha? Did you have a bad night? I have brought my cousin, Miss Darrow, to see you."

"Thank you. I am pretty well; no more pain than usual. I slept several hours last

night, and it did me so much good. Mother has gone out to take home some work, and I was quite cheerful sitting here alone."

"You always are. It reproaches me sometimes to think of it," Miss Chaloner said, kindly. "How long is it since you have been able to stand on your feet?"

"Five years this month, ma'am."

"Five years of lying here in this one place, and looking at the blank wall and suffering!" Miss Chaloner's eyes grew misty, but she went on, in a tone of encouragement,

"I have brought something to hang in front of you, on the wall, Martha, and perhaps it will comfort you sometimes when you are lonely."

She unfolded the wrappings from the picture and held it before the sick girl. Martha did not speak. Her ecstasy was wordless, but it shone in her eyes and transfigured her face as she looked. By-and-by her tears began to fall.

"Oh, Miss Chaloner," she said, at length, "do you mean that that is my own? I never saw any thing half so beautiful. I shall never be lonesome again."

"Do you think my picture was a good investment?" Gertrude asked, smilingly, as they went down stairs.

"The best of all!" Nan cried, with eager tones. "Oh, Gertrude, isn't she lovely? So refined, so gentle—"

"And so patient," Gertrude added. "What she suffers no one dreams—nights and days of racking agony—and yet busy every moment when the sharp torture leaves her a respite. If I had made ten times more sacrifice for the sake of doing good, to have known that girl and learned the lesson of unfaltering trust, of patient submission she has taught me, would have been worth it all."

Nan staid in Boston three weeks longer. She went with Miss Chaloner to buy the rest of her winter things; and when she left, at last, it was with a new purpose in her eager, impulsive, but kindly heart. Last week she wrote to Gertrude Chaloner:

"I, too, have been shopping since I saw you. Hitherto I had shopped only for one. Now I am shopping for many, and the reward is proportionately larger. I do all I can—yes, Gertrude, I do believe I am doing all I can for those whose sufferings you taught me to discover. Sometime, perhaps, I shall be good enough to be called your friend. I, too, have sent one away to fight for me whom hitherto my selfish love had held back. My offering, like yours, is on the altar. Come to me and teach me how to wait."

How long will these women, and many more besides them, have in which to learn that long, slow lesson? With what grand results, to them, to all, will the waiting be crowned at length? God knows.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was not a cheerful morning on which to be married. A dense, yellow, London fog, the like of which the Misses Leaf had never yet seen, penetrated into every corner of the parlor at No. 15, where they were breakfasting drearily by candle-light, all in their wedding attire. They had been up since six in the morning, and Elizabeth had dressed her three mistresses one after the other, taking exceeding pleasure in the performance. For she was still little more than a girl, to whom a wedding was a wedding, and this was the first she had ever had to do with in her life.

True, it disappointed her in some things. She was a little surprised that last evening had passed off just like all other evenings. The interest and bustle of packing soon subsided—the packing consisting only of the traveling trunk, for the rest of the *trousseau* went straight to Russell Square, every means having been taken to ignore the very existence of No. 15; and then the three ladies had supper as usual, and went to bed at their customary hour without any special demonstration of emotion or affection. To Elizabeth this was strange. She had not yet learned the unspeakable bitterness of a parting where nobody has any grief to restrain.

On a wedding morning, of course, there is no time to be spared for sentiment. The principal business appeared to be—dressing. Mr. Ascott had insisted on doing his part in making his new connections appear "respectable" at his marriage, and for Selina's sake they had consented. Indeed, it was inevitable: they had no money whatever to clothe themselves withal. They must either have accepted Mr. Ascott's gifts—in which, to do him justice, he was both thoughtful and liberal—or they must have staid away from the wedding altogether, which they did not like to do "for the sake of the family."

So, with a sense of doing their last duty by the sister, who would be, they felt, henceforward a sister no more, Miss Leaf attired herself in her violet silk and white China shawl, and Miss Hilary put on her silver-gray poplin, with a cardinal cape, as was then in fashion, trimmed with white swan's-down. It was rather an elderly costume for a bridemaid; but she was determined to dress warmly, and not risk, in muslins and laces, the health which to her now was money, life—nay, honor.

For Ascott's creditor had been already paid: Miss Balquidder never let grass grow under her feet. When Hilary returned to her sisters that day there was no longer any fear of public exposure; she had the receipted bill in her hand, and she was Miss Balquidder's debtor to the extent of eighty pounds.

But it was no debt of disgrace or humiliation, nor did she feel it as such. She had learned the lesson which the large-hearted rich can always teach the poor, that, while there is sometimes, to some people, no more galling chain, there is to others—and these are the highest natures, too—no more firm and sacred bond than gratitude. But still the debt was there; and Hilary would never feel quite easy till it was paid—in money, at least. The generosity she never wished to repay. She would rather feel it wrapping her round, like an arm that was heavy only through its exceeding tenderness, to the end of her days.

Nevertheless she had arranged that there was to be a regular monthly deduction from her salary; and how, by retrenchment, to make this monthly payment as large as she could, was a question which had occupied herself and Johanna for a good while after they retired to rest. For there was no time to be lost. Mrs. Jones must be given notice to; and there was another notice to be given, if the Richmond plan were carried out; another sad retrenchment, foreboding which, when Elizabeth brought up supper, Miss Hilary could hardly look the girl in the face, and, when she bade her good-night, had felt almost like a secret conspirator.

For she knew that, if the money to clear this debt was to be saved, they must part with Elizabeth.

No doubt the personal sacrifice would be considerable, for Hilary would have to do the work of their two rooms with her own hands, and give up a hundred little comforts in which Elizabeth, now become a most clever and efficient servant, had made herself necessary to them both. But the two ladies did not think of that at the moment; they only thought of the pain of parting with her. They thought of it sorely, even though she was but a servant, and there was a family parting close at hand. Alas! people must take what they earn. It was a melancholy fact that, of the two impending losses, the person they should miss most would be, not their sister, but Elizabeth.

Both regrets combined made them sit at the breakfast table—the last meal they should ever take together as a family—sad and sorry, speaking about little else than the subject which presented itself as easiest and uppermost, namely, clothes.

Finally, they stood all completely arrayed, even to bonnets; Hilary looking wonderfully bewitching in hers, which was the very pattern of one that may still be seen in a youthful portrait of our gracious Queen—a large round brim, with a wreath of roses inside; while Miss Leaf's was somewhat like it, only with little bunches of white ribbon: "for," she said, "my time of

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"So that has gone by." But her sweet faded face and a peace that was not in the other two—no day in Hilary's.

But the time arrived; the carriage drew up at the door. Then nature and sisterly feeling asserted themselves for a minute. Miss Selina "gave way," not to any loud or indecorous extent, to nothing that could in the least harm her white satin, or crumple her laces and ribbons; but she did shed a tear or two—real honest tears—kissed her sisters affectionately, hoped they would be very happy at Richmond, and that they would often come to see her at Russell Square.

"You know," said she, half apologetically, "it is a great deal better for one of us at least to be married and settled. Indeed I assure you, I have done it all for the good of my family."

And for the time being she devoutly believed she had.

So it was all over. Elizabeth herself, from the aisle of St. Pancras Church, watched the beginning and ending of the show; a very fine show, with a number of handsomely dressed people, wedding guests, who seemed to stare about them a good deal and take little interest in either bride or bridegroom. The only persons Elizabeth recognized were her mistresses—Miss Leaf, who kept her veil down and never stirred; and Miss Hilary, who stood close behind the bride, listening with downcast eyes to the beautiful marriage service. It must have touched her more than on her sister's account, for a tear, gathered under each eyelash, silently rolled down the soft cheek and fell.

"Miss Hilary's an angel, and he'll be a lucky man that gets her," meditated her faithful "bower-maiden" of old; as, a little excited by the event of the morning, she stood by the mantle-piece and contemplated a letter which had come after the ladies departed; one of these regular monthly Indian letters, after which, Elizabeth was sharp enough to notice, Miss Hilary's step always grew lighter and her eye brighter for many days.

"It must be a nice thing to have somebody fond of one, and somebody to be fond of," meditated she. And "old-fashioned piece of goods" as she was—according to Mrs. Jones (who now, from the use she was in the Jones's *ménage*, patronized and confided in her extremely)—some little bit of womanly craving after the woman's one hope and crown of bliss crept into the poor maid-servant's heart. But it was not for the maid-servant's usual necessity—a "sweet-heart"—somebody to "keep company with;" it was rather for somebody to love, and perhaps take care of a little. People love according to their natures; and Elizabeth's was a strong nature; its principal element being a capacity for passionate devotedness, almost unlimited in extent. Such women, who love most, are not always, indeed very rarely, loved best. And so it was perhaps as well that poor Elizabeth should make up her mind, as she did very composedly, that

she herself should never be married; but after that glorious wedding of Miss Hilary's to Mr. Lyon, should settle down to take care of Miss Leaf all her days.

"And if I turn out only half as good and contented as my mistress, it can't be such a dreadful thing to be an old maid after all," stoically said Elizabeth Hand.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when her attention was caught by some one in the passage inquiring for her; yes, actually for her. She could hardly believe her eyes when she perceived it was her new-found old acquaintance, Tom Cliffe.

He was dressed very well, out of livery; indeed, he looked so extremely like a gentleman that Mrs. Jones's little girl took him for one, called him "Sir," and showed him into the parlor.

"All right. I thought this was the house. Uncommon sharp of me to hunt you out; wasn't it, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth was a little stiff, flurried, and perplexed. Her mistresses were out; she did not know whether she ought to ask Tom in, especially as it must be into the parlor: there was no other place to take him to.

However, Tom settled the matter with a conclusive, "Oh, gammon!"—sat himself down, and made himself quite comfortable. And Elizabeth was so glad to see him—glad to have another chance of talking about dear old Stowbury. It could not be wrong; she would not say a word about the family, not even tell him she lived with the Misses Leaf if she could help it. And Tom did not seem in the least curious.

"Now, I call this quite a coincidence. I was stopping at St. Pancras Church to look at a wedding—some old city foggy who lives in Russell Square, and is making a great splash; and there I see you, Elizabeth, standing in the crowd, and looking so nice and spicy—as fresh as an apple and as brisk as a bee. I hummed and hawed and whistled, but I couldn't catch your eye; then I missed you, and was vexed above a bit, till I saw some one like you going in at this door, so I just knocked and asked; and here you are! 'Pon my life, I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Elizabeth, pleased, even grateful for the trouble he had taken about her: she had so few friends; in truth, actually none.

They began to talk, and Tom Cliffe talked exceedingly well. He had added to his natural cleverness a degree of London sharpness, the result of much "knocking about" ever since childhood. Besides, his master, the literary gentleman, who had picked him out of the printing-office, had taken a deal of pains with him. Tom was, for his station, a very intelligent and superior young man. Not a boy, though he was still under twenty, but a young man: that precocity of development which often accompanies a delicate constitution, making him appear, as

he was indeed, in mind and character, fully six or seven years older than his real age.

He was a handsome fellow, too, though small; dark-haired, dark-eyed, with regular and yet sensitive and mobile features. Altogether Tom Cliffe was decidedly interesting, and Elizabeth took great pleasure in looking at him, and in thinking, with a certain half-motherly, half-romantic satisfaction, that but for her, and her carrying him home from under the horse's heels, he might, humanly speaking, have been long ago buried in Stowbury church-yard.

"I have a 'church-yard cough' at times still," said he, when speaking of this little episode of early life. "I don't think I shall ever live to be a middle-aged man." And he shook his head, and looked melancholy and poetical; nay, even showed Elizabeth some poetry that he himself had written on the subject, which was clever enough in its way.

Elizabeth's interest grew. An ordinary baker or butcher boy would not have attracted her in the least; but here was something in the shape of a hero, somebody who at once touched her sympathies and roused her admiration. For Tom was quite as well-informed as she was herself; more so, indeed. He was one of the many shrewd and clever working-men who were then beginning to rise up and think for themselves, and educate themselves. He attended classes at mechanics' institutions, and young men's debating societies; where every topic of the day, religion, politics, political economy, was handled freely, as the young do handle these serious things. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the new movement, which, like all revolutions, had at first its great and fatal dangers, but yet resulted in much good; clearing the political sky, and bringing all sorts of hidden abuses under the sharp eyes of that great scourge of evil-doers—public opinion.

Yet Elizabeth, reared under the wing of the conservative Misses Leaf, was a little startled when Tom Cliffe, who apparently liked talking and being listened to, gave her a long dissertation on the true principles of the Charter, and how Frost, Williams, and Jones—names all but forgotten now—were very ill-used men, actual martyrs. She was more than startled—shocked indeed—until there came a reaction of the deepest pity—when he confessed that he never went to church. He saw no use in going, he said; the parsons were all shams, paid largely to chatter about what they did not understand; the only real religion was that which a man thought out for himself, and acted out for himself. Which was true enough, though only a half truth; and innocent Elizabeth did not see the other half.

But she was touched and carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the lad, wild, fierce iconoclast as he was, ready to cast down the whole fabric of Church and State; though without any personal hankering after lawless rights and low pleasures. His sole idol was, as he said, intellect, and that was his preservation.

Also, the fragile health which was betrayed in every flash of his eye, every flush of his sallow cheek, made Tom Cliffe, even in the two hours he staid with her, come very close to Elizabeth's heart. It was such a warm heart, such a liberal heart, thinking so little of itself or of its own value.

So here began to be told the old story, familiar in kitchens as parlors; but, from the higher bringing-up of the two parties concerned, conducted in this case more after the fashion of the latter than the former.

Elizabeth Hand was an exceptional person, and Tom had the sense to see that at once. He paid her no coarse attentions, did not attempt to make love to her; but he liked her, and he let her see that he did. True, she was not pretty, and she was older than he; but that to a boy of nineteen is rather flattering than otherwise. Also, for there is a law even under the blind mystery of likings and fallings in love—a certain weakness in him, that weakness which generally accompanies the poetical nature, clung to the quiet, solid, practical strength of hers. He liked to talk and be listened to by those silent, admiring, gentle gray eyes; and he thought it very pleasant when, with a motherly prudence, she warned him to be careful over his cough, and gave him a flannel breast-plate to protect his chest against the cold.

When he went away Tom was so far in love that, following the free and easy ways of his class, he attempted to give Elizabeth a kiss; but she drew back so hotly that he begged her pardon, and slipped away rather confounded.

"That's an odd sort of young woman; there's something in her," said he to himself. "I'll get a kiss, though, by-and-by."

Meanwhile Elizabeth, having forgotten all about her dinner, sat thinking, actually doing nothing but thinking, until within half an hour of the time when her mistresses might be expected back. They were to go direct to the hotel, breakfast, wait till the newly-married couple had departed, and then come home. They would be sure to be weary, and want their tea.

So Elizabeth made every thing ready for them, steadily putting Tom Cliffe out of her mind. One thing she was glad of, that talking so much about his own affairs, he had forgotten to inquire concerning hers, and was still quite ignorant even of her mistresses' name. He therefore could tell no tales of the Leaf family at Stowbury. Still she determined at once to inform Miss Hilary that he had been here, but that, if she wished it, he should never come again. And it spoke well for her resolve, that while resolving she was startled to find how very sorry she should feel if Tom Cliffe never came again.

I know I am painting this young woman with a strangely tender conscience, a refinement of feeling, and a general moral sensitiveness which people say is seldom or never to be found in her rank of life. And why not? Because mistresses treat servants as servants, and not as women; because in the sharp, hard line they

draw, at the outset, between themselves and their domestics, they give no chance for any womanliness to be developed. And therefore since human nature is weak, and without help from without, a long degraded class can never rise, sweet-hearts will still come crawling through back entries and down at area doors; mistresses will still have to dismiss helpless and fallen, or brazen in iniquity, many a wretched girl who once was innocent; or, if nothing actually vicious results, may have many a good, respectable servant, who left to get married, return, complaining that her "young man," whom she knew so little about, has turned out a drunken scoundrel of a husband, who drives her back to her old comfortable "place" to beg for herself and her starving babies a morsel of bread.

When, with a vivid blush that she could not repress, Elizabeth told her mistress that Tom Cliffe had been to see her, the latter replied at first carelessly, for her mind was preoccupied. Then, her attention caught by the aforesaid blush, Miss Hilary asked,

"How old is the lad?"

"Nineteen."

"That's a bad age, Elizabeth. Too old to be a pet, and rather too young for a husband."

"I never thought of such a thing," said Elizabeth, warmly—and honestly, at the time.

"Did he want to come and see you again?"

"He said so."

"Oh, well, if he is a steady, respectable lad there can be no objection. I should like to see him myself next time."

And then a sudden sharp recollection that there would likely be no next time, in their service at least, made Miss Hilary feel quite a hypocrite.

"Elizabeth," said she, "we will speak about Tom Cliffe—is not that his name?—by-and-by. Now, as soon as tea is over, my sister wants to talk to you. When you are ready, will you come up stairs?"

She spoke in an especially gentle tone, so that by no possibility could Elizabeth fancy they were displeased with her.

Now, knowing the circumstances of the family, Elizabeth's conscience had often smitten her that she must eat a great deal, that her wages, paid regularly month by month, must make a great hole in her mistress's income. She was, alack! a sad expense, and she tried to lighten her cost in every possible way. But it never struck her that they could do without her, or that any need would arise for their doing so. So she went into the parlor quite unsuspectingly, and found Miss Leaf lying on the sofa, and Miss Hilary reading aloud the letter from India. But it was laid quietly aside as she said,

"Johanna, Elizabeth is here."

Then Johanna, rousing herself to say what must be said, but putting it as gently and kindly as she could, told Elizabeth, what mistresses often think it below their dignity to tell to servants, the plain truth—namely, that circumstances obliged herself and Miss Hilary to re-

trench their expenses as much as they possibly could. That they were going to live in two little rooms at Richmond, where they would board with the inmates of the house.

"And so, and so—" Miss Leaf faltered. It was very hard to say it with those eager eyes fixed upon her.

Hilary took up the word—

"And so, Elizabeth, much as it grieves us, we shall be obliged to part with you. We can not any longer afford to keep a servant."

No answer.

"It is not even as it was once before, when we thought you might do better for yourself. We know, if it were possible, you would rather stay with us, and we would rather keep you. It is like parting with one of our own family." And Miss Hilary's voice too failed. "However, there is no help for it; we must part."

Elizabeth, recovered from her first bewildered grief, was on the point of bursting out into entreaties that she might do like many another faithful servant, live without wages, put up with any hardships, rather than be sent away. But something in Miss Hilary's manner told her it would be useless—worse than useless, painful; and she would do any thing rather than give her mistress pain. When, utterly unable to control it, she gave vent to one loud sob, the expression of acute suffering on Miss Hilary's countenance was such that she determined to sob no more. She felt that, for some reason or other, the thing was inevitable; that she must take up her burden, as her mistress had done, even though it were the last grief of all—leaving that beloved mistress.

"That's right, Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, softly. "All these changes are very bitter to us also, but we bear them. There is nothing lasting in this world, except doing right, and being good and faithful and helpful to one another."

She sighed. Possibly there had been sad tidings in the letter which she still held in her hand, clinging to it as we do to something which, however sorely it hurts us, we would not part with for the whole world. But there was no hopelessness or despair in her tone, and Elizabeth caught the influence of that true courageous heart.

"Perhaps you may be able to take me back again soon, Ma'am," said she, looking toward Miss Leaf. "And meantime I might get a place; Mrs. Jones has told me of several;" and she stopped, afraid lest it might be found out how often Mrs. Jones had urged her to "better herself," and she had indignantly refused. "Or" (a bright idea occurred) "I wonder if Miss Selina, that is, Mrs. Ascott, would take me in at Russell Square?"

Hilary looked hard at her.

"Would you really like that?"

"Yes, I should; for I should see and hear of you. Miss Hilary, if you please, I wish you would ask Mrs. Ascott to take me."

And Hilary, much surprised—for she was well

acquainted with Elizabeth's sentiments toward both Mr. Ascott and the late Miss Selina—promised.

CHAPTER XXII.

AND now I leave Miss Hilary for a time; leave her in, if not happiness, great peace. Peace which, after these stormy months, was an actual paradise of calm to both herself and Johanna.

Their grief for Ascott had softened down. Its very hopelessness gave it resignation. There was nothing more to be done; they had done all they could, both to find him out and to save him from the public disgrace which might blight any hope of reformation. Now the result must be left in higher hands.

Only at times fits of restless trouble would come; times when a sudden knock at the door would make Johanna shake nervously for minutes afterward; when Hilary walked about every where with her mind preoccupied, and her eyes open to notice every chance passer-by; nay, she had sometimes secretly followed down a whole street some figure which, in its light jaunty step and long fashionably-cut hair, reminded her of Ascott.

Otherwise they were not unhappy, she and her dearest sister. Poor as they were, they were together, and their poverty had no sting. They knew exactly how much they would receive monthly, and how much they ought to spend. Though obliged to calculate every penny, still their income and their expenses were alike certain; there was no anxiety about money matters, which of itself was an indescribable relief. Also there was that best blessing—peace at home. Never in all her days had Johanna known such an easy life; sitting quietly in her parlor while Hilary was engaged in the shop below; descending to dinner, where she took the head of the table, and the young people soon learned to treat her with great respect and even affection; then waiting for the happy tea in their own room, and the walk afterward, in Richmond Park or along the Thames banks toward Twickenham. Perhaps it was partly from the contrast to that weary year in London, but never, in any spring, had the air seemed so balmy, or the trees so green. They brought back to Hilary's face the youthful bloom which she had begun to lose; and, in degree, her youthful brightness, which had also become slightly overclouded. Again she laughed and made her little domestic jokes, and regained her pretty way of putting things, so that every thing always appeared to have a cheerful, and even a comical, side.

Also—for while we are made as we are, with capacity for happiness, and especially the happiness of love, it is sure to be thus—she had a little private sunbeam in her own heart, which brightened outside things. After that sad letter from India which came on Selina's wedding-day, every succeeding one grew more cheerful, more

demonstrative, nay, even affectionate; though still with that queer Scotch pride of his, that would ask for nothing till it could ask and have every thing, and give every thing in return—the letters were all addressed to Johanna.

"What an advantage it is to be an old woman!" Miss Leaf would sometimes say, mischievously, when she received them. But more often she said nothing, waiting in peace for events to develop themselves. She did not think much about herself, and had no mean jealousy over her child; she knew that a righteous and holy love only makes all natural affections more sacred and more dear.

And Hilary? She held her head higher and prouder; and the spring trees looked greener, and the river ran brighter in the sunshine. Ah, Heaven pity us all! it is a good thing to have love in one's life; it is a good thing, if only for a time, to be actually *happy*. Not merely contented, but *happy*!

And so I will leave her, this little woman; and nobody need mourn over her because she is working too hard, or pity her because she is obliged to work; has to wear common clothes, and live in narrow rooms, and pass on her poor weary feet the grand carriages of the Richmond gentry, who are not a bit more well-born or well-educated than she; who never take the least notice of her, except sometimes to peer curiously at the desk where she sits in the shop-corner, and wonder who "that young person with the rather pretty curls" can be. No matter, she is happy.

How much happiness was there in the large house at Russell Square?

The Misses Leaf could not tell; their sister never gave them an opportunity of judging.

"My son's my son till he gets him a wife,

But my daughter's my daughter all her life."

And so, most frequently, is "my sister." But not in this case. It could not be: they never expected it would.

When on her rare visits to town Hilary called at Russell Square she always found Mrs. Ascott handsomely dressed, dignified, and gracious. Not in the slightest degree uncivil or unsisterly, but gracious—perhaps a thought too gracious. Most condescendingly anxious that she should stay to luncheon, and eat and drink the best the house afforded, but never by any chance inviting her to stay to dinner. Consequently, as Mr. Ascott was always absent in the city until dinner, Hilary did not see him for months together, and her brother-in-law was, she declared, no more to her than any other man upon 'Change, or the man in the moon, or the Great Mogul.

His wife spoke little about him. After a few faint, formal questions concerning Richmond affairs, somehow her conversation always recurred to her own: the dinners she had been at, those she was going to give; her carriages, clothes, jewelry, and so on. She was altogether a very great lady, and Hilary, as she avouched laughingly—it was, in this case, better to laugh than

to grieve—felt an exceedingly small person beside her.

Nevertheless Mrs. Ascott showed no unkindness—nay, among the various changes that matrimony had produced in her, her temper appeared rather to have improved than otherwise; there was now seldom any trace of that touchy sharpness which used to be called “poor Selina’s way.” And yet Hilary never quitted the house without saying to herself, with a sigh, the old phrase, “Poor Selina!”

Thus, in the inevitable consequences of things, her visits to Russell Square became fewer and fewer; she kept them up as a duty, not exacting any return, for she felt that was impossible, though still keeping up the ghostly shadow of sisterly intimacy. Nevertheless she knew well it was but a shadow; that the only face that looked honest, glad welcome, or that she was honestly glad to see in her brother-in-law’s house was the under house-maid, Elizabeth Hand.

Contrary to all expectations, Mrs. Ascott had consented to take Elizabeth into her service. With many stipulations and warnings never to presume on past relations, never even to mention Stowbury, on pain of instant dismissal—still, she did take her, and Elizabeth staid. At every one of Miss Hilary’s visits, lying in wait in the bedchamber, or on the staircase, or creeping up at the last minute to open the hall-door, was sure to appear the familiar face, beaming all over. Little conversation passed between them—Mrs. Ascott evidently disliked it; still Elizabeth looked well and happy, and when Miss Hilary told her so she always silently smiled.

But this story must tell the whole truth which lay beneath that fond acquiescing smile.

Elizabeth was certainly in good health, being well-fed, well-housed, and leading on the whole an easy life; happy, too, when she looked at Miss Hilary. But her migration from Mrs. Jones’s lodgings to this grand mansion had not been altogether the translation from Purgatory to Paradise that some would have supposed.

The author of this simple story having—unfortunately for it—never been in domestic service, especially in the great houses of London, does not pretend to describe the ins and outs of their “high life below stairs;” to repeat kitchen conversations, to paint the humors of the servants’-hall—the butler and housekeeper getting tipsy together, the cook courting the policeman, and the footman making love successively to every house-maid and lady’s-maid. Some writers have depicted all this, whether faithfully or not they know best; but the present writer declines to attempt any thing of the kind. Her business is solely with one domestic, the country girl who came unexpectedly into this new world of London servant-life—a world essentially its own, and a life of which the upper classes are as ignorant as they are of what goes on in Madagascar and Otaheite.

This fact was the first which struck the unsophisticated Elizabeth. She, who had been

brought up in a sort of feudal relationship to her dear mistresses, was astonished to find the domestics of Russell Square banded together into a community which, in spite of their personal bickerings and jealousies, ended in alliance offensive and defensive against the superior powers, whom they looked upon as their natural enemies. Invisible enemies, certainly; for “master” they hardly ever saw; and, excepting the lady’s-maid, were mostly as ignorant of “missis.” The housekeeper was the middle link between the two estates—the person with whom all business was transacted, and to whom all complaints had to be made. Beyond being sometimes talked over, generally in a quizzical, depreciatory, or condemnatory way, the heads of the establishment were no more to their domestics than the people who paid wages, and exacted in return certain duties, which most of them made as small as possible, and escaped whenever they could.

If this be an exaggerated picture of a state of things perhaps in degree inevitable—and yet it should not be, for it is the source of incalculable evil, this dividing of a house against itself—if I have in any way said what is not true, I would that some intelligent “voice from the kitchen” would rise up and tell us what is true, and whether it be possible on either side to find means of amending what so sorely needs reformation.

Elizabeth sometimes wanted Tom Cliffe to do this—to “write a book,” which he, eager young malcontent, was always threatening to do, upon the evils of society, and especially the tyranny of the upper classes. Tom Cliffe was the only person to whom she imparted her troubles and perplexities: how different her life was from that she had been used to; how among her fellow-servants there was not one who did not seem to think and act in a manner totally opposed to every thing she had learned from Miss Hilary. How consequently she herself was teased, bullied, threatened, or at best “sent to Coventry,” from morning till night.

“I’m quite alone, Tom—I am, indeed,” said she, almost crying, the first Sunday night when she met him accidentally in going to church, and, in her dreary state of mind, was exceedingly glad to see him. He consoled her, and even went to church with her, half-promising to do the same next Sunday, and calling her “a good little Christian, who almost inclined him to be a Christian too.”

And so, with the vague feeling that she was doing him good and keeping him out of harm—that lad who had so much that was kindly and nice about him—Elizabeth consented, not exactly to an appointment, but she told him what were her “Sundays out,” and the church she usually attended, if he liked to take the chance of her being there.

Alack! she had so few pleasures; she so seldom got even a breath of outside-air—it was not thought necessary for servants. The only hour she was allowed out was the church-going on

alternate Sunday evenings. How pleasant it was to creep out then, and see Tom waiting for her under the opposite trees, dressed so smart and gentlemanlike, looking so handsome and so glad to see her—her, the poor countrified Elizabeth, who was quizzed incessantly by her fellow-servants on her oddness, plainness, and stupidity.

Tom did not seem to think her stupid, for he talked to her of all his doings and plannings, vague and wild as those of the young tailor in "Alton Locke," yet with a romantic energy about them that strongly interested his companion; and he read her his poetry, and addressed a few lines to herself, beginning,

"Dearest and best, my long familiar friend;"

which was rather a poetical exaggeration, since he had altogether forgotten her in the interval of their separation. But she never guessed this; and so they both clung to the early tie, making it out to be ten times stronger than it really was, as people do who are glad of any excuse for being fond of one another.

Tom really was getting fond of Elizabeth. She touched the higher half of his nature—the spiritual and imaginative half. That he had it, though only a working-man, and she too, though only a domestic servant, was most true: probably many more of their class have it than we are at all aware of. Therefore, these two being special individuals, were attracted by each other; she by him, because he was so clever, and he by her, because she was so good. For he had an ideal, poor Tom Cliff! and though it had been smothered and laid to sleep by a not too regular life, it woke up again under the kind, sincere eyes of this plain, simple-minded, honest Elizabeth Hand.

He knew she was plain, and so old-fashioned in her dress, that Tom, who was particular about such things, did not always like walking with her: but she was so interesting and true; she sympathized with him so warmly; he found her so unfailingly and unvaryingly good to him through all the little humors and pettishnesses that almost always accompany a large brain, a nervous temperament, and delicate health. Her quietness soothed him, her strength of character supported him; he at once leaned on her, and ruled over her.

As to Elizabeth's feelings toward Tom, they will hardly bear analyzing; probably hardly any strong emotion will, especially one that is not sudden but progressive. She admired him extremely, and yet she was half sorry for him. Some things in him she did not at all like, and tried heartily to amend. His nervous fancies, irritations, and vagaries she was exceedingly tender over; she looked up to him, and yet took care of him; this thought of him, and anxiety over him, became by degrees the habit of her life. People love in so many different ways; and perhaps that was the natural way in which a woman like Elizabeth would love, or creep into love without knowing it, which is either the safest or the saddest form which the passion can assume.

Thus things went on, till one dark, rainy Sunday night, walking round and round the inner circle of the square, Tom expressed his feelings. At first, in somewhat high-flown and poetical phrases, then melting into the one, eternally old and eternally new, "Do you love me?" followed by a long, long kiss, given under shelter of the umbrella, and in mortal fear of the approaching policeman; who, however, never saw them, or saw them only as "a pair of sweet-hearts"—too common an occurrence on his beat to excite any attention.

But to Elizabeth the whole thing was new, wonderful; a bliss so far beyond any thing that had ever befallen her simple life, and so utterly unexpected therein, that when she went to her bed that night she cried like a child over the happiness of Tom's loving her, and her exceeding unworthiness of the same.

Then difficulties arose in her mind. "No followers allowed," was one of the strict laws of the Russell Square dynasty. Like many another law of that and of much higher dynasties it was only made to be broken; for stray sweet-hearts were continually climbing down area railings, or over garden walls, or hiding themselves behind kitchen doors. Nay, to such an extent was the system carried out, each servant being, from self-interest, a safe co-conspirator, that very often when Mr. and Mrs. Ascott went out to dinner, and the old housekeeper retired to bed, there were regular symposia held below stairs—nice little supper-parties, where all the viands in the pantry and the wines in the cellar were freely used; where every domestic had his or her "young man" or "young woman," and the goings-on, though not actually discreditable, were of the most lively kind.

To be cognizant of these, and yet to feel that, as there was no actual wickedness going on, she was not justified in "blabbing," was a severe and perpetual trial to Elizabeth. To join them, or bring Tom among them as her "young man," was impossible.

"No, Tom," she said, when he begged hard to come in one evening—for it was raining fast, and he had a bad cough—"No, Tom, I can't let you. If other folk break the laws of the house, I won't—you must go. I can only meet you out of doors."

And yet to do this surreptitiously, just as if she were ashamed of him, or as if there were something wrong in their being fond of one another, jarred upon Elizabeth's honest nature. She did not want to make a show of him, especially to her fellow-servants: she had the true woman's instinct of liking to keep her treasures all to herself; but she had also her sex's natural yearning for sympathy in the great event of a woman's life. She would have liked to have somebody unto whom she could say, "Tom has asked me to marry him," and who would have answered cordially, "It's all right; he is a good fellow: you are sure to be happy."

Not that she doubted this; but it would have been an additional comfort to have a mother's

blessing, or a sister's, or even a friend's, upon this strange and sweet emotion which had come into her life. So long as it was thus kept secret there seemed a certain incompleteness and unsanctity about even their happy love.

Tom did not comprehend this at all. He only laughed at her for feeling so "nesh" (that means tender, sensitive—but the word is almost unexplainable to other than Stowbury ears) on the subject. He liked the romance and excitement of secret courtship—men often do; rarely women, unless there is something in them not quite right, not entirely womanly.

But Tom was very considerate, and though he called it "silly," and took a little fit of crossness on the occasion, he allowed Elizabeth to write to her mother about him, and consented that on her next holiday she should go to Richmond, in order to speak to Miss Hilary on the same subject, and ask her also to write to Mrs. Hand, stating how good and clever Tom was, and how exceedingly happy was Tom's Elizabeth.

"And won't you come and fetch me, Tom?" asked she, shyly. "I am sure Miss Hilary would not object, nor Miss Leaf neither."

Tom protested he did not care two straws whether they objected or not; he was a man of twenty, in a good trade—he had lately gone back to the printing, and being a clever workman, earned capital wages. He had a right to choose whom he liked, and marry when he pleased. If Elizabeth didn't care for him, she might leave him alone.

"Oh, Tom!" was all she answered, with a strange gentleness that no one could have believed would ever have come into the manner of South Sea Islander. And quitting the subject then, she afterward persuaded him, and not for the first time, into consenting to what she thought right. There is something rather touching in a servant's holiday. It comes so seldom. She must count on it for so long beforehand, and remember it for so long afterward. This present writer owns to a strong sympathy with the holiday-makers on the grand gala-days of the English calendar. It is a pleasure to watch the innumerable groups of family folk, little children, and apprentice lads,

—"Dressed in all their best,
To walk abroad with Sally."

And the various "Sallys" and their corresponding swains can hardly feel more regret than she when it happens to be wet weather on Easter week or at Whitsuntide.

Whit-Monday, the day when Tom escaped from the printing-office, and Elizabeth got leave of absence for six hours, was as glorious a June day as well could be. As the two young people perched themselves on the top of the Richmond omnibus, and drove through Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and over Kew Bridge—Tom pointing out all the places, and giving much curious information about them—Elizabeth thought there never was a more beautiful country, or a more lovely summer day: she was, she truly said, "as happy as a Queen."

Nevertheless, when the omnibus stopped, she, with great self-denial, insisted on getting rid of Tom for a time. She thought Miss Hilary might not quite like Tom's knowing where she lived, or what her occupation was, lest he might gossip about it to Stowbury people; so she determined to pay her visit by herself, and appointed to meet him at a certain hour on Richmond Bridge, over which bridge she watched him march sulkily, not without a natural pleasure that he should be so much vexed at losing her company for an hour or two. But she knew he would soon come to himself—as he did, before he had been half a mile on the road to Hampton Court, meeting a young fellow he knew, and going with him over that grand old palace, which furnished them with a subject at their next debating society, where they both came out very strong on the question of hypocritical priests and obnoxious kings, with especial reference to Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey.

Meanwhile Elizabeth went in search of the little shop—which nobody need expect to find at Richmond now—bearing the well-known name "Janet Balquidder." Entering it, for there was no private door, she saw, in the far corner above the curtained desk, the pretty curls of her dear Miss Hilary.

Elizabeth had long known that her mistress "kept a shop," and with the notions of gentility which are just as rife in her class as in any other, had mourned bitterly over this fact. But when she saw how fresh and well the young lady looked, how busily and cheerfully she seemed to work with her great books before her, and with what a composed grace and dignity she came forward when asked for, Elizabeth secretly confessed that not even keeping a shop had made or could make the smallest difference in Miss Hilary.

She herself was much more changed.

"Why, Elizabeth, I should hardly have known you!" was the involuntary exclamation of her late mistress.

She certainly did look very nice; not smart—for her sober taste preferred quiet colors—but excessively neat and well-dressed. In her new gown of gray "coburg," her one handsome shawl, which had been honored several times by Miss Hilary's wearing, her white straw bonnet and white ribbons, underneath which the smooth black hair and soft eyes showed to great advantage, she appeared, not "like a lady"—a servant can seldom do that let her dress be ever so fine—but like a thoroughly respectable, intelligent, and pleasant-faced young woman.

And her blushes came and went so fast, she was so nervous and yet so beamingly happy, that Miss Hilary soon suspected there was more in this visit than at first appeared. Knowing that with Elizabeth's great shyness the mystery would never come out in public, she took an opportunity of asking her to help her in the bedroom, and there, with the folding-doors safely shut, discovered the whole secret.

Miss Hilary was a good deal surprised at

first. She had never thought of Elizabeth as likely to get married at all—and to Tom Cliffe.

"Why, isn't he a mere boy; ever so much younger than you are?"

"Three years."

"That is a pity—a great pity; women grow old so much faster than men."

"I know that," said Elizabeth, somewhat sorrowfully.

"Besides, did you not tell me he was very handsome and clever?"

"Yes; and I'm neither the one nor the other. I have thought all that over too, many a time; indeed I have, Miss Hilary. But Tom likes me—or fancies he does. Do you think"—and the intense humility which true love always has, struck into Miss Hilary's own conscious heart a conviction of how very true this poor girl's love must be. "Do you think he is mistaken? that his liking me—I mean in that sort of way—is quite impossible?"

"No, indeed, and I never said it; never thought it," was the earnest reply. "But consider; three years younger than yourself; handsomer and cleverer than you are—"

Miss Hilary stopped; it seemed so cruel to say such things, and yet she felt bound to say them. She knew her former "bower-maiden" well enough to be convinced that if Elizabeth were not happy in marriage she would be worse than unhappy—might grow actually bad.

"He loves you now; you are sure of that; but are you sure that he is a thoroughly stable and reliable character? Do you believe he will love you always?"

"I can't tell. Perhaps—if I deserved it," said poor Elizabeth.

And, looking at the downcast eyes, at the thorough womanly sweetness and tenderness which suffused the whole face, Hilary's doubts began to melt away. She thought how sometimes men, captivated by inward rather than outward graces, have fallen in love with plain women, or women older than themselves, and actually kept to their attachment through life, with a fidelity rare as beautiful. Perhaps this young fellow, who seemed by all accounts superior to his class—having had the sense to choose that pearl in an oyster-shell, Elizabeth Hand—might also have the sense to appreciate her, and go on loving her to the end of his days. Any-

how, he loved her now, and she loved him; and it was useless reasoning any more about it.

"Come, Elizabeth," cried her mistress, cheerfully, "I have said all my say, and now I have only to give my good wishes. If Tom Cliffe deserves you, I am sure you deserve him, and I should like to tell him so."

"Should you, Miss Hilary?" and with a visible brightening up Elizabeth betrayed Tom's whereabouts, and her little conspiracy to bring him here, and her hesitation lest it might be "intruding."

"Not at all. Tell him to come at once. I am not like my sister; we always allow 'followers.' I think a mistress stands in the relation of a parent, for the time being; and that can not be a right or good love which is concealed from her, as if it were a thing to be ashamed of."

"I think so too. And I'm not a bit ashamed of Tom, nor he of me," said Elizabeth, so energetically that Miss Hilary smiled.

"Very well; take him to have his tea in the kitchen, and then bring him up stairs to speak to my sister and me."

At that interview, which of course was rather trying, Tom acquitted himself to every body's satisfaction. He was manly, modest, self-possessed; did not say much—his usual talkativeness being restrained by the circumstances of the case, and the great impression made upon him by Miss Hilary, who, he afterward admitted to Elizabeth, "was a real angel, and he should write a poem upon her." But the little he did say gave the ladies a very good impression of the intelligence and even refinement of Elizabeth's sweet-heart. And though they were sorry to see him look so delicate, still there was a something better than handsomeness in his handsome face, which made them not altogether surprised at Elizabeth's being so fond of him.

As she watched the young couple down Richmond Street, in the soft summer twilight—Elizabeth taking Tom's arm, and Tom drawing up his stooping figure to its utmost extent, both a little ill-matched in height as they were in some other things, but walking with that air of perfect confidence and perfect contentedness in each other which always betrays, to a quick eye, those who have agreed to walk through the world together—Miss Hilary turned from the window and sighed.

"NON RESPONDET."

IT seems but yesterday that, as companions,
We read the life of the old Latian age,
And all its stern and stirring martial glories
Flashed on our souls from out the wondrous page.

I call to mind when first the Roman legions
Gathered at roll-call met our eager gaze,
Comrade for slain comrade answering, *Non respondet!*
How His eyes kindled into sudden blaze:

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"How false," He cried, "they spoke from Heraclea,
From Thrasymenè, Cannæ, Zama's crimson sand;
Throughout Rome's long and weary years of struggle
Theirs were the only voices in the land!"

Last night in camp, before the guns of Richmond,
Our roll was called, as one short month ago:
The Orderly's clear voice rang out as ever,
Sharply distinct, deliberate, and slow.

But at One name what sudden solemn stillness!
O God! we heard it though so far away:
And "*He replies not*" were the words unspoken
That moment's all awful silence seemed to say.

When, in the reddening summer dawn, there gather
Dear household faces round the board, we rise
And start in sweet forgetfulness to call Him—
But only silence:—never he replies.

When, in the purple twilight, memory wanders
In pleasant idleness to other days,
And we with oftenest said "Do you remember?"
Turn quick to meet His ready answering gaze:

Only our sad hearts' slow and mournful beating:—
No young and fresh elastic voice replies:
We meet the stars' far off and pitying glances,
But not the tender fervor of His eyes.

Last year, when violets laughed in blue-eyed meadows,
And white-robed trillium flecked the south declines,
And bishop's-caps in winding long procession
Marched to the great cathedrals of the pines,

He said, "I hear my mother Nature calling;
I shake off Manhood's dust beside her rills;
O tenderest Alma Mater! I regain thee
As much a boy as when I left these hills."

Alas! I hear that call again re-echo
From woods where June holds carnival to-day;
But "*He replies not*:"—so the birds and flowers,
His early comrades, pause to sigh and say.

O earth! with all thy myriads of voices,
Is this, the sweetest, evermore at rest?—
O brave young life! Is there no deeper record
Stamped on the world, which even in death it blessed?

"O soul untrue to childhood's intuitions!
Recall the lesson which the old world gave:—
There is no voice which answers from the living
With half the power of His from out the grave.

"When to the home and to the hearts he cherished,
The slumberous calm which follows youth shall come,
And to the call for nobler aspirations
The drowsy powers of life shall all be dumb,

"Fear not—One voice shall break that deadly silence;
And from His southern grave those answers rise:—
"He only lives who bravely combats Error;
'Tis only he that yields to Wrong who dies!"

O solemn roll-call! through the coming ages
I hear thy echoes swell the pine-wood's roar;
And floating down the Mississippi's current,
Come back with South winds from the low Gulf shore.

And when a soldier answers, "*Non respondet*,"
In other tongue than Romans spoke, then turns
The great heart of a long-awaiting nation
To camps where Freedom's beacon watch-fire burns.

They raise to freemen their appealing voices,
Earth waits the answer to that bitter cry;
And from the graves at Springfield, Shiloh, Richmond,
Swells the unfaltering chorus, "*We reply!*"

CAMP CAIRO.

C. S.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER IV.

MRS. ROPER'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

I HAVE said that John Eames had been petted by none but his mother, but I would not have it supposed, on this account, that John Eames had no friends. There is a class of young men who never get petted, though they may not be the less esteemed, or perhaps loved. They do not come forth to the world as Apollos, nor shine at all, keeping what light they may have for inward purposes. Such young men are often awkward, ungainly, and not yet formed in their gait; they straggle with their limbs, and are shy; words do not come to them with ease, when words are required, among any but their accustomed associates. Social meetings are periods of penance to them, and any appearance in public will unnerve them. They go much about alone, and blush when women speak to them. In truth they are not as yet men, whatever the number may be of their years; and as they are no lon-

ger boys, the world has found for them the ungraceful name of hobbledehoy.

Such observations, however, as I have been enabled to make on this matter have led me to believe that the hobbledehoy is by no means the least valuable species of the human race. When I compare the hobbledehoy of one or two and twenty to some finished Apollo of the same age, I regard the former as unripe fruit, and the latter as fruit that is ripe. Then comes the question as to the two fruits. Which is the better fruit, that which ripens early—which is, perhaps, favored with some little forcing apparatus, or which, at least, is backed by the warmth of a southern wall—or that fruit of slower growth, as to which nature works without assistance, on which the sun operates in its own time, or perhaps never operates if some ungenial shade has been allowed to interpose itself? The world, no doubt, is in favor of the forcing apparatus or of the southern wall. The fruit comes certainly, and at an assured period. It is spotless, speckless, and of a certain quality by no means despicable. The owner has it when he wants it, and it serves its turn. But, nevertheless, according to my thinking, the fullest flavor of the sun is given to that other fruit—is given in the sun's own good time, if so be that no ungenial shade has interposed itself. I like the smack of the natural growth, and like it, perhaps, the better because that which has been obtained has been obtained without favor.

But the hobbledehoy, though he blushes when women address him, and is uneasy even when he is near them, though he is not master of his limbs in a ball-room, and is hardly master of his tongue at any time, is the most eloquent of beings, and especially eloquent among beautiful women. He enjoys all the triumphs of a Don Juan without any of Don Juan's heartlessness, and is able to conquer in all encounters through the force of his wit and the sweetness of his voice. But this eloquence is heard only by his own inner ears, and these triumphs are the triumphs of his imagination.

The true hobbledehoy is much alone, not being greatly given to social intercourse even with other hobbledehoy—a trait in his character which I think has hardly been sufficiently observed by the world at large. He has probably become a hobbledehoy instead of an Apollo because circumstances have not afforded him much social

intercourse; and, therefore, he wanders about in solitude, taking long walks, in which he dreams of those successes which are so far removed from his powers of achievement. Out in the fields, with his stick in his hand, he is very eloquent, cutting off the heads of the springing summer weeds as he practices his oratory with energy. And thus he feeds an imagination for which those who know him give him but scanty credit, and unconsciously prepares himself for that latter ripening, if only the ungenial shade will some day cease to interpose itself.

Such hobbledehoy receives but little petting unless it be from a mother; and such a hobbledehoy was John Eames when he was sent away from Guestwick to begin his life in the big room of a public office in London. We may say that there was nothing of the young Apollo about him. But yet he was not without friends—friends who wished him well and thought much of his welfare. And he had a younger sister who loved him dearly, who had no idea that he was a hobbledehoy, being somewhat of a hobbledehoya herself. Mrs. Eames, their mother, was a widow, living in a small house in Guestwick, whose husband had been throughout his whole life an intimate friend of our squire. He had been a man of many misfortunes, having begun the world almost with affluence, and having ended it in poverty. He had lived all his days in Guestwick, having at one time occupied a large tract of land, and lost much money in experimental farming; and late in life he had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, and there had died some two years previously to the commencement of this story. With no other man had Mr. Dale lived on terms so intimate; and when Mr. Eames died Mr. Dale acted as executor under his will and as guardian to his children. He had, moreover, obtained for John Eames that situation under the Crown which he now held.

And Mrs. Eames had been and still was on very friendly terms with Mrs. Dale. The squire had never taken quite kindly to Mrs. Eames, whom her husband had not met till he was already past forty years of age. But Mrs. Dale had made up by her kindness to the poor forlorn woman for any lack of that cordiality which might have been shown to her from the Great House. Mrs. Eames was a poor forlorn woman—forlorn even during the time of her husband's life, but very woe-begone now in her widowhood. In matters of importance the squire had been kind to her; arranging for her her little money affairs, advising her about her house and income, also getting for her that appointment for her son. But he snubbed her when he met her, and poor Mrs. Eames held him in great awe. Mrs. Dale held her brother-in-law in no awe, and sometimes gave to the widow from Guestwick advice quite at variance to that given by the squire. In this way there had grown up an intimacy between Bell and Lily and the young Eames, and either of the girls was prepared to declare that Johnny Eames was her own and

well-loved friend. Nevertheless they spoke of him occasionally with some little dash of merriment—as is not unusual with pretty girls who have hobbledehoy among their intimate friends, and who are not themselves unaccustomed to the grace of an Apollo.

I may as well announce at once that John Eames, when he went up to London, was absolutely and irretrievably in love with Lily Dale. He had declared his passion in the most moving language a hundred times; but he had declared it only to himself. He had written much poetry about Lily, but he kept his lines safe under double lock and key. When he gave the reins to his imagination, he flattered himself that he might win not only her but the world at large also by his verses; but he would have perished rather than exhibit them to human eye. During the last ten weeks of his life at Guestwick, while he was preparing for his career in London, he hung about Allington, walking over frequently and then walking back again; but all in vain. During these visits he would sit in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room, speaking but little, and addressing himself usually to the mother; but on each occasion, as he started on his long, hot walk, he resolved that he would say something by which Lily might know of his love. When he left for London that something had not been said.

He had not dreamed of asking her to be his wife. John Eames was about to begin the world with eighty pounds a year, and an allowance of twenty more from his mother's purse. He was well aware that with such an income he could not establish himself as a married man in London, and he also felt that the man who might be fortunate enough to win Lily for his wife should be prepared to give her every soft luxury that the world could afford. He knew well that he ought not to expect any assurance of Lily's love; but, nevertheless, he thought it possible that he might give her an assurance of his love. It would probably be in vain. He had no real hope, unless when he was in one of those poetic moods. He had acknowledged to himself, in some indistinct way, that he was no more than a hobbledehoy, awkward, silent, ungainly, with a face unfinished, as it were, or unripe. All this he knew, and knew also that there were Apollos in the world who would be only too ready to carry off Lily in their splendid cars. But not the less did he make up his mind that having loved her once, it behooved him, as a true man, to love her on to the end.

One little word he had said to her when they parted, but it had been a word of friendship rather than of love. He had strayed out after her on to the lawn, leaving Bell alone in the drawing-room. Perhaps Lily had understood something of the boy's feeling, and had wished to speak kindly to him at parting, or almost more than kindly. There is a silent love which women recognize, and which in some silent way they acknowledge—giving gracious but silent thanks for the respect which accompanies it.

"I have come to say good-by, Lily," said Johnny Eames, following the girl down one of the paths.

"Good-by, John," said she, turning round. "You know how sorry we are to lose you. But it's a great thing for you to be going up to London."

"Well; yes. I suppose it is. I'd sooner remain here, though."

"What! stay here, doing nothing! I am sure you would not."

"Of course, I should like to do something. I mean—"

"You mean that it is painful to part with old friends; and I'm sure that we all feel that at parting with you. But you'll have a holiday sometimes, and then we shall see you."

"Yes; of course, I shall see you then. I think, Lily, I shall care more about seeing you than any body."

"Oh no, John. There'll be your own mother and sister."

"Yes; there'll be mother and Mary, of course. But I will come over here the very first day—that is, if you'll care to see me?"

"We shall care to see you very much. You know that. And—dear John, I do hope you'll be happy."

There was a tone in her voice as she spoke which almost upset him; or, I should rather say, which almost put him up upon his legs and made him speak; but its ultimate effect was less powerful. "Do you?" said he, as he held her hand for a few happy seconds. "And I'm sure I hope you'll always be happy. Good-by, Lily." Then he left her, returning to the house, and she continued her walk, wandering down among the trees in the shrubbery, and not showing herself for the next half hour. How many girls have some such lover as that—a lover who says no more to them than Johnny Eames then said to Lily Dale, who never says more than that? And yet when, in after-years, they count over the names of all who have loved them, the name of that awkward youth is never forgotten.

That farewell had been spoken nearly two years since, and Lily Dale was then seventeen. Since that time John Eames had been home once, and during his month's holidays had often visited Allington. But he had never improved upon that occasion of which I have told. It had seemed to him that Lily was colder to him than in old days, and he had become, if any thing, more shy in his ways with her. He was to return to Guestwick again during this autumn; but, to tell honestly the truth in the matter, Lily Dale did not think or care very much for his coming. Girls of nineteen do not care for lovers of one-and-twenty, unless it be when the fruit has had the advantage of some forcing apparatus or southern wall.

John Eames's love was still as hot as ever, having been sustained on poetry, and kept alive, perhaps, by some close confidence in the ears of a brother clerk; but it is not to be supposed that during these two years he had been a melan-

choly lover. It might, perhaps, have been better for him had his disposition led him to that line of life. Such, however, had not been the case. He had already abandoned the flute on which he had learned to sound three sad notes before he left Guestwick, and, after the fifth or sixth Sunday, he had relinquished his solitary walks along the towing-path of the Regent's Park Canal. To think of one's absent love is very sweet; but it becomes monotonous after a mile or two of a towing-path, and the mind will turn away to Aunt Sally, the Cremorne Gardens, and financial questions. I doubt whether any girl would be satisfied with her lover's mind if she knew the whole of it.

"I say, Caudle, I wonder whether a fellow could get into a club?"

This proposition was made, on one of those Sunday walks, by John Eames to the friend of his bosom, a brother clerk, whose legitimate name was Cradell, and who was therefore called Caudle by his friends.

"Get into a club? Fisher in our room belongs to a club."

"That's only a chess-club. I mean a regular club."

"One of the swell ones at the West End?" said Cradell, almost lost in admiration at the ambition of his friend.

"I shouldn't want it to be particularly swell. If a man isn't a swell, I don't see what he gets by going among those who are. But it is so uncommon slow at Mother Roper's." Now Mrs. Roper was a respectable lady, who kept a boarding-house in Burton Crescent, and to whom Mrs. Eames had been strongly recommended when she was desirous of finding a specially safe domicile for her son. For the first year of his life in London John Eames had lived alone in lodgings; but that had resulted in discomfort, solitude, and, alas! in some amount of debt, which had come heavily on the poor widow. Now, for the second year, some safer mode of life was necessary. She had learned that Mrs. Cradell, the widow of a barrister, who had also succeeded in getting her son into the Income-tax Office, had placed him in charge of Mrs. Roper; and she, with many injunctions to that motherly woman, submitted her own boy to the same custody.

"And about going to church?" Mrs. Eames had said to Mrs. Roper.

"I don't suppose I can look after that, ma'am," Mrs. Roper had answered, conscientiously. "Young gentlemen choose mostly their own churches."

"But they do go?" asked the mother, very anxious in her heart as to this new life in which her boy was to be left to follow in so many things the guidance of his own lights.

"They who have been brought up steady do so, mostly."

"He has been brought up steady, Mrs. Roper. He has, indeed. And you won't give him a latch-key?"

"Well, they always do ask for it."

"But he won't insist, if you tell him that I had rather that he shouldn't have one."

Mrs. Roper promised accordingly, and Johnny Eames was left under her charge. He did ask for the latch-key, and Mrs. Roper answered as she was bidden. But he asked again, having been sophisticated by the philosophy of Cradell, and then Mrs. Roper handed him the key. She was a woman who plumed herself on being as good as her word, not understanding that any one could justly demand from her more than that. She gave Johnny Eames the key, as doubtless she had intended to do; for Mrs. Roper knew the world, and understood that young men without latch-keys would not remain with her.

"I thought you didn't seem to find it so dull since Amelia came home," said Cradell.

"Amelia! What's Amelia to me? I have told you every thing, Cradell, and yet you can talk to me about Amelia Roper!"

"Come now, Johnny—" He had always been called Johnny, and the name had gone with him to his office. Even Amelia Roper had called him Johnny on more than one occasion before this. "You were as sweet to her the other night as though there were no such person as L. D. in existence." John Eames turned away and shook his head. Nevertheless, the words of his friend were grateful to him. The character of a Don Juan was not unpleasant to his imagination, and he liked to think that he might amuse Amelia Roper with a passing word, though his heart was true to Lilian Dale. In truth, however, many more of the passing words had been spoken by the fair Amelia than by him.

Mrs. Roper had been quite as good as her word when she told Mrs. Eames that her household was composed of herself, of a son who was in an attorney's office, of an ancient maiden cousin, named Miss Spruce, who lodged with her, and of Mr. Cradell. The divine Amelia had not then been living with her, and the nature of the statement which she was making by no means compelled her to inform Mrs. Eames that the young lady would probably return home in the following winter. A Mr. and Mrs. Lupex had also joined the family lately, and Mrs. Roper's house was now supposed to be full.

And it must be acknowledged that Johnny Eames had, in certain unguarded moments, confided to Cradell the secret of a second, weaker passion for Amelia. "She is a fine girl—a deuced fine girl!" Johnny Eames had said, using a style of language which he had learned since he left Guestwick and Allington. Mr. Cradell, also, was an admirer of the fair sex; and, alas! that I should say so, Mrs. Lupex, at the present moment, was the object of his admiration. Not that he entertained the slightest idea of wronging Mr. Lupex—a man who was a scene-painter, and knew the world. Mr. Cradell admired Mrs. Lupex as a connoisseur, not simply as a man. "By Heavens! Johnny, what a figure that woman has!" he said, one morning, as they were walking to their office.

"Yes; she stands well on her pins."

"I should think she did. If I understand any thing of form," said Cradell, "that woman is nearly perfect. What a torso she has!"

From which expression, and from the fact that Mrs. Lupex depended greatly upon her stays and crinoline for such figure as she succeeded in displaying, it may, perhaps, be understood that Mr. Cradell did not understand much about form.

"It seems to me that her nose isn't quite straight," said Johnny Eames. Now, it undoubtedly was the fact that the nose on Mrs. Lupex's face was a little awry. It was a long, thin nose, which, as it progressed forward into the air, certainly had a preponderating bias toward the left side.

"I care more for figure than face," said Cradell. "But Mrs. Lupex has fine eyes—very fine eyes."

"And knows how to use them, too," said Johnny.

"Why shouldn't she? And then she has lovely hair."

"Only she never brushes it in the morning."

"Do you know, I like that kind of deshabille," said Cradell. "Too much care always betrays itself."

"But a woman should be tidy."

"What a word to apply to such a creature as Mrs. Lupex! I call her a splendid woman. And how well she was got up last night! Do you know, I've an idea that Lupex treats her very badly. She said a word or two to me yesterday that—" And then he paused. There are some confidences which a man does not share even with his dearest friend.

"I rather fancy it's quite the other way," said Eames.

"How the other way?"

"That Lupex has quite as much as he likes of Mrs. L. The sound of her voice sometimes makes me shake in my shoes, I know."

"I like a woman with spirit," said Cradell.

"Oh, so do I. But one may have too much of a good thing. Amelia did tell me—only you won't mention it."

"Of course, I won't."

"She told me that Lupex sometimes was obliged to run away from her. He goes down to the theatre, and remains there two or three days at a time. Then she goes to fetch him, and there is no end of a row in the house."

"The fact is, he drinks," said Cradell. "By George, I pity a woman whose husband drinks—and such a woman as that, too!"

"Take care, old fellow, or you'll find yourself in a scrape."

"I know what I'm at. Lord bless you, I'm not going to lose my head because I see a fine woman."

"Or your heart either?"

"Oh, heart! There's nothing of that kind of thing about me. I regard a woman as a picture or a statue. I dare say I shall marry some

day, because men do; but I've no idea of losing myself about a woman."

"I'd lose myself ten times over for—"

"L. D.," said Cradell.

"That I would. And yet I know I shall never have her. I'm a jolly, laughing sort of fellow; and yet, do you know, Caudle, when that girl marries it will be all up with me. It will, indeed."

"Do you mean that you'll cut your throat?"

"No; I sha'n't do that. I sha'n't do any thing of that sort; and yet it will be all up with me."

"You are going down there in October; why don't you ask her to have you?"

"With ninety pounds a year!" His grateful country had twice increased his salary at the rate of five pounds each year. "With ninety pounds a year, and twenty allowed me by my mother!"

"She could wait, I suppose. I should ask her, and no mistake. If one is to love a girl, it's no good one going on in that way."

"It isn't much good, certainly," said Johnny Eames. And then they reached the door of the Income-tax Office, and each went away to his own desk.

From this little dialogue it may be imagined that though Mrs. Roper was as good as her word, she was not exactly the woman whom Mrs. Eames would have wished to select as a protecting angel for her son. But the truth I take to be this, that protecting angels for widows' sons, at forty-eight pounds a year, paid quarterly, are not to be found very readily in London. Mrs. Roper was not worse than others of her class. She would much have preferred lodgers who were respectable to those who were not so—if she could only have found respectable lodgers as she wanted them. Mr. and Mrs. Lupex hardly came under that denomination; and when she gave them up her big front bedroom at a hundred a year she knew she was doing wrong. And she was troubled, too, about her own daughter Amelia, who was already over thirty years of age. Amelia was a very clever young woman, who had been, if the truth must be told, first young lady at a millinery establishment in Manchester. Mrs. Roper knew that Mrs. Eames and Mrs. Cradell would not wish their sons to associate with her daughter. But what could she do? She could not refuse the shelter of her own house to her own child, and yet her heart misgave her when she saw Amelia flirting with young Eames.

"I wish, Amelia, you wouldn't have so much to say to that young man."

"Laws, mother!"

"So I do. If you go on like that, you'll put me out of both my lodgers."

"Go on like what, mother? If a gentleman speaks to me, I suppose I'm to answer him? I know how to behave myself, I believe." And then she gave her head a toss. Whereupon her mother was silent; for her mother was afraid of her.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT L. D.

APOLLO CROSBIE left London for Allington on the 31st of August, intending to stay there four weeks, with the declared intention of recruiting his strength by an absence of two months from official cares, and with no fixed purpose as to his destiny for the last of those two months. Offers of hospitality had been made to him by the dozen. Lady Hartletop's doors, in Shropshire, were open to him, if he chose to enter them. He had been invited by the Countess de Courcy to join her suite at Courcy Castle. His special friend, Montgomerie Dobbs, had a place in Scotland, and then there was a yachting party by which he was much wanted. But Mr. Crosbie had as yet knocked himself down to none of these biddings, having before him when he left London no other fixed engagement than that which took him to Allington. On the first of October we shall also find ourselves at Allington in company with Johnny Eames; and Apollo Crosbie will still be there—by no means to the comfort of our friend from the Income-tax Office.

Johnny Eames can not be called unlucky in that matter of his annual holiday, seeing that he was allowed to leave London in October, a month during which few chose to own that they remain in town. For myself, I always regard May as the best month for holiday-making; but then no Londoner cares to be absent in May. Young Eames, though he lived in Burton Crescent and had as yet no connection with the West End, had already learned his lesson in this respect. "Those fellows in the big room want me to take May," he had said to his friend Cradell. "They must think I'm uncommon green."

"It's too bad," said Cradell. "A man shouldn't be asked to take his leave in May. I never did, and what's more, I never will. I'd go to the Board first."

Eames had escaped this evil without going to the Board, and had succeeded in obtaining for himself for his own holiday that month of October, which, of all months, is perhaps the most highly esteemed for holiday purposes. "I shall go down by the mail-train to-morrow night," he said to Amelia Roper, on the evening before his departure. At that moment he was sitting alone with Amelia in Mrs. Roper's back drawing-room. In the front room Cradell was talking to Mrs. Lupex; but as Miss Spruce was with them, it may be presumed that Mr. Lupex need have had no cause for jealousy.

"Yes," said Amelia; "I know how great is your haste to get down to that fascinating spot. I could not expect that you would lose one single hour in hurrying away from Burton Crescent."

Amelia Roper was a tall, well-grown young woman, with dark hair and dark eyes; not handsome, for her nose was thick, and the lower part of her face was heavy, but yet not without some feminine attractions. Her eyes were bright; but then, also, they were mischievous. She

could talk fluently enough; but then, also, she could scold. She could assume sometimes the plumage of a dove; but then again she could occasionally ruffle her feathers like an angry kite. I am quite prepared to acknowledge that John Eames should have kept himself clear of Amelia Roper; but then young men so frequently do those things which they should not do!

"After twelve months up here in London one is glad to get away to one's own friends," said Johnny.

"Your own friends, Mr. Eames! What sort of friends? Do you suppose I don't know?"

"Well, no. I don't think you do know."

"L. D.!" said Amelia, showing that Lily had been spoken of among people who should never have been allowed to hear her name. But perhaps, after all, no more than those two initials were known in Burton Crescent. From the tone which was now used in naming them it was sufficiently manifest that Amelia considered herself to be wronged by their very existence.

"L. S. D.," said Johnny, attempting the line of a witty, gay young spendthrift. "That's my love—pounds, shillings, and pence; and a very coy mistress she is."

"Nonsense, Sir. Don't talk to me in that way. As if I didn't know where your heart was. What right had you to speak to me if you had an L. D. down in the country?"

It should be here declared on behalf of poor John Eames that he had not ever spoken to Amelia—he had not spoken to her in any such phrase as her words seemed to imply. But then he had written to her a fatal note of which we will speak further before long, and that perhaps was quite as bad, or worse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Johnny. But the laugh was assumed, and not assumed with ease.

"Yes, Sir; it's a laughing matter to you, I dare say. It is very easy for a man to laugh under such circumstances; that is to say, if he is perfectly heartless, if he's got a stone inside his bosom instead of flesh and blood. Some men are made of stone, I know, and are troubled with no feelings."

"What is it you want me to say? You pretend to know all about it, and it wouldn't be civil in me to contradict you."

"What is it I want? You know very well what I want; or rather, I don't want any thing. What is it to me? It is nothing to me about L. D. You can go down to Allington and do what you like for me. Only I hate such ways."

"What ways, Amelia?"

"What ways! Now, look here, Johnny: I'm not going to make a fool of myself for any man. When I came home here three months ago—and I wish I never had"—she paused here a moment, waiting for a word of tenderness; but as the word of tenderness did not come, she went on—"but when I did come home, I didn't think there was a man in all London could make me care for him: that I didn't. And now you're going away, without so much as

hardly saying a word to me." And then she brought out her handkerchief.

"What am I to say when you keep on scolding me all the time?"

"Scolding you! And me too! No, Johnny, I ain't scolding you, and don't mean to. If it's to be all over between us, say the word, and I'll take myself away out of the house before you come back again. I've had no secrets from you. I can go back to my business in Manchester, though it is beneath my birth, and not what I've been used to. If L. D. is more to you than I am, I won't stand in your way. Only say the word."

L. D. was more to him than Amelia Roper—ten times more to him. L. D. would have been every thing to him, and Amelia Roper was worse than nothing. He felt all this at the moment, and struggled hard to collect an amount of courage that would make him free.

"Say the word," said she, rising on her feet before him, "and all between you and me shall be over. I have got your promise, but I'd scorn to take advantage. If Amelia hasn't got your heart, she'd despise to take your hand. Only I must have an answer."

It would seem that an easy way of escape was offered to him; but the lady probably knew that the way as offered by her was not easy to such a one as John Eames.

"Amelia," he said, still keeping his seat.

"Well, Sir?"

"You know I love you."

"And about L. D.?"

"If you choose to believe all the nonsense that Cradell puts into your head I can't help it. If you like to make yourself jealous about two letters it isn't my fault."

"And you love me?" said she.

"Of course I love you." And then, upon hearing these words, Amelia threw herself into his arms.

As the folding doors between the two rooms were not closed, and as Miss Spruce was sitting in her easy-chair immediately opposite to them, it was probable that she saw what passed. But Miss Spruce was a taciturn old lady, not easily excited to any show of surprise or admiration; and as she had lived with Mrs. Roper for the last twelve years, she was probably well acquainted with her daughter's ways.

"You'll be true to me?" said Amelia, during the moment of that embrace; "true to me forever?"

"Oh yes; that's a matter of course," said Johnny Eames. And then she liberated him; and the two strolled into the front sitting-room.

"I declare, Mr. Eames," said Mrs. Lupex, "I'm glad you've come. Here's Mr. Cradell does say such queer things."

"Queer things!" said Cradell. "Now, Miss Spruce, I appeal to you. Have I said any queer things?"

"If you did, Sir, I didn't notice them," said Miss Spruce.

"I noticed them, then," said Mrs. Lupex.



"AND YOU LOVE ME," SAID SHE.

"An unmarried man like Mr. Cradell has no business to know whether a married lady wears a cap or her own hair; has he, Mr. Eames?"

"I don't think I ever know," said Johnny, not intending any sarcasm on Mrs. Lupex.

"I dare say not, Sir," said the lady. "We all know where your attention is riveted. If you were to wear a cap, my dear, somebody would see the difference very soon; wouldn't they, Miss Spruce?"

"I dare say they would," said Miss Spruce.

"If I could look as nice in a cap as you do, Mrs. Lupex, I'd wear one to-morrow," said Amelia, who did not wish to quarrel with the married lady at the present moment. There were occasions, however, on which Mrs. Lupex and Miss Roper were by no means so gracious to each other.

"Does Lupex like caps?" asked Cradell.

"If I wore a plumed helmet on my head, it's my belief he wouldn't know the difference; nor yet if I had got no head at all. That's what

comes of getting married. If you'll take my advice, Miss Roper, you'll stay as you are, even though somebody should break his heart about it. Wouldn't you, Miss Spruce?"

"Oh, as for me I'm an old woman, you know," said Miss Spruce, which was certainly true.

"I don't see what any woman gets by marrying," continued Mrs. Lupex. "But a man gains every thing. He don't know how to live unless he's got a woman to help him."

"But is love to go for nothing?" said Cradell.

"Oh, love! I don't believe in love. I suppose I thought I loved once, but what did it come to, after all? Now, there's Mr. Eames—we all know he's in love."

"It comes natural to me, Mrs. Lupex. I was born so," said Johnny.

"And there's Miss Roper—one never ought to speak free about a lady, but perhaps she's in love too."

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia.

"There's no harm in saying that, is there? I'm sure, if you ain't, you're very hard-hearted; for if ever there was a true lover, I believe you've got one of your own. My!—if there's not Lupex's step on the stair! What can bring him home at this hour? If he's been drinking, he'll come home as cross as any thing." Then Mr. Lupex entered the room, and the pleasantness of the party was destroyed.

It may be said that neither Mrs. Cradell nor Mrs. Eames would have placed their sons in Burton Crescent if they had known the dangers into which the young men would fall. Each, it must be acknowledged, was imprudent; but each clearly saw the imprudence of the other. Not a week before this Cradell had seriously warned his friend against the arts of Miss Roper. "By George, Johnny, you'll get yourself entangled with that girl."

"One always has to go through that sort of thing," said Johnny.

"Yes; but those who go through too much of it never get out again. Where would you be if she got a written promise of marriage from you?"

Poor Johnny did not answer this immediately, for in very truth Amelia Roper had such a document in her possession.

"Where should I be?" said he. "Among the breaches of promise, I suppose."

"Either that or else among the victims of matrimony. My belief of you is, that if you gave such a promise you'd carry it out."

"Perhaps I should," said Johnny; "but I don't know. It's a matter of doubt what a man ought to do in such a case."

"But there's been nothing of that kind yet?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"If I was you, Johnny, I'd keep away from her. It's very good fun, of course, that sort of thing; but it is so uncommon dangerous! Where would you be now with such a girl as that for your wife?"

Such had been the caution given by Cradell to his friend. And now, just as he was starting for Allington, Eames returned the compliment. They had gone together to the Great Western station at Paddington, and Johnny tendered his advice as they were walking together up and down the platform.

"I say, Caudle, old boy, you'll find yourself in trouble with that Mrs. Lupex if you don't take care of yourself."

"But I shall take care of myself. There's nothing so safe as a little nonsense with a married woman. Of course it means nothing, you know, between her and me."

"I don't suppose it does mean any thing. But she's always talking about Lupex being jealous; and if he was to cut up rough, you wouldn't find it pleasant."

Cradell, however, seemed to think that there was no danger. His little affair with Mrs. Lupex was quite platonic and safe. As for doing any real harm, his principles, as he assured his friend, were too high. Mrs. Lupex was a woman of talent, whom no one seemed to understand, and therefore he had taken some pleasure in studying her character. It was merely a study of character, and nothing more. Then the friends parted, and Eames was carried away by the night mail-train down to Guestwick.

How his mother was up to receive him at four o'clock in the morning, how her maternal heart was rejoiced at seeing the improvement in his gait, and the manliness of appearance imparted to him by his whiskers, I need not describe at length. Many of the attributes of a hobbledoy had fallen from him, and even Lily Dale might now probably acknowledge that he was no longer a boy. All which might be regarded as good, if only in putting off childish things he had taken up things which were better than childish.

On the very first day of his arrival he made his way over to Allington. He did not walk on this occasion as he had used to do in the old happy days. He had an idea that it might not be well for him to go into Mrs. Dale's drawing-room with the dust of the road on his boots and the heat of the day on his brow. So he borrowed a horse and rode over, taking some pride in a pair of spurs which he had bought in Piccadilly, and in his kid gloves, which were brought out new for the occasion. Alas, alas! I fear that those two years in London have not improved John Eames; and yet I have to acknowledge that John Eames is one of the heroes of my story.

On entering Mrs. Dale's drawing-room he found Mrs. Dale and her eldest daughter. Lily at the moment was not there, and as he shook hands with the other two, of course he asked for her.

"She is only in the garden," said Bell. "She will be here directly."

"She has walked across to the Great House with Mr. Crosbie," said Mrs. Dale; "but she is not going to remain. She will be so glad to see you, John. We all expected you to-day."

"Did you?" said Johnny, whose heart had

been plunged into cold water at the mention of Mr. Crosbie's name. He had been thinking of Lillian Dale ever since his friend had left him on the railway platform; and, as I beg to assure all ladies who may read my tale, the truth of his love for Lily had moulted no feather through that unholy liaison between him and Miss Roper. I fear that I shall be disbelieved in this; but it was so. His heart was and ever had been true to Lillian, although he had allowed himself to be talked into declarations of affection by such a creature as Amelia Roper. He had been thinking of his meeting with Lily all the night and throughout the morning, and now he heard that she was walking alone about the gardens with a strange gentleman. That Mr. Crosbie was very grand and very fashionable he had heard, but he knew no more of him. Why should Mr. Crosbie be allowed to walk with Lily Dale? And why should Mrs. Dale mention the circumstance as though it were quite a thing of course? Such mystery as there was in this was solved very quickly.

"I'm sure Lily won't object to my telling such a dear friend as you what has happened," said Mrs. Dale. "She is engaged to be married to Mr. Crosbie."

The water into which Johnny's heart had been plunged now closed over his head and left him speechless. Lily Dale was engaged to be married to Mr. Crosbie! He knew that he should have spoken when he heard the tidings. He knew that the moments of silence as they passed by told his secret to the two women before him—that secret which it would now behoove him to conceal from all the world. But yet he could not speak.

"We are all very well pleased at the match," said Mrs. Dale, wishing to spare him.

"Nothing can be nicer than Mr. Crosbie," said Bell. "We have often talked about you, and he will be so happy to know you."

"He won't know much about me," said Johnny; and even in speaking these few senseless words—words which he uttered because it was necessary that he should say something—the tone of his voice was altered. He would have given the world to have been master of himself at this moment, but he felt that he was utterly vanquished.

"There is Lily coming across the lawn," said Mrs. Dale.

"Then I'd better go," said Eames. "Don't say any thing about it; pray don't." And then, without waiting for another word, he escaped out of the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VI.

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

I AM well aware that I have not as yet given any description of Bell and Lillian Dale, and equally well aware that the longer the doing so is postponed the greater the difficulty becomes.

I wish it could be understood without any description that they were two pretty, fair-haired girls, of whom Bell was the tallest and the prettiest, whereas Lily was almost as pretty as her sister, and perhaps was more attractive.

They were fair-haired girls, very like each other, of whom I have before my mind's eye a distinct portrait, which I fear I shall not be able to draw in any such manner as will make it distinct to others. They were something below the usual height, being slight and slender in all their proportions. Lily was the shorter of the two, but the difference was so trifling that it was hardly remembered unless the two were together. And when I said that Bell was the prettier, I should, perhaps, have spoken more justly had I simply declared that her features were more regular than her sister's. The two girls were very fair, so that the soft tint of color which relieved the whiteness of their complexion was rather acknowledged than distinctly seen. It was there, telling its own tale of health, as its absence would have told a tale of present or coming sickness; and yet nobody could ever talk about the color in their cheeks. The hair of the two girls was so alike in hue and texture that no one, not even their mother, could say that there was a difference. It was not flaxen hair, and yet it was very light. Nor did it approach to auburn; and yet there ran through it a golden tint that gave it a distinct brightness of its own. But with Bell it was more plentiful than with Lily, and therefore Lily would always talk of her own scanty locks, and tell how beautiful were those belonging to her sister. Nevertheless Lily's head was quite as lovely as her sister's; for its form was perfect, and the simple braids in which they both wore their hair did not require any great exuberance in quantity. Their eyes were brightly blue; but Bell's were long, and soft, and tender, often hardly daring to raise themselves to your face; while those of Lily were rounder, but brighter, and seldom kept by any want of courage from fixing themselves where they pleased. And Lily's face was perhaps less oval in its form—less perfectly oval—than her sister's. The shape of the forehead was, I think, the same, but with Bell the chin was something more slender and delicate. But Bell's chin was unmarked, whereas on her sister's there was a dimple which amply compensated for any other deficiency in its beauty. Bell's teeth were more even than her sister's; but then she showed her teeth more frequently. Her lips were thinner, and, as I can not but think, less expressive. Her nose was decidedly more regular in its beauty, for Lily's nose was somewhat broader than it should have been. It may, therefore, be understood that Bell would be considered the beauty by the family.

But there was, perhaps, more in the general impression made by these girls, and in the whole tone of their appearance, than in the absolute loveliness of their features or the grace of their figures. There was about them a dignity of

demeanor devoid of all stiffness or pride, and a maidenly modesty which gave itself no airs. In them was always apparent that sense of security which women should receive from an unconscious dependence on their own mingled purity and weakness. These two girls were never afraid of men—never looked as though they were so afraid. And I may say that they had little cause for that kind of fear to which I allude. It might be the lot of either of them to be ill-used by a man, but it was hardly possible that either of them should ever be insulted by one. Lily, as may, perhaps, have been already seen, could be full of play, but in her play she never so carried herself that any one could forget what was due to her.

And now Lily Dale was engaged to be married, and the days of her playfulness were over. It sounds sad, this sentence against her, but I fear that it must be regarded as true. And when I think that it is true—when I see that the sportiveness and kitten-like gambols of girlhood should be over, and generally are over, when a girl has given her troth, it becomes a matter of regret to me that the feminine world should be in such a hurry after matrimony. I have, however, no remedy to offer for the evil; and, indeed, am aware that the evil, if there be an evil, is not well expressed in the words I have used. The hurry is not for matrimony, but for love. Then, the love once attained, matrimony seizes it for its own, and the evil is accomplished.

And Lily Dale was engaged to be married to Adolphus Crosbie—to Apollo Crosbie, as she still called him, confiding her little joke to his own ears. And to her he was an Apollo, as a man who is loved should be to the girl who loves him. He was handsome, graceful, clever, self-confident, and always cheerful when she asked him to be cheerful. But he had also his more serious moments, and could talk to her of serious matters. He would read to her, and explain to her things which had hitherto been too hard for her young intelligence. His voice, too, was pleasant, and well under command. It could be pathetic if pathos were required, or ring with laughter as merry as her own. Was not such a man fit to be an Apollo to such a girl, when once the girl had acknowledged to herself that she loved him?

She had acknowledged it to herself, and had acknowledged it to him—as the reader will perhaps say without much delay. But the courtship had so been carried on that no delay had been needed. All the world had smiled upon it. When Mr. Crosbie had first come among them at Allington, as Bernard's guest, during those few days of his early visit, it had seemed as though Bell had been chiefly noticed by him. And Bell in her own quiet way had accepted his admiration, saying nothing of it and thinking but very little. Lily was heart-free at the time, and had ever been so. No first shadow from Love's wing had as yet been thrown across the pure tablets of her bosom. With Bell it was not so

—not so in absolute strictness. Bell's story, too, must be told, but not on this page. But before Crosbie had come among them, it was a thing fixed in her mind that such love as she had felt must be overcome and annihilated. We may say that it had been overcome and annihilated, and that she would have sinned in no way had she listened to vows from this new Apollo. It is almost sad to think that such a man might have had the love of either of such girls, but I fear that I must acknowledge that it was so. Apollo, in the plenitude of his power, soon changed his mind; and before the end of his first visit had transferred the distant homage which he was then paying from the elder to the younger sister. He afterward returned, as the squire's guest, for a longer sojourn among them, and at the end of the first month had already been accepted as Lily's future husband.

It was beautiful to see how Bell changed in her mood toward Crosbie and toward her sister as soon as she perceived how the affair was going. She was not long in perceiving it, having caught the first glimpses of the idea on that evening when they both dined at the Great House, leaving their mother alone to eat or to neglect the pease. For some six or seven weeks Crosbie had been gone, and during that time Bell had been much more open in speaking of him than her sister. She had been present when Crosbie had bid them good-by, and had listened to his eagerness as he declared to Lily that he should soon be back again at Allington. Lily had taken this very quietly, as though it had not belonged at all to herself; but Bell had seen something of the truth, and, believing in Crosbie as an earnest, honest man, had spoken kind words of him, fostering any little aptitude for love which might already have formed itself in Lily's bosom.

"But he is such an Apollo, you know," Lily had said.

"He is a gentleman; I can see that."

"Oh yes; a man can't be an Apollo unless he's a gentleman."

"And he's very clever."

"I suppose he is clever." There was nothing more said about his being a mere clerk. Indeed, Lily had changed her mind on that subject. Johnny Eames was a mere clerk; whereas Crosbie, if he was to be called a clerk at all, was a clerk of some very special denomination. There may be a great difference between one clerk and another! A Clerk of the Council and a parish clerk are very different persons. Lily had got some such idea as this into her head as she attempted in her own mind to rescue Mr. Crosbie from the lower orders of the Government service.

"I wish he were not coming," Mrs. Dale had said to her eldest daughter.

"I think you are wrong, mamma."

"But if she should become fond of him, and then—"

"Lily will never become really fond of any man till he shall have given her proper reason."

And if he admires her, why should they not come together?"

"But she is so young, Bell."

"She is nineteen; and if they were engaged, perhaps, they might wait for a year or so. But it's no good talking in that way, mamma. If you were to tell Lily not to give him encouragement she would not speak to him."

"I should not think of interfering."

"No, mamma; and therefore it must take its course. For myself, I like Mr. Crosbie very much."

"So do I, my dear."

"And so does my uncle. I wouldn't have Lily take a lover of my uncle's choosing."

"I should hope not."

"But it must be considered a good thing if she happens to choose one of his liking."

In this way the matter had been talked over between the mother and her elder daughter. Then Mr. Crosbie had come; and before the end of the first month his declared admiration for Lily had proved the correctness of her sister's foresight. And during that short courtship all had gone well with the lovers. The squire from the first had declared himself satisfied with the match, informing Mrs. Dale, in his cold manner, that Mr. Crosbie was a gentleman with an income sufficient for matrimony.

"It would be close enough in London," Mrs. Dale had said.

"He has more than my brother had when he married," said the squire.

"If he will only make her as happy as your brother made me—while it lasted!" said Mrs. Dale, as she turned away her face to conceal a tear that was coming. And then there was nothing more said about it between the squire and his sister-in-law. The squire spoke no word as to assistance in money matters—did not even suggest that he would lend a hand to the young people at starting, as an uncle in such a position might surely have done. It may well be conceived that Mrs. Dale herself said nothing on the subject. And, indeed, it may be conceived, also, that the squire, let his intentions be what they might, would not divulge them to Mrs. Dale. This was uncomfortable, but the position was one that was well understood between them.

Bernard Dale was still at Allington, and had remained there through the period of Crosbie's absence. Whatever words Mrs. Dale might choose to speak on the matter would probably be spoken to him; but, then, Bernard could be quite as close as his uncle. When Crosbie returned, he and Bernard had, of course, lived much together; and, as was natural, there came to be close discussion between them as to the two girls, when Crosbie allowed it to be understood that his liking for Lily was becoming strong.

"You know, I suppose, that my uncle wishes me to marry the elder one," Bernard had said.

"I have guessed as much."

"And I suppose the match will come off. She's a pretty girl, and as good as gold."

"Yes, she is."

"I don't pretend to be very much in love with her. It's not my way, you know. But, some of these days, I shall ask her to have me, and I suppose it'll all go right. The governor has distinctly promised to allow me eight hundred a year off the estate, and to take us in for three months every year if we wish it. I told him simply that I couldn't do it for less, and he agreed with me."

"You and he get on very well together."

"Oh yes! There's never been any fal-lal between us about love, and duty, and all that. I think we understand each other, and that's every thing. He knows the comfort of standing well with the heir, and I know the comfort of standing well with the owner." It must be admitted, I think, that there was a great deal of sound common sense about Bernard Dale.

"What will he do for the younger sister?" asked Crosbie; and, as he asked the important question, a close observer might have perceived that there was some slight tremor in his voice.

"Ah! that's more than I can tell you. If I were you I should ask him. The governor is a plain man, and likes plain business."

"I suppose you couldn't ask him?"

"No; I don't think I could. It is my belief that he will not let her go by any means empty-handed."

"Well, I suppose not."

"But remember this, Crosbie—I can say nothing to you on which you are to depend. Lily, also, is as good as gold; and, as you seem to be fond of her, I should ask the governor, if I were you, in so many words, what he intends to do. Of course it's against my interest, for every shilling he gives Lily will ultimately come out of my pocket. But I'm not the man to care about that, as you know."

What might be Crosbie's knowledge on this subject we will not here inquire; but we may say that it would have mattered very little to him out of whose pocket the money came so long as it went into his own. When he felt quite sure of Lily—having, in fact, received Lily's permission to speak to her uncle, and Lily's promise that she would herself speak to her mother—he did tell the squire what was his intention. This he did in an open, manly way, as though he felt that in asking for much he also offered to give much.

"I have nothing to say against it," said the squire.

"And I have your permission to consider myself as engaged to her?"

"If you have hers and her mother's. Of course you are aware that I have no authority over her."

"She would not marry without your sanction."

"She is very good to think so much of her uncle," said the squire; and his words as he spoke them sounded very cold in Crosbie's ears. After that Crosbie said nothing about money, having to confess to himself that he was afraid

to do so. "And what would be the use?" said he to himself, wishing to make excuses for what he felt to be weak in his own conduct. "If he should refuse to give her a shilling I could not go back from it now." And then some ideas ran across his mind as to the injustice to which men are subjected in this matter of matrimony. A man has to declare himself before it is fitting that he should make any inquiry about a lady's money; and then, when he has declared himself, any such inquiry is unavailing. Which consideration somewhat cooled the ardor of his happiness. Lily Dale was very pretty, very nice, very refreshing in her innocence, her purity, and her quick intelligence. No amusement could be more deliciously amusing than that of making love to Lily Dale. Her way of flattering her lover without any intention of flattery on her part, had put Crosbie into a seventh heaven. In all his experience he had known nothing like it. "You may be sure of this," she had said—"I shall love you with all my heart and all my strength." It was very nice; but then what were they to live upon? Could it be that he, Adolphus Crosbie, should settle down on the north side of the New Road, as a married man, with eight hundred a year? If indeed the squire would be as good to Lily as he had promised to be to Bell, then indeed things might be made to arrange themselves.

But there was no such drawback on Lily's happiness. Her ideas about money were rather vague, but they were very honest. She knew she had none of her own, but supposed that it was a husband's duty to find what would be needful. She knew she had none of her own, and was therefore aware that she ought not to expect luxuries in the little household that was to be prepared for her. She hoped, for his sake, that her uncle might give some assistance, but was quite prepared to prove that she could be a good poor man's wife. In the old colloquies on such matters between her and her sister she had always declared that some decent income should be considered as indispensable before love could be entertained. But eight hundred a year had been considered as doing much more than fulfilling this stipulation. Bell had had high-flown notions as to the absolute glory of poverty. She had declared that income should not be considered at all. If she had loved a man she would allow herself to be engaged to him, even though he had no income. Such had been their theories; and, as regarded money, Lily was quite contented with the way in which she had carried out her own.

In these beautiful days there was nothing to check her happiness. Her mother and sister united in telling her that she had done well—that she was happy in her choice, and justified in her love. On that first day, when she told her mother all, she had been made exquisitely blissful by the way in which her tidings had been received.

"Oh! mamma, I must tell you something," she said, coming up to her mother's bedroom,

after a long ramble with Mr. Crosbie through those Allington fields.

"Is it about Mr. Crosbie?"

"Yes, mamma." And then the rest had been said through the medium of warm embraces and happy tears rather than by words.

As she sat in her mother's room, hiding her face on her mother's shoulders, Bell had come, and had knelt at her feet.

"Dear Lily," she had said, "I am so glad!" And then Lily remembered how she had, as it were, stolen her lover from her sister, and she put her arms round Bell's neck and kissed her.

"I knew how it was going to be from the very first," said Bell. "Did I not, mamma?"

"I'm sure I didn't," said Lily. "I never thought such a thing was possible."

"But we did—mamma and I."

"Did you?" said Lily.

"Bell told me that it was to be so," said Mrs. Dale. "But I could hardly bring myself at first to think that he was good enough for my darling."

"Oh, mamma! you must not say that. You must think that he is good enough for any thing."

"I will think that he is very good."

"Who could be better? And then, when you remember all that he is to give up for my sake!—And what can I do for him in return? What have I got to give him?"

Neither Mrs. Dale nor Bell could look at the matter in this light, thinking that Lily gave quite as much as she received. But they both declared that Crosbie was perfect, knowing that by such assurances only could they now administer to Lily's happiness; and Lily, between them, was made perfect in her happiness, receiving all manner of encouragement in her love, and being nourished in her passion by the sympathy and approval of her mother and sister.

And then had come that visit from Johnny Eames. As the poor fellow marched out of the room, giving them no time to say farewell, Mrs. Dale and Bell looked at each other sadly; but they were unable to concoct any arrangement, for Lily had run across the lawn, and was already on the ground before the window.

"As soon as we got to the end of the shrubbery there were Uncle Christopher and Bernard close to us; so I told Adolphus he might go on by himself."

"And who do you think has been here?" said Bell. But Mrs. Dale said nothing. Had time been given to her to use her own judgment nothing should have been said at that moment as to Johnny's visit.

"Has any body been here since I went? Whoever it was didn't stay very long."

"Poor Johnny Eames," said Bell. Then the color came up into Lily's face, and she thought herself in a moment that the old friend of her young days had loved her; that he, too, had had hopes as to his love; and that now he had heard tidings which would put an end to such hopes. She understood it all in a moment.

but understood also that it was necessary that she should conceal such understanding.

"Dear Johnny!" she said. "Why did he not wait for me?"

"We told him you were out," said Mrs. Dale.

"He will be here again before long, no doubt."

"And he knows—?"

"Yes; I thought you would not object to my telling him."

"No, mamma; of course not. And he has gone back to Guestwick?"

There was no answer given to this question, nor were there any further words then spoken about Johnny Eames. Each of these women understood exactly how the matter stood, and each knew that the others understood it. The young man was loved by them all, but not loved with that sort of admiring affection which had been accorded to Mr. Crosbie. Johnny Eames could not have been accepted as a suitor by their pet. Mrs. Dale and Bell both felt that. And yet they loved him for his love, and for that distant, modest respect which had restrained him from any speech regarding it. Poor Johnny! But he was young—hardly as yet out of his hobbledehoyhood—and he would easily recover this blow, remembering, and perhaps feeling to his advantage, some slight touch of its passing romance. It is thus women think of men who love young and love in vain.

But Johnny Eames himself, as he rode back to Guestwick, forgetful of his spurs, and with his gloves stuffed into his pocket, thought of the matter very differently. He had never promised to himself any success as to his passion for Lily, and had, indeed, always acknowledged that he could have no hope; but now, that she was actually promised to another man, and as good as married, he was not the less broken-hearted because his former hopes had not been high. He had never dared to speak to Lily of his love, but he was conscious that she knew it, and he did not now dare to stand before her as one convicted of having loved in vain. And then, as he rode back, he thought also of his other love, not with many of those pleasant thoughts which Lotharios and Don Juans may be presumed to enjoy when they contemplate their successes. "I suppose I shall marry her, and there'll be an end of me," he said to himself, as he remembered a short note which he had once written to her in his madness. There had been a little supper at Mrs. Roper's, and Mrs. Lupex and Amelia had made the punch. After supper, he had been by some accident alone with Amelia in the dining-parlor; and when, warmed by the generous god, he had declared his passion, she had shaken her head mournfully, and had fled from him to some upper region, absolutely refusing his proffered embrace. But on the same night, before his head had found its pillow, a note had come to him, half repentant, half affectionate, half repellent—"If, indeed, he would swear to her that his love was honest and manly, then, indeed, she might even yet—see him through the chink of the door-way with the pur-

port of telling him that he was forgiven." Whereupon, a perfidious pencil being near to his hand, he had written the requisite words. "My only object in life is to call you my own forever." Amelia had her misgivings whether such a promise, in order that it might be used as legal evidence, should not have been written in ink. It was a painful doubt; but nevertheless she was as good as her word, and saw him through the chink, forgiving him for his impetuosity in the parlor with, perhaps, more clemency than a mere pardon required. "By George! how well she looked with her hair all loose," he said to himself, as he at last regained his pillow, still warm with the generous god. But now, as he thought of that night, returning on his road from Allington to Guestwick, those loose, floating locks were remembered by him with no strong feeling as to their charms. And he thought also of Lily Dale, as she was when he had said farewell to her on that day before he first went up to London. "I shall care more about seeing you than any body," he had said; and he had often thought of the words since, wondering whether she had understood them as meaning more than an assurance of ordinary friendship. And he remembered well the dress she had then worn. It was an old brown merino, which he had known before, and which, in truth, had nothing in it to recommend it specially to a lover's notice. "Horrid old thing!" had been Lily's own verdict respecting the frock, even before that day. But she had hallowed it in his eyes, and he would have been only too happy to have worn a shred of it near his heart, as a talisman. How wonderful in its nature is that passion of which men speak when they acknowledge to themselves that they are in love. Of all things, it is, under one condition, the most foul, and under another, the most fair. As that condition is, a man shows himself either as a beast or as a god! And so we will let poor Johnny Eames ride back to Guestwick, suffering much in that he had loved basely—and suffering much, also, in that he had loved nobly.

Lily, as she had tripped along through the shrubbery under her lover's arm, looking up, every other moment, into his face, had espied her uncle and Bernard. "Stop," she had said, giving a little pull at the arm; "I won't go on. Uncle is always teasing me with some old-fashioned wit. And I've had quite enough of you to-day, Sir. Mind you come over to-morrow before you go to your shooting." And so she had left him.

We may as well learn here what was the question in dispute between the uncle and cousin, as they were walking there on the broad gravel path behind the Great House. "Bernard," the old man had said, "I wish this matter could be settled between you and Bell."

"Is there any hurry about it, Sir?"

"Yes, there is hurry; or, rather, as I hate hurry in all things, I would say that there is ground for dispatch. Mind, I do not wish to drive you. If you do not like your cousin, say so."

"But I do like her; only I have a sort of feeling that these things grow best by degrees. I quite share your dislike to being in a hurry."

"But time enough has been taken now. You see, Bernard, I am going to make a great sacrifice of income on your behalf."

"I'm sure I am very grateful."

"I have no children, and have therefore always regarded you as my own. But there is no reason why my brother Philip's daughter should not be as dear to me as my brother Orlando's son."

"Of course not, Sir; or, rather, his two daughters."

"You may leave that matter to me, Bernard. The younger girl is going to marry this friend of yours, and as he has a sufficient income to support a wife, I think that my sister-in-law has good reason to be satisfied by the match. She will not be expected to give up any part of her small income, as she must have done had Lily married a poor man."

"I suppose she could hardly give up much."

"People must be guided by circumstances. I am not disposed to put myself in the place of a parent to them both. There is no reason why I should, and I will not encourage false hopes."

If I knew that this matter between you and Bell was arranged, I should have reason to feel satisfied with what I was doing." From all which Bernard began to perceive that poor Crosbie's expectations in the matter of money would not probably receive much gratification. But he also perceived, or thought that he perceived, a kind of threat in this warning from his uncle. "I have promised you eight hundred a year with your wife," the warning seemed to say. "But if you do not at once accept it, or let me feel that it will be accepted, it may be well for me to change my mind, especially as this other niece is about to be married. If I am to give you so large a fortune with Bell, I need do nothing for Lily. But if you do not choose to take Bell and the fortune, why then—" And so on. It was thus that Bernard read his uncle's caution, as they walked together on the broad gravel path.

"I have no desire to postpone the matter any longer," said Bernard. "I will propose to Bell at once, if you wish it."

"If your mind be quite made up, I can not see why you should delay it."

And then, having thus arranged that matter, they received their future relative with kind smiles and soft words.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

ALL day with measured stroke I hear
From threshing-floors the busy flail;
And in the fields of stubble near
Incessant pipe the speckled quail.

All golden-ripe the apples glow
Among the orchard's russet leaves;
Southward the twittering swallows go
That sung all summer 'neath the eaves.

Across the far horizon's line
The slender autumn mists are drawn;
The grapes are purple on the vine,
The sunflower shines upon the lawn.

And stretched athwart the burning sky
The spider's threads of silver white,
Like netted vapors to the eye,
Hang quivering in the noonday light.

A year ago to-day we stood
Beneath the maple's crimson glow,
That, like a watch-fire in the wood,
Gleamed to the yellowing vale below.

Calm was the day, without a breath,
An all-pervading stillness deep;
A calm that seemed the calm of Death—
A silence like to that of sleep.

And only on the listening ear
Through the wide wood the hollow sound
Of dropping nuts, and sweet and clear
The spring that bubbled from the ground.

Close at our feet the brook slid down,
Past tangled knots of sedge and weed,
And under leaves of gold and brown,
To sparkle through the level mead.

A lock of hair; a ring; a flower—
The latter faded, old, and sere;
Mute records of that vanished hour,
Mementos that my heart holds dear.

Like one who in a pensive dream
Sees long-lost friends around his bed,
I, gazing on these treasures, seem
To hold communion with the dead.

The whispered vow—the lingering kiss—
The long embraces, cheek to cheek—
The silence that proclaimed our bliss,
Beyond the power of words to speak—

All seem so near—then home we went
Through meadows where the aster grew,
While overhead the hues were blent
Of sunset with the melting blue.

O fire that paints the autumn leaf—
O calm that knows no quickening breath—
O winds that strip the ungarnered sheaf—
Ye are to me the types of Death!

Ah! soon these groves shall lose their glow;
And yonder sun his heat and glare;
And blasts that through December blow
Shall leave the branches bleak and bare.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

THE return of Mr. Hall awakens an interest in the almost forgotten Arctic Expeditions. It is true that many years have elapsed since the last great effort to discover a passage round America, by sea, was made by Franklin and his brave followers—all, as is alleged, perishing in the attempt; but no length of time can obliterate the important facts gained in connection with the subject. The heroic deeds of men who periled life in the cause of science—of a science that was to prove beneficial to the whole world by the knowledge obtained of magnetism and electricity—and the unceasing perseverance of those same men in the cause of humanity amidst the wilds of that sterile region, are fully equal to the bravest acts of bold warriors on the battlefield. An instance of this, and a good illustration of what may be done by one determined and practical mind—even with slender means—is now seen in the undertaking of Mr. Hall. He has done much, though not all of what he proposed. He has given another proof of what the American spirit (and, when unfettered, the British also) is capable of performing; and he has shown to all acquainted with Arctic exploration what could have been accomplished by the English Government in saving the lost Polar Expedition, if the usual system of official blindness to plain truths and to common-sense reasoning had not prevailed.

Whatever may be the honor or reward he is to receive at the hands of his countrymen, when this fearful strife of war allows some attention to the subject, assuredly he is also entitled to admiration and esteem elsewhere. In the Old World there were many who looked upon his bold attempt as rash in the extreme, forgetting, as was often urged by myself and a few others, that it is a peculiar trait of the American character to accomplish great things by individual efforts. This was forgotten when speaking of Mr. Hall's undertaking as too rash, no matter how well it was planned, nor how much it was really in most accordance with the only mode of getting nearest at the truth by mixing freely with the native tribes. But while this was said of him, it was also added that the nobleness of his aim, the humanity of his views, and the disinterestedness of his labors in a cause abandoned every where, save by a few, called for the sincere respect and admiration of all true men.

He went forth, aided, it is understood, by one in this city, who has always generously given heart and soul and purse to every effort made by his countrymen to seek for tidings of the lost British voyagers. He went, and for more than two years nothing was heard from him. At length a report came that he had returned, and in August last he once more landed on his native soil. What he went to do, how he did it, and what he accomplished, will best be told by himself in the work which no doubt he intends publishing. But some account of those labors preceding his, with such information he has al-

ready made public through the press, may not be inappropriately given here.

Most persons are well aware that, for some hundred years past, it was the great hope of commercial and scientific men that a shorter route to the golden land of *Cathay* could be found than the one discovered by Vasco de Gama to India by the "Cape of Good Hope." Old voyagers asserted that such a passage was to be discovered round the northern coasts of America. They even went so far as to point the way, and it is now supposed as probable that so early as 1549, one if not two daring navigators had penetrated *from the west*, through what is now called Behring's Strait, to the eastward as far as the locality so well known as Franklin's death-spot, viz., King William's Land. That this may have been the case can be inferred from the fact that Greenland having, long before, had flourishing colonies with several bishops, cathedrals, and thriving farms settled upon it, annually sent forth its missionary barks in a high latitude for the purpose of civilizing the Esquimaux. Runic inscriptions in several places testify to the advance in civilization made by Greenland so far back as 1135, and, from recent researches under the auspices of the Northern Society of Antiquaries, there is every reason to believe the entrance to what is now called Wellington Channel was reached by ships from the European colony about the same date. Hence it is very likely some of the earlier Spanish navigators may have got round to the north coast of America as related.

One of the first efforts, however, made to find this passage was that under Martin Frobisher, a brave admiral in the navy of Queen Elizabeth. He with three vessels—one of only 25 tons burden, and the others not over sixty each—left England on the 11th of July, 1576. As his small craft passed Greenwich on their adventurous errand the Queen stood on the terrace, and, waving her kerchief, bade them "God-speed." On they went, ill-supplied, ill-fitted to encounter the dangers of Arctic navigation if compared with exploring vessels nowadays, and utterly ignorant of the way, except from report and such aid as geographical science always has been able to impart. Sighting the east coast of Greenland, and then driven by gales of wind to the southwest, Frobisher finally reached the latitude of 63° in the Straits now bearing his name. He here attempted to establish a colony. Five men were left behind by accident, and though the place was again supposed to have been visited, yet the fate of these men, and the remains of the colony, were undiscovered till, as now appears, Mr. Hall arrived there. Frobisher returned to England with specimens which were taken for gold, and the result was that several expeditions were thenceforward sent out for the double purpose of discovery and speculation. It would be needless to mention all of these individually. Their deeds—their privations and sufferings—have been chronicled by that quaint historian Purchas.

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But it is necessary to speak of one or two voyages made at this period for discovering a Northwest Passage. Baffin, in 1594, succeeded in traversing along the now desolated shores of Greenland as far north as 77° . Then turning round, what he supposed to be a Sound (named Smith's Sound, but since proved by the lamented Dr. Kane and his companions to be a large channel), he took the western coast, and, after the most successful voyage as yet then performed, returned in safety to England. He did not positively discover the passage sought for, but undoubtedly he pointed out the right course; for Lancaster Sound, the direct road to it, was entered by his ship, and all the places he visited have since been proved as leading channels in that direction. Indeed there is very strong reason to believe that he went down Regent's Inlet, and came out either through Hudson Strait or some passage north of it.

Fox, in a small vessel of only 22 tons, next went up Hudson Bay, previously discovered by that brave explorer who gave his name to the noble river flowing past this city. But Fox merely reached the head of the bay and returned. Had he gone a little further the opening since discovered by Parry would have been found, and his labors better rewarded.

Captain James then made the attempt, but endured most fearful sufferings, and so with many more who ventured. At length, in 1668, a charter was granted to a company of traders with the understanding that, while engaged in collecting furs and settling the lands around Hudson Bay, the discovery of a Northwest Passage was to be persevered in by them. To accomplish this they, at different times, made sundry slight efforts, but with no success. Trading-posts were established at several places, and soon a lucrative barter was carried on with the natives, who suffered the Europeans thus to invade their homes without molestation.

In 1771, however, Hearne, one of their officers, went alone—that is, with only native guides—and traced a river (since called the Coppermine) to the sea, on the north coast of America. A few years later Mackenzie succeeded in following a noble stream (now the Mackenzie River) to the same open sea, both discoveries being in the latitude of 70° , but 300 miles apart. This created some slight interest again at home, and an attempt was made to reach the Pole by sending two ships directly northward. In one of those ships, Nelson, then a boy, sailed as midshipman, and thus in his early career had some experience of Arctic adventure. Both ships came back unsuccessful.

Cook meanwhile had, on one of his memorable voyages, penetrated through the Straits dividing Asia from America (discovered by Behring, a Russian navigator, and named after him), and succeeded in reaching "Icy Cape," the north-western extreme of this great continent. His wish was to have sailed on to the eastward for home, but the sea was too much frozen over to permit him. He therefore returned south, and

for a short time all idea of exploring in that direction was abandoned.

At length, in the beginning of the present century, the late Sir John Barrow (then Secretary of the Admiralty), who himself had been to Spitzbergen, turned his attention to the subject. He conceived that a passage to the northwest could be found, and if discovered would prove commercially as well as scientifically useful to the world. Accordingly he induced the British Government once more to send out an expedition for the purpose. Four ships were dispatched in 1818, two to proceed due north for the Pole, and two to the northwest through Baffin Bay. The former were under the command of Captain Buchan, having Franklin (then a lieutenant) as his second: the latter were under the leadership of Captain John Ross, with Lieutenant Parry next to him.

It is singular that in the history of these Arctic expeditions we find the "seconds in command" ultimately, and often rapidly, rising above their chiefs, and in several instances gaining a world-wide reputation far greater than any obtained by their former commanders. Who now remembers Buchan as the superior of Franklin? Who thinks of Ross as formerly Parry's chief? Parry, Franklin, and again, more lately, Sherard Osborne, once junior to Austin, to Belcher, and other officers—on the British side, and Kane on this, stand noted in the world's history as connected with Arctic affairs. In reviewing these Polar expeditions this fact appears very prominent, and may be accounted for by remembering that a first voyage sometimes fails, and a leader then gets discredit; but a second attempt, with the known experience of the first, often produces success.

Thus in the case of Captain Ross and Captain Buchan. The latter had to return wholly barren of results: the former made the tour of Baffin Bay, went over that old voyager's ground, and found his statements correct; then crossing to Lancaster Sound, here made the great mistake which so long afterward hung upon his fame. He asserted that a range of mountains ran across that very passage, which has since proved the highway westward as desired. He returned to England and reported that no Northwest Passage could be found. But it soon leaked out that Parry differed from this view of the question, and, in fact, openly asserted that no such mountains as Ross had fancied he saw existed. Government therefore gave him an opportunity of testing this question, and the next year he was dispatched with two ships to renew the attempt.

Every one is tolerably well aware of his success. Lancaster Sound was perfectly clear of all impediment, and the adventurous explorers passed along with flowing sail into the mysterious regions of the then unknown icy sea. Places that are now familiar to most geographers were rapidly discovered and named. Wellington Channel on the right, Prince Regent's Inlet on the left, Somerset Land on the south, Corn-

wallis Island on the north, and, lastly, Melville Island in the west, were prominent among many other spots of interest to the Arctic navigator now. At the latter place winter had to be prepared for. It was the first ever passed by modern explorers in that frozen region. Yet it went over remarkably well. The tact, the judgment, the kindness of manner shown, and the wise precautions taken by Parry, carried his crews through the severity of an Arctic winter without any loss of even small importance.

The following spring fresh attempts were made to penetrate further on, but it was found that the ice between Melville Island and some land, called Bank's Land, seen in the southwest, was so heavy as to make passage in that direction then impossible. Accordingly, having done more than any previous voyager before him, and having reached the meridian of 110° west, one of the positions marked as that to be attained, and for which a reward was given, he returned.

The nation was rejoiced at his success, and the spirit of discovery became thoroughly awakened. Franklin had been sent overland through British North America to try and effect a junction with Parry somewhere about that open sea discovered by Hearne and Mackenzie, as it was a part of Parry's instructions to try and get there. Franklin, however, had not returned; and Parry therefore now solicited permission to renew his attempt. It was granted; and this time he took the route of Hudson Bay, supposing it probable that some opening toward the west existed beyond the farthest of Fox's or the Fur Company's discoveries. He was right. A passage was found; and it is still a question as to whether such passage could not have been made practicable for going on to the west had the time when it was discovered been earlier in the season.

Parry remained in the neighborhood of his new discoveries for two winters, establishing friendly intercourse with the Esquimaux, and leaving behind him the most favorable impressions concerning our people. Attention is called to it simply to illustrate some remarks presently to be made on the subject of the new discoveries.

Upon Parry's return again to England fresh honors and rewards awaited him and his companions. Franklin also had just returned, after undergoing one of the most terrible ordeals that man can be subjected to, viz.: slow and lingering starvation. On his journey overland he, and Richardson, and Back, and the brave sailor-attendant Hepburn, with their companions, suffered hardships almost incredible. They reached the Arctic Sea and traversed its shores to some little distance, then finding it impossible to proceed any further began their return. And it was on this return journey those severe privations were endured. Who has not read the touching history of this first Arctic land journey penned by Franklin's own hands? Who has not shuddered at the recital of days and days of hunger, compelling a resort to almost any and

every means to sustain life? The searching for bones thrown away on the outward trip, and boiling those bones down to see if any nourishment could be extracted from them! The eating of *tripe de roche* (a sort of moss), which, when cooked, produces a jelly-like substance, acrid to the taste, bitter inside, and hurtful to digestion, yet some relief to a famished appetite. The gnawing of leather belts and shoes, until, at last, it was hardly safe to leave an article in the way of those less master of themselves than the rest. The cooking and eating of raw furs gathered at the different vacated winter stations at which they arrived on the way. The voracity with which any sort of food the kind Indians procured for them would be devoured. All this, and much more that could be related, who that reads works of travel or adventure that knows it not? Or, still more, who that is American and of America that has not read or heard all the terrible sufferings endured by the lamented Kane and his companions, as chronicled so well by himself, and then again in that excellent narrative of Arctic life and privations, so minute, so faithfully written, "Hayes's Arctic Boat Journey?" Thus, then, let us hurriedly pass on. Let us leave the tale of want and misery Franklin and his companions then endured, to rapidly sketch out what followed.

Franklin, despite the wretchedness of the past, went again with nearly all the same companions. This time he was more successful. He and Richardson traced the coast for a great distance, and with what Captain Beechey was doing near Cook's farthest, established the fact that a water communication actually did exist along the northern face of Arctic America, except so far as a small space on the east was concerned that had not been explored. The result was, that, as Parry had previously found a way to Melville Island in a few degrees higher latitude, and Franklin this water communication along the coast, it only needed the discovery of some channel between the two to complete the long-sought-for Northwest Passage.

It was about this time (1825) that Parry's third Voyage of Discovery was made. He now went down Regent's Inlet, hoping to reach the coast in that direction. But here he met his first mishap. One of his vessels, the *Fury*, was pressed by ice on the shore and wrecked. Her stores and every thing valuable were saved, and made into a large dépôt, so that any future voyagers or whaling ships meeting with disaster might find relief. The place where these stores were landed was called Fury Beach, and, in connection with the Lost Polar Expedition, has become a spot of great importance.

Parry returned to England, and afterward made an effort to reach the North Pole, but could get no farther than $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ latitude.

Two or three years afterward Captain John Ross, feeling hurt at the failure he had made in 1818, now tried to go out again. Government, however, declined to encourage him. Whereupon a private individual, Mr. Felix Booth,

furnished the means. He went in 1829 (accompanied by his nephew, J. C. Ross, and a chosen crew), in a vessel called the *Victory*. Their course lay down Regent's Inlet toward the American coast. Prosperously they reached the lower part of the Inlet, discovering new land, which was named Boothia in honor of his patron. The first winter gave them no uneasiness, though the cold was great in the extreme. The following spring, journeys on shore were made, and during one of them, through the aid of friendly Esquimaux, the western water communication was reached by crossing an isthmus having numerous lakes and channels intersecting it. The lakes abounded in salmon, hot springs were discovered, and one river called the *Sauvage* was found not to freeze during winter.

For three years was Ross and his party frozen in. During the second summer J. C. Ross discovered the Magnetic Pole and King William's Land. The third summer preparations were made for abandoning the ship. It was done, and the whole party dragging their boats with provisions on sledges, proceeded on their way back to Lancaster Sound. At Fury Beach dépôt (which proved the means of saving them from starving) they remained the fourth winter, and finally succeeded in reaching one of the whale-ships, which picked them up and took them back to England. A singularity attending this rescue was as follows: When Ross commanded the first expedition of 1818 his ship was called the *Isabella*. She was afterward sold for a whaler, and this was the very vessel that now saved him and his crew.

The long time Ross had been away led to a belief of his being frozen in and needing help. Accordingly Back and Dr. King volunteered, with a party, to seek him. They proceeded down the "Great Fish River" and explored part of the coast, when a native messenger came and brought news of Ross's return. The circumstance is mentioned because of the importance now attached to this river in connection with Franklin and his men.

In addition to the discoveries made by Back and King, a boat party under Dease and Simpson traced the remaining part of the coast, and fully established the fact of a navigable water communication right along, except a doubtful part more to the east and just below Boothia Isthmus. This part they considered to be water, and certainly the geographical formation of the whole coast would seem to warrant such an idea; but Dr. Rae, who, in 1844, when exploring for the Fur Company, went over the locality, asserts the contrary. Nevertheless, in 1845, the time when Franklin left England, this part was a blank upon the charts, and he, with his officers, went away with the impression that it was an open passage. This fact bears very strongly upon whatever has been, or may yet be, done to ascertain the truth about their still mysterious fate.

And now, having given a rapid sketch of the various efforts made to discover the Northwest

Passage prior to Franklin's last and fatal voyage, let us glance at the knowledge obtained to that period.

Along the whole coast of Arctic America, except at and about Boothia Isthmus, a water communication had been found. Northward of that was Parry's route to Melville Island, overlapping the one below. Thus it needed but a link between the two to complete the whole. Was there land or water intercepting? Franklin was directed to ascertain. He was told to make for the northwest corner of Somerset Land, at a place named by Parry *Cape Walker*, and thence penetrate, if possible, southwest toward that water communication he had seen. Failing in that, he might turn back and try Wellington Channel. But discretionary powers were given him, and whatever would lead to the great object in view was to be attempted. Geographical knowledge, however, was not the only thing to be sought for. Science, and especially every fact connected with magnetism, was part of their particular duty. "Daily observations with the valuable instruments and portable observatory put on board" were to be made, for, said the Government, "such observations are especially important to us now." Picked officers and men formed his crew. The writer of this was himself a volunteer, but had not interest enough to be appointed, when, as he was told, the ships might almost have been manned by officers alone who wished to go. Among those officers were men who had been more than once and twice in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Crozier, next to Franklin in command, had not long returned from a four-years' cruise in the extreme south. Fitzjames, Graham Gore, and many others, were all tried men. Fitzjames had the especial charge of magnetical observations, and always sought for an opportunity to make them. Thus it is certain that, if the ships got near the Magnetic Pole, many valuable observations would be made. We know the ships *did* get there, and therefore these observations were attended to, and may yet be found in the records of them undoubtedly kept.

But there was another part of the Arctic regions to which at that time some importance was attached. On the east of Boothia many persons thought a channel could be found; and as the Hudson Bay Company had settlements well up in that direction, and the fishing grounds of whalers were not far away, it certainly appeared very desirable for the place not to be neglected. Indeed Franklin's first idea was to try in that quarter, but he gave it up for the more northern route.

One more circumstance has yet to be mentioned in connection with what we are now introducing. In 1833 an English whaler visited the neighborhood of Frobisher Straits, and brought away an Esquimaux called *Eenooloopick*. This young man was taken to Scotland, rapidly acquired a knowledge of civilized life, and returned to his native land. The surgeon of the ship (Mr. Macdonald) was with him on both voyages.

gained his confidence and affection, and obtained much information concerning the habits and customs of his people. Soon afterward this gentleman published a book upon the subject, and ultimately joined Franklin's Expedition. It is to be supposed, therefore, that when disaster came upon the ill-fated party, he for one would endeavor to reach the locality with which he had been so well acquainted, and so favorably received.

Another person attached to the lost ships was Mr. Blankey, formerly Ice-master in Ross's Expedition already mentioned. This officer, before leaving England, avowed his determination to take refuge among the Boothian Esquimaux, should it be necessary, and live with them until relieved. Thus there was more than common reasoning in the argument put forward for a good examination of the localities east of Boothia; but which, strange to say, have never yet, save by Mr. Hall, at a distance from it, and Rae's foot journey, been examined.

And now let us rapidly touch upon the events that occurred to and followed the lost expedition.

With the instructions given to them the expedition sailed in 1845. Once they were heard of in the north of Baffin Bay, and then, for two or three years more, all was silence concerning them. The public mind became anxious, and, in 1848, J. C. Ross, with two ships, was sent to seek for them. He followed the track pointed out to them, but returned unsuccessful. A council of Arctic officers was then held, and it was determined to renew the search. This time it was by a whole fleet of vessels, both on the east and on the west of the exploring ground; and a goodly sight it was, in the year 1850, to see sent out so many fine ships, from the large three-masted vessel to the humble ketch, commanded by experienced officers, for the purpose of seeking those who were lost!

With this feeling, then, the relief-ships went away. No expense was spared; no word raised, even by the most rigid economist, in opposition. And away they went, these searching ships, under brave and skillful commanders, with enthusiastic and generous-hearted officers and men, having abundant supplies. Away they went, by the long route round Cape Horn and through Behring Strait. There Collinson, M'Clure, Kellet, Moore, Maguire, Trollope, Pullen, Hooper, Cresswell, and others fought and battled perseveringly with ice and other difficulties to try and obtain tidings, though, alas! without success.

Away overland across the territories of red Indians and Esquimaux, where Richardson and Rae traversed miles and miles of dreary coastline amidst numerous dangers, though likewise without any good result.

Away, also, by the old route of Baffin Bay and Barrow Strait, where Austin and Ommanney, M'Clintock, Sherard Osborne, Cator, Aldridge, Bradford, M'Dougall, Allen, Penny, Stewart, Sutherland, Forsyth, and afterward

Kennedy, with the amiable and chivalrous Bel- lot, the brave old veteran John Ross, and last, though not least, the American flag under De Haven, Griffin, and Kane, sent out by the generous-minded Henry Grinnell, of this city, aided by George Peabody, to aid in the cause of humanity, searched and searched without meeting with the missing ships. True, some traces were found, first by Captain Ommanney, then by Penny, at Cape Riley and Beechey Island; but these traces only involved the question in greater mystery. They proved the lost vessels had not been crushed in Baffin Bay, but had wintered at Beechey Island in 1845-'46. Beyond that, however, nothing was discovered to say where they had afterward gone to, or what had become of them. The eastern expeditions returned; and the following year more ships were sent out to prosecute the search. Sir Edward Belcher had the command, and, after two winters passed there, had to abandon his vessels and return home. One of those vessels, the *Resolute*, drifted out of her own accord, and was picked up by an American whaler, the *George Henry*, 1154 miles from the place where she had been left! The other ships, with a vast quantity of stores and material, are, for all we know to the contrary, still there.

But here let me pay a just tribute, while it is also a pleasing duty, to the generosity and humane conduct of America in this work. With reference to the *Resolute*, it is well known that she was refitted by the Government and people of the then United States, and sent to England under one of their chief officers, as a token of goodwill and friendly feeling. This should not be forgotten by the British nation; nor yet the daring, perseverance, and earnestness displayed by those who, under the Stars and Stripes, gallantly aided in the search for lost people not their own. In another form, while giving some account of the slight service I also saw in those regions, I spoke as I then felt and still feel concerning the officers and men of this country engaged in Arctic discovery.* Since then the American flag has been carried, again and again, far up in those regions by Kane, and Hayes, and now by Hall. It is therefore but right to give credit where such is due; and the names in Wellington Channel attached to newly discovered land, as appearing in American charts, assuredly, by priority of discovery, are the correct ones.

There is not space to narrate more of the various efforts made to search for the lost ships. I must, however, touch upon the attempts made by Lady Franklin and her friends. Twice did she send out the little yacht *Prince Albert* for the purpose of examining Boothia, but each time did the vessel come back unsuccessful. Strange to say, on the first occasion only 300 miles further progress was necessary to have accomplished what we now know would have told the event-

* For an extended notice of my work, "*A Voyage in Search of Sir John Franklin*," see *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1857.

ful tale. Also, on the next voyage, her commander made a hazardous journey of several weeks on land in a direction which, at a certain point where he hesitated as to the route, was exactly opposite to the correct one. Had he gone south instead of north he would have solved the mystery. Then again did the persevering wife of Franklin try. A small screw steamer was sent, but had to be given up. Finally she bought the *Fox*, and, under M'Clintock's command, this vessel succeeded in obtaining the only tidings—tidings still unsatisfactory—yet known as to the unfortunate men's fate.

Previous to this, however, in 1854, Dr. Rae, while exploring the south of Boothia, met with certain Esquimaux who told him that "white men" had been seen some summers before in a very furnished state, dragging along a boat toward the Great Fish River where they had all perished. Many articles, watches, coins, silver, etc., were found in possession of these natives, and were deemed by the Admiralty sufficient evidence to conclude that the fate of Franklin and his party had been determined. Accordingly their names were erased from the Navy list—a reward of \$50,000 was given to Dr. Rae, and the whole affair was then thought to be at an end. But, as I have just said, the mourning wife of the lost chief did not coincide with this view, nor did many of note in the land. The *Fox* therefore was dispatched, and in 1857 left England on her errand of mercy.

The voyage of the *Fox* and the account Captain M'Clintock gave, is well known.* After two years' absence he returned to England with a report that the true fate of the lost expedition had been determined by the discovery of a record placed in dépôt, and three skeletons, a boat, and a large quantity of clothes, ships' stores, and other material on King William's Land. The Esquimaux also stated that the ships had been seen, and that one was crushed, while the other would be found "asleep" on shore. The record was meagre in detail, and unsatisfactory as to facts. Sir J. Franklin had died in June, 1847—the vessels were abandoned in 1848, and the officers and crews, numbering one hundred and eight persons, were, under Crozier and Fitzjames, on their way to the Fish River. This, coupled with the tale given to Dr. Rae, was now considered as quite conclusive; and all further hope of knowing more about these unhappy wanderers was abandoned, except by a very few. Among the few, and determined then to persevere in further search, was the writer of this article. The reasons he gave in lectures all over England, by papers read before the British Association at Oxford and Manchester, and in print through the press and published pamphlets, were carefully examined by men of scientific note, both opposed to, and in favor of another expedition. The result was, no disproof of the soundness of his arguments by those adverse to him, and open countenance of his plans by such as deemed his theory good. What that was

* See *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1860.

would be out of place to relate here, other than it bore strongly on the fact that only negative information was yet obtained, and all that M'Clintock's party did, was while the snow and ice lay on the ground when very little could possibly be discovered. A summer and autumn search was necessary, and it was this that he now sought to accomplish. Insufficient support was given. The attempt failed from want of means; and it now rests with him to do all in his power to aid any one else who, as Mr. Hall proposes, intends prosecuting the work until this strange mystery is truly solved. But let us see what it is proposed to be done, and as yet in part accomplished.

We have already said that doubts, in many minds, existed as to the fate of the Franklin Expedition being truly known. Apart from all idea as to the *possibility* of any members of that expedition surviving for years among the Esquimaux, there is still the question of what has become of their ships, their journals, their scientific records, and private papers? This question, it is true, may not be deemed of much importance by those who have not closely examined into Arctic affairs. But in reality it is so; for it must ever be remembered that for nineteen months Franklin and his officers were beset in the ice close to the Magnetic Pole. Indeed, from observations afterward made by M'Clintock, it is almost certain that one of their encampments (that at Cape Felix) was actually upon the spot. The Magnetic Pole is situated in about lat. 7°, long. 97° 19', from the Pole of the Earth. It is still a mystery, and has baffled all efforts (as yet known) of scientific men concerning it. In 1831, when Ross discovered its position by instruments with him, he had little opportunity for doing more than determining the spot within a circle of a mile in diameter. But since then M'Clintock fixes it at Cape Felix, forty miles W.S.W. of its former position, and this leads to the belief, long entertained, that the Magnetic Pole slowly moves; thus, perchance, accounting for the variations detected at observatories in the magnetic needle.

Now as the British Government, in its instructions to Franklin, deemed it of "great importance" that daily observations should be carried on when in the vicinity of the Magnetic Pole, it is quite certain that during the nineteen months they were located there, a vast amount of scientific material, particularly useful to mankind, must have been collected. That such material, with all the valuable information—geographical, ethnological, meteorological, and otherwise—they had obtained, was safely deposited, by a duplicate copy, in their principal dépôt (yet undiscovered), can hardly be doubted. To recover those documents is—as many eminent men consider—worth one more serious effort. M'Clintock did not seek for them: he was not able to search for them: he was on a specific duty, viz., the ascertaining what had become of that chief whose mourning wife had sent him out. Therefore, even had the ground

been denuded of its wintry covering, he would hardly have been justified in remaining another season to look for scientific journals, after the fate of Franklin himself had been ascertained. But, apart from this, the present writer has positive evidence that more could have been found had not certain matters (never made public) prevented it. Thus, then, it is no stretch of fancy to say that if the locality of the Magnetic Pole is again reached, and a certain spot which geographers and Arctic chiefs tell me I am right in forming the idea of be examined, no doubt valuable results will be attained, and the cost of any such attempt more than amply repaid by pecuniary returns from Government if needed.

In 1860, at Oxford, before the British Association, and after remarks to the above effect were made by me, Admiral Sir Edward Belcher said, "He advocated another search, and he was quite of opinion that magnetic observations had been carried on at Cape Felix. Records would be found buried, and duplicates taken on by a traveling party." Lord Wrottesley in his Address, in 1856, after showing how great the advantage is of Polar research, said: "Independently of additions to our geographical and physical knowledge, the possible recovery of the magnetic observations and the journals of the Franklin Expedition is a consideration of great moment, since the former must have been made by officers well trained to the task, with excellent instruments verified before the sailing of the expedition, and in localities possessing peculiar interest in reference to the theory of magnetism."

Baron Von Humboldt said, in a letter: "Is it possible that, after so many generous sacrifices made by two nations of the same race, having in their possession part of the property known to belong to those victims of shipwreck—after having reduced to such a small space the country to be searched—is it possible, I repeat, that they do not add a last effort (perilous as is every thing great and hazardous) for the solution of this sorrowful problem?"

As for the supposition that records can not exist so long, I merely refer to the fact that one of Parry's, on Melville Island, was discovered in good order thirty-one years after being deposited, and another of his twenty-five years old. When Ross escaped he carried even minerals with him a part of the way. These with other things he had to abandon; but he deposited them in a secure place, and they were afterward brought home to England in a whaling ship sent expressly to the locality for them.

Now, it is almost literally the case that some American whaling ships annually go within a comparatively short distance of the very spot where the Franklin records could be possibly obtained. Is there any reason, then, why a small vessel, expressly fitted out for that purpose, but making furs, etc., also auxiliary to it, could not accomplish what was wanted, and also prove serviceable in opening out new whaling grounds? Surely none whatever; and, however

great the obstacles may be in England, when such work is attempted by one of the People, instead of by the naval aristocracy, yet here the case is different, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Hall will be well encouraged when he again starts on his adventurous errand. His idea was good, and precisely that put forth long ago and frequently since by the present writer. Indeed, it is the only real way of arriving at the truth, unless by aid of a totally different kind to that generally adopted. But there can be little doubt that a small vessel—large enough for carrying stores and for giving sleeping accommodation, and yet no larger than for such use—is better than any thing else. Alone, and with only native aid, information is all that can be gained. Nothing can be brought back, even if discovered. But in a vessel, no matter how small, every thing may be brought home.

The discoveries made by Mr. Hall are on the outer coast—if we may so term it—of all Arctic geography. The sheet of water called Frobisher Strait has been well known for years past, though the British Hydrographic Department, in accordance with its usual habit of never correcting mistakes, or printing new discoveries unless coming from their own naval officers, made no acknowledgment of the facts brought home by whaling ships. This was shown in the case of the first American Arctic Expedition, and in all similar affairs, whether strangers or Englishmen may be concerned.

But the fact of "Frobisher Strait" being well known does not in the least degree lessen the value of Mr. Hall's important services in geographical exploration. A glance at any good map of the Arctic Regions will show how much remains yet to be done, and, comparatively, how easily it may be accomplished. In a commercial point of view alone it is worth the effort. Valuable furs can be obtained, and mineral wealth, quite clear of the jurisdiction or rights of the Hudson Bay Company. In Prince of Wales Land there is an excellent copper-mine, some of the ore of which was brought to England and deposited in the British Museum. In Boothia abundance of animal life is to be found at the proper seasons; and on the west parts of Cockburn's Land, above and northwest of Mr. Hall's researches, there is quite a new field for the adventurous explorer, or the capitalist who would speculate in that direction.

It appears, by such reports as have yet been published, that Mr. Hall conceived the idea of still following up the search for additional traces of the lost Polar Expedition. To successfully accomplish this he passed his first winter in learning the Esquimaux language, and adopting their style of life. He then began his explorations in a boat, accompanied by six natives, male and female. The latter are especially serviceable in all northern expeditions. Every account we read of these voyages, from Parry downward, shows the value of the opposite sex in all matters where information has to be gained. They are the best interpreters, skillful geog-

raphers, and tender, affectionate beings. Many instances of this could be shown; and reference need only be given to Parry and to Dr. Hayes, in the narrative of their adventures, to prove this. Indeed, there is something peculiarly touching in the simple, unartificial way these poor savages of the frozen north attend upon and minister to the wants of strange pale-faces coming among them. Therefore, to carry on any good exploration, it is almost indispensable to have the wives of Esquimaux with their husbands as well as the men. This was wisely done by Mr. Hall, who succeeded in finding some remains of Frobisher's Expedition. It would be unjust to him to give any particulars, however slight, of his researches. He himself will shortly do so; but, with reference to his supposed discovery of the fate of two of the boats' crews of Franklin's ships, the following letter, addressed to the present writer, will, it is presumed, settle the question. It is from the wife of Captain Ellis, commanding the bark *Kitty*, lost in Hudson Strait while carrying contract stores to the Company's settlements:

"1 SAVILLE STREET, NORTH SHIELDS.
"February 25, 1862.

"Captain Parker Snow:

"Sir,—I see by a statement in the daily *Express* that you are about to leave the Tyne, and that if health will allow, you are still anxious to persevere on an errand of humanity which I trust may prove eventful. I again take the liberty of impressing upon your mind the loss of the bark *Kitty* of Newcastle, which vessel sailed from London for Hudson Bay with a general cargo on the 21st of June, 1859, and was wrecked among the ice on September 5. The crew having sufficient time to provide themselves with every necessary they thought prudent to take into their boats, landed on Saddle-back Island, and remained there four days, during which time they met several natives. They agreed to separate themselves into two boats, and to proceed up the Straits in hopes of meeting the Company's ships coming down. My husband, Captain Ellis, with ten men in the long-boat, and Mr. Armstrong, chief mate, with four in the skiff, left Saddle-back Island on the morning of September 10, and at night, either from a snow-storm or in the dark, the boats lost sight of each other. The skiff inshore the next morning could see nothing of the long-boat. They then proceeded down the Straits again, and sailed for the coast of Labrador. After sailing sixty-one days in their boat they were picked up

by the Esquimaux and taken to a Moravian missionary settlement. Finally they arrived at North Shields on the 25th August, 1860, and since then there has never been any tidings of the missing long-boat and her crew. Last year the Company's ships brought no news except a letter from Great Whale River, which I have an extract of, and send you a copy, and would like to have your opinion, as the parting of the boats seems mysterious to me. As it has been known for people to live for years among the Esquimaux, I am hoping, year after year, that some traces will be found of them. Should any thing come under your notice, either at home or abroad, I humbly beg, dear Sir, you will remember me, for not knowing the end of my much lamented husband's sufferings has caused me to live in great distress of mind, which I trust will be sufficient apology for my troubling you; and may a kind Providence watch over you is the sincere wish of

"Yours, respectfully,

H. ELLIS.

"P.S.—Extract of letter from Chief Factor Anderson, dated Great Whale River, September 27, 1861:

"During last winter and spring, I have learned from the Esquimaux that the boat of the *Kitty* came on shore somewhere in Nugava Bay, and that the crew all perished. But exactly when, or how, I can not find out, as our interpreter understands English so badly that he has a difficulty in understanding us, and I fear gives a poor translation of what the Esquimaux tell him."

The glacier discovered by Mr. Hall, and named by him "Grinnell Glacier," is one of many that may be found in those regions. The numerous channels running west from Davis Straits abound in them. Eclipse Sound, or rather Strait, as may be inferred (farther North), is full of all that belongs to the grandeur of Alpine scenery. Indeed, the entire locality embraced within an area of 15° north and south, and 30° east and west, presents a wondrous field for the artist, the lover of nature, the geologist, the enterprising capitalist, or the adventurous traveler.

The natives brought home by Mr. Hall are now becoming so familiar to inhabitants of civilized America and Europe that little description is needed concerning them. The habits and customs of these singular people are, however, not so well known, except by a few. It will, therefore, be very interesting to the public at large if Mr. Hall gives the series of lectures on the subject he proposes, especially accompanied by the collection he has made.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of October. After the series of battles at and about Centreville, which resulted in the falling back of our army upon the entrenchments before Washington, the Confederate forces, instead of following turned to the north and reached the Potomac at a point near Leesburg, about midway between Washington and Harper's Ferry. They crossed the river into Maryland on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of September. Marching at once upon Frederick, the capital of the State, which place they occupied on the 7th, General Lee on the 8th issued a proclamation to the people of Maryland, in which he said that the people of the Confederate States had long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages which had been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the

States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties; and believing that the people of Maryland desired to throw off the government of the United States, the South had long wished to aid them in so doing. No restraint would be laid upon the citizens of Maryland, but they would be protected in every opinion. "It is for you," he adds, "to decide your destiny freely and without restraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free-will." A general uprising in their favor of the people of Maryland was undoubtedly anticipated by the Confederate leaders, which would enable them not only to maintain their position in that State, but even allow them to carry the

war into Pennsylvania. But nothing of the kind took place.

Our army, which with the exception of about 14,000 men at Harper's Ferry had been concentrated near the Capital, and had been placed under the immediate command of General M'Clellan, advanced to meet the enemy. Passing up the Potomac, they interposed in force between the Confederates and the fords by which they had crossed, threatening to cut off their retreat in case they should be defeated. Perceiving this, the Confederates abandoned Frederick, and went northward to Hagerstown, which was occupied on the 11th. A strong body was then sent to attack Harper's Ferry. The assault was opened on the 12th and continued during the following day, when our troops were driven from the heights on the Maryland side. On Monday morning the place was fairly surrounded, and fire was opened from seven or eight different points. In the opinion of Colonel Miles, who commanded, it was utterly useless to hold out longer, and on the morning of the 15th he ordered the white flag to be raised; and a few moments after he was struck by a shot which mortally wounded him. The cavalry, numbering some 2000 who had been at the Ferry, cut their way through the enemy's lines and escaped. The remainder of our troops, to the number of about 11,000, surrendered, and were immediately paroled. The enemy also possessed themselves of 50 cannon, and a considerable amount of stores and ammunition. It is generally held that the surrender at the time was not necessary, but that the place might have held out until it could be reinforced. Its possession was of considerable advantage to the enemy, though they retained it but for one day; the bridge over the Potomac not being destroyed enabled them to cross the river, and take part in the Battle of Antietam which followed on the 17th.

In the mean time the enemy, under Lee, commenced its retreat from Frederick toward the fords of the Potomac above those by which they had crossed into Maryland, being closely followed by our forces. Our advance—the right and centre under Hooker and Reno, the left under Franklin—came up early on the morning of the 14th with the enemy, who were strongly posted on the crest of the South Mountain, commanding the road to Hagerstown. The attack on both wings was successful, the action lasting from noon until nightfall. The enemy were forced from all their positions, and retreated during the night in the direction of Williamsport, still higher up the river, and about 15 miles above Harper's Ferry, losing a considerable number of prisoners. In this action General Reno was killed.

The Confederates, under Jackson, having hastily abandoned Harper's Ferry, recrossed the Potomac, and joined the main body under Lee. Our combined forces, under M'Clellan, with Hooker, Burnside, Mansfield, Sumner, Franklin, and others, followed rapidly, and at evening of the 16th came up with them, strongly posted on Antietam Creek, ready to give battle. The action commenced at daylight on the morning of the 17th of September. It was opened by Hooker's corps, formerly commanded by M'Dowell, which formed our right in conjunction with Mansfield's, formerly Banks's corps; Sumner's corps formed our centre; while Burnside's formed a flanking column on the left. All the available forces of both armies, with their best commanders, were on the field. The ground was admirably adapted to give full play to the skill of the officers and the bravery of the soldiers, being undulating, broken by

wooded knolls, with cultivated fields between. The battle commenced on the right, where, after half an hour's sharp fighting, the enemy began to give way, and were forced across a corn-field, where they suffered severely, into a dense wood, followed hard by our men. As they advanced, they were received by a deadly fire, and forced back half-way to their original position; while large bodies of the enemy poured upon them. Hooker ordered up fresh regiments. He was severely wounded, and the command of his division devolved upon Sumner. The struggle was now for the corn-field. First we drove them from it back again into the woods. Then they rallied and regained the field. At 1 o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. All that had been gained in front was lost, our men were almost exhausted, but the enemy were in no better condition. Franklin now came up with fresh troops, retook the corn-field for the last time, and dashed upon the woods, drove out the enemy, and held the point. The battle on the right was won. Mansfield, whose corps had been sent to the support of Hooker early in the action, was shot in the breast by a rifle-ball, receiving a mortal wound, while forming his men for the attack. In the mean time Burnside on the left was engaged in a desperate struggle. He had to cross the Antietam Creek in order to reach the enemy. This was spanned by a stone bridge which was strongly defended by infantry and artillery. The first attempt to take the bridge was repulsed with heavy loss. A second was made, with no better success. He resolved upon a third and still more desperate effort, commanding the assault in person. The bridge was stormed, our soldiers passed it, formed into line on the other side, the enemy falling back to his batteries upon the hills beyond. It was now 4 o'clock, and Burnside was ordered by M'Clellan to carry these batteries at all hazards. He carried the one nearest to him, on a low hill commanded by a higher one beyond. The enemy hurled large bodies of troops against him, and forced him back toward the bridge. He sent to M'Clellan for reinforcements, saying that without them he could not hold his position for half an hour. There were no reinforcements that could be detached. M'Clellan replied that he must hold his ground till night, at any cost; or at all events he must defend the bridge to the last man. If that was lost, all was lost. Burnside did hold the bridge, and the day was won. The action was not renewed on the following day, which was spent in removing the wounded and burying the dead. In the night the enemy fell back to the Potomac, which they crossed without serious opposition. Their stay in Maryland was just a fortnight, and the results of the expedition have proved more disastrous to them than our attempt upon Richmond was to us. General M'Clellan, in his official report, gives the following as some of the results of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam:

"At South Mountain our loss was 443 dead, 1806 wounded, and 76 missing. Total, 2355. At Antietam our loss was 2010 killed, 9416 wounded, and 1043 missing. Total, 12,469. Total loss in the two battles, 14,794.

"The loss of the rebels in the two battles, as near as can be ascertained from the number of their dead found upon the field, and from other data, will not fall short of the following estimate:

"Major Davis, Assistant Inspector-General, who superintended the burial of the dead, reports about 3000 rebels buried upon the field of Antietam by our troops.

"Previous to this, however, the rebels had buried many of their own dead upon the distant portion of the battle-field, which they occupied after the battle—probably at least 500. The loss of the rebels at South Mountain can not be ascertained with accuracy; but as our troops con-

tinually drove them from the commencement of the action, and as a much greater number of their dead were seen on the field than of our own, it is not unreasonable to suppose that their loss was greater than ours. Estimating their killed at 50%, the total rebels killed in the two battles would be 4000. According to the ratio of our own killed and wounded, this would make their loss in wounded 13,742. As nearly as can be determined at this time, the number of prisoners taken by our troops in the two battles will, at the lowest estimate, amount to 5000. The full returns will no doubt show a larger number. Of these about 1200 are wounded. This gives us a rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of 25,542. It will be observed that this does not include their stragglers, the number of whom is said by citizens here to be large. It may be safely concluded, therefore, that the rebel army lost at least 30,000 of their best troops. From the time our troops first encountered the enemy in Maryland until he was driven back into Virginia we captured 13 guns, 7 caissons, 9 limbers, 2 field-forges, 2 caisson bodies, 39 colors, and 1 signal flag. We have not lost a single gun or a color. On the battle-field of Antietam 14,000 small-arms were collected, besides the large number carried off by citizens and those distributed on the ground to recruits and other unarmed men arriving immediately after the battle. At South Mountain no collection of small-arms was made; but, owing to the haste of the pursuit from that point, 400 were taken on the opposite side of the Potomac."

The Richmond papers claim, however, a victory at Antietam. They say that their forces were but 60,000 opposed to 150,000 of the Federal troops, and that their entire loss was only from 5000 to 7000. Two of their generals, Branch of North Carolina, and Stark of Mississippi, were killed. They admit, however, that their campaign in Maryland was a failure, and that it is shown that the people of Maryland have no wish to join the Southern Confederacy. —Since the battle of Antietam nothing of decided importance has occurred on the Potomac. There has been some skirmishing of outposts and small bodies of troops, attended with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners on both sides. Present appearances indicate that the enemy are falling back to the neighborhood of Staunton and Winchester.

The results of the Confederate irruption into Kentucky are yet undecided. There had been severe fighting for some days at Munfordsville which resulted in the surrender, on the 17th, of our whole garrison, numbering quite 4000 men. After the capture of Lexington and Frankfort serious apprehensions were felt for the safety of Louisville, which it was determined should be defended to the last extremity. The women and children were ordered to leave the city, by General Nelson, who was in command. But on the 25th General Buell, with the main body of his army from Tennessee, having outstripped Bragg, arrived at Louisville. The enemy then appear to have fallen back to the neighborhood of Bardstown, near which point a decisive battle was daily expected. —Cumberland Gap, which has for some time been occupied by our forces, under General Morgan, was threatened by a large Confederate force. It was evacuated by Morgan on the 17th. The pass was blocked up so as to render its passage nearly impracticable, and all the artillery and stores were brought off. The troops reached Greenupsburg, Kentucky, on the Ohio, on the 3d of October. During the sixteen days' march they were continually but ineffectually assailed by the enemy. —General William Nelson, the commander at Louisville, was killed on the 29th by General Jefferson C. Davis, of Indiana. It appears that Nelson publicly insulted Davis at a hotel, calling him a cowardly puppy, and striking him in the face. Davis borrowed a pistol from a by-stander and shot him through the heart.

From the Southwest we have continual reports of skirmishes and minor engagements. The gun-boat

Essex, making an expedition up the Mississippi, sent a boat's crew ashore at Natchez for ice. They were fired upon and several wounded, whereupon the town was bombarded and forced to surrender. —At luka, Mississippi, General Rosecrans gained a brilliant victory over the enemy under the command of Price on the 20th of September. General Grant, writing two days after the battle, states our loss in killed to have been less than 100, while of the enemy 261 were found dead upon the field. Price retreated, followed closely by our forces, who captured a considerable number of prisoners. It appears that Price, after retreating from luka, formed a junction with the Confederates under Van Dorn and Lovell near the old battle-ground of Corinth, for as we close our Record for the month, we have telegraphic dispatches announcing that on the 4th of October the enemy, under the command of Van Dorn, Price, and Lovell, attacked our forces at Corinth, and were repulsed with great slaughter; they retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The Confederate expedition into New Mexico has resulted in a failure. Some months since they succeeded in capturing Santa Fé, but soon withdrew toward El Paso. Near Fort Fillmore they were caught between the New Mexican troops under General Canby and the Union forces from California, and suffered a total defeat, losing all their stores and ammunition, having many killed and wounded, and nearly half of their number taken prisoners. The Union forces then took possession of El Paso and Fort Bliss. The Texans thereupon evacuated Fort Davis and all the other forts in the extreme northwest of the State, leaving Fort Clark, 120 miles from San Antonio, the post nearest New Mexico now held by them.

General Pope has made a report detailing the operations of the Army of Virginia while under his command. He says that when it was known that our army was evacuating the Peninsula the whole force of the enemy was pushed forward against the army under his command. He charges General Fitz John Porter with repeated disobedience of orders; and says that had he attacked the enemy in flank on Friday, the 29th of August, as he had written orders to do, Jackson would have been crushed before the forces under Lee could have reached him. General Pope says his men were worn down with service and short of provisions; the horses were without forage; he had written for supplies to General McClellan at Alexandria, but none would be furnished until he sent a cavalry escort to convoy them, although Alexandria was swarming with troops, and his whole army was interposed between that place and the enemy. Without supplies he could not hold the position at Bull Run, even if victorious. The enemy's reinforcements came up on the afternoon and night of the 29th; and on the following day he made the attack. At night our left had been forced back half a mile, but was firm and unshaken, while the right maintained its ground. Pope could have brought up Franklin's and Sumner's corps, and renewed the engagement on the following morning; but starvation threatened men and horses; and worn as they were, they were in no condition to bear hunger also. He accordingly fell back to Centreville, and then to the intrenchments near Washington without molestation. He thus sums up the operations of the army under his command: "To confront a powerful enemy with greatly inferior forces, and fight him day by day, without losing your army; to delay and embarrass his movements, and to force

him, by persistent resistance, to adopt long and circuitous routes to his destination, are the duties which have been imposed upon me. They are, of all military operations, the most difficult and the most harassing, both to the Commander and to his troops. How far we have been successful, I leave to the judgment of my countrymen. The armies of Virginia and of the Potomac have been united in the presence and against the efforts of a wary and vigorous enemy in greatly superior force to either, with no loss for which they did not exact full retribution."

- General Pope is understood to have brought formal charges against General Porter, which, however, have not been acted upon. General Pope, at his own request, has been detached from the army in Virginia, and sent to take command of the forces in the Northwest. He reports that on the 23d of September 300 Sioux attacked General Sibley's command, but were repulsed with a loss of 80 killed and many wounded; our loss being 4 killed and 30 or 40 wounded.

On the 22d of September the President issued a very important proclamation. After stating that the war would still be conducted for the object of restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in those States in which it had been disturbed; that he should at the next meeting of Congress again urge that pecuniary compensation be tendered to the loyal slave States should they choose to abolish slavery either gradually or immediately; and that efforts would be continued to colonize, with their own consent, persons of African descent upon some portion of this continent; the proclamation declares:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States."

The proclamation then calls attention to the Act of March 13, 1862, by which all officers of the army and navy are prohibited from employing the forces under their command for the purpose of restoring fugitive slaves; and to the Act of July 17, which provides that the slaves of all persons engaged in rebellion, who may come into the power of the forces of the United States, shall be declared free; and that no fugitive slave shall be delivered up unless the owner makes oath that he has been in no way engaged in the rebellion against the United States. The proclamation concludes by declaring,

"And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves."

On the 24th of September the President issued another proclamation ordering:

"Whereas it has become necessary to call into service, not only volunteers, but also portions of the militia of the States by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States, and disloyal persons are not adequately restrained by the ordinary processes of law from hindering this measure, and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection. Now, therefore, be it ordered, that during the existing insurrection, and as a necessary measure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording aid and comfort to the rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by courts-martial or military commission.

"That the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter during the rebellion shall be, imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison, or other place of confinement, by any military authority, or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission."

This emancipation proclamation caused great excitement in the Confederate Congress at Richmond. In the Senate Mr. Semmes offered a resolution declaring it to be a "gross violation of the usages of civilized warfare, and an invitation to an atrocious servile war, which should be counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as in the judgment of the President may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution." Several members objected to the resolution as not going far enough, wishing the President to be authorized to issue a proclamation that every person found in arms against the Confederate Government, upon its soil, should be put to death. The war should henceforth be carried on under the black flag, and quarter should neither be asked nor given.

A Convention composed of nearly all the Governors of the loyal States met at Altoona, Pennsylvania, on the 25th of September. The object appears to have been to consider the state of the country, and devise measures to meet the present state of affairs. An address to the President was drawn up and signed by thirteen of their number, embracing the following points: Pledging their cordial support hereafter as heretofore to the President in the effort "to restore and perpetuate the authority of the Government and the life of the nation, no matter what consequences are involved in our fidelity."—Recommending that, until the war be at an end, an army of reserve, properly armed and equipped, should be kept on foot, ready for all emergencies; and asking the President to call for not less than 100,000 volunteers for this purpose, the quotas from each State to be raised after it shall have filled the requisitions already made:—Fully indorsing the proclamation of the President declaring all slaves in States which shall on the 1st of next January be in insurrection to be declared free:—Recognizing the valor and endurance of our soldiers, and declaring that a just regard for their welfare had been the reason for holding the Conference:—The address concludes thus: "And now, presenting to our national Chief Magistrate this conclusion of our deliberations, we devote ourselves to our country's service, and we will surround the President with our constant support, trusting that the fidelity and zeal of the loyal States and people will always assure him that he will be constantly maintained in pursuing with vigor this war for the preservation of the national life and the hopes of humanity."

EUROPE.

In Italy Garibaldi has made an unsuccessful at-

tempt to arouse a war. Early in July he made several speeches inveighing in violent terms against the Emperor of France, saying that the French troops must leave Rome; calling upon the Italians to unite, and declaring that he would rouse Italy, and that possession must be taken of Rome and Venice in behalf of Victor Emanuel and the Kingdom of Italy. Volunteer organizations began to be formed to aid him in the enterprise which he had in view. To these he issued a proclamation declaring that the cause of the country had united them together to fight against the foreign invaders. The King, on the 3d of August, put forth a counter-proclamation, warning the young men against being led into unauthorized war, saying that when the hour for the occupation of Rome should arrive, the voice of the King would be heard; but that every other summons was that of rebellion and civil war; he would preserve the dignity of the Crown and Parliament, in order to have the right of demanding from the whole of Europe justice for Italy. Garibaldi paid no attention to this proclamation, and made a descent upon Sicily. He was declared to be in rebellion, and the island was proclaimed in a state of siege on the 21st of August. Troops were sent against him; but he avoided them and crossed over to the Continent, landing at Melito, in Calabria, with about 1300 men. Before leaving Sicily he issued a pro-

clamation to the Italians defining his purposes. He professed allegiance to the King, but the Ministry should not be supported. The great end in view was Italian unity, to which the possession of Rome was essential. For himself he was resolved to enter Rome a conqueror or perish under its walls. On the 29th of August he was overtaken by a small force of royal troops who opened fire upon his forces. It appears from his own statements that he had ordered his men not to fire; but he himself having been wounded at the outset some slight fighting took place. The action lasted but a few minutes, when Garibaldi surrendered with all his forces. He had received two wounds, one in the instep being severe. He was conveyed by a steamer to the fortress of Varignano, where he was confined. What disposition will be made of him does not appear; but he evidently anticipates no severe treatment, as he writes, under date of September 14, in reply to the American Consul at Vienna, who had invited him to join the American Army: "I am a prisoner, and dangerously wounded. It is consequently impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds are healed, I shall take the first favorable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty."

Literary Notices.

The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London, by Mrs. OLIPHANT. Thirty-five years since few men filled a larger space in the world's thoughts than Edward Irving. When he died, twenty-eight years ago, it seemed that but for the magnificent eulogy of his friend and school-mate Thomas Carlyle, his memory would have passed away from men's minds forever. To the view of the great public no earnest life could have been a more utter failure. Mrs. Oliphant has done a good work in writing this loving life of him whom Carlyle pronounced the best and noblest man he had ever known or hoped to know. She has produced the most thoroughly delightful biography which has been written for many years. It will be accepted as a permanent addition to the world's treasures.—Edward Irving was born in 1792 in the Scottish seaport of Annan. He grew up tall, stately, and, but for a marked obliquity of vision, handsome. In his perfect manhood his height was some inches above six feet. At thirteen he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, whence he returned four years after to his native Annan, with college prizes, high character, and abundant promise. His vocation was the church; but while pursuing his theological studies he taught for some years, first at Haddington, then at Kirkcaldy. Meanwhile he was duly licensed to preach, but found little acceptance. The ornate style and grand delivery which was in time to rouse all London, fell coldly upon the hard-headed Presbyterians of Scotland. His appearance in the pulpit at Kirkcaldy was the signal for a clearing of the house. Still he felt that his true work was that of a preacher of the Word. So he gave up his school, and with the savings of seven years betook himself to Edinburgh to await a "call." For weary months none came; and he had almost decided that his work was to be that of a missionary in foreign lands, when he received an invitation from Dr. Chal-

mers to become his assistant at Glasgow. Here too, his lofty apostolic manner was unappreciated. The sturdy citizens thought it out of place in one who was only the "Doctor's helper." Irving soon felt that this was not his place. The old missionary feeling sprung up again. He was meditating whether to go to Persia or Jamaica, when he received an invitation to become the minister of a little Scottish congregation in an obscure street in London. His heart leaped to the call. He would preach in the great metropolis, supporting himself, if need were, by the labor of his own hands. Before many months the quiet religious world of London was aware of a new manifestation. In the obscure Caledonian chapel there was a preacher of wonderful presence, raven-haired, with a voice of deeper music than could be heard on the lyric stage, who discoursed of the great themes of righteousness and judgment to come as though he were in deadly earnest. One by one the great men of the day wandered to hear him. Mackintosh went, led probably by his national feeling. One phrase in Irving's prayer, in which he spoke of a family of orphans being "thrown upon the fatherhood of God," struck him. He repeated it to Canning, who took the first occasion to visit the humble chapel, and soon after declared from his seat in Parliament that the Scotch preacher was the most eloquent man to whom he had ever listened. Soon the street was thronged by those eager to enter the little church, and Irving became the rage for a time. The noble, the fashionable, the cultivated flocked to hear him as they would have flocked to hear a new singer or actor. For month after month he discoursed on the Sabbath with the earnestness of intense conviction to the sages and peers, the senators and worldlings, who thronged to him, passing in stern and solemn review the vices of the rich and powerful and intellectual, rather than those of the poor and humble and ig-

norant; while on week-days he moved through the streets of London on ceaseless errands of charity and mercy. In time the fashionable furor passed away, leaving Irving at the head of a large and flourishing congregation, with the apparent prospect of a long life of honor and usefulness.

We can only touch briefly upon the weary theological controversy which, in seven years, crushed Irving's great heart, and broke down at forty-two that mighty frame which should have been vigorous at fourscore. He became deeply interested in the fascinating but perilous study of prophecy. The result was that he was convinced that the end of the present order of things was at hand; that the Lord was about to appear in the flesh, and that a new dispensation was to begin, ushered in as the present had been by signs and wonders—by the "gift of tongues" and miracles. This belief practically cut him off from the sympathies of his brethren; but the first formal attack upon him came from an unexpected quarter. The central point and core of his theology was that the human nature of the Saviour was in every respect one with ours; that He assumed our own fallen humanity, which in him was preserved sinless through the power of the Holy Spirit, not through any exceptional sinlessness of its own. This, by his opponents, was held to be equivalent to teaching "the sinfulness and corruption of our Lord's human nature." The little Presbytery of London to which he belonged arraigned him for heresy. He denied their jurisdiction, since he had not been ordained by them, but by a Scotch Presbytery, and formally separated from them. The treatises in which he developed his doctrine were formally condemned by the General Assembly of Scotland, and the Presbytery which had ordained him was directed to proceed against him.

His own church and congregation still held fast to Irving. But this connection was soon to be broken. Reports came from Scotland that the mysterious gifts of tongues and healing of the sick had been vouchsafed in more cases than one. Irving accepted the evidence upon which these reports were founded; and when at last the so-called tongues were heard in his own congregation, he made way for their manifestation as a regular part of public worship. His people became dissatisfied and remonstrated, but in vain. The deed of trust by which the new church which had been built for him was held provided that the London Presbytery should decide upon the fitness of the minister for his place. The trustees made complaint to the Presbytery of these innovations on the part of Irving. That body decided that the complaints were well founded, and he was removed from the ministry in that church. A considerable part of his congregation followed him and organized a new church, in the services of which the miraculous manifestations had a large part.

In March, 1833, he was arraigned before the Presbytery of Annan, by which he had been ordained, his doctrine respecting the human nature of Christ was formally condemned, and he was deposed from his membership and ministry in the Church of Scotland. He returned to London, where he met with a most unexpected reception from his congregation. By an order "in the power" he was suspended from his ministry, and forbidden to exercise any priestly function. In a few weeks the interdict was removed, and he was ordained "angel or chief pastor of the flock." But Irving's career was drawing to a close. In the autumn of 1834 he was ordered "in the pow-

er" to go as a prophet to Scotland to do a good work. Perhaps the "gifted" hoped also that his native air would restore the frame which had broken down. Carlyle, who saw him for the last time just before his departure, says that "his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age, he was trembling over the brink of the grave." He reached Glasgow on the 25th of October; for a few weeks his gaunt, gigantic figure was visible in the streets, or in the little room where his disciples were wont to meet; but he seemed sinking under a deep consumption; his voice was faltering, and his frame bore all the marks of age and weakness. Soon he took to his bed. Yet he himself did not believe that he was to die: the prophets assured him that he was to be raised up again to life and health.

At length, on Sunday the 4th of December, the supreme hour approached. He grew delirious, murmured counsel and prayers to his church and friends, or repeated the Hebrew measures of the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd." "As the current of life grew feebler," says his biographer, "a last debate seemed to rise in that soul which was now hidden with God. They heard him murmuring to himself in inarticulate argument, confusedly struggling in his weakness to account for this visible death which, at last, his human faculties could no longer refuse to believe in—perhaps touched with ineffable trouble that his Master had seemed to fail of His word and promise. At last, that self-argument came to a sublime conclusion in a trust more strong than life or death. As the gloomy December Sunday sank into the night-shadows, his last audible words on earth fell from his pale lips. The last thing like a sentence we could make out was, 'If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen!' And so, at the wintry midnight hour which ended that last Sabbath on earth, the last bonds of mortal trouble dropped asunder, and the saint and martyr entered into the rest of his Lord." His warfare, in the words of Carlyle, "closed, if not in victory, yet in invincibility and faithful endurance to the end." The letters and journals which his biographer has incorporated into her work present the true character of the man. The long series of journal letters which he addressed to his wife give as perfect a revelation of a man's inner heart as was ever made. We know of no intermingling of sorrow and resignation, swelling almost into joyful exultation—not even those passages in Luther's "Table Talk" in which he speaks of the death of his little Magdalen—so touching as those in which Irving speaks of the fresh loss of his first-born son. The perfect honesty of the man is evinced by the fact, that, firmly as he believed in the certainty that supernatural revelations were to be vouchsafed to the church, and unhesitatingly as he accepted the utterances of the obscure men and women whose prophecies and speaking in tongues filled his church, yet he never believed that these gifts had been bestowed upon him. No revelation, save what he could gather by diligent study of the inspired Word, ever fell from his lips. He may have been deceived by faith in others; but never by vanity or self-conceit. His public life may have been a failure; certainly the outward results are visible only to the few who here and in Great Britain look upon him as the commissioned forerunner of a new dispensation. Be this as it may, it is certain that no truer or nobler man has lived and died in our day; and no fitter memorial of him could be given than this biography which is dedicated "to all who love the memory of Edward

Irving, which the writer has found by much experiment to mean all who ever knew him."

A Series of School and Family Charts, by MARCIUS WILLSON and N. A. CALKINS. Also, *A Manual of Elementary Instruction in Object Lessons, adapted to the Use of the School and Family Charts, and other Aids in Teaching*, by MARCIUS WILLSON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) These truly splendid charts, twenty-two in number, size of each about 22 by 30 inches, and containing more than six hundred colored illustrations, are a long step in advance—in attractiveness at least, and apparent utility—of any previous school-room aids which have fallen under our notice. There are six charts of illustrated Reading Lessons for the little ones, with type large enough to be easily read thirty feet distant; a chart of Elementary Sounds, of Phonic Spelling, of Writing, Drawing, and Perspective, Lines and Measures, Forms and Solids; two beautiful charts of Colors—worth, alone, to the young ladies in our female seminaries, the price of the whole set; and colored charts of Quadrupeds, of Birds, of Reptiles, and Fishes; and four charts of Plants, to illustrate the Forms, Classification, and Uses of the Vegetable Kingdom. Although a seemingly wide range of studies is here presented for childhood, yet, by the aid of the accompanying Manual, the whole is adapted to a plain, practical, and interesting course of familiar, elementary, school-room, or family instruction.—The *Manual*, by Mr. Willson, is not only an exposition of the principles on which the *Development* system—or system of "Object Teaching," as it is generally called—is based, but it contains the directions and the information which are required by the teacher to enable him to use the charts to advantage, and to adapt the system itself, with all available aids from natural objects, to the practical duties of the school-room. Those who suppose that the system here developed consists merely of oral instructions about "common things," and hence is defective as a means of discipline, will learn from this work that its tendencies are the very opposite of the "pouring in" method, and that it claims so to educate—"develop"—the perceptive faculties of childhood as to combine the most extended and thorough mental culture with the readiest acquisition of knowledge. The author further shows this system of teaching by the aid of the "objects" themselves to be no new thing, but the system on which Nature imparts instruction, and on which all science has been built up in the progress of the race; and that it is in the school-room chiefly, and in primary education most strikingly, that we have departed from its principles. As illustrative of the manner in which science is popularized in this work, as well as in the series of Readers by the same author, we would call attention to the chapter which treats of Colors—their manifold tints, shades, and hues—their combinations, proportions, complementaries—and their harmonies in nature, dress, paintings, etc. Our schools, at least, will no longer have an excuse for remaining ignorant upon a subject which addresses itself with so much interest to our constant, everyday observation. It is the *common things of life*, so many of which "science" has appropriated to herself and disguised under a forbidding nomenclature—the miracles of wisdom, goodness, and design every where around us—the very things that appeal to our sympathies and interests—that we have hitherto too much neglected in our systems of education.

A Graded Course of Instruction for Public Schools, by WILLIAM H. WELLS, A.M. This work, by one of our leading educators, is an exposition of the graded course of study in the public schools of Chicago, and is believed by the author to combine the best elements of the different systems adopted in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities. Though so far special in character, it will be found a work of general interest to all teachers, and exceedingly valuable, both as a guide in the grading of other public schools, and in directing and systematizing the labors of the teacher even where the graded system can not be introduced. In addition to a happy arrangement of the common branches of study, the author has worked out a plain and practical course for a wide range of exercises in the common philosophy and common things of everyday life, in which the method of instruction by *object lessons* is made available; and the work abounds in practical suggestions which will be found a valuable substitute, especially in city public schools, for the otherwise constant visits required of Superintendents and School Directors. (A. S. Barnes and Burr.)

A System of Logic, by P. MCGREGOR, A.M. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Logic, as defined by the older writers, is the "Art of Reasoning;" Whately, followed by Mill, defines it "The Science and Art of Reasoning," meaning by the former term the analysis of the mental process which takes place in reasoning, and by the latter the rules grounded upon that analysis for conducting the process correctly. Mr. McGregor defines it to be "The Science of the Acquisition and Retention of Knowledge, and the means of avoiding Error." He commences his treatise by considering the ultimate sources of knowledge, and the primary processes by which it is acquired and retained. He then passes to an explanation of the principles and processes of investigation; discusses the nature and sources of fallacies and the means of guarding against them; and then proceeds to give a rapid survey of the principal branches of knowledge, which are classed under the general heads of Mathematics, Physical Sciences, Mental Sciences, Mixed Knowledge—such as Philology and Ethnography; and Particular Knowledge, embracing History, Chronology, and Biography. The work closes with chapters on the retention of knowledge. It will be seen that this work covers a much wider field than that occupied by other writers who have treated of this subject, comprising, besides what they present, the essential features of such popular books as Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers and Watts on the mind. Mr. McGregor has performed his task in an admirable manner, and may be congratulated upon having fairly accomplished his design "to comprise within moderate limits every thing of general interest which properly belongs to Logic, and to exhibit a clear and accurate view of the principles and processes of logical thought, divested of scholastic figments." The arrangement of topics is clear and natural, the style in which they are treated is vigorous and precise, avoiding as far as practicable the use of mere technical phraseology. The general reader who wishes to acquire or recall a knowledge of the subject will find this work fully to answer his purpose; while, as a text-book for schools and academies, it presents many important advantages over any other with which we are acquainted, and we cordially commend it to the examination of teachers and school officers.

Editor's Table.

THE PEOPLE AND THE GOVERNMENT.—

We are now in the second year of the war, and this autumn, which is likely to bring with it signal events, can not but urge upon us most significant thoughts. We are now in the third stage of our national crisis. Fort Sumter taught us that we are a *people*, and mean to stand by our national life; Bull Run convinced us that we must have an *army*, and gave us the most magnificent army on earth; the Army of the Potomac has shown us that we must have a *government* equal to the issue, and it is upon this imperative want that both the people and the army are now dwelling with intense emphasis. Why more efficiency in the Government is demanded, what are the chief causes of its recent inefficiency, and what is called for by the voice of the nation and is sure to have the nation's favor and support, our readers may not need many words of ours to suggest.

It is evident that the Government now stands before the bar of public opinion as never before. Never before in our national experience have such enormous trusts been committed to an Administration as within the last two years; and of course, as the reasonable time for the faithful and judicious disposition of those trusts comes round, there is a loud and general call for a full account of the great stewardship. In one respect this call is a somewhat trying one, from the obvious fact that it pronounces the very magnificence of the war-supplies, which in themselves were regarded as triumphs of the Government's power, to be the measure of its responsibility, and the test of its competence. Millions, hundreds of millions of money were voted, and more than half a million of men rushed into the field at the public call. "What a marvelous Government that can work such wonders!" we at once cried; and we insisted upon having all the earth, and especially astonished Europe, bow down in admiration at the achievement. But now comes the searching question, What have you done, O rulers, with all this magnificent equipment? and how were you indebted for it to the generosity with which the people gave you money, and which may have tempted you to mistake the ease with which provisions, clothing, arms, ammunition, horses, and ships can be bought, and troops can be paid, for sagacity and force in using these supplies? It is easy to spend money and buy all sorts of things with it, and a thousand millions of dollars in any country on earth will make a wonderful display, whether in peace or war. Our Government has spent a thousand millions of dollars, and has had a great deal to show for it, yet not what it ought to have shown; and there probably has never been, since the world was, in the same time, so much waste of material or more needless exposure of life than in our country. Not only have contractors been allowed to cheat us by the sale of worthless articles at full prices, but the supplies, good and bad, that have been furnished, have been most lavishly used, and often most recklessly wasted; provisions and clothing that would be thought in other armies good enough for careful use, being, in some cases, thrown upon the ground and left to decay, as unfit for the palate or the limbs of our soldiers. In other instances, our troops have been left half naked and half starved; and it would take some time to reckon the number of contractors whose cloth and blankets

owe little of their texture to sheep or goat, and whose bread and meat have feasted the worms before coming to the mess-table.

Nor can we forget the strange exposure of human life in more than one signal instance, and that too within reach of the very chiefs of the army and the Cabinet. To err is human, we all know, but to err where the most precious lives are at stake, and to go on in the same easy, inefficient way after the best blood of the people has been recklessly shed, is not to be set down among the common and venial errors of men in high places. We are not, indeed, fond of sentiment in public documents, nor do we expect much pathos in messages of state or bulletins of war, but a little more seriousness and tenderness in treating the terrible losses and sufferings in battle might help instead of harming the sterner documents and measures that should prevent such calamities in time to come.

We have borne patiently and hopefully the mistakes and disasters of the war; and now, after the failure of our principal army to do its work, and finding ourselves, contrary to all expectation, at the beginning instead of the end of the Virginia campaign, we are not as a people out of temper, and the present tender of men and money is the most memorable thing of the whole war. Yet there is a deepening seriousness throughout the nation, and a solemn expectation that the day of action is at hand. This feeling must needs deepen as the burdens of the contest press, as they are now beginning to press, upon the whole nation. Most men have lost money by the war, and the derangements of business have been general and severe; but this loss is more calmly borne because inevitable, and as such it is easily charged to the noble struggle for the national life. But the war-tax and the war-draft can not but call searching attention to the Government, and make the people scrutinize closely the judgment and energy of our rulers to decide how far we suffer of necessity. Comparatively, the nation at large has not felt the war, except in the feeling of public spirit and patriotic fellowship. The money came easily, because no person has been obliged to put his hand into his pocket, and the nation has run into debt for its supplies. Now taxation is to begin, and we might cherish serious misgivings as to its effect upon the public pulse were we not sure that the croakers, who begrudge their dollars to the tax-gatherer, will be vastly outnumbered by the patriots who insist that their money shall be well used, and who call the Government to solemn account for the trust so generously, yet so laboriously, and often painfully, bestowed. But we are now touched in sensibilities more tender than our purse-strings, and are called to hold our lives at the call of our country. We acquiesce in the drafting, and the public pulse beats more cheerfully at the proclamation that makes every able-bodied man liable to be called to the battle-field. Yet we can not but insist upon having an equivalent for this sacrifice, and the nature of the offering required of us comes home now to every family, as it could not do when only they who chose joined the army. We expect much complaining, and there must needs be many cases of fearful hardship when men are torn from their families to go to the war; but we do not an-

ticipate any break in the great purpose of our people to be a nation. The cry will be more earnest for decision and victory, and the Government will be held to its duty as never before, now that it is intrusted not only with the money, but with the life-blood of the whole nation.

We have not been captious during the fearful trials of the last year and a half, and in this respect the result has been quite different from the perhaps reasonable anticipation. It was supposed that the Government would be in advance of the people, and that a stubborn individualism would make us refuse to submit to public orders, and a democratic self-conceit would tempt us to carp at every public measure that demanded the least obedience or sacrifice. Quite the contrary: the people have been in advance of the Government, and have shown their loyalty not only in providing the most ample means, but by patience under reverses. Instead of making the worst, we have tried to make the best of the sad blunders of leaders, and we have reason to marvel at our own good-nature. Yet there must needs be a limit to this forbearance, and the good sense that leads us to make allowance for the inexperience in officials with some fellow-feeling for it, from our own conscious rawness, will speak in a different tone when the time of ignorance, to be reasonably winked at, is passed, and daylight, with its call for wise and effective action, has come.

The Government can not, of course, do every thing; and there are limits to its ability, not only from the limits of the human faculties, but the peculiar nature of our republic. It is well to think of this when we find ourselves yielding to the very ready desire for a scape-goat on whom to lay the burden of our infirmities, and determined to make over the curse to some unfortunate member of the Cabinet. It is well to remember, too, that our rulers may have a hard time as well as we, and may need rather to be comforted and strengthened in their duties than to be doubted and perplexed. What the charms of office may be we are not able from any experience to say, and we will not deny that a certain fascination belongs to all places of power; and man, as such, likes to hold the reins, even if it be to ride over walls and ditches, or through armed legions, or even through hungry office-seekers or carping journalists. Yet it would be hard to see any attraction in the highest national offices now to reputable men, apart from the sense of duty that insists upon standing by the welfare of the country, and from the sentiment of fellowship that is sustained by public respect. Certainly we can not envy the position of our rulers now; and the thought that they bear hardships for us that they would gladly escape by private life may abate our censure without abating our patriotism. Let every persistent grumbler ask how he would like it if every high official in the Cabinet and the army would take him at his word, and resign at once in diffidence or despair, and his tongue might have more oil upon its hinges and more honey in its note.

We are ready to allow that the feeling is not an infrequent one that the rebel leaders have shown more ability, considering their relative means, in attempting to destroy the Union than our rightful rulers have generally displayed in saving it. But what else, under the circumstances, could be expected when we consider the issue and the parties? The rebel leaders had a desperate game to play, and failure was and must be to them utter ruin, while success would be, in their opinion, wealth and glory at

once. In the war, too, they have not only the advantage of fighting on their own soil, with full knowledge of the ground, and in all the passion of a people who have been persuaded that they are defending their homes against invasion, but they have a single point to look to—the defeat of the invader; whereas we fight at arm's-length, in a distant region, and with the desire not so much to defeat as to conciliate the enemy—not to set up a new empire, but to keep an old and well-established order. We suffer thus from the distance of the field and the division of our intentions as well as of our forces; and, in fact, from the very security and strength of our own position. We must remember, moreover, that the rebel leaders were chosen for their fighting qualities, while ours were not so chosen; and the very last thing that the patriotic and sagacious Illinois lawyer who now lives in the White House expected, when he first caught from the telegraph wires the news that he was to be President, was that he would be commander-in-chief of a million of soldiers, and that his steps to the capital would be dogged by assassins.

We must consider, perhaps chief of all, the remarkable fact that, inferior as the people in rebellion are to the loyal States in character and in culture, they have more carefully studied the arts of power, and more sedulously fostered and schooled the gifts of leadership than we. Their dispositions and their policy have both tended that way; and while our people lead our politicians, their politicians lead the people. We have not met with any thoughts that better illustrate the governing qualities relatively displayed, North and South, than in that admirable book on representative government by John Stuart Mill, which every true American ought to read, and then bind in gold for the study of his children. Mill affirms that the merit of political institutions is twofold, and consists partly of the degree in which they promote the general mental advancement of the community—including in that phrase advancement in intellect, in virtue, and in practical activity and efficiency—and partly of the degree of perfection with which they organize the moral, intellectual, and active worth already existing, so as to operate with the greatest effect on public affairs. Government thus is at once a great influence acting on the human mind and a set of organized arrangements for public business, and according as it looks chiefly to the one or the other of these ends it may expect to see fruits, either in the general culture of the people or in the centralized power of the political organism. Now it is very evident that we have looked rather at the first than to the second object, and generally been so taken up with our schemes of individual prosperity and education as to leave very little, comparatively, for the Government. We have asked to have business prosper and education thrive, and have not thought the care of the nation of sufficient consequence or in sufficient danger to engage our most earnest thought or to occupy our first men. Moreover our loyal people are in the main so well to do, so much on a par with each other, and so independent as to require very little governing, and to give little emphasis to the central authority either in the State or Nation. It is quite otherwise with the rebels. They have a lower grade of population to keep in order than we know any thing of, and their institution of Slavery compels them to band together in self-defense, and gives them the sense of domination and the thirst for power. Inequalities among their white population, moreover, give to office a

prestige and feeling of caste that do not here attach to it, while the business interests of the great slave-owners are such as to band them and their dependents together in mutual and persistent fellowship, and thus raise up a class of politicians who have the name of statesmen to the country, and the functions of attorneys to the local interests of the South. Thus the spirit of business combines with the construction of society to put the most effective men at the South into politics, and keep them there in a way to secure a power and continuity of office unknown at the North. Here one respectable man is looked upon as about as good as another, and office changes readily from hand to hand, and confers little social distinction, being held in little honor by first-class men in business and the professions.

Corresponding with this difference in the public policy of the two sections, the individualism of the loyal States and the centralizing measures of the rebel States, is the difference between the types of character fostered. We are more strongly marked by unwillingness to have power exercised over us; while they are more marked by the desire to exercise power over others. They answer well to Mill's statement, that "there are nations in whom the passion for governing others is so much stronger than the desire for personal independence, that for the mere shadow of the one they are found ready to sacrifice the whole of the other." Surely the rebel leaders have made immense sacrifices of personal liberty for the sake of keeping and extending their power over others; and would probably submit to any amount of privation or restraint that might enable them to indulge their domineering passion, and give their Southern empire a haughty place among the nations. We are not surprised that men of wealth and ambition are willing to accept even subordinate places in the rebel army, and stoop thus—not in humility, but in pride—and obey that they may conquer.

Our Free States have little of this love of dominion, which is so mightily fostered by the presence of a dependent and comparatively passive race. We wish to be let alone, and to let others alone. Yet our independence does not make us allow ourselves to be meddled with, but, on the contrary, makes us sensitive to all interference with our rights; and the moment we believe our rights to be interfered with, the very sentiment of independence takes us at once out of our cool individualism and bands us together in self-defense. Hence the wonderful rising when our flag was assailed at Fort Sumter. The seceders might have carried to almost any length their passive rebellion, and no matter what they might do or say, we would have let them alone so long as they let us and our national property alone. We were very quiet and good-natured, and were supposed to be timid, and willing to submit to any indignity rather than risk our ease and our money. Never was a greater mistake made; and from the day when our flag was fired on by rebels to this hour, our loyal people have not wavered an instant in determination to stand by the country. Our independence is proved to be our strength; and precisely because we do not wish to interfere with others, we do not mean to have our rights interfered with. Our union is in order to keep our liberty, while the rebels unite to lord it over others.

Our Government should see and appreciate this trait of our population. It must be evident to them that we have no disposition, as a whole, to break the old constitutional usage and national habit of leav-

ing each State free to manage its domestic affairs. Even our present Territorial policy is to be regarded rather as intended to protect our own settlers than to domineer over our neighbors or take from their actual or imagined rights. We have little faith in the final prevalence of any schemes that aim to overthrow the whole law and custom of the nation, and trample upon local liberty by centralized authority. The central authority must stand not by destroying, but by substantiating local liberty; and the reason why our people are so patient in submitting to present restraints upon personal and sectional freedom is because they regard such restraints as the temporary evils that must be borne to secure final peace and secure independence—just as a wounded man submits to having his arm a while in a sling and in splints that he may recover the full use of his limb the sooner. In this way, too, we legitimate an aggressive method of dealing with the rebels that is wholly against our habitual temper and policy, and are ready to sustain the Government in any measures, however stringent, that are essential on grounds of true policy to restore our Union in its local independence and central authority. How much we prize our independence the rebels have found to their cost, in their recent abortive attempt to invade our loyal States; and they will find it even more as soon as the Government enable our people to see clearly the connection between our own permanent liberty and the utter defeat of secessionism, by a well-arranged and persistently prosecuted system of measures offensive and defensive.

We are asking not to be cajoled, petted, indulged by our rulers, but to have the truth plainly spoken and the issue distinctly put. The Government have not begun to appreciate the earnestness and honesty of the people, and seem to resort to concealment and artifice when openness and confidence would be far more politic as well as conciliating. The recent call for troops would have met a far speedier response if it had come directly from the President, with a full explanation and a patriotic appeal, instead of being made in such a roundabout way as the suggestion of the State governors. The enlistment lagged in great part because the heart of the nation was not touched; and when our pulses began again to beat with the true glow, it was rather from the natural recovery from their former depression, the rise of their own tide from its extreme ebb, than from any especial help or motive from the National Government. The people were wrongly deceived as to the condition and prospects of the Army of the Potomac, and afterward they were as wrongly mistrusted in the mode of presenting to them the new necessities created by the disasters of the Peninsula. They are intelligent and patriotic enough to bear entire frankness, and to meet every responsibility at the hands of their rightful rulers.

The Government—the executive, we mean—has now the destiny of the nation in its own hands. Money, men, measures of enforcing military power by civil penalties—all are ready, and no prattling, meddlesome Congressmen are now in session to break the unity and the silence of executive force. We look to the President and his Cabinet, and can not deny that they are now on trial before the whole country and the world. They must be wise, strong, and effective, or fearful evils will soon come upon them and the whole land.

They must be wise especially in that crowning act of wisdom that sees the main thing to be done.

Who can fail to see it? The main thing is victory—victory in the main point of the contest—victory where the armies of our constitutional Republic meet the gathered hordes of the rebel conspiracy. We have had words enough already, and they have ceased to tell with much power on the loyal or the rebellious. Even the President's proclamation of emancipation to the slaves of rebel States must depend for its efficacy not upon the strength of its language, but upon the strength of the arm that goes with it. The words are but breath, if the same vacillating policy that has so generally characterized the war on our side shall interpret this extraordinary document, and make the voice under this lion's skin roar as gently as a sucking dove. As to the proclamation itself, as holding the American doctrine of State rights, we measure its worth and can justify its issue only as a war measure. So far as the rebels themselves are individually concerned, they can not expect to have any of their property protected while they are assailing the property and lives of the whole loyal nation. After they have their just judgment dealt out to them, the question is then open how far the Presidential prerogative shall change the Constitution and usages of the country for all time, and whether the people, through their lawful representatives, will make of an executive act a universal and permanent law of the land. The language of the proclamation itself, indeed, does not abrogate State laws, but merely suspends them in reference to certain persons and for a certain cause. The President does not proclaim that the rebel States shall, after January 1, 1863, be forever free, but that the slaves in such States at that time shall be freed; thus leaving open the question what shall be the powers of such States hereafter in reference to slaves who may be in any way introduced. Thus this act is an executive and not a legislative one, and it makes of itself no change in the Constitution, and its authority expires with the lifetime of such emancipated slaves. Of course, if carried out, its influence would be lasting, and would bring great legislative changes in its train.

We know very well the perplexities that attend this slave question, and by principle and habit we personally belong to the conservative side. We have always opposed all interference of our National Government with the legal institutions of the States, and even doubted as to excluding slavery by law of Congress from the Territories, until compelled by the cabals of the incipient rebellion to choose between such exclusion and the entire nationalizing of the institution, with the installing of John C. Breckinridge, the minion of Jefferson Davis, in the presidential chair. The rebels have made us, and nearly all the moderate conservatives, champions of the freedom of the Territories; and taught us the folly of trying to conciliate a set of despots who are content with nothing but dominion over the whole nation, and who use our neighborly kindness to destroy all good neighborhood, and turn our constitutional scruples into a pretext for overturning the Constitution itself. We do not believe in conciliating tyrants; and are convinced that the only way to act upon worshipers of power, such as the rebel chiefs generally are, is by the display of a power greater than their own. The best war rhetoric is that which is as explicit as the cannon-ball, and goes directly to the strong-hold of the rebellion. It is right then that, after a clear warning, and as soon as the declaration could be made with the dignity and force of victory, that the property of reb-

els, including slaves, should be confiscated. Now let the confiscation follow the advance of our armies, and a new aspect will be put upon the war. The strongest policy will thus be inaugurated, and the true principle will be established. The war will have a moral character as well as a material and political importance, and the sad error avoided that balances territory and wealth with life, and regards the acquisition of land, instead of triumph of right, as sufficient return for rivers of bloodshed.

We know very well what will be said of the Border States and their unwillingness to have the work of amelioration begin. Their scruples will increase in the ratio of our timidity, and diminish with the rise of our determination. Let them see that we mean to put the rebellion down, and they must not stand shaking in their shoes but must go with us or against us, and they will not be slow in making their election. Let the national purpose to put down the rebellion be accompanied with as strong a purpose to give the loyal States their Constitutional rights, and guarantee to them the control of their own institutions, with the offer of compensation for slaves of loyal masters when emancipated by law, and we have no great fear as to the issue. There are difficulties in every direction, but no such difficulties in the path pointed out as in our present murderous and ruinous war, or in a base surrender of the rule of the nation to the very power that has brought upon us our disasters.

When we talk of emancipating the slaves of the rebels we know what we are saying, and are not indulging in any rose-colored visions of African perfection. We do not regard the negro as wholly or invariably a sage or a saint, nor do we regard him as a fool or a fiend. He is, as compared with the historical white race, a backward and humble member of the human family; yet he is a member, and in some respects a worthy member, of the family. His *worth*, in the financial sense, to the white man, is most emphatically affirmed by those who most disparage his higher claims; and his masters would not sell in the market as well as he, if offered with all their talents and acquisitions to the highest bidder. His worth, morally, is not trifling; and we believe that, especially in the passive virtues of mildness, docility, reverence, the negro is more than a match for the white man; and therefore his race is more likely to take emancipation safely than any similar number of white men with the same average culture or no-culture. He is willing to be taught, and is glad to look up to a superior. Emancipation, under judicious auspices, would not destroy his wholesome subordination; and the intelligent employer would not cease to be his master in ceasing to be his owner. The forms and regulations of the new free-service would not be long in developing themselves when the nation wills it; and the former owners, who know the negro's faults and capacities, will take as much pains to use his freedom as they have taken to fix his bondage. He would soon find his status, and prove by his experience that every thing moves most safely in its own orbit; and when in their own orbit no two races can ever interfere. It is well enough to favor colonization; yet this can not solve the negro question, and can hardly rid us of the surplus of birth over death. The negroes are a suitable working-class for the South, and as such, with ample liberty to develop their gifts and use the helps of such superior minds as occasionally appear among them, they have a future before them by no means without hope.

But it is of little use to agitate this question so long as it is left in doubt whether the rebels are stronger than the loyalists, and are able to keep, and even to extend, their present foothold. The question of arms is the great question, mortifying as it is to us to confess it in this nineteenth century of schools and churches, ballot-boxes and bibles. We look to our Government to give us victory in arms, and we think that we do not look to them unreasonably or in vain. We have done for them more than any people have ever done for a government within the same time; and the annals of history may be studied in vain to find a parallel to the records of voluntary American patriotism within the last year and a half. We have made up our minds fully that we have been outrageously assailed and robbed by a set of conspirators who have always had from the nation ten times more influence than is their due, and who, without any form of law or shadow of right, have set up a standard of revolt against our constitutional Government, seized our forts, custom-houses, and rivers, and are trying to wrest from us half or more of our territory. We insist upon putting them down, and, willing to forgive the Government all past inefficiency, we are not disposed to wait with patience much longer.

True, indeed, it is that an Administration can not do every thing. With money and men it can not secure valor; and we had some fears that our troops, on account of their higher humanity and milder temper, might not cope with the ruffianly crew of the rebel army. But we find what we ought to have expected, that courage is in the character, and the man of the strongest purpose and best discipline the best soldier, and is more than a match for the bully or the braggart of greater pretensions. We have soldiers, but we are not so sure that we have adequate officers. Our soldiers, in fair battle, almost invariably overcome the enemy; yet we have more than a suspicion that they have not always been as ably commanded, and thus far we have, in the main issues of war, been sadly outgeneraled. Whose is the fault? In part, the want of first-rate officers has come from our long peace, and the greater reward and honor given by us to literary and business success above the arts of command and the profession of arms. But the war has now lasted long enough to bring into the field all the military men whose talents had before been hidden under a bushel, or in a napkin, or on a railroad, and to educate in the electric school of actual warfare a host of new aspirants. We certainly have now a large number of well-taught, able, and considerably-experienced officers. We have the conviction that all the materials of victory are at hand, and these only wait the one commanding mind to unite and lead them. We are comforted by believing that the President and Secretary of War have come to the conclusion that strategy is not their especial profession, and have intrusted that business to undoubtedly the ablest military adviser now in the land. The troops are now gathering, and we are expecting victory.

One want has not wholly been met—our pressing call for a general of first-class qualities in the field, a leader who unites large judgment in combining his forces and dash in launching them at the right moment upon the enemy. We have excellent military scholars, who can plan paper campaigns admirably, and excellent rangers, who can rush like lightning upon the enemy, and destroy or capture a stray regiment before it knows what is the matter.

But we have waited long for a general to show, in an eminent degree, the two qualities of judgment and fire in union. It may be that the interference of civilians has broken the plans of our most trusted general; but however this may be, we are confident that the same mistake will not be repeated, and that the qualities needed, even if not found in one man, are to be found in our combined military staff; and there is generalship enough in the armies of Virginia and the Potomac now to cope with the whole host of the rebellion. The battle of Antietam has considerably modified our views, and surely moved us to hail M'Clellan as the hero of the war, and the deliverer of the country from a disaster and mortification that it is terrible even to think of. Why the monstrous and almost fatal blunder of Harper's Ferry was allowed to occur, and take from this victory its fruits and honors so largely, it is probably more for the Cabinet than for him to say.

It is the duty of the Government to harmonize and organize all the elements of military efficiency, and especially to favor the spirit that best stirs this martial enthusiasm and concentrates warlike ability. The camp is in close relations with the court, and valor waits upon honor. A merely official, business relation between the army and the Government will not do; and the soldier, whether private or general, needs other supplies than come from the pay-roll and the haversack. The Government needs to look well to the motive sentiment of the army, and send a current of electric sympathy to connect the camp with the capital, and both with the heart of the people.

In what we have said of the duty of the Government at this crisis we would not be understood as indulging a captious spirit, or as overlooking the great work that has been done to save the nation. The undoubted patriotism and integrity of the President have had much to do with our national uprise, and we do not know that any thing important to our true foreign relations has been neglected by the Administration. Our credit has been well maintained, and the means of sustaining the Government in its peace and its war measures have been secured in part by such management of the treasury as has won the confidence of the people. Our navy has been vastly increased; and if in some respects the best sagacity has sometimes been wanting in planning vessels of the requisite build and force, and in having our actual fleet at the right point of action, we must allow that what has been done for the navy has surpassed our expectation, and its most hopeful operations are yet to take place. With the general plans of the War Department we have no reason to quarrel; and if judicious plans have sometimes failed on account of incompetent commanders or the interference of civilians, we must remember the immense extent of the work undertaken, and allow that a large measure of friction, delay, and disappointment is incident to all human affairs, especially to the fortune of arms. We must not ask impossibilities, nor expect a nation to be constructed or reconstructed in a day. We must take into full account the peculiar complications of our national affairs, and remember how strangely in this civil war diplomacy and strategy run into each other; and besides our friends and our enemies, we have a third section between the two, whose status is somewhat equivocal and can not by any man in his senses be regarded as easy to be adjusted or as likely to be neglected with impunity. We must make fair allowance for the position of the President, and honor him for his

desire to stand upon the platform of Constitutional right, which gives him his only authority to claim the allegiance of the rebels and to punish their treason. However great our enthusiasm for progress, and our impatience of a single hour of bondage to any human being unstained by crime, we must not forget that the Chief Magistrate of a Constitutional Republic is not the head of a school of reformers or the apostle of a brotherhood of philanthropists. He must do the best that he can in his own sphere, and only by an act of revolution, or as dictator instead of President, can he override all the prerogatives of the States and recast by his own act the institutions of the nation. He can strike at the rebellion by the act of confiscation; but he can not, without making himself liable to impeachment or running the risk of strengthening rebellion by revolution, declare immediate and universal emancipation throughout all the States. Such a proclamation may be in the future, and may follow the inevitable logic of events; but it is not within the prerogative of any one man now. Nor is such prerogative claimed by the Executive in the late proclamation, which expressly recognizes the right of the loyal States over internal affairs, and does not threaten to destroy the constitutional organism of any of the States.

The nation is bound to sustain the President in his rightful authority, and he may be sure of its support. We are justified in asking in return that the President and his Cabinet will explicitly put confidence in the people, nor think it more important to consult the caprices of party than the solemn conscience of the nation. We are ready to ignore party politics, and to give our substance, our time, and, if need be, our lives for the salvation of the country. We are sometimes pained that this feeling is not always appreciated at the seat of government, and that generally Washington is the last place for a patriot to deepen his convictions or confirm his enthusiasm, and our Congress is often more a cabal of hungry and jealous partisans than an assembly of patriots. It is refreshing to turn to the great heart of the people, and to find it so true, so loyal, so strong, so self-sacrificing. If we doubted once we can not doubt now that we are a nation, and beneath all the *variable* elements of our nationality there is a central *constancy* in which we may put our trust. We have no *king*, yet we have *loyalty*; and our President may be as sure of support in his rightful measures as the Premier of Constitutional England when acting as representative of the Crown, which, by the fiction of State, can never do wrong. In England thus the throne represents the *constant* of the national life, and he who sits upon it is little more than the symbol of the nationality which it enthrones. With us the conscience—the national, hereditary, Constitutional conscience of the people—is the throne; and the Chief Magistrate who sits upon it, and who legitimates all his various measures by its constant standard, will have the sacredness of royalty without departing from his republican simplicity; and not the fiction but the fact of our republic will declare that he can, under these conditions, do no wrong. The most memorable fact of the last two years of conflict has been the unequivocal manifestation of this national constancy—this invincible and sacred power behind the throne. Let our Government respect it wisely and strongly, and the rebellion will be crushed, and the majesty of the people will never more be insulted by its infamous tongue nor assailed by its impious hand.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHILE our thoughts are inevitably turned to war it is curious and interesting to read of other battles than our own; battles fought long ago, upon fields which are green with grass and golden with flowers now; battles which are a part of history and universal speech—from which vast empires and radical political movements date.

The stories of battles have an inextinguishable interest. The old romances are records of fights. The old hero, Arthur, The Cid, whoever he may be, is a warrior. The epic, whether the *Iliad*, or Jerusalem Delivered, or the *Nibelungen*, is still the story of hard fighting and brave fighters. The historian pauses and summons all his skill when the battle begins, and what his pen fails to supply or suggest the eager painter completes with his pencil.

But he must be a brisk painter who hopes to improve Carlyle's battle-pieces, such as he gives us in the volume of his "*Frederick the Great*" just published. The skeptics of his style, the sneerers who wish that he would write English, can not help feeling that the language was seldom so nimble, never more racy, picturesque, and illuminated than in his battle-pieces.

William H. Russell, LL.D., is thought to be "a good writer" about military movements. But as a great painter, Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, Van-dyck, will paint the best portraits and overwhelm the performances of the painstaking village artist, so the imagination, the scholarship, the trenchant thought and exquisite perception of a great master in literature utterly annihilate in the comparison the most flashy and rhetorical penny-a-liners. Mr. Kinglake, the author of the brilliant "*Eothen*," has a history of the Crimean War in press. How the good man, who has always been oppressed by the splendor of his one success, must tremble as he sees the war literature his work will confront: Carlyle's *Frederick*, Theirs's twentieth volume with his account of Waterloo, and Victor Hugo's *Waterloo* in "*The Misérables*!"

The language returns to us with a new and surprising value from the page of a man who knows how to use it. The sword is a clumsy weapon enough until a master of fence seizes it. Then it has a character we had not fancied. Carlyle uses no words helplessly. He chooses the fittest word in the language to his purpose, and consequently his page moves and burns. If you read any old translation of an old history, which describes a march or a movement, the whole is so dry, formal, and pedantic, that all human likeness and consequent sympathy are utterly squeezed to death. So many soldiers marched so many miles. It rained and they were tired, but they pushed on. And so the description drags on as wearily as the march. How vividly do you feel that they were human beings of your own blood, each with his history, his hopes, his passions? They are all lumped in the mass, and glimmer visionary like flat puppets, until your mind drops off asleep, and no image of a scene is left upon your memory.

But see how a few words skillfully used make the same account thrill and redden with life, until you are sure to remember it as a marvelous picture. Take these lines from the new volume of *Frederick*:

"Rain still heavier, rain as of Noah, continued through this Tuesday and for days afterward, but the Prussian hosts, hastening toward Glogau, marched

still on. This Tuesday's march for the rearward of the army, 10,000 foot and 2000 horse; march of ten hours long, from Weichau to the hamlet Milkau (where his Majesty sits busy and affable), is thought to be the wettest on record. Waters all out, bridges down, the country one wild lake of eddying mud."

It is not Virginia you know, but toward Silesia, beyond Prussia. Other soldiers have been in mud before ours—not stuck there, as our author would say. They do not stick. Their General is Frederick the Great. They are still marching "up to the knee for many miles together; up to the middle for long spaces; sometimes even up to the chin or deeper, where yon bridge was washed away. The Prussians marched through it as if they had been slate or iron. Rank and file, nobody quitted his rank, nobody looked sour in the face; they took the pouring of the skies and the red seas of terrestrial liquid, as matters that must be, cheered one another with jocosities, with choral snatches (tobacco I consider would not burn), and swashed unweariedly forward."

Of course when they reached Manassas they marched in, colors flying, drums beating, wet, dragged, cheerful, irresistible—that is to say, not Manassas, but Silesia.

Here is a scene in the battle:

"The Austrian army becoming instead of a web a mere series of flying tatters, forming into stripes or lanes in the way we see, appears to have had about enough. These symptoms are not hidden from Schwerin. His own ammunition too he knows is running scarce, and fighters here and there are searching the slain for cartridges. Schwerin closes his ranks, trims and tightens himself a little, breaks forth into universal field music, and with banners spread starts in mass wholly 'Forward.' Forward toward these Austrians and the setting sun. An intelligent Austrian officer writing next week from Neisse confesses he never saw any thing more beautiful. 'I can well say I never in my life saw any thing more beautiful. They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow straight, and their front like a line, as if they had been upon parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went on no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder.'"

We are in a mood to understand all this now. War is a vague tradition, a misty romantic remembrance no more, but a pang and a tragedy to all of us. In Frederick's wars it is only remotely that you can see the real interest of man. Sitting in your belfry of observation you might often hesitate whether to ring for his victory or defeat. As in Napoleon's wars, so much is personal, selfish, and mean; so much is mere individual ambition, that the mind gets clouded and confused.

But while the essential interest of our own war is so palpable and solemn, the details of military life and movement have an interest we have never known in them before. This very Magazine that you hold in your hands will be read—yes, is at this inoment perhaps being read—by hundreds, by thousands of soldiers, to whom also the story of the marches and counter-marches, the battles and retreats, that shook and stunned Europe a century ago will be pure romance—a history interpreted by their own new knowledge and daily experience. They will here see what men have done for a man. They will compare his cause with theirs; and they will remember that their cause is that of Man, not of a man or of the man.

This last volume of Carlyle's Frederick is a splendid chapter of history. The historian believes in his hero, but the reader will hesitate and doubt. Yet the manliness of the author and his genius are such, that whatever his predilections for any man, and however unfair the torrent of humorous sarcasm which he pours upon what he does not like, his perception of the events and of the characters which control them are so just; his descriptive, analytic, and picturesque power so remarkable that history becomes real upon his page. It is no longer dim, remote, or dead, but throbs with life as much as this morning's accounts of yesterday's battle in Maryland.

ANOTHER very remarkable battle-piece is Victor Hugo's Waterloo in the second part of "Les Misérables."

This work, one of the most striking of the year, is the most melodramatic of all Victor Hugo's melodramas. It is peculiarly a sensation book. Its style is meretricious. Yet its interest and skill and brilliancy are undeniable. Hugo is a consummate literary artist. He knows what effect he wishes to produce, and he knows how to produce it. The word "sensation," as a descriptive term in literature, not only of style but of conception, is so applicable to him that it seems inappropriate for any body else. Yes, and his whole life might be described by that word. There is a supreme regnant self-consciousness, which keeps him poised in an attitude for mankind to contemplate. The scenes that fill the pages of his stories are such as we used to go to the Bowery to see and shudder at. Do you remember *Rienzi*? The great hall, the "CAPITOL OF ROME," with its dusky heights, and ghostly galleries, and mysterious council? Then the hollow booming bell striking midnight, and the hollow booming voice, "Walter di Montreal, thy hour has come?" Cold sweat came at least, however it was with the hour. And audiences came and paid: and Walter di Montreal's hour struck every night until the crowd struck for a new spectacle.

Victor Hugo's novels are of that kind. *Nôtre Dame* is held to have introduced the modern romantic school. Its last scene where the Abbé, or some ecclesiastic, is slipping slowly from the roof of the cathedral to be dashed to pieces upon the pinnacles below, yet within reach and saving distance of the Dwarf to whom the Abbé appeals in vain; for the Dwarf, with eyes full of tears, is looking past his agonized face to the form of the gipsy girl swinging upon a gallows in the distance, the beloved of the Dwarf done to death by the falling wretch—this scene as ghastly as any in literature or imagination is the catastrophe of *Nôtre Dame*, and the model of Hugo's stories. It is the essence of melodrama that the catastrophe is not developed from the natural play of the characters, and that physical horror takes the place of moral terror and retribution.

With all this, the popular success of such books is unquestionable. In the "Misérables" there is an incessant succession of startling events, ingeniously contrived, and relieved by the most prolonged episodes. Thus forty double-columned pages are occupied with a minute, rattling, flashing, dashing, yet perfectly clear and coherent account of the battle of Waterloo, in order to introduce two characters in the last four lines. The account is an episode, but then it is the best part of the number of the story in which it appears. There have been many books written upon the subject, but none

leaves so vivid and distinct a conception as this. And this effect is due to the masterly literary skill of the author, which is, so far, like that of Carlyle.

Victor Hugo seizes the whole plan of the battle upon both sides—or, to speak more accurately, he conceives a distinct plan of the battle. He describes the ground and the general disposition; and then subordinates every thing to the description of certain leading and controlling movements. These are recounted in glittering amplitude of detail; with romantic and heroic and pathetic episodes, with bright touches of personality and character, but with an absolute disregard of every thing else upon the field. There is nothing else doing but what he is describing. This intense and masterly concentration of attention upon one point, upon certain points in perfectly distinct succession, leaves the whole clearly cut in the mind. If he tried to grasp every thing, to give you at once the panorama of the whole battle, the account would be a brilliant jumble, and your conception would be as chaotic as that of most battles really is.

But with an amusing recurrence of himself, in the midst of the most effective passages when the *plan* of the movement he is finely describing is carrying the reader forward with absorbed interest—behold! Victor Hugo. There is a most admirable picture of Napoleon in the very crisis of the battle. It is the moment when the plateau of Mont Saint Jean is left bare by the intentional retirement for a few paces of the British army. The effect upon Napoleon when he saw this, his calm and exhaustive scrutiny of every object between him and the enemy are most vividly described. "He was reflecting. He was examining the slopes: noting the ascents: scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye-field, the foot-path: he seemed to count every bush. . . . He bent over and spoke in an under-tone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

"The Emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge.

"Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

"Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder.

"He had found his thunder-bolt.

"He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean."

The thunder business here is amusing, but it does not seriously delay. You recognize the Gaul, smile and pass on to the charge, which is most effectively related. But in the very moment of the catastrophe, of the plunging of men and horses into the hidden road which the guide had not revealed, when "riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and, when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on;" instead of carrying us on with the sweep of the charge with which the mind is in full sympathy, we, too, the impetuous, charging readers, suddenly fall pell-mell, grinding each other, and making common flesh in the dreadful gulf of moral platitude which the terrible Hugo had hidden from us until this moment.

"Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer, No. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God.

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

"He vexed God.

"Waterloo is not a battle: it is the change of front of the universe."

And all this and plenty more, while the cuirassiers are struggling in that pit of Death! As if Napoleon hadn't thought of the hidden road because the universe was changing front! As if there would have been no road there if Napoleon had not vexed God!

This reference of events to the direct divine agency is the cheapest kind of rhetoric. But it is just as true one way as the other. Try it in exactly the opposite strain. "Was it possible that Wellington should win this battle? We answer, Yes. Why? Because of his army? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God. Wellington had not been impeached before the Infinite, and his success was decreed. He had not vexed God."

Read in this way it becomes sheer nonsense. Yet it is just as true in this way as the other.

Victor Hugo's reflections are all in this vein, beginning with the preface to the work. It is sensation writing; flash rhetoric. It is not thought; it is platitude. For we may freely allow that nothing happens without the divine permission. But we must not forget that the Duke of Alva lived and worked as well as Luther. The horrors of the Inquisition are as integral parts of history as the Reformation. God permitted both. And if a novelist describes the one and says, solemnly, "It was the will of God," he can not, upon the same ground, help saying of the other also, "It was the will of God." Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, of course, says the novelist, for he vexed God. William of Orange was assassinated. Will the novelist say, because he also had vexed God? How is death or defeat an indication of the divine displeasure? If they are so, why does not Victor Hugo see in the resuscitation of the Bonaparte dynasty a sign of divine favor?

Ah no! Perhaps it is not so easy to sound the divine counsels as the novelist supposes. Modern rhetoric, written and spoken, uses the divine name very freely, and we are gravely told the secrets of God, as if they were cabinet secrets. We know that the ends of Justice are slowly wrought, that often the wicked prosper and the good fail. We know that through clouds and darkness we hope and reach toward the light. But that God loves England more than France, Wellington more than Napoleon, does not plainly appear, although Victor Hugo says so. Such talk covers the solemnity of life with ridicule. It makes it a foolish and shallow stage-play. What a pity that a man whose literary power is so remarkable as Victor Hugo's should disfigure his best pages with such execrable stuff as what we have quoted!

CURIOUSLY enough, as Carlyle's battle-pieces and Victor Hugo's are exhibited, Thiers presents his picture and theory of Waterloo. And the first thing that strikes every reader is the uncertainty which shrouds the circumstances of that day.

For instance, nobody can tell exactly at what hour it began. Wellington said at about ten o'clock. Thiers and others at half past eleven. Napoleon at twelve. Marshal Ney at one.

Napoleon wanted to beat Wellington before Blucher arrived. It was therefore of great importance to him that the battle should begin as early as possible. But it had rained the night before, and his

artillery could not well move in the morning. He was beaten; consequently, he would wish to make it appear that he had not time to win. So he says twelve o'clock. Wellington, for precisely the same reasons, would wish to have it appear that Napoleon had plenty of time to beat before Blücher came, but could not do it. So he says ten o'clock. Two hours in such a battle are of the utmost importance. Which is right?

The French theory of the battle is that the English were beaten when Blücher appeared and saved the day. The English claim that the retirement of their line was a feint to entrap Napoleon, and that it succeeded.

The French declare that Wellington was in the same spot throughout the battle. The English say that he was with every regiment by turns.

Thiers says that he spoke despairingly. John Bull responds "stuff."

Thiers records that the English squares were broken and routed by the French cavalry. John Bull swears that not a single square broke, and calls upon Victor Hugo to confirm the story.

Thiers and Hugo gloat over the colors captured from perfidious Albion; John Bull denies that a single standard was taken.

It now appears that the old Guard did not shout that it died but never surrendered. And Wellington did not say "Up guards and at them." And he did not mutter "Night or Blücher."

And, in fact, scarcely any of the rhetorical and romantic gossip about the battle is true. The only great fact and undisputed is that the French were beaten, and followed, and hammered to pieces. Napoleon's plan may have been the best. It may have been the rain that softened the ground, or it may have been the unseen road at the foot of the plateau of Mont Saint Jean, or it may have been the delay of Grouchy, or it may have been that Blücher, unluckily for France, took the right road instead of the wrong one; but the great fact remains that the French were defeated, and that the defeat was so overwhelming that the term "Waterloo defeat" describes the most disastrous rout. The French authorities with amusing persistence deny that the conqueror of Napoleon was a great general. They think it more creditable to their demigod that he was beaten by mud, or his own mistakes, than by military genius directing English arms. But it would be hard to show what better combinations were possible under the circumstances than those of Wellington.

Party-spirit, national prejudice, personal preference, and not the facts of the case, even if you could ascertain them, settle the question. It will be so with us. There are certain generals of ours whose successes will always be explained by one party as the result of miraculous military genius, and by another as the inevitable consequence of favorable circumstances.

Victor Hugo's method is the shortest and most comprehensive. If a general is defeated, it is because he "vexed God."

In the midst of the battles and the stress of war the great political conventions have been held and the political campaign is opened. No one need regret that parties survive and appeal to the citizens. For we all belong to parties. We all believe that our own political views are the soundest and safest for the country; and although we may not say it quite so openly as Mr. Seymour, we all feel that

the opposite party is not fitted to administer the Government.

The existence of parties in a free country is not to be deplored. But party-spirit is always a threatening danger. Parties exist to hold the Government in its proper direction. They represent the check of half the body of citizens upon the action of the other half. They are a constant warning to each other. But so interested do we all become in the success of our party as a party, irrespective of our interest in the legitimate objects of all parties, that we may easily miss the dividing line between patriotism and partisanship, and find ourselves forgetting the greater cause in the less.

In the present position of the country a party which seems to regard its own triumph more fondly than the national safety is not a loyal party. The only party rivalry that is tolerable at such a time as this is a rivalry of devotion to the country. Party names and purposes are only regimental colors, but Patriotism is the great banner of the whole army.

Every man, therefore, will look with suspicious scrutiny upon all political proceedings in this emergency. Understanding that political organizations are inevitable, he will instinctively act with that one which appears to promise the largest advantage to the cause to which all other causes are subordinate. He will weigh the antecedents of all candidates, and reason from the character of the supporters to that of the candidate. Men are known by their company. They are also known by their words. Therefore every man will be judged by the tone of his speech. If it is simple, frank, and fair; if it is earnest and uncompromising, then of itself it will be his best ally and worker. If it shuffles and shirks, if it insinuates and hesitates, every citizen will instinctively respond, "Whoever is not for us is against us."

Those pleasant rural festivals, the cattle-shows and agricultural fairs, feel the pressure of the time. In many counties they have been omitted for the year. In many others they have been scant in numbers and languid in spirit.

The bright, bounteous autumn, which in its fields and forests shows no sign of war, and none of change except its gorgeous annual transfiguration, misses these cheerful homely feasts. The low winds that wail along the meadows and rustle the drying and falling leaves, sound dirge-like over the places where the county met and owned its debt to the hardy valor of peaceful farmers. Its tone is dirge-like, for the brave boys that were the heroes of these tournaments of peace and rustic plenty have marched to other fields and reap another harvest.

Yes, they reap and are reaped. Their brows are wreathed with "the blood-red blossoms of war." They fight for the fields they till. They strike for the peace which is their life. They are the true sons of the farmers of a century ago who gathered on Lexington Green and stood fast at Concord bridge; who forced the brilliant Burgoyne to surrender at Saratoga, and the courtly Cornwallis at Yorktown. Whoever looks into their brown and earnest and cheerful faces as they pass through the city sees in them victory and peace. He sees more than that—the intelligence which understands the cause, and the conscience that approves it.

Such an army as they compose was never before assembled. It is an army which, were it a million strong, would have little terror for peaceful citizens. For no leader could hope to guide it against

its convictions, nor delude it into any blind enthusiasm. Though its chiefs should show the purpose of Cromwell and the genius of Napoleon, they could never control as those men controlled, because the armies of Cromwell and Napoleon were men entirely different from ours. We are constantly looking back and remembering history. But history has no precedent for us and our war.

Yet when the leaves redden again the "embattled farmers" will probably have returned, and the autumn feasts begin anew. Many of them indeed will come no more—not merely because of the chance of war, but because for the rest of their lives they will have beaten the plowshare into the sword. "Paradise is under the shadow of swords," says the Mohammedan proverb. We men of this generation will substitute Peace for Paradise, and prove the proverb.

OUR own struggle can not entirely blind us to those of other lands. In the lists of wounded we read the name of Garibaldi. Shall we find that of Italy also?

Mrs. Browning believed in Louis Napoleon as the friend of Italy. He has now the opportunity of showing if he be so. At this moment it seems as if he were master of the situation in Italy, and were hoping to become so farther away. He is master in Italy by a curious complication. The Italians love Garibaldi and believe in his honest purpose; but they no less believe in the *re galantuomo* Victor Emanuel. When these two are apparently opposed, Italy is necessarily silent and motionless.

"I told my men not to fire," says Garibaldi, speaking of the engagement in which he was wounded and captured. "I cried *Viva Italia*, and told them not to fire."

It was not strange, for the circumstance must have seemed tragical to him. He knew that he could succeed only in concert with the King, and here were the King's troops aiming at him. They fired; he fell. The King sent him his own physician. But Napoleon remained master of the situation.

At this distance we must not take sides too vehemently. We see how hard it is for an Englishman to understand our affairs, and we can not suppose that we adequately comprehend those of Italy. Doubtless the King and Garibaldi wish equally well to their country. But Victor is a king of one of the most ancient royal houses, and Garibaldi is a republican. Besides, the King can not forget that France drove the Austrians away.

No harm can officially befall Garibaldi. He is the passion of Italy. His name is a spell. He is all that Napoleon ever was to France, or Hofer to the Tyrol, or Washington to America. He is a living man, but he is already almost as much a romantic hero as William Tell. Italy needs him yet; she can not spare such a son. More practical than Mazzini, he was not unwilling to recognize Victor Emanuel, and to do all he could if he could not do all he would. For the moment apparently in a false position, he can not stay there. He hates Louis Napoleon, but Louis Napoleon has helped Italy, and his cousin is the husband of Victor's daughter.

It is a melancholy complication. The heart, the head, and the hand of Italy never seem to move together. Is it that in Cavour the head is gone?

THE new novel of Wilkie Collins's, "No Name," which appears weekly in *Harper's Weekly* and Dick-

ens's *All The Year Round*, is an extraordinary specimen of literary skill. The readers of the "Woman in White" remember, of course, the marvelous interest of that tale. It was impossible to be especially interested in the characters. The people were weak or bad, yet from week to week it was devoured with an eager intensity of attention that very few novels have ever excited. And the interest was not at all in the development of character, but simply in the plot. Single scenes, however well drawn, did not detain the reader for enjoyment or admiration or reflection, but served merely to point the question more keenly, how is it coming out?

This is even more so with the new story. The characters are very few. The action of the novel is really divided among five; of whom two are knaves, two are fools, and one is a woman who lives for revenge at any personal cost whatever. The aim of the action is infamous, as the means are unscrupulous. Yet, with all this, the story is of surpassing interest. It is a study in knavery. It is the conflict of cleverness in persons whom you utterly despise. There is no Bulwerian gilding of scamps. The scoundrels of both sexes are unmitigated. You do not deceive yourself for a moment, nor does the author try to deceive you, about the people or their purposes. The book is evidently written, as Poe wrote the "Raven," with a deliberate intention of exciting the strongest interest by the most artificial means, and the success is prodigious.

The work has now been running on for several months, and there is no hint dropped by which you can guess the catastrophe. Every week brings you nearer to it but makes it no plainer. The interest does not flag. There is a steady adhesion to the story. There are no prolix descriptions, no episodes, no moralizings. The author holds you fast as the Ancient Mariner held the guest with his glittering eye. You may hear the loud bassoon of other and what you suppose more important reading calling you away, but you remain to hear the end.

Thackeray lately had a "Roundabout" paper upon novels and novel reading, in which he chats pleasantly of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and Scott, and Dumas. But of the old style of novel, Gerald Griffin's "Collegians," upon which the "Colleen Bawn" is founded, was the most passionately and absorbingly interesting to this Easy Chair. The young reader ended it up to the neck in his own tears. But that was a love story. "No Name" is a hate story. Scott and Dumas and the others have left this field free for a new hand. Thackeray himself disdains plots. He nips the smallest bud of expectation. "Let us start fair," he says. "You think that Strephon is going to marry Amaryllis. Wrong. I give you my word of honor that, though it seems so now, he is really going to marry Chloe. He is going to suffer. He will almost starve. He will betake himself gloomily at midnight, in the chilliest December weather, to the bridge. He will gaze moodily at the black, awful gulf. He will cry, frantically, Why has Heaven deserted me? He will throw up his hands and rush forward, murmuring, 'Well, then!' But, dearest reader, I pledge you he shall not jump in. He will think better of it, go home to his decent bed, and in a very short time Fortune will begin to smile, and I tell you that, at this moment, he is a rubicund, jolly gentleman, who takes a child upon each knee, one on each foot, and one on each shoulder, and says to his wife, 'My dear, when I walked gloomily on a certain night to a certain, etc., etc.'"

In this ruthless way Thackeray destroys all the interest that springs from expectation. It is perfectly characteristic. He sees that what he considers to be the legitimate character of a novel is prostituted to an entirely inferior and subsidiary purpose, and he protests against it by leaning—too strongly, perhaps—the other way. It certainly is an impertinence for an author to step forward in the middle of his story and say, "You are guessing wrong." The guessing is the business of the reader. If it is wrong, the author is not responsible. And if it is pleasant, why should the author be a kill-joy?

Wilkie Collins is guilty of no such intrusion. His stories tell themselves. They have, as we have said before in speaking of them, the same absorbing interest that a trial of importance has. Every word and incident bear directly upon the result, and are of small value in themselves. Thus they are essentially novels of to-day. They are not broad pictures of life or social spirit. They will be of no use to the historian as glances into the time, but only curious as showing the prevailing taste in fiction. But let the historian say what he will, the reader to-day declares that there are no novels more absorbingly interesting.

In the American edition Mr. M'Lenan felicitously sketches the two chief actors in the drama. Captain Wragge and Mrs. Lecount are the only characters in which he has any chance, and he improves it with his usual skill. Mrs. Wragge he easily hits; but she is a caricature in the story.

WHAT would you give for a perfect view of the battle-field of Dunbar, or of Waterloo? of the Huguenots flying from France, or the Covenanters praying in the Highlands? What would you give for an actual view—homely or handsome, as the fact might be—of any great event, or famous place, when the event took place or the fame was made?

It would be a fairy gift beyond human science, you think. Yes, so it would have been when Dunbar was fought, or even Waterloo. But it is not a boon of fairy now, only of science. Brady's album photographs of the war, and its persons and places, are the portraits of the living time. Here is a bridge over a sluggish stream. Every tree-trunk, leaf, and stem is exact. There is nothing here that is not in nature. There is no "composition"—no arrangement of any kind. The rough logs upon the rough log piers, over the gleaming, reflecting water. It looks compact and very strong—strong enough to bear an army. What is that still, narrow, sluggish river in a wilderness? Last year it had no association, its name no meaning except to the dwellers near it. Henceforth it has a melancholy interest. It is the Chickahominy. The bridge is built by Colonel M'Leod Murphy's men.

Or here is a picture, quite perfect in itself, although seized instantaneously from nature, such as Leopold Robert, reversing Italy and apparent poetry, might have painted. It is a river ford. In the distance is a high bridge stalking across. Woods fringe the other shore and make the dark back-ground. In the centre of the picture and the ford is a heavy country wagon, with two yokes of oxen that have stopped in the coolness. A dusky figure sits upon the high ox behind, and there is a group of similar figures clustered high upon the wagon. In front of the oxen is a horse with loose blinders and bridle, and another dusky form bestriding him. Behind the wagon in the middle distance there are other horses mostly

drinking in the stream, all carrying the same kind of rider. The whole scene is tranquil. They are travelers, evidently, reposing. And they are more than that. They are fugitive negroes fording the Rappahannock.

But here again is the living time. This is Savage's Station, with the wounded there after the battle of the 27th June. There is a tree in the middle; a shed and tents; and around the tree, lying thick and close, so that the ground looks like a dull, heavy sea of which bodies are the waves, lie the wounded soldiers. This scene brings the war to those who have not been to it. How patiently and still they lie, these brave men who bleed and are maimed for us! It is a picture which is more eloquent than the sternest speech.

This calm, smoothly-outlined hill against the sky, soft, distant, infinitely peaceful, with gently waving lines of field and placid trees between it and us, is Cedar Mountain, near which is this house and barn and fence and shed in the next picture; and the holes in the side of the house were made by the cannon-balls of the battle which was fought upon this field; and in that house General Winder was killed.

The interest of these vivid pictures is very great. A set of them—there are more than five hundred—gives you a picture of the whole theatre of the war in Virginia. Suppose Lossing had had such material for his "Field-Book of the Revolution!" This series is a perfect Field-Book of the Rebellion. In these days of Photographic albums what is so stirring, so touching, as these views! Look, here is a glance behind the war, and beyond the revolution. This is St. Peter's church, Yorktown, in which Washington was married. It is plain enough, with its arched carriage-way under the tower. But as it stands there distinct and firm in the clear daylight, how it annihilates time, and actually brings us nearer to men and days which are dim and strange when we read of them!

The thought of Mr. Brady in making this series is so good, and the choice and execution so excellent, that it only needs to be generally known to be universally familiar.

Editor's Drawer.

AFTER all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or deep-lines the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into happy shaking and quaking of idiotcy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Botton's transformation; under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy forever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You can not gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugh and one witness, there forth-

with are two laughs. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!

"Laughter! 'tis the poor man's plaster,
Covering up each sad disaster.
Laughing, he forgets his troubles,
Which, though real, seem but bubbles.
Laughter! 'tis a seal of nature
Stamped upon the human creature.
Laughter, whether loud or mute,
Tells the human kind from brute.
Laughter! 'tis Hope's living voice,
Bidding us to make our choice,
And to cull from thorny bowers,
Leaving thorns and taking flowers."

A PRIVATE, Company A, Eleventh Regiment Illinois Infantry, writes:

"I do not know when I ever read any thing that I thought more appropriate for the times than an article in *Harper's Monthly* for October, entitled, 'One Day.' There are a great many Mrs. Marshalls; and, I am glad to say, a good many Mrs. Reeds. One that has not been around the hospitals can have no idea how much good it does a soldier—when he is lying sick in the hospital, far from home—to see a cheerful woman about. If some of those Mrs. Marshalls, both male and female, could see the indignant look on the countenance of some of the soldiers when they hear and read such remarks as Mrs. Marshall made when she was waiting for the boat—'Don't you think the army very low?'—it might do them good. I would like to have a chance to express my mind to some of them. I do not know that it would raise the army in their estimation, but it would relieve me not a little. I do not know whether that story was written from imagination or not. If it was, the writer has fine powers of imagination. I am well pleased with the Magazine this month, as I always am—but more particularly this month. There are three articles in it that have more than usual interest in them for soldiers. 'About Cannon' is first-rate, only it is not quite long enough. I do not know of one that has read 'Lettie's Proposal' and 'One Day' who has not said they were 'first-rate'—just the thing for camp reading. Both your Paper and Magazine have a large circulation in the Western army, and well they deserve it."

A CORRESPONDENT in Oregon gives us two or three specimens of life in that part of the world:

"Our past winter has been one of unusual severity; so much so, indeed, that potatoes—housed, as usual, lightly, have generally frozen.

"My friend Beach peddles vegetables to 'ye honest miner,' whom he necessarily frequently credits; and being a very conscientious man, he informed a Hibernian, to whom he lately sold a load, that his potatoes were slightly frozen, but were as good as could be had; if, however, upon cooking, they should prove unfit to eat, he could easily repudiate them.

"A few days afterward his customer hailed him somewhat in this style, 'Beach! how d'ye *repudiate* petaties? I've biled 'em, and payled 'em, and baked 'em, and roasted 'em, and stewed 'em, and little are they fit to eat, at all, at all! Now how d'ye repudiate 'em?'

"'Why, don't pay for them,' said Beach.

"'Ah! bother take ye! Sure I thought 'twas some Frinch way ye had to cook 'em!'

"The following I send that you may know some

of the trials to which young ministers are subjected in the mining regions of Oregon:

"We have never been highly celebrated for our great piety; indeed, giving but poor pay, we can expect but a 'poor preach;' besides, we are devoid of those great incentives to civilization and morality—women to lead the way.

"Our last—I had almost said our least—preacher was Brother Hawkins, and of him it was generally supposed that he had mistaken the name, and that another was 'called to the ministry' when he answered. Consequently he always had great difficulty in obtaining an audience; and from a congregation of some ten or a dozen upon his first Sabbath, it had gradually dwindled in the course of a month to nothing. Finally, upon his last Sabbath, no audience assembling, Brother H. proceeded to the various whisky shops and billiard saloons, where the miners love to congregate, and informed them that he was about to preach the Gospel out upon an adjoining porch, and would be much pleased with their attendance. Only one accepted this generous invitation, Wyatt, a careless, rollicksome fellow, who attended only because no one else did.

"After singing a psalm or two, and finding none others came, Brother H. turned to his *solitary audience*, and remarked that, as no one seemed desirous to hear him, he believed he should not preach.

"'Preach away, old covey!' was the consolatory reply; 'preach away! I'll hear you clean through!'

"'But,' remarked Brother H., with some spirit, 'it's very hard to have to preach to nobody.'

"His *audience*, rising indignantly to his feet, cried out, 'If you call me nobody, Sir, I'll leave!'

"Whereupon Brother H. apologized, and, to conciliate his *audience*, preached him a sermon of nearly an hour in length, which was occasionally broken in upon by some half-inebriated outsider.

"A FORMER prosecuting attorney of this county, more celebrated for his vulgar wit than legal lore, in order to prevent all fault-finding with his indictments, hit upon the policy of rendering his chirography unintelligible to any one but himself.

"In time he found opposed to him, in a certain liquor case, Judge T—, a shrewd but testy old attorney, who fancied he had found a flaw in the indictment; but upon attempting to argue it before the Court, the prosecuting attorney insisted that the Judge had given a faulty reading to the indictment, and gave it himself an entirely different one—to which neither the Clerk, the Judge, nor the Court could say him nay.

"Whereupon the irate Judge T— turned to the Court, in a high, shrill voice, and with slow emphasis, exclaimed, 'May it please the Court, I would respectfully submit that it is not proof *positive* of a legal indictment because a numskull sees fit to throw a bottle of ink at a sheet of foolscap!'

"In 1856, our county having just been divided from Jackson, and ere we had yet time to erect a jail, a worthless fellow, one Jack L—, who in an inebriated state had committed some petty theft, was arrested upon a charge of petit larceny, and tried before Justice P—, of this village.

"Having neither money nor friends, his counsel was appointed by the Court; who, after vainly endeavoring to convince his Honor of the innocence of his client, at length alluded to the well-known fact that he had not the wherewithal to pay a fine, and the county had no place of confinement should his

Honor see fit to commit him, and argued logically from these premises that the best and only course the Court could pursue would be to acquit him.

"His Honor, however, could not so far violate his conscience as to pronounce not guilty one whom the evidence too clearly proved guilty; he therefore fined him \$25, and costs \$25 more. Here, however, arose a great difficulty—what to do with the prisoner. The county had no jail, and to send him to the adjoining county would be attended with much expense; besides, his Honor much doubted his authority to do so.

"In this sad dilemma the prisoner came to the rescue, and coolly proposed to give his note for the amount.

"His Honor stared, reflected, and marveled much that so simple a solution of the problem had not sooner occurred; accepted the proposition—and the following was the result:

"*TERRITORY OF OREGON, AND COUNTY OF JOSEPHINE.*
—One day after date I promise to pay to the afore-mentioned County and Territory the sum of Fifty Dollars, for value received, with interest at ten per cent.; this being the amount of a fine levied upon me this day for petit larceny.

"Witness my hand and seal, JOHN L.—
"KEMMERVILLE, OREGON, June 7, 1858."

"The rogue was discharged, but, true to his vile instincts, ran away without discharging his note.

"In sympathy with the misfortunes of the hero, or victim, of the following, who was lately a defeated candidate for county clerk, I shall conceal his name:

"In earlier times there lived in our beautiful valley an honest but ignorant old farmer yept 'Uncle Dave,' who had been 'raised and educated' in the far-off State of Pike, and was famous only for his uncouth manners and his utter contempt for 'billed' shirts and their unfortunate occupants.

"Uncle Dave was blessed with two bouncing, blooming girls—at a time, too, when they were almost the only girls in our whole county. Various were the modes adopted by love-lorn swains to win the affections of these lovely damsels, and at the same time to ingratiate themselves into the confidence of their more difficult 'parient.'

"Among the aspirants was our young friend, Bill E—, a courteous, gentlemanly youth, who fancied he had won sufficiently upon the esteem of Uncle Dave to warrant some slight attentions to his daughter Sarah. Accordingly, one fine spring morning he gathered a bouquet of the beautiful wild-flowers that so luxuriantly abound in our lovely valley, and arranging them with his usual excellent taste, hastened 'on wings of love' to the cottage of his innamorata. Of his reception here we may not confidently speak, he being remarkably retentive upon this subject. A short time afterward, however, Uncle Dave astonished a mutual friend by the following strange inquiry:

"'I say, Jack! what kind of a feller is that Bill E—? Durn fool, ain't he?'

"'Oh no,' was the reply. 'What makes you think so, Uncle Dave?'

"'Why, d'ye think! Tother day he fotched a big bunch of these 'ere wild-flowers, and handed 'em to my gal Sally, as perlitte as a French dancin'-master, and called 'em a bo-kay! Bo-thunder! If we wanted the durn things, couldn't we go and git a whole cart-load on 'em?'

"In our regiment," writes a soldier in the South,

stationed not a thousand miles from Fort Pulaski, "there is a rule requiring every member 'who has not conscientious scruples against attending Protestant worship,' to be present at service on the Sabbath. A few days after this order was issued a fatigue-party was dragging a truck loaded with a piece of artillery. The load was heavy, and some of the men were taking a rest. Presently one of them seized hold of the rope and cried out, 'All you who hain't conscientious scruples against work lay hold here!'"

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER of the North was he—
Who wounded in the battle lay,
And ere he sighed his soul away
In fancy spoke these words to me:

"Far from my native Northern hills,
Whose tops are hoary still with snow,
And where the cooling breezes blow,
And brightly leap the icy rills;

"In this inhospitable land,
All sultry with the summer heat,
In which the pulses languid beat,
And listless lies the fevered hand;

"Although 'tis but the month of June,
And Northern skies are soft and clear—
The loveliest time in all the year—
When temperate shines the sun at noon,

"I sink beneath the Tropic blaze,
And, faint and weary, long to lie
In some cool spot where I may die,
And so resign my future days.

"My past is scarce remembered—home
I never knew save long ago,
And that was where the wild winds blow,
And roll the billows white with foam.

"Near to the stormy coast of Maine,
Where life is hard, but fresh and free,
Oh I was cradled on the sea,
And long to feel it rock again!

"Oh, Northern hills and native shores,
Through many an intervening year
Your features to my eyes appear
Dear and familiar as of yore.

"And here upon the battle-ground,
Exhausted with the march and fight,
And sickened with the dreary sight
Of the red carnage all around,

"I sigh to taste one cooling breath
Blown from the icy hills and sea;
Then welcome as a bride's to me
Would be the gentle kiss of Death."

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE "ruling passion" never had a more striking fulfillment than in the following instance:

"Poor A—! Beautiful, accomplished, and admired, her sweet Christian virtues shone unostentatiously, far above earthly acquirements. Through her quiet soul ran a vein of humor and ready wit which no circumstance could entirely check, and nothing but relentless death itself subdue.

"But the fell destroyer who respects neither the young nor old, the simple nor wise, lovely youth nor wrinkled age, had laid his grasp upon her. Consumption was doing its work. A few days before her death, when pain and suffering were visible in each lineament of her features, Widow R—, her disagreeable and meddlesome aunt, called. On going to her bedside to bid the sufferer good-by, per-

haps for the last time, aunt informed A—— that she wished her to bear a message for her husband in the spirit-world. A——, summoning all her strength, and rising up, replied, '*Really, Aunt Mary, you must excuse me; I can not act as mail-agent for any body!*'"

How shamefully the poor Irish are imposed upon is shown in the following story from a correspondent:

"One evening, a few years ago, there came into the telegraph-office in Cincinnati a man who, judging from his appearance, had just arrived from the Emerald Isle. He was dressed in a dark-colored jacket, red vest, corduroy breeches, with long stockings, etc. He was unmistakably a 'green Irishman,' and supposed he had entered a bank, for he threw down upon the counter what was thought at first to be a ten-dollar gold piece, but which proved on examination to be a brass card advertising a rat-killing invention.

"An', Sir, how much is that?" said Pat, making a bow, with his cap in his hand.

"Why," replied the man at the desk, "it isn't worth any thing; it's an advertisement for poison to kill rats and mice. Where did you get it?"

"Well, Sir," answered Pat, "I was comin' from New York on the railroad, an' whin I got to Erie I went to the ticket-office to buy a ticket to come here, an' I gave the man a twinty-dollar gold piece. He gave me the ticket an' this, an' bade me be quick on the cars or I'd be left; so I snapped it up an' came away, an' now it's nothin' but rats an' mice! Oh, my! oh, my! Where does the Lord Mayor live?"

"Said the man at the desk, 'We don't have any Lord Mayors in this country.'

"Oh!" exclaimed Pat, "if I only knew where the Lord Mayor lived, I'd go to him ivery toe of the way!"

"He had no doubt heard the expression, 'every foot of the way,' and thought it was intensifying it by saying 'every toe of the way.'"

WRITES a cheerful friend as follows:

"Passing into the street, not long since, on a bright starlit night, with a youngster who still travels on railroads and in steamboats without charge, a small luminous point, fiery red, was seen in the distance. We knew from its position that it could not be one of the heavenly bodies; and while busy in amusing speculations as to the real nature of the phenomenon, an elder sister playfully suggested that it might be a burning world. In a few minutes afterward the heavens were entirely overcast; and as we looked up, wondering at the sudden change, one of our number exclaimed, 'What has become of all the stars?' Promptly our youngster solved the riddle with a power of imagination not usual, we think, in one of his age: '*They have gone,*' said he, '*to the funeral of the burning world!*'"

THE following letter was found among the effects of a poor soldier who recently died in one of our large military hospitals. It is a sample of many hundreds which remind us that none is so humble who will not be sadly missed and mourned by some fond heart. The writing is poor, the orthography far from correct, in the original; but what devotion is expressed in this homely, old-fashioned love-letter:

"May the 25, 1861.

"DEAR JOHN,—I seat myself again, this pleasant morning, to write a few lines to the one I love. I am well at

this present time, and I sincerely hope these few lines will find you in good health. I received your letter of the 20 of April, and it gave me great satisfaction to hear that you were well. John, I hope the star-spangled banner will soon float over the homes of the brave and the land of the free. John, I hope the time will soon come that we will meet in peace and pleasure, to part no more. The rose is red, the stem is green, the day is past that we have seen. John, if God loves you as I do, you will never fall in the battle-field. Oh that I had wings like a dove, I would fly to my true love! God bless you, and the rebels miss you, and Heaven grant you a safe return to the one that is left behind. Your true love until death. Farewell."

A WELCOME contributor in Philadelphia, whose penmanship is beautiful—and, in his signature, carried to such an extreme of elegance that we can not read his name—writes to the Drawer:

"We are told that certain diseases are hereditary. Old Gunnybags declares the gout is hereditary in his family—he has it himself, and his wife's uncle died of it! May not certain habits and vices be hereditary also? May they not 'run in the blood,' as people say? Be that as it may, certain habits and vices may sometimes be traced in families, from generation to generation. For instance: We had in this beautiful City of Brotherly Love a family long addicted to the habit of failing in business and making money by the operation. The grandfather failed, and secured the profits to his daughter; her husband failed, and afterward her two sons, each adding their 'honest earnings' to the 'pile,' till she became possessed of a large fortune, sat with dignified demureness on one of the uppermost benches in Quaker meeting, supported her husband and sons in gentlemanly idleness, and married her daughters to scions of the F. F.'s of Maryland and Virginia. [In those days the penniless cadets of the Southern F. F.'s did sometimes condescend to marry the daughters of wealthy Northern 'mud-sills.'] A certain simple, half-witted young Quaker, living in the neighborhood, whose brother was a princely speculator in real estate, once essayed to court one of her daughters. The old lady gave him to understand that no one worth less than a hundred thousand dollars need think of asking her consent. Tommy told her that, if he was not worth a hundred thousand dollars, his brother Isaac was worth *two*; but the old lady failed to be moved by the force of the argument. He continued, however, to visit the family as a friend, though not as an accepted suitor, until the close of the second son's financial operations. It was a grand 'blow-up,' and the explosion caused a considerable noise about town. The sufferers, as may well be supposed, were greatly incensed, and spoke of the mother and son in unmeasured terms. They, on the other hand, claimed to be the injured parties, and invoked the sympathy and commiseration of their friends and the public. Tommy became quite a useful 'medium' by which they were enabled to learn what was said of the matter out of doors, and the old lady pumped him accordingly.

"How very cruel it is in the people to talk so hard of Sam-u-el!" said she.

"Well, they do say a great many hard things about him," said Tommy.

"Only think, now," said she; "they say he has got all the money that should have gone to pay his creditors."

"Oh no," said Tommy, "they don't say that; they say *thee* has got it!"

Tommy, in the innocence of his heart, only intended to set the old lady right as to the reports

about town; but from that time forward all his inquiries for the family at the front-door were invariably answered with, 'Not at home.'

And again: "In olden times, before the introduction of railroads, there lived in the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a certain tavern-keeper named Ramsay, proprietor of all the stage-coaches in that region of country. His house was not one of those miserable, dirty holes usually selected as the stopping-places of the stages; but a fine, spacious, old-fashioned inn, where one was sure to find cleanliness and comfort—the best of every thing that rich country could afford, and plenty of it. Squire Ramsay had become rich, and was much respected by all his neighbors. Unfortunately, however, he became also a little too fond of his 'pure old rye,' and was likely to become a regular drunkard. His friends felt the necessity of cautioning him against this besetting sin; but the Squire, being a high-spirited old colt, required careful handling.

"Finally, it was agreed that the doctor of the place, one of his oldest friends, should deal with him in the most delicate manner possible. The Doctor thought best to approach his friend in the way of a parable, as Nathan did David, and felt certain of success. At their next interview he led the conversation intentionally to the subject of stage-coaches—how long they would last, etc.

"Now, Mr. R.," said he, 'suppose you had a fine, well-built, old coach, that had done good service and was yet sound, though perhaps a little shackling and the seams a little open; would you put it to a team of fiery young horses on the roughest part of the road, or would you not put it to a team of steady old stagers, and on the smoothest part of the road you could find?'

"Well, Doctor," said the Squire, in perfect ignorance of the Doctor's drift, 'if I had such a stage as you describe, I would soak it!'

"The Doctor was silenced; but, whether from the advice of his friends or the promptings of his own good sense, the Squire ceased to run 'the old coach' so hard, and died highly esteemed and respected."

A NEW SONG OF THE SMITHY.

ALL the noises of the village
With the evening have grown still,
Save the tinkling and the clinking
In the smithy on the hill.
As I sit before the fire-light,
In a dreamy sort of doze,
Hearing, yet not listening to it,
The rhythm of the blows
On the distant anvil ringing
Throbs and murmurs in my ears,
And I'm borne away in spirit
O'er the intervening years;
And I stand before a smithy,
In the goodly coming time,
And I weave there in the spirit
This little web of rhyme.
Cling! clang! cling! The merry clamor
Of the big and little hammer,
How they ring! ring! ring!
With their cling! clang! cling!
As they beat the glowing bars
Lo! the white sparks fly about,
Like a troop of shooting stars—
Seen a moment, and then out.
And the panting of the bellows,
And the roaring of the fire,
As the smiths—great, stalwart fellows—
With arms that never tire,
Drag the metal, hot and red,
From its glowing, fiery bed,

And with many a sounding blow
They beat it and they heat it
Till the yielding bar doth grow
Into something that will wear
On the form that it will bear
The exalted crown of use.
I draw near the ringing anvil,
Where the brawny master stands,
And I see the shapeless metal
Taking beauty from his hands;
And I say, "My worthy master,
Thine's a craft I love to see,
I would have some token of it,
Pray you, forge a sword for me."
The master raised his head,
As he heard the words I said.
His hands were rough and horny,
And his figure rude and large,
And his forehead black and grimy
With the coal-dust of the forge;
But I saw his great white spirit
Lighting up his swarthy face,
As a burning taper lighteth
Up a costly porcelain vase;
And he said, "Good friend, whence come you,
That you ask a thing so vain?
Know you not the heavens are opened,
And our Lord hath come again?
Yea, 'tis true, good friend and neighbor,
I will forge you, if you choose,
Any instrument of labor,
Any implement of use.
But the dreadful tools of warfare
Are with us forgotten things;
We have beat them into plow-shares
That the goodly harvest brings.
So we forge the sword no longer,
Nor yet any arm of strife;
We've a better use for iron
Than to bore out human life.
Neither cannon, gun, nor musket,
Neither lance nor pike we make;
Neither bar, nor bolt, nor fetter
Will we forge for JESUS' sake.
We no more have need of these
To protect our hearth and home;
For the world is full of peace,
Now the Prince of Peace hath come."
LEXINGTON, GEORGIA.

"At the time when Sydney Smith, the Reverend Canon of St. Paul's, was denouncing the 'drab-coated men of Pennsylvania' for neglecting to pay the interest on their State Stock, of which he held a considerable amount, he was visited by a young author, exceedingly lavish in his compliments and flattery, who declared that if he could only hope to attain to even a small degree of the fame and honor which he (Sydney) enjoyed, he would be the most happy man on earth. 'My dear young friend,' said the Canon, 'I would that you were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*,' laying his hand at the same time on the certificates of his Pennsylvania Stock lying on the desk before him."

LITTLE JULIE, just three years old, came in from the garden, one day this summer, her toilet deficient in an article now considered indispensable, there being at the present day "a *skeleton* in every house." Her mother called, "Julie, come and see your little cousins!" "I can't, mamma," she responded, in piteous tones; "*I haven't got on my hoops!*" Julie's hoops were a quarter of a yard long, and about as large in circumference as a good-sized dish!

JAMES L. HALL, a noted beau and politician, and George H. Brown, a noted lawyer and politician, re-

sided, during the good old days of Whig rule, in the County of Somerset, New Jersey, in which delectable land Jim's sacred memory remains shrined even unto this day in the heart of many a femininity. Stanch Somerset had always rolled up an old-fashioned Whig majority, and Jim and George had agreed like brothers should, for they both professed the same creed and bowed before the same political altar. A change came. The Republican organization made its appearance in the county, and men who had been the closest together went wide asunder. Jim stood fast by the faith of his fathers, while George took passage in the new ship. Both canvassed the county for their respective tickets, and the result was that the Republican carried the day; and in the pet township of Branchburgh nearly every old Whig voter cast the new-fangled ticket. A short time after the result was known Jim happened in a crowd where the late election was being discussed. Some one said, "Jim, how happened it that Branchburgh turned so complete a somersault? Nothing left of the old line there, eh?" Jim's magnificent phiz assumed an expression of the most supreme contempt as he answered, "My dear Sir, people generally, in civilized, Christianized, and evangelized communities, believe in *God*; but the fact is, that the *pagans* of Branchburgh believe only in *George H. Brown*!"

FOLLOWETH a literal copy of a physician's certificate, sent for the purpose of securing the extension of a soldier's sick furlough and his back pay:

"July 8 the 1862

Mrs D— & G— I Certifi That I Have Bin Tending Thomas W. morrison And His Helth is not fit for Servis an i Donte Think It Will Be this faul.

"DR HENRY KERNEY."

SOME time ago the Drawer laughed at a Northwestern infant State Legislature for a blunder in one of its laws, the schoolmaster being out at the time the act was drawn. But old Massachusetts, the mother of schoolmasters and grammars, has beat the Northwest entirely. Chapter 219 of the Statutes of 1862, enacted by the last Legislature, provides that (see General Laws of 1862, p. 101):

"Commissioners to take the deposition of any person without this State engaged in the regular or volunteer land service of the United States, may be *executed* by the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, or major of the regiment in which such person shall at the time serve, or with which he may be connected," etc.

It is a satisfaction to know that by the second section of this statute it is limited to one year from its passage.

And the Common Council of Jackson, Michigan, has just adopted the following resolution, and caused it to be printed for the protection of all cows over age:

"Resolved, that the pound-master be instructed not to receive into the public pound any cows that any person may drive to the same pound under the age of 21 years."

TOM and Jack were gay students at Dickinson College. A young lady acquaintance had rather carelessly left her boudoir window uncurtained one warm summer night, and Tom, passing by, found it out of his power to resist the attraction which arrested his footsteps upon the pavement opposite, and drew his eyes to the fair one within her bower.

Jack was taking his friend to task for acting "Peeping Tom of Coventry," and trying to persuade him that he should have passed on. At last, as he

saw that his arguments were not working conviction, he said:

"But I suppose you were ungallant enough to say to yourself that you were not to blame, and that if she chose to be a spectacle to those in the street it was her own look out."

"Yes," said Tom, "and my *look in*!"

"THE Doctor's natural inference—'He was sick, and of course he sent for me, of course I prescribed for him, and of course he died'—with which the Drawer nearly split our sides not long ago, reminds me of another somewhat in the same style.

"Our Society,' the Union Philosophical, was at one of its meetings unusually excited and uproarious. Of course the 'grave and reverend Seniors' did their utmost to restore matters to their wonted state of order and dignity. With this object, one of those important personages arose to speak, and commenced with,

"Mr. President, I am sorry to say it, but it is nevertheless a fact that this society has been degenerating ever since I have been a member of it!"

"The inference was too plain; it 'brought down the house,' and good feeling was at once restored. The astonished Senior, the 'pint' slowly dawning on him, sat down amidst bursts of applause, not quite satisfied with the manner in which he had accomplished his object."

"WHILE standing at a window around which a small group were gathered, an ice-cart passed by, when a friend remarked to our venerable Uncle Bill that 'the Ice Company reaped a very small harvest last winter.' Turning to the speaker, Uncle Bill dryly asked, 'Do they reap their harvests with an *icicle* (ice sickle)?'"

"A RELATIVE of the genuine, original 'Hard-shell,' living near Rockford, Illinois, was not long ago preaching about the 'Christian Race.' After the inevitable description of the Olympic Games, he astonished and complimented his hearers with,

"The true Christian, my hearers, will go straight to the jail; he will never turn aside. I trust that every one of you are going straight to the JAIL!"

"In his endeavor to make use of elegant language he had confounded 'goal' and 'jail' the above startling manner."

A CORRESPONDENT in Nevada Gulch, Colorado Territory, writes to the Drawer, and modestly begins:

"Unfortunately most all our 'good things' are rather too rough for the society into which your high-toned periodical finds its way. Here is one, however, which shall stand on its own merits:

"Mr. Salamon is a long, slab-sided, flat-footed, buttermilk-eyed, thick-lipped, and concited Dutchman, perfectly worthless except for gassing and destroying lager-beer.

"Not long since Salamon was in Buckskin-Joe (a mining district on the head-waters of South Platte River), vaunting the many advantages of Cañon City over every other locality in the Territory—de-scenting upon its salubrious climate, splendid scenery, etc. While thus employed, John Riley, a facetious ranche-man, interrupts him with,

"But, Mr. Salamon, what kind of people have you down at Cañon?"

"Mr. S. 'Oh! we's got de Nordeners, de Sud-deners, und de Missourians.'"

"Mr. R. 'But have you no foreigners? no Dutchmen?'"

"Mr. S. 'Yes, dare ish von; but you don't know it if somebody not dells you vot he ish. Now vot coundrymans you takes me to be?'"

"Mr. R. 'Why, an American, Sir, *of course!*'"

"Mr. S. 'Ha! ha! ha! I 'spects I fools more as a hundred tousand bebles! *I beesh a German!*'"

EVERY body about Wilmington, Delaware, remembers poor Tom Joslyn, as clever a fellow as ever lived; but, like a great many other clever fellows, he was too much addicted to the "Oh be joyful!" In fact, he had done so much at the business, a red nose, somewhat swollen, was the consequence. At length, all at once, Tom seemed to see the error of his ways, and attempted, as his friends all hoped, a *bona fide* reformation.

While he was still firm, and his resolution as yet had remained unbroken, he happened one day to go into a public house in Wilmington, and an old acquaintance insisted on his taking a smile with him.

"No, I thank you," Tom replied, with that suavity of manner which was so natural to him. "I do not drink any more; I have reformed."

"Not drink!" ejaculated his friend, at the same time gazing on his rubicund nose with astonishment.

"No," replied Tom, "I have quit it entirely."

"Then why don't you take in your sign?" his acquaintance asked, pointing at the same time to Tom's red nose.

This was too much. Tom immediately smiled with his friend, and continued to smile ever afterward, feeling, no doubt, that when a man has a sign hung out, it is sheer nonsense to attempt to gainsay it.

"SEVERAL years ago I was an operator in a telegraph office at Smyrna, Delaware. At that time, and in that section of country, telegraphing was a new thing to most people. They had an idea it was used for the transmission of messages from place to place, but they could not tell how it was done, and hence a great deal of my time was employed in explaining to the curious visitors the *modus operandi*. One afternoon an Irishwoman, with a face almost as red as the handkerchief she wore round her neck, entered my office and asked,

"Is it here where the tiligraph office is just?"

"This is the place, Madam; what can I do for you?" I replied and asked.

"My man, Tim Flaherty, works in Wilmington, and I wants yer to sind the crature by the tiligraph these sax shirts that I hev jest made for him," the woman replied, innocently.

"We explained to Mrs. Flaherty the nature of the telegraph, and assured her that it was impossible to comply with her request. But to no purpose; and she left our office in a rage, asserting in language not so choice as it was violent, that 'of all the dirty omadhauns' we were the dirtiest."

BILL WINTHROP was running for the Legislature at a late election in Illinois. He was a very eloquent man, but much after the "Fourth of July" style. He was very vain of his speeches, however, and a great favorite with the people. Any interruption to his flights always confused and irritated him. On one occasion, when he was to speak in the courthouse immediately preceding his opponent, in the presence of a large audience, his antagonist laid a

plot to interrupt and confuse him in a quiet way. Joe Henry was a wag both in body and mind. He never let any thing escape without some witty remark. A single eye, and that a crooked one, and a fearful stutter, gave an air of comedy to every thing he said. He determined on the speaker's downfall, and placed himself in the dock right by where the candidates were to stand. Winthrop flighted his oratorical kites with unusual success for about ten minutes, when he started one which seemed to bid fair to soar off into heaven out of sight. He had just come to the turning-point in his climax when it became plain he had overreached himself, and growing entangled, he paused, with his hand pointing to heaven, about which he had been speaking. Joe was looking with his cork-screw optic as straight up as he could, as if gazing after the soaring eagle. He turned to the speaker, and, in the most commonplace tone, remarked: "L-l-l-et that o-o-ne go, Bill, and fl-fl-fly another." The speaker fell like a collapsed balloon, and could not raise another eagle for the evening.

A KENTUCKY correspondent robs the jail door in Boyd, Kentucky, of the following notice, and sends it to the Drawer. We print from the original:

"N.B. take pur tickler Notis that thar is now in the Jale of boyd county Ky 1 negroe man bearing the name of Jackson marloe from mazuray as he says Delivered to me buey A pur mitamus from the Justis of the peas of said county on the 5 of June 1862

"this the 9 of June 1862

P. T. JILSON"

"GEORGE was a little shaver, four or five years old, who was in the habit of coming over to our house very frequently. One day I said to him,

"Georgy, did your mother say you might come over here to-night?"

"No, she didn't."

"Well, you had better run right home and ask her."

"I have asked her, and she said I mustn't."

A CORRESPONDENT writing from "Camp in the Woods, near Corinth," sends us the following:

"As we sat this noon under an arbor, sheltering ourselves from the intense sun here, the distant boom and growl of a '32' at regular intervals reminded us of the usual national salute at meridian on the Fourth of July.

"The Lieutenant spoke up, 'What's that, Cap'n?'"

"It's customary to fire a national salute at meridian," I replied.

"Meridian? Meridian? where's that, Cap'n? I've never heered of ary such place about yer," replied the Lieutenant.

"I was just about to explode, when the cruel Captain H—, an inveterate wag, pressed my foot and rejoined,

"Why, Lieutenant, haven't you been to Meridian yet? You can get more things there than at Corinth. I saw linen pants for sale there yesterday' (an article the Lieutenant had searched Corinth for in vain).

"So as the cool of the evening came on the Lieutenant saddled a mule and went in search of 'Meridian,' directed by the cruel Captain H—. He has returned, and has 'allowed' he's been 'bad sold.'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Pennsylvania says that when the great excitement in that State prevailed

in the apprehended invasion by the rebels, every body shouldered arms and was ready to rush into the battle-field. When the enthusiasm was at its height, General McClellan had driven the enemy off, and Governor Curtin recalled the troops. A young man who was deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism and religion was describing his own feelings during this period. He was slow in coming to his decision, he said: "I sought the direction of Heaven, and I heard a voice saying unto me 'Go,' and I was on the point of going when Governor Curtin countermanded the order!"

THE same correspondent says: "A Captain of one of our Harriaburg companies had hard work in bringing his men up to the military standard of promptness and efficiency. One of his men was uniformly late in making his appearance; but when the morning came that they were to march to meet the foe, Jinks was the first man on the ground. He saluted his astonished Captain, who congratulated him on his early appearance, and worked off the Irishman's three-barreled joke: 'Why, Corporal Jinks, I'm glad to see you! You're first at last: you're early of late: you were always behind before.'"

MINISTERS make poor jockeys. It is related of old Dr. Burnet that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding his defect.

"My good Doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take me in you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."

"OUR little Molly, who is only six years old, broke her doll's head 'all to smash,' and when her mother put on a new head with Spalding's glue Molly was delighted. She ran to her old grandfather, and begged him to get a new head and put it on in the same way.

"One day she said to her uncle, who was visiting here, 'Uncle Harry, do you say your prayers to God?'

"He replied, 'Certainly; every body does who is good.'

"'No, they don't,' said Molly; 'for my Ma is good, and she says hers to a chair!'"

ONE of our readers in Ohio writes to the Drawer to relate an incident that happened Down East:

"A good old lady who lived in one of the rural districts of Maine, and who had never seen much of town life, was prevailed upon on one occasion to pay a visit to a relative who lived in a distant inland town of some importance. When Sunday came round the old lady accompanied her friends to church, where her simple notions were shocked at the wonderful display of what she called worldliness and pride. The minister himself did not escape her criticism. In the midst of the sermon, and while the old lady was cogitating upon things around her, a mischievous crow that had been tamed and taught to speak flew in at one of the open windows, and alighting upon the back of a seat in front of one of the deacons, looked that functionary full in the face, and exclaimed, in a clear, audible voice that sent a thrill of horror to the heart of the old lady, 'Curse you! curse you!' And before the deacon could capture the fugitive it flew to another place, and pronounced its malediction upon another prominent member of the church. The minister stopped, and

the congregation became disturbed. Every body was anxious to see the intruder captured and expelled from the place, and many were the fruitless grabs made for the crow's legs; but he eluded them all, and round and round he went, uttering his imprecations. At last he came across our old lady, and she too shared the crow's ominous imprecations. The old lady rose up from her seat preparatory to its evacuation, and confronting her black adversary with flashing eyes and uplifted finger, exclaimed, in a sharp, shrill voice that startled the audience, 'Oh, ye needn't curse me, for I don't belong to this congregation!' and left the place in deep disgust."

A PHRENOLOGICAL lecturer in this city advertises his ability to point out "the right man for the right place," by manipulating the heads of his countrymen. What a pity he had not mentioned it before! It would have saved the country millions of money and thousands of lives if this learned professor had been employed a year or two in pointing out the statesmen and generals who were born to guide and command. How many wretched blunders have been made for want of this simple operation! When we reflect upon the fact that this science of skull-ology has been professed for more than twenty-five years, and its wonderful power been proved by such numerous facts, it is surpassingly strange that the people do not have a professor at every Nominating Convention. The President should have one at his right hand to guide him in all his appointments, and every general sent home immediately whose cranium does not show the bumps like bombs that mark the man of war.

But physiognomy is often quite as good an index to character as the science of the skull. So it was shown in Boston when one of the philosophers there undertook to study the rough side of human nature, and see for himself what it was. To this end he made himself at home with the hardest kind of people. He hung about low taverns; and now and then got drunk, just to see how it feels. One day he went into a bar-room where he was a total stranger, and stepping up to the bar with an air, called out decisively for a glass of brandy. "No, no," said the barman, "lemonade's the drink for you!" The great philosopher declined the innocent beverage, and retired to meditate on the wondrous physiological capabilities of this humble mixer of drinks.

FOUND TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

It may be after years have passed away,
'Mid faded relics of a time gone by,
These lines, in some far-off and distant day,
May chance to fall beneath your careless eye!

If then the hand that penn'd them long ago
Lies nerveless in the grave—if then the heart
From whence this stream of fancy once could flow
Is cold in death!—it may be you will start.

When dwelling in the changes time has seen,
'Mid hopes deluded, 'mid accomplished fears,
When naught is left of all that once has been
Save the pale memories of happier years!

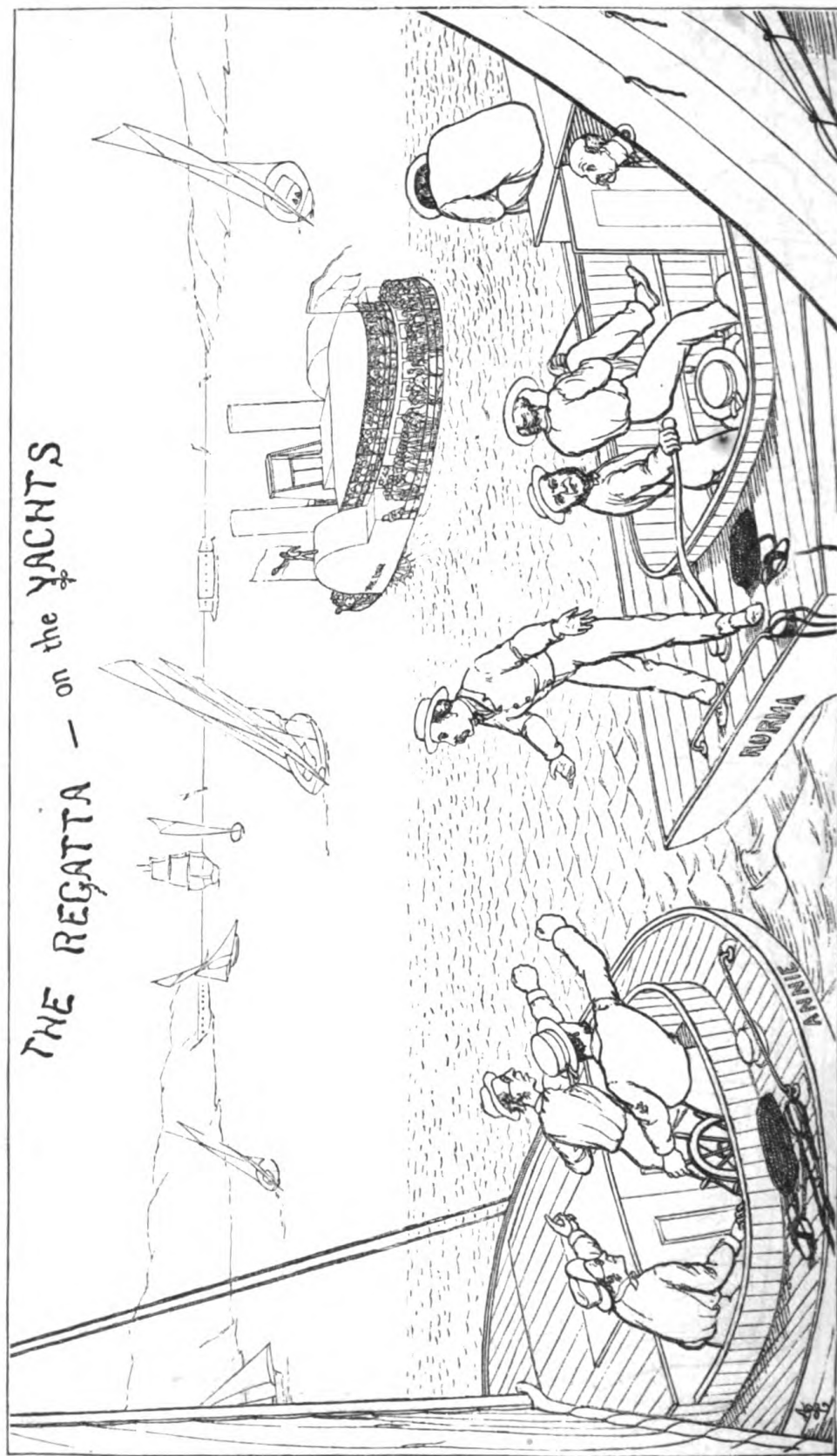
If at that hour a shade of sorrow creeps
O'er your poor spirit—weary on its way;
If one who could have cheer'd forever sleeps—
Lean on the love of a forgotten day!

May be rank grass will choke a rotting grave,
Where cruel rains beat down, where winds moan past—
Yet feel that love—that life you scorn'd to save
Was true to death—was faithful to the last!

The Regatta.



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Fashions for November.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—HOME DRESS AND GIRL'S PARDESSUS.



FIGURE 3.—STREET COSTUME.

THE HOME DRESS is of gray taffeta, with double box-plaits employed as *passanterie*.

The **GIRL'S DRESS** consists of a velvet hat with white plumes, and a light drab pardessus.

In the **STREET COSTUME** the cloak is made in neutral tints and gray cloth; it may be appropriately made in black. It is ornamented with braid and buttons.

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~~25~~ JAN 23

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